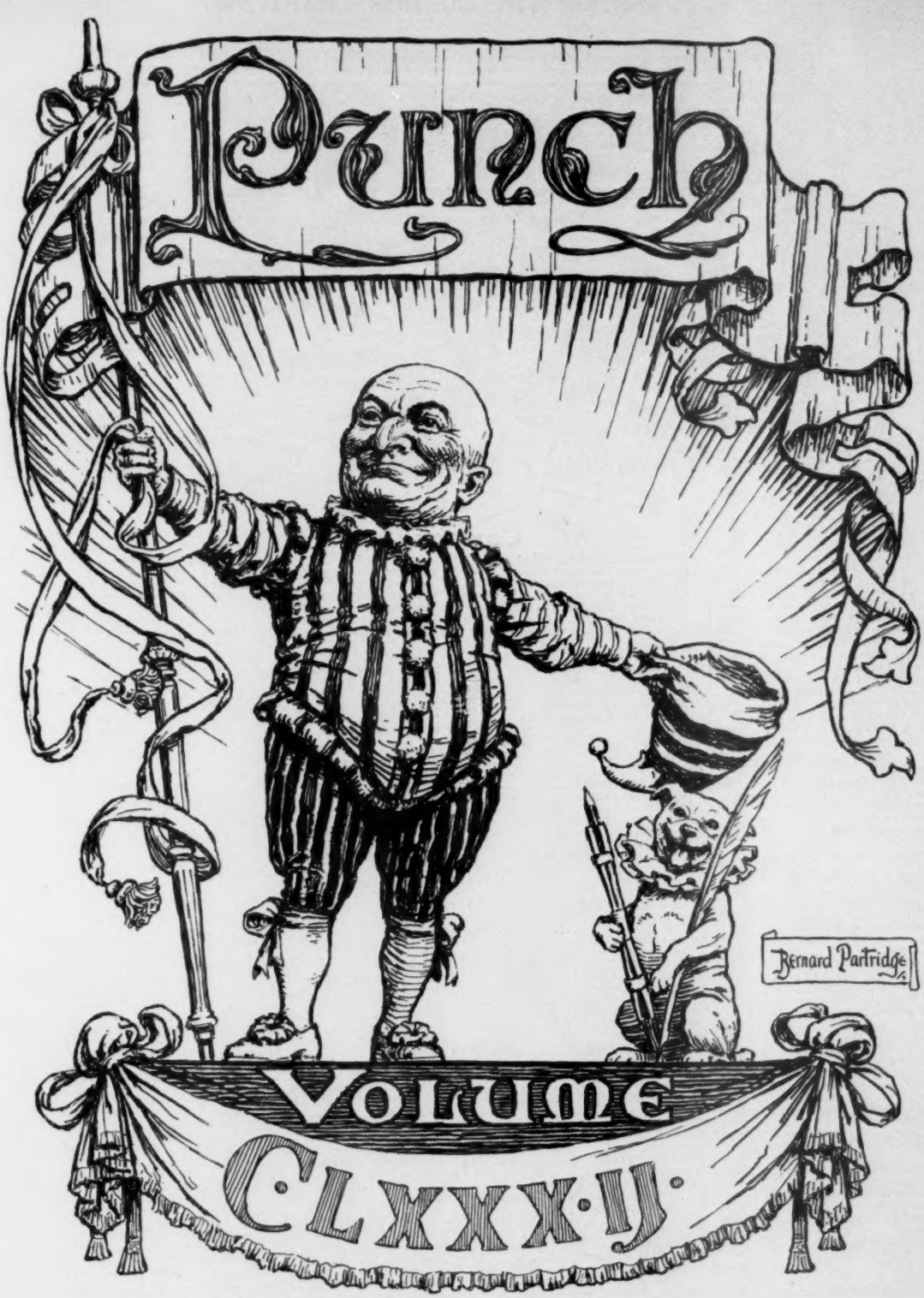


LONDON:
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1932



CALENDAR M·CM·XXXII

January							February							March						
S	.	3	10	17	24	31	S	.	.	7	14	21	28	S	.	.	6	13	20	27
M	.	4	11	18	25	.	M	.	1	8	15	22	29	M	.	.	7	14	21	28
Tu	.	5	12	19	26	.	Tu	.	2	9	16	23	.	Tu	.	1	8	15	22	29
W	.	6	13	20	27	.	W	.	3	10	17	24	.	W	.	2	9	16	23	30
Th	.	7	14	21	28	.	Th	.	4	11	18	25	.	Th	.	3	10	17	24	31
F	1	8	15	22	29	.	F	.	5	12	19	26	.	F	.	4	11	18	25	.
S	2	9	16	23	30	.	S	.	6	13	20	27	.	S	.	5	12	19	26	.

April							May							June						
S	.	.	3	10	17	24	S	.	1	8	15	22	29	S	.	.	5	12	19	26
M	.	.	4	11	18	25	M	.	2	9	16	23	30	M	.	.	6	13	20	27
Tu	.	.	5	12	19	26	Tu	.	3	10	17	24	31	Tu	.	.	7	14	21	28
W	.	.	6	13	20	27	W	.	4	11	18	25	.	W	.	1	8	15	22	29
Th	.	.	7	14	21	28	Th	.	5	12	19	26	.	Th	.	2	9	16	23	30
F	.	1	8	15	22	29	F	.	6	13	20	27	.	F	.	3	10	17	24	.
S	.	2	9	16	23	30	S	.	7	14	21	28	.	S	.	4	11	18	25	.

July							August							September						
S	.	3	10	17	24	31	S	.	.	7	14	21	28	S	.	.	4	11	18	25
M	.	4	11	18	25	.	M	.	1	8	15	22	29	M	.	.	5	12	19	26
Tu	.	5	12	19	26	.	Tu	.	2	9	16	23	30	Tu	.	.	6	13	20	27
W	.	6	13	20	27	.	W	.	3	10	17	24	31	W	.	.	7	14	21	28
Th	.	7	14	21	28	.	Th	.	4	11	18	25	.	Th	.	1	8	15	22	29
F	1	8	15	22	29	.	F	.	5	12	19	26	.	F	.	2	9	16	23	30
S	2	9	16	23	30	.	S	.	6	13	20	27	.	S	.	3	10	17	24	.

October							November							December						
S	.	2	9	16	23	30	S	.	.	6	13	20	27	S	.	.	4	11	18	25
M	.	3	10	17	24	31	M	.	.	7	14	21	28	M	.	.	5	12	19	26
Tu	.	4	11	18	25	.	Tu	.	1	8	15	22	29	Tu	.	.	6	13	20	27
W	.	5	12	19	26	.	W	.	2	9	16	23	30	W	.	.	7	14	21	28
Th	.	6	13	20	27	.	Th	.	3	10	17	24	.	Th	.	1	8	15	22	29
F	.	7	14	21	28	.	F	.	4	11	18	25	.	F	.	2	9	16	23	30
S	1	8	15	22	29	.	S	.	5	12	19	26	.	S	.	3	10	17	24	31

Good Friday, March 25. Easter Monday, March 28. Whit Monday, May 16. August 1, Bank Holiday. Christmas Day, December 25.



BRIGHTER PRESENTS.

"AND THERE'S A NICE LITTLE BOOK ON PICASSO FOR *YOU*, LAURA."

TWO RENDERINGS OF A NOCTURNE.



THE COMPOSER HIMSELF HAS A VERY UNDEMONSTRATIVE STYLE.



HOW DIFFERENT FROM MR. SMITH OF SURBITON WHEN HE PERFORMS IT ON HIS MECHANICAL PIANO.



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The Man. "TELL ME—HOW *DID* YOU RECOGNISE ME?"
The Girl. "BY YOUR FEET. NOBODY DANCES ON MINE LIKE YOU."



The Perfect Butler. "A BURGLAR, M'LADY!"

"HANDY."



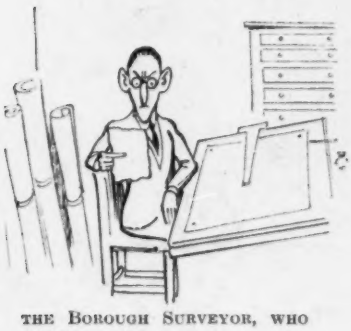
A MERE RATEPAYER, HAVING DISCOVERED AN ADMINISTRATIVE ERROR, VOICED HIS COMPLAINT IN A LETTER TO—



THE TOWN CLERK, WHO HANDED IT TO—



THE SANITARY INSPECTOR, WHO HANDED IT TO—



THE BOROUGH SURVEYOR, WHO HANDED IT TO—



THE CHIEF OF POLICE, WHO HANDED IT TO—



THE FIRE BRIGADE, WHO HANDED IT TO—



THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH, WHO HANDED IT TO—



THE RATING OFFICER, WHO HANDED IT TO—



THE MAYOR, WHO HANDED IT TO OUR OLD FRIEND—



THE TOWN CLERK, WHO THIS TIME HANDED IT TO—



THE OFFICE BOY, WHO HANDED IT TO—



THE OBVIOUS RECIPIENT.

MOUNTAIN AIR.



9 A.M.



10 A.M.



11 A.M.



12



1 P.M.



2 P.M.



3 P.M.



4 P.M.



5 P.M.

MOUNTAIN AIR.



6 P.M.



7 P.M.



8 P.M.



9 P.M.



10 P.M.



11 P.M.



12



1 A.M.



2 A.M.

IMPOSSIBLE SNAPS.

(By Mr. Punch's Irresponsible Photographer.)



THE POET LAUREATE RELUCTANTLY DECLINING SIR HARRY LAUDER'S REQUEST THAT HE SHALL WRITE HIS NEXT SONG.



AT A HAIRDRESSING COMPETITION. THE JUDGES (*reading from left to right*) ARE: MR. MAXTON, PROFESSOR EINSTEIN AND MR. JACOB EPSTEIN.



SIR JOHN SIMON IN EARNEST CONVERSATION WITH A FRIEND.



LORD BEAVERBROOK PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS PORTRAIT OF MR. COBDEN.



A STUDY OF MR. GEORGE ROBEY IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM. IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN HAS BROUGHT HIS WELL-KNOWN HEAD-GEAR INTO LINE WITH RECENT FASHION.

IMPOSSIBLE SNAPS.

(By Mr. Punch's Irresponsible Photographer.)



OUR CAMERA-MAN WAS FORTUNATE IN SECURING THIS PICTURE OF MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY ENJOYING A JOKE WITH MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN.



AT THE VINTNERS' COMPANY DINNER. LADY ASTOR SHARING THE LOVING CUP WITH MR. BERNARD SHAW.



A CHARMING "ACTION" STUDY OF MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AND MR. CLYNES AT A FROLIC IN A WEST-END NIGHT-CLUB.



MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD IN HER BEACH PYJAMA SUIT, SNAPPED AT A WELL-KNOWN SEASIDE RESORT.



A HAPPY SNAPSHOT OF THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S BEGGING MISS CLARA BOW FOR HER AUTOGRAPH.

B. P.

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

A VOGUE for bare legs with evening dress is predicted. We do not however anticipate a stockingless Christmas Eve.

***

It is a seasonable thought that in Soviet Russia Bolshevist periodicals will be bringing out their anti-Christmas Numbers.

***

The total number of turkeys in this country at the census taken by the Ministry of Agriculture in June was 543,000. It would be interesting to compare these figures with a census taken in January.

***

The largest Christmas-tree in the world has been grown near New York. Some idea of its size may be gauged by the fact that it takes at least five Americans to describe it.

***

An American film-star says he often feels like sending a gift to all his unmarried women-friends over thirty-five years of age. The artful fellow seems to know that no unmarried woman is ever over that age.

***

With reference to the Huntingdon woman aged 102 years who recently had a trip in an aeroplane, we understand that her grandchildren have decided to give her a motor-bicycle for Christmas.

***

The experiment of crossing reindeer with caribou to increase their size and strength is understood to be without prejudice to the description of Santa Claus's conveyance in terms of r.p.

***

The difference of opinion between medical authorities as to whether the interchange of microbes involved by the act of kissing is beneficial or otherwise should provide a convenient subject for discussion under the mistletoe.

***

We fear that one party of Christmas waits will not be heard this year. We understand that, owing to the business depression, they recently decided to sell the round.

***

A contract bridge tournament by radio between players in London and New York is planned for early in the New Year. Hands across the sea are indicated.



Customer. "WHAT IN THE WORLD'S 'BUNGALOW FLUFF'?"
Waitress. "WELL, IT WAS 'COTTAGE PUDDING' YESTERDAY, BUT IT DIDN'T GO VERY WELL."

We are expecting some exceptionally realistic stories in the coming Christmas annuals. They are usually written in mid-summer, so this year authors should have found no difficulty in getting the right atmosphere.

***

A Scotch friend of ours who gave air-balloons to his nephews last year has actually promised to refill them as a present this Christmas.

***

"New Ideas in Furniture," says a heading. The modern mother would appreciate a combined cradle and cocktail-shaker.

***

We have now reached the time of the year when the father of a healthy boy realises that it's an ill wind that blows a toy trumpet.

***

In spite of everything it is well to realise that these are what will be called the good old days in a few years' time.

***

Women are said to be going to their husbands' tailors. That is more than many of their husbands dare do.

***

Burnt feathers are recommended as a substitute for brandy. Try some with the Christmas-pudding.

***

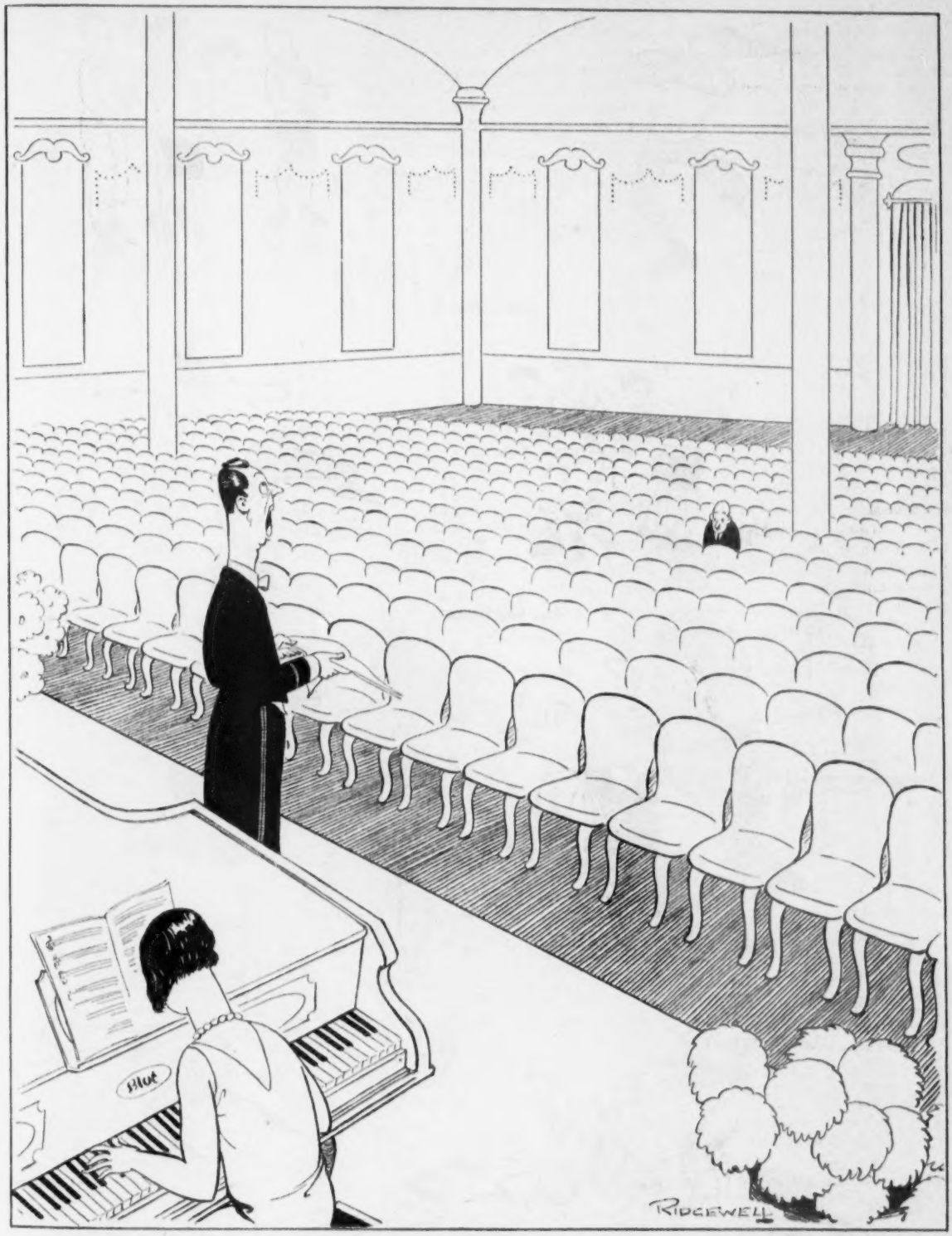
It is believed that several pantomime jokes will celebrate their centenary this year.

***

The first waits were heard in the year 1400. Firearms became popular shortly after.

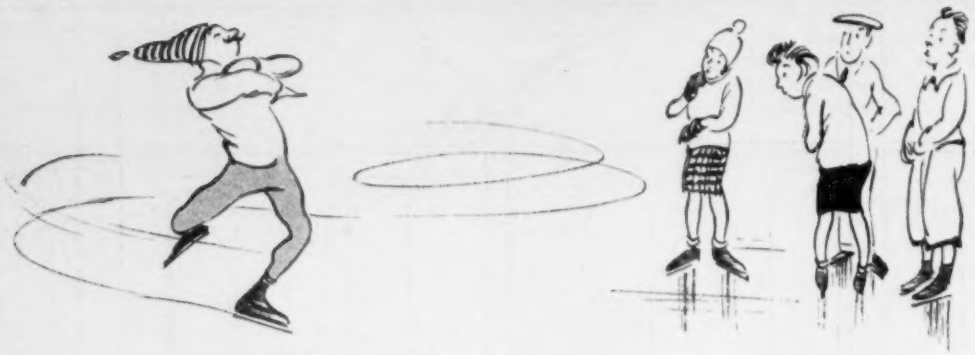
"Why should the gods in Olympia thunder their imprecations, and the skies fall if we suspended the sinking fund for a year or two?"—*Daily Paper.*

We didn't know that Zeus had moved to Addison Road.



SUITABLE SONGS.

"Friend o' Mine."



ADMIRATION—



WAS THE CAUSE—



OF— THEIR—



DOWNFALL.



Victorian Father (to his pleasure-seeking children). "WHAT! YOU WANT TO GO TO THE WAXWORK SHOW? CERTAINLY NOT! WHY, IT IS SCARCELY THREE MONTHS SINCE YOU WERE BOTH TAKEN TO THE PANORAMA!"



A VISION OF BETTER TIMES; OR—



THE REPAIRING OF THE CORNUCOPIA.

ZEUS AT GENEVA.

I.

"We are very confident of finding a formula before we adjourn for Christmas," said Mrs. Hannibal as she passed into the 1475th Session of the International Conference on the Standardisation of Christmas Dinners. "Indeed, we have high hopes that our coming Christmas Dinner will be the first celebrated under the new world-formula."

The Conference had been in session for seven years. It had become part of the furniture of Geneva. Many of the delegates had purchased homes, married and brought up a family at Geneva. And now the great work was almost done.

The nations had long been uniform in almost every particular—the same currency, the same number of soldiers and sailors, the same wages, the same system of education, and so on. But they had mulishly continued to eat their Christmas dinners according to their own diverse national customs. The Americans insisted on following up their turkey with vast ice-puddings or even pumpkin-pie, and the British stuck to plum-pudding and mince-pies; while the Latin countries had various and odious habits scarcely to be mentioned by the respectable English-speaking races. If only this great festival, the supreme occasion of goodwill, could be properly organised *internationally* it must follow that goodwill, instead of being selfishly distributed within the borders of each nation, must become really international. And so Geneva stepped in.



"Look at that room at Geneva! What a crowd!"

The first five years of the Conference had been difficult. Neither Mrs. Hannibal (the U.S.A. delegate) nor Mr. Blight (of Great Britain) would budge. Mrs. Hannibal's first formula was simple: she thought it would be best if the world-dinner followed the American plan and included ice-cream and pumpkin-pudding. But Mr. Blight would have none of this. There was one grim day in the fifth year when Mr. Blight had said very slowly and distinctly across the table, "*Pumpkin-pie is disgusting food.*"

That put Geneva in a ferment and threw back the negotiations for a year.

Mrs. Hannibal was also anxious to cut out crackers and table-fireworks, as their explosive character savoured too much of European militarism. Mr. Blight wanted to keep the crackers in.

Patiently they groped for a formula. Then in the sixth year Mrs. Hannibal's teeth began to give trouble, and she became ready to make concessions on the ice-cream question. Unfortunately just then Mr. Blight hardened on the cracker issue. For a year the air was thick with formulæ: the cleaners and dustmen of Geneva could scarcely work hard enough to clear away the discarded formulæ. But to-day, in a waste-paper-basket, the Czecho-Slovakian delegate found an old formula which the ageing Mr. Blight accepted:—

"*The World Christmas Dinner shall consist of turkey, plum-pudding (or pumpkin-pie), no ice-cream, raisins but not almonds,* and crackers without explosive material*, i.e., *without crack.*"

Mrs. Hannibal and Mr. Blight shook hands across the table and were photographed. It was at this point that Zeus looked down into Room 17. . . .

II.

Zeus sat, bored and rather offensive, among the gods and goddesses on the peak of Olympus, and he turned his sulky eyes on to the alleged mortals below. Since (many centuries back) mortals had ceased to respect him, Zeus had ceased to take an interest in them. But now he was so bored he was ready for anything. Cow-eyed Athene wearied him more and more, and as for that jealous cat, Hera . . . .

The roving eye of Zeus fell upon a room in Geneva and he spat a little fire.

"Apollo, old man, they're a poor lot now," he said. "D'you remember the old days when they had some spark in them—how we used to pop down and tweak their tails till they scratched each other? Remember the Trojan War, old boy? That was fun. Ten years of it too. 'Man-baiting.' Ah, those were days!

"Yes, and there were some fine women then," the Chief God murmured after a pause. "Little Leda, now—I wonder what became of her. Europa too——"

"Now, then," said Hera sharply, "none of that."

Zeus mused again. And suddenly he said, "And now look at them! Look at that room at Geneva! What a crowd—all cooing together!

"Time," he continued, "for another fling, I think. O many-planned Eris, Maker of Strife, fly down to Room X at Geneva and promote a disturbance. By my own thunderbolts," he said, "just look at them! O cow-eyed Athene, I ask you, what's the matter with them?"

"They're all exactly alike," said cow-eyed Athene.

III.

Cow-eyed Athene was perfectly right. Except by their speech and badges, it was really impossible to distinguish between the delegates to the Conference. All had the same horn spectacles, the same pale, clean-shaven, rather square and extremely worthy faces. When they were all sitting you could not even tell that Mrs. Hannibal was a lady, for her hair was closely cropped and she refused to wear a hat, "the badge and symbol," she said, "of feminine servitude." They had become so international that they were almost invisible.

Thus, when Eris plucked Miss Pretty from the Tea Traffic Convention and sent her to Room 17 as the new Secretary to the Conference, her appearance

*To please the Poles.

caused a little comment, as Eris expected—but not nearly so much as Eris expected. Miss Pretty was a vision, a dazzle, a riot, but she did not upset the male delegates in the least, for sex had long ago been stabilised and made safe by the Convention of Basle, 1941; she did not even upset Mrs. Hannibal. The delegates noticed that she was different, but so was the previous secretary when she began; and they went on with their work.

And so, when Zeus next looked down at Room 17, he was disappointed to see harmony still going strong. But he also saw Miss Pretty. And when Zeus saw Miss Pretty he rose up and said, "I'm going for a walk below."

"None of your swan-tricks," said Hera nastily.

Zeus threw a playful thunderbolt at her and went below.

His wife, Hera, was no doubt unreasonably jealous; but as a matter of fact ever since he had carried off Europa disguised as a bull Zeus had been obsessed by the strange old notion that he could make himself more attractive to mortal females by appearing before them in the guise of an animal, and, stranger still, that, thus attired, he could make love to them without attracting attention.

He was somewhat out of practice; the swan and bull, he thought, had been overdone perhaps and he found it difficult to decide on an animal; so that by the time he had turned himself into a presentable emu the Conference had held its Last Definitive Session But One, had drafted the Quotacol and was already gathering at the —— Hôtel for the First Experimental World Standard Christmas Dinner.

Miss Pretty, standing in the anteroom with the delegates, was nibbling rather dubiously at the Savoury Olive-Branch which preceded the meal when Zeus approached and bowed ingratiatingly. Miss Pretty had been at Geneva for twelve months and was not at all surprised to see an emu bowing to her. She said politely, "I suppose you are the Australian delegate?" But she was not fond of emus, and, as dinner was just then announced, she went in and took her place.

Zeus was somewhat put out as he had no place at the table, so he turned himself into a pretty young giraffe and started handing round the turkey.

The delegates did not notice him, enjoying their food and engrossed in their plans for the future. Some of them were intriguing to stay on at Geneva for the Conference which was to lay down a plan of Standard Breathing Exercises for the World. The Polish and Lithuanian delegates were already having fun with the crackless crackers.

But when Zeus came to Miss Pretty he stopped and struck an attitude before her. Miss Pretty wondered for a moment what country he represented, but was quite unimpressed and went on with her food.



"ZEUS APPROACHED AND BOWED INGRATIATINGLY."

Zeus said, "Times have changed indeed," and went out disgusted.

In the lounge he saw a very handsome young man, who really was an Australian; and Zeus had one of his rare ideas. *He decided to turn himself into another handsome young man* and attract Miss Pretty in that way. (Why this had not occurred to him before in any of his amorous adventures we are unable to say; but it never had.)

Having made the change, by way of contrast he turned all the delegates (except Miss Pretty) into animals and went into the private room.

When Miss Pretty looked up from her plate and saw that all the other places were occupied by animals she did begin to think that internationalism might perhaps be pushed too far. The well-bred waiters, of course, said nothing, and the delegates were still quite orderly; but Mr. Blight, who had become a large cow, was sniffing and grunting rather noisily over his turkey, which he did not seem to like, and at last he pushed it indignantly off his plate with his nose. Fortunately Mrs. Hannibal (now a three-headed eagle) was sitting opposite, and she seized Mr. Blight's helping and devoured it eagerly but not very nicely.

So when Miss Pretty found a handsome young man beside her inviting her to come outside she readily agreed.

Zeus and Miss Pretty sat down in the lounge and had two brandies. Miss Pretty quite liked Zeus, but was a little doubtful about his intentions, so she beckoned to the young Australian, whom she happened to know, to join them. The young Australian came over and ordered some more brandies. Then Zeus thought he had better do the civil thing to a friend of Miss Pretty's, and so it went on. But Zeus had not had nearly so much practice as the Australian, and very soon Zeus was fast asleep in his arm-chair.

Now both Miss Pretty and the Australian knew that the gentleman's name was Zeus, but many people at Geneva had queer names, and this one meant nothing to them, which shows the importance of having a classical education. Neither of them wanted to be responsible for a comatose young man on Christmas Day, so the Australian picked Zeus up, carried him outside, dumped him in the dickey of the first car he saw and banged the lid on him. (This is the sort of strong simple thing men do in Australia.) Then he went back and had a nice evening with Miss Pretty.

But he might have been more careful if he had known whose car it was. By a very strange chance *the car was Miss Pretty's*. So later on, all unknowing, Miss Pretty drove Zeus home to the villa where she was staying, locked him in the shed, still fast asleep, and went to bed.



"MR. BLIGHT . . . WAS SNIFFING AND GRUNTING RATHER NOISILY OVER HIS TURKEY."

IV.

Meanwhile, at the hotel, the Conference had been disgracing itself.

The management had decided to say nothing about the delegates' odd appearance, provided the bill was paid. After all, they were in a private room; and the methods of international diplomacy were always mysterious.

But presently the delegates began to fall out about the food. It is not, after all, very easy to provide a standard meal for everybody, and the delegates had discovered that they were not, in fact, all alike. Some of them had wolfed the turkey and others all the vegetables; some of the smaller ones could get nothing at all—poor little Poland, the white squirrel, for example. The waiters hastily brought in the pumpkin-pie, but that only made matters worse. Lumbering Mr. Blight, the cow, at first would not touch it, nor would the fox, nor the horse, nor even the eagle. Mr. Blight, the cow, finding there was nothing else, at last decided to try it, but by then the dishes were empty. Then he put his head down and began to use his (or her) horns. When the police arrived the room was a wreck and many of the delegates were the worse for wear.

The authorities did not quite know what to do. There was no doubt that these were the Christmas Dinner Conference delegates, and that for reasons not known they had adopted a disguise. The Quotacol was not signed, and for the prestige of the League it was thought best to keep the Conference in being till it was. So they gave the Conference an open-air office by the lake, promised to provide a more varied diet and notified the Secretary of the new arrangements.

V.

Now let us "flash back" to Zeus.

Zeus woke up at two A.M. in the dickey with a very bad headache. He was able to force his way out of the dickey but not out of the shed. He made a great deal of noise, but nobody came. He then perceived that the shed had an earth floor; so he turned himself into a rabbit and began to burrow out.

(As all the legends show, the powers of an Ancient Greek god are limited. Once Zeus has left Olympus and begun the metamorphosis game he has to take the rough with the smooth, and, though he retains some of his god-like powers, he cannot regain his god-like shape till he returns to Olympus.)

"This is not one of our lucky trips," said Zeus as he emerged into daylight about seven A.M. For there was a gardener waiting for him. The gardener pounced upon Zeus, put him in a small hutch and presented him to Miss Pretty.

Miss Pretty said that she was very glad to have a rabbit, and Zeus was delighted to find that he was Miss Pretty's rabbit. Everything seemed to be turning out for the best after all. At first he thought of turning Miss Pretty into a rabbit too, but he could not be sure that he would like her so well as a rabbit. He decided to wait patiently till she grew fond of him. It was quiet in the hutch and he was free from the nagging of Hera. And every evening Miss Pretty stroked his nose.

But she did not seem to take a great interest in her rabbit. For one thing, she was worried about the Conference.



"Mrs. Hannibal discovered herself in an extraordinary posture."

After the holidays she went to the new office and sat with the animals every day. Every morning she wrote down, "Minutes of the 1476th Meeting," but by the evening there was very little to put down. The speeches sounded much the same as usual, but they were more difficult to report. There was a lot of quarrelling between the vegetarians and the carnivores, and sometimes Miss Pretty half thought of resigning her post, it seemed so hopeless to find a formula. But she knew enough of international politics not to despair.

Hera too was giving trouble. She had no idea what Zeus was up to or where he was, but when she looked down and saw a nice garden by the lake and Miss Pretty surrounded by animals she thought, "Zeus is up to his old tricks again." A clever idea, she thought, to put himself among a lot of animals so that she could not tell which he was. She could see no swans, and did not know what to do. So she sent down Hermes disguised as a winged hornet; and nearly every night Hermes buzzed about and stung the unfortunate members of the Conference, who woke up and kicked or bit each other and were in a bad temper in the morning.

VI.

So Miss Pretty was worried. And her rabbit looked at her so strangely. Sometimes, she thought, he seemed to want to speak to her. One day it flashed across her mind that possibly her rabbit was really one of the delegates to the Conference and was asking her to take him to the meetings. So next morning she took him out of the hutch and carried him in her arms (which he enjoyed very much) to the office. There she put him down on the ground and stood back to see whether any of the delegates would recognise him.

But Zeus did not seem to have any friends among the numerous delegates. Unfortunately the first meal of the day had not yet been served and the delegates were hungry; and the moment they saw Zeus a number of them leapt at him, including the three-headed eagle (Mrs. Hannibal), the leopard (Morocco) and the fox (Czecho-Slovakia).

Zeus had to act quickly, and he did; instantly he restored all the delegates to their original shape; and Mrs. Hannibal discovered herself in an extraordinary posture, just about to bite a live rabbit in the neck.

The rabbit, however, did not wait to be bitten; it scuttled off as fast as it could and ran all the way back to Olympus.

That night, as he sat beside his dear wife, Hera (who had been delighted by his story, though she did not believe much of it), he murmured, "Never again, my dear." And that is the last expedition of Zeus to the mortals of which we have any record.

The Conference, after all, broke up without finding a formula; but the Chairman wrote a nice note about Miss Pretty to the Secretary-General in recognition of her tactful handling of a difficult situation. And she married the young Australian, whose name we forget.

A. P. H.



THE PARAGON

Sing hey! for the day of long ago
And the elegant fop who charmed me so,
Sing ho!
For the beautiful blonde, the bouncing beau—
I kept his card: it was long ago—
But he danced me around so dizzily!
Ah, how he worked
When he mazurked:
Ah, how he thrilled
When we quadrilled:
O eyes that spoke soft answers!
Cotillon set,
I see you yet.
The valse, the valse,
Could he be false?
Schottische and Swedish lancers . . .
Sing hey for the day of long ago,
And the polka king who charmed me so,
Sing ho!
For the elegant male, the bouncing beau—
I kept his card: it was long ago—
But he bumped me around so busily!

EVOE.







THINGS WE GO TO SWITZERLAND TO SEE.



THE TEUTON—



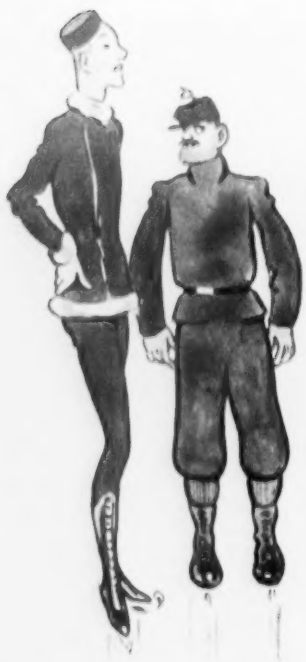
AND HIS LADY:



THE ENTHUSIASTIC CURLER:



THE CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN VAMP:



THE SKATING INSTRUCTORS:



THE LADY WHO TAKES MOST OF HER EXERCISE IN THE LOUNGE:

THINGS WE GO TO SWITZERLAND TO SEE.



THE SKATER OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL—



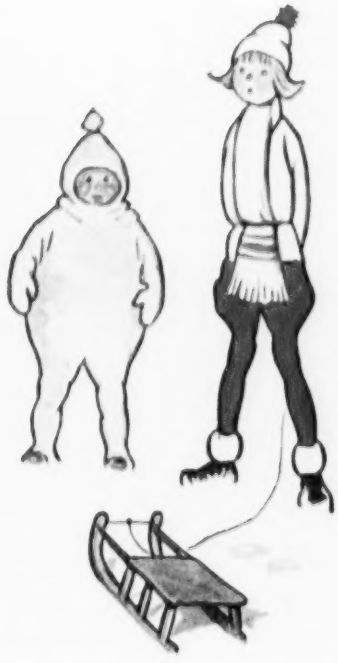
AND OF THE CONTINENTAL;



THE MAN WHO DOES EVERYTHING CORRECTLY—



THE MAN WHO DOESN'T;



THE KIDDIES;



AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST THE HAPPY NOVICE.



Saleswoman (in desperation, to Lady who has spent an hour and selected nothing). "WELL, MODOM, WHAT SORT OF FROCK IS IT EXACTLY THAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR?"
Lady. "I JUST WANTED A GOOD STAND-BY THAT I CAN FALL BACK ON."



Gentleman lunching at Country Hotel. "WHAT YEAR IS THIS HOCK, WAITER?"
Waiter (with confidence). "OH, THIS YEAR'S, SIR—IT'S QUITE FRESH."



THE END OF A F

DASHING VISITOR (OF CINEMA F



OF PERFECT RUN.

CINE FAME) WINS ALL HEARTS.

IT IS HIGH TIME THAT THE OLD-FASHIONED PRETTY-PRETTY TYPE OF ILLUSTRATIONS TO FAIRY TALES WAS SCRAPPED IN FAVOUR OF SOMETHING THAT WOULD APPEAL TO THE TASTE OF THE MODERN CHILD.



SLEEPING BEAUTY.



ALI BABA.



CINDERELLA.



BLUE BEARD.



ALADDIN.



SINBAD THE SAILOR.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.



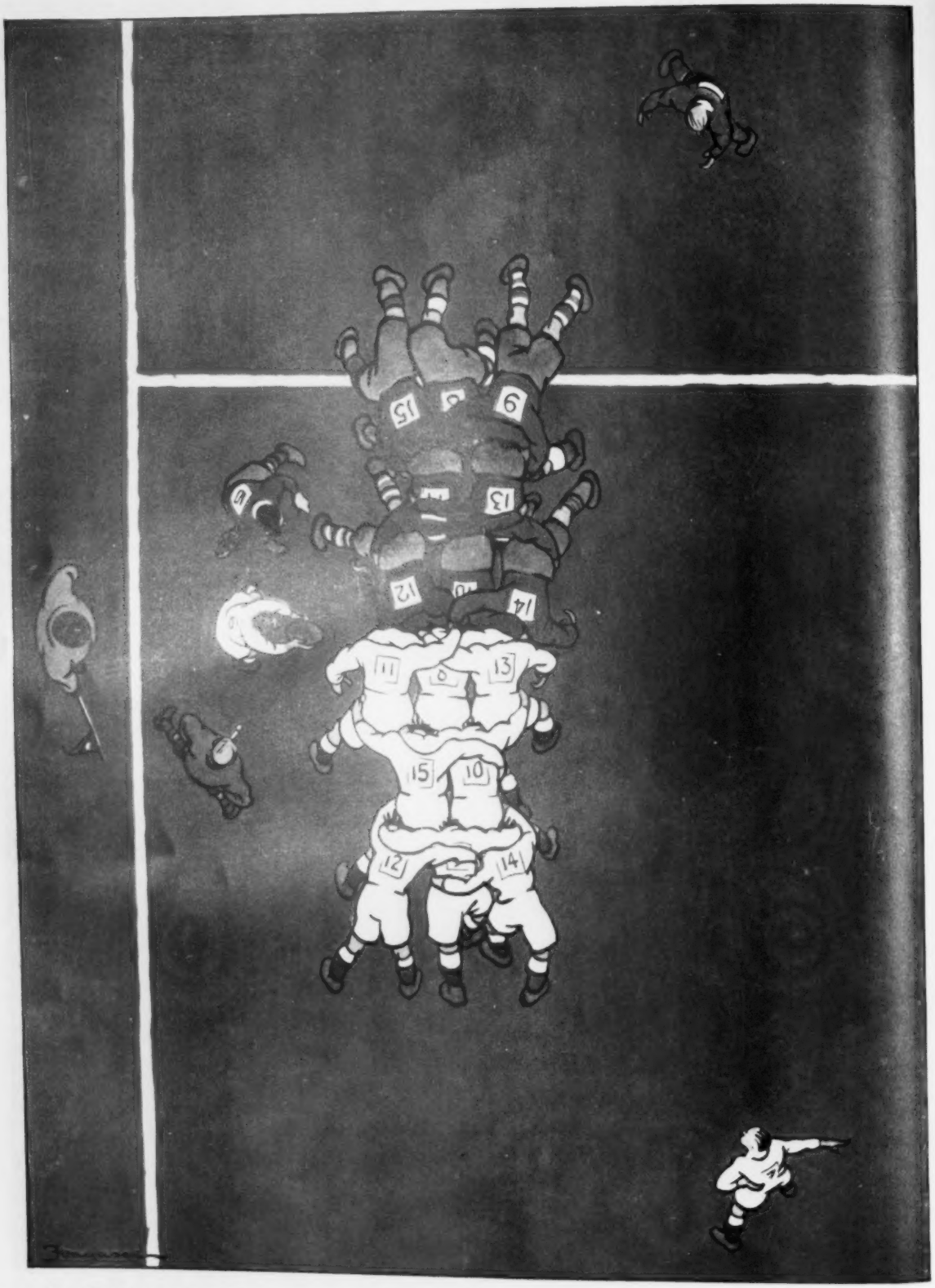
PETER PAN.



CHRISTMAS-EVE UP-TO-DATE.



PAINFUL PREDICAMENT OF EXPLORER WHO, FINDING IT ESSENTIAL TO HIS MORAL TO DRESS FOR DINNER EVERY EVENING, LOSES HIS ONLY COLLAR-STUD.



ALL THE SAME, YOU KNOW, THOSE AEROPLANES THAT FLY OVER TWICKENHAM MUST GET RATHER A JOLLY VIEW OF THE GAME.

THE ROMANCE OF FLORIMUND AND PERIZEL.

"TELL me an animal story," she said. "But don't tell it about a coyote or a moose or a beaver. Tell it about a pig."

"Pigs——" I began.

"And of course it must be a love-story," she said.

"Pigs——" I began again and stopped. After all, I am not a farmer, nor are you.

This is the story that I told her, and nobody but children may read it:—

* * * *

The pig Florimund was born in the great forest of Melunine, which is near Roth, and was of all pigs that we know the most learned. He was very fair to look upon, with a round pink face and eyes now grave, now gay. His squeak was melodious, and in all athletic exercises that pigs use, such as rolling, running, hustling and bobbing about he excelled his peers. Yet from his very earliest moments the acorns that he ate and the beech-mast under those great trees seemed to go to the building of his brain even more than to the fashioning of his body, and the swineherd, who for amusement began by teaching him how a few sticks may be crossed thus—



"TEACHING HIM HOW A FEW STICKS MAY BE CROSSED."

or thus—



or thus—



soon found that his pupil had passed the alphabet altogether and could make whole words.

Small wonder was it that the girl-pigs greatly admired a figure so intelligent and at the same time so handsome, and would cast languishing eyes at him as he moved about rooting gently in a preoccupied manner and often grunting to himself out loud. But he was by nature both austere and reserved, and took little notice of their blandishments.

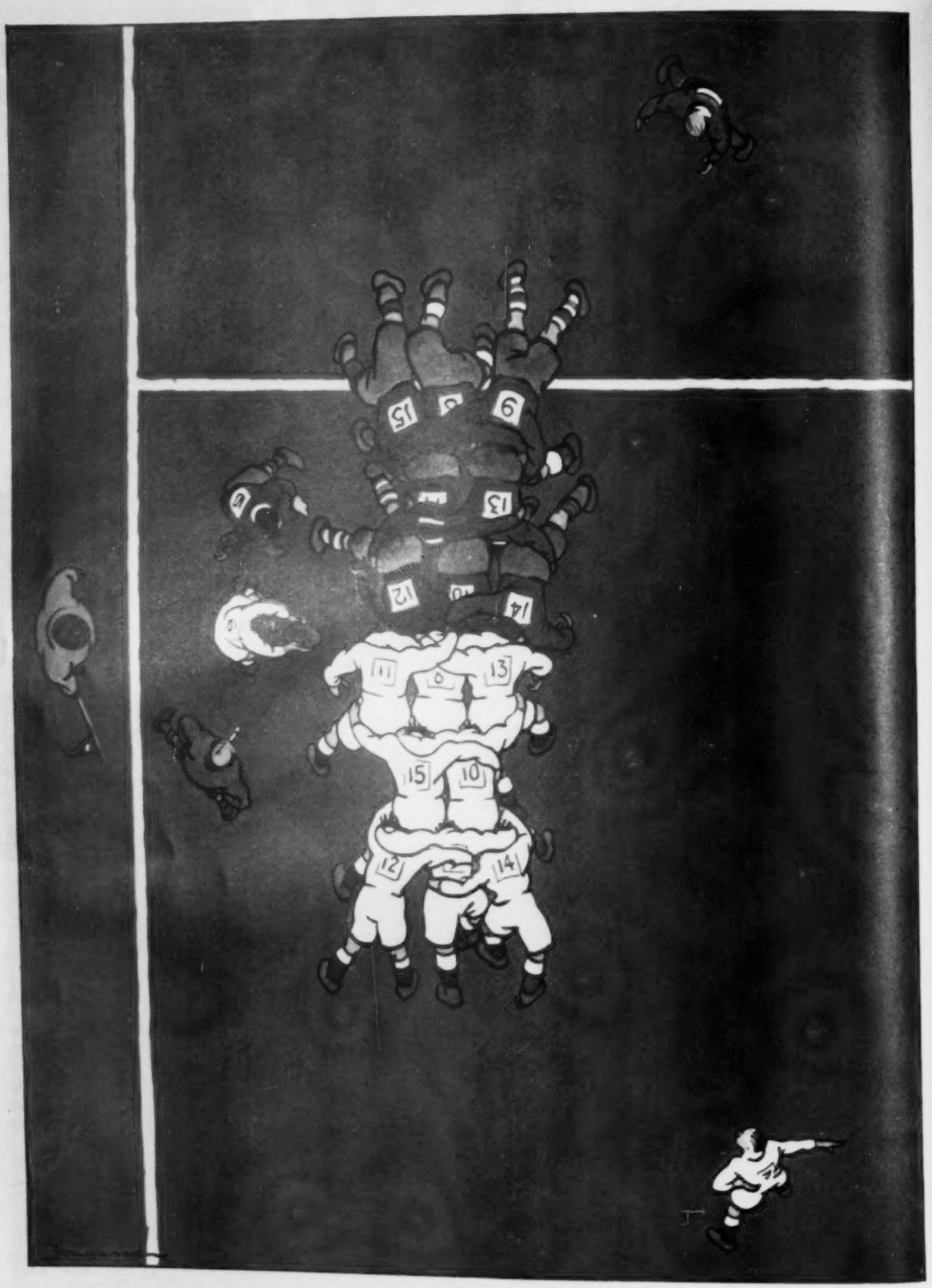
Only towards the girl-pig Perizel did he unbend, not merely on account of her great beauty, but because of her simplicity of mind, and by degrees their friendship ripened and became more intimate, until they would stroll away together and share a few wild apples of the wood, and he would talk to her about the dreams he had of going out into the world and making a career.

He had also one companion named Egwin, of the same age as himself, for indeed he had been born on the same day, who admired Florimund exceedingly, and when it was winter-time and there was no food to be had in the forest, would jostle to be next to him at the trough and pass to him with a sideways motion of his snout the choicest pieces from the swill, so fond he was of Florimund and so proud to be his friend. Only when Florimund began to love Perizel did a shadow pass over the friendship between him and Egwin, for their thoughts were separated now, and they did not dig nor scamper together, nor squeal with delight at the same things, nor wallow in the same mud; and often Florimund would come late to the trough and be so rapt in his own imaginings that he did not care whether Egwin were by his side or no. Yet still the loyalty of Egwin was unabated, and he would look wistfully at Florimund and Perizel when they roamed away together. He would go off by himself quietly and chew a straw, and tears would come into his eyes, for he thought, "The day will come when Florimund and I shall be playfellows no longer, and he will go off with Perizel and set up a sty of his own."



"FLORIMUND HAVING HIS DAILY CONVERSATION."

But now a wonderful thing happened. A man in a fur-coat, who was staying in those parts and belonged to the great world, happened to be walking in the forest, and he saw Florimund having his daily conversation with the swineherd. Florimund was taking up sticks with his snout and grouping them in different ways and then looking up with a rather quizzical smile at the



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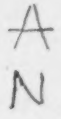
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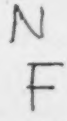
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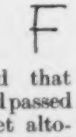
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swineherd to see if he was pleased. He had just spelt out the word

PERSONALITY

but the swineherd shook his head sadly when he saw it, for he had never seen that word before and did not know what its meaning might be.

Then the man in the fur-coat said, "I should like to buy that pig from you." And after a little haggling the matter was arranged, and the swineherd said, "Come to-morrow morning and you shall take it away." Then he scratched Florimund's back and pointed away over the distant hills, and Florimund understood that only a few hours were left before he must bid farewell to his playmates and start upon the adventure of life.

So he called both Egwin and Perizel and said to them, "I am to go out into the world. Perhaps—who knows?—I shall win fame. Then I shall come back to you, Perizel (for you know that I love you) and claim you for my own. In the meantime I should like you to wear this ring in your nose as a keepsake and a pledge. And to you, Egwin, I entrust Perizel, and ask you to see that no harm befalls her until I return."

So Perizel cried a little and put on the ring, and Egwin touched Florimund gently on the back with his right forefrotter as a sign that he would do what was asked of him. And Perizel made a little purse out of the hairs of her left ear and gave it to Florimund as a token; and the next day he went over the hills, where on fine days you could see very far off the chimneys of the great town.

* * * *

Florimund was now a twice-nightly turn. Crowds flocked to see him, and on the coloured bills outside the theatre one might read the words—

FLORIMUND,
THE ONLY PIG PLAYING TO CAPACITY.

He had a great box of big letters, and with these he would spell out any word which the audience required, or even answer questions which were written up to him on a slate. For instance, if his trainer wrote—

"*What do we want most?*"

Florimund would root with his snout in the box for a little while and make up

or TARIFFS
PEACE

or, if it was Saturday night and he



"CROWDS FLOCKED TO SEE HIM."

wanted to raise a laugh in the gallery,

BEER.

His photograph was constantly appearing in the papers, often next to that of an author or a Cabinet Minister or a bathing belle; and every morning he used to be taken out for a walk either in the park or through the streets, wearing a little coat which had been specially made for him of purple velvet and with a little bowler-hat upon his head. His trainer went with him, holding him by a silken cord which was tied to one of Florimund's hind-legs, and everyone would say as they passed, "There goes the learnéd pig from the Megatherium!" and they gave him sugared cakes and crystallised cherries to eat.

Florimund was much stouter now, and learning had become so easy to him that he had lost his look of refinement and delicacy. He had put his youth behind him and forgotten it. Pride rather than intelligence had stamped itself on his features; but he was happy, because he knew that he was drawing larger houses than any pig had ever drawn before. Sometimes, when he came on to the stage, he would show himself a little pompous and dignified and unwilling to begin his act, as though he despised his audience. But that only made him the more popular and the more admired.

Now it so happened that one day, not long before Christmas, when Florimund was taking his daily exercise and rejoicing in the murmurs of applause that followed him wherever he went, that he happened to cast up his eyes, and there, hanging outside a butcher's shop at the corner of the street, he beheld a sight which almost froze him to stone where he stood. He saw Egwin.

Or rather he did not see Egwin.

He saw half Egwin.

Egwin had been entirely split down from one end to the other, and the half that Florimund saw was hanging by one hind-leg from a hook. But that half-face beyond doubt was Egwin's. And worse, far worse than that. In Egwin's nose was a ring. *It was the very ring which Florimund long ago had given to Perizel in token of their love.*

"My sausages!" thought Florimund, "I have been betrayed. There hangs half my boyhood's friend, and before he died he stole from me my love!"

And he wept.

That night the audience



"WOULD SPELL OUT ANY WORD."

at the Megatherium for the first time were disappointed, and some were sorry that they had paid so many shillings to see the learnéd pig. Listlessly Florimund went through his part. He misspelt words, and at the end of the performance, when he should have gained his loudest cheers and laughter, being asked on the slate, "*What do we want most?*" with a tense face he sorted out the letters—

DEATH.

He was hissed by a girl from the gallery.

"The pig is not well," said his trainer. "Release him from his contract and I will take him over to Biarritz for a change. We will go by aeroplane."

Florimund indeed was far from well. The whole of his past life in the forest kept revolving in his mind, so that he could scarcely sleep, and neither candied fruit nor potatoes comforted him any more.

"For, oh, this is the greatest sorrow of all sorrows in the world that I have had," he kept grunting to himself, "that Perizel was false to me and false with him who was my closest friend!"

So the pig flew next day from Croydon on the way to France; but it was a misty morning and they were obliged to make a forced landing somewhere in the province of Périgord. No one was hurt when they came down, but as they stood there in the wet and cold on a deserted piece of ground, Florimund, in his little velvet coat and bowler-hat and the trainer wrapped up in a great ulster with scarves round his neck, there came a sudden resolution into the mind of the famous pig. What was fame? What did it mean to him now? Not far off he saw the edge of a great forest. Why not escape into that and bury himself for ever from the public eye?

Perizel! Egwin! The words kept ringing through his brain. Surely the grey forest was better than the footlights for a pig who had bartered love and happiness for fame. With a stifled grunt he trotted unobtrusively away.

* * * * *

Something in the *timbre* of the voice seemed to tell Florimund that he had heard it long ago before. Who could this be, here, in this distant country, whose utterance seemed to start a train of recollection in his mind? He stole on amongst the oaks and chestnut-trees, and then stopped suddenly with a gasp. There in a clearing of the wood stood Perizel.

"Perizel!"

"Florimund!"

"What are you doing here?"



"Trotted unobtrusively away."

"Digging for truffles."

"What for?"

"To put in *pâté de fois gras*," she answered with a slight sob.

He looked coldly at her.

"Florimund," she said a little timidly, stretching out her right fore-trotter, "you didn't think——"

"I have seen Egwin," he said. Then he corrected himself, "I have seen half Egwin," he added mournfully—"dead!"

"Dead!" she cried. "Dead?"

"Completely dead. Some people were going to buy bits of him for their dinner."

"Oh!" cried Perizel, and the tears streamed down her chaps, "speak no more of it, Florimund."

"But there is a worse thing than that," he went on pitilessly. "Egwin had my ring."

"Oh, Florimund, Florimund," she cried in a yearning voice, "I had to give him the ring! What else could I do? I gave it him when I came away to take up this life. Don't you know that one cannot root for truffles with a ring?"

He stood for a moment silent. Then his expression softened.

"Where is your keeper, Perizel?" he said.

"Asleep. And yours?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "In Hades for all I know. Perizel dearest, let us flee together, away from everybody, we two alone."

"To be wild pigs?"

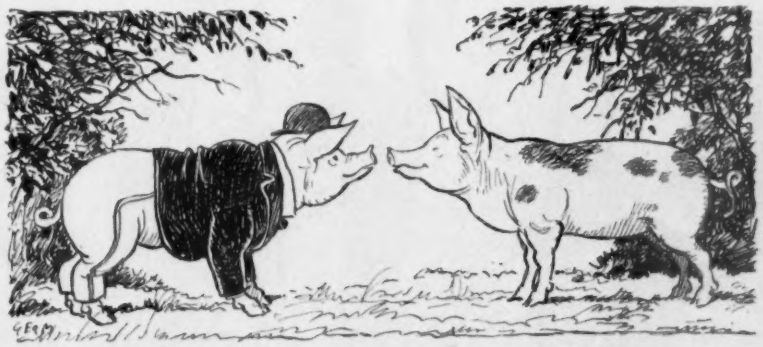
"The world forgetting——"

"By the world forgot!"

The two wet snouts came very close together.

"And Florimund," murmured Perizel as they ambled gently away, "if it should happen——"

"Certainly," he answered with a sad little smile. "We will call them Egwin." EVOE.



"'Where is your keeper, Perizel?' he said."

"Suddenly he felt a sharp wind rise, and began to bite his ears . . ."—*Serial in Evening Paper.*

Any thing to shorten them a little.

"Double rooms to let, electric lights and bath with quiet couple, with or without board."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

Quiet or boisterous, we do like privacy in our tub.

". . . she was brought to hospital suffering from alcoholism with a bald-headed man." *Daily Paper.*

For ourselves we prefer a boon companion who can keep his hair on.

CONTRARIA CONTRARIIS CURANTUR.



AT VICTORIAN BOHEMIAN PARTIES EVERYBODY ENJOYED THEMSELVES IN VICTORIAN SURROUNDINGS.



WHEREAS NOWADAYS AT COCKTAIL PARTIES THE ULTRA-MODERNS ARE OFTEN THE GUESTS OF THE NEO-VICTORIANS.

CONTRARIA CONTRARIIS CURANTUR.



AND VICE-VERSÂ.



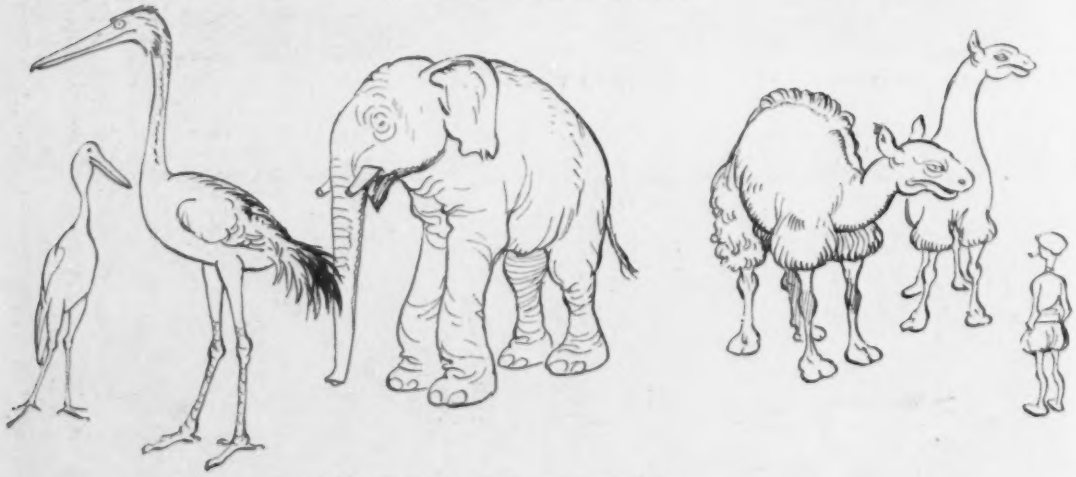
LET OUR SURROUNDINGS THEREFORE BE ULTRA-MODERN VICTORIAN.



IT IS LIKELY THAT THE INVENTOR OF PLUS-FOURS—



GOT HIS INSPIRATION FROM NATURE.



BUT THERE MAY BE FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS—

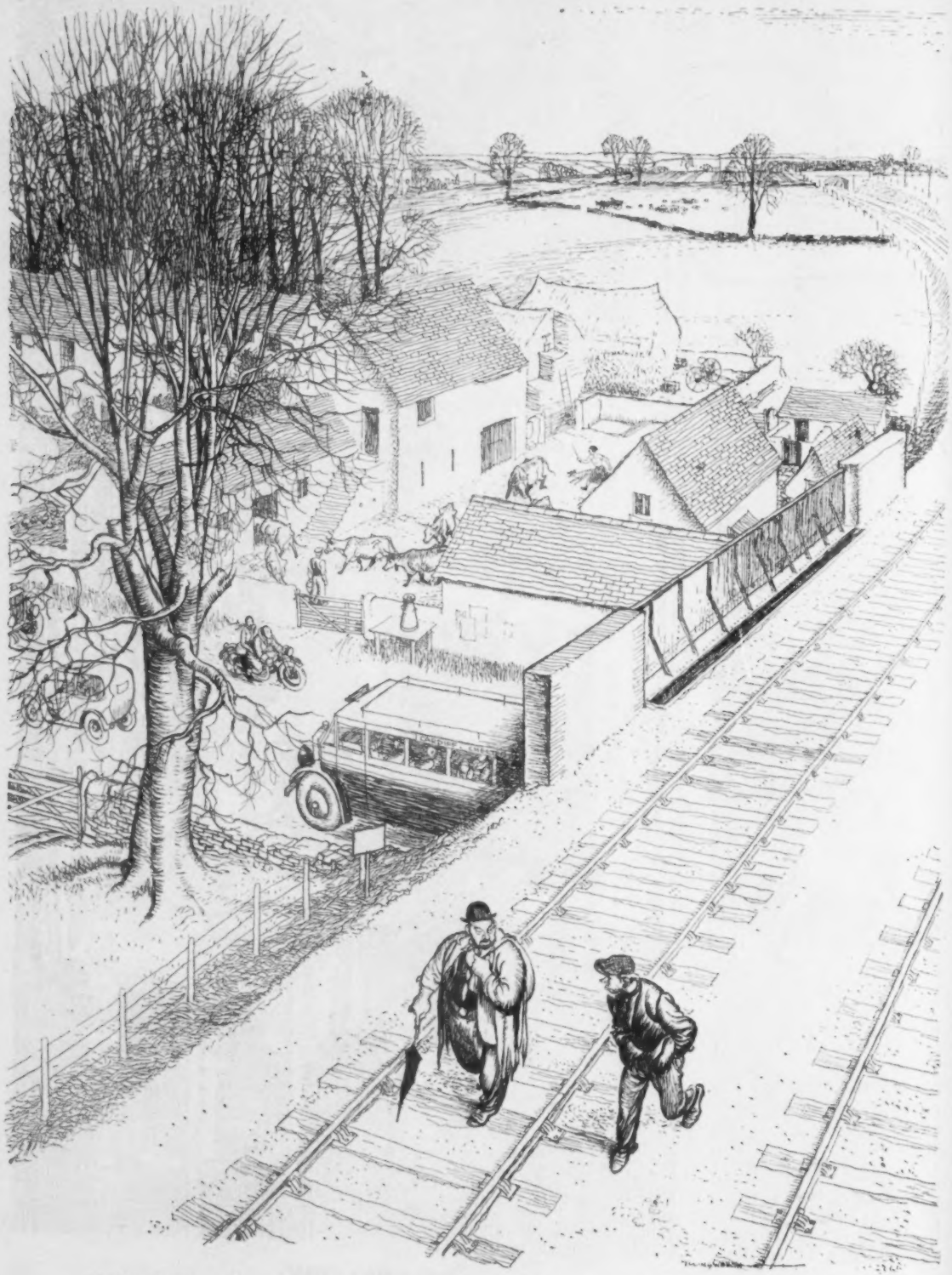


IN THE MATTER OF MEN'S LEG-WEAR WHEN THE FASHION EXPERTS GO FURTHER AFIELD.



SEASONABLE CONVERSATION.

"WHAT ALWAYS FASCINATES ME, OF COURSE, IS THE UNDERLYING SADNESS OF THINGS."



"SAY WHAT YOU LIKE, ALF, TRAVELLING BY RAIL IS MUCH SAFER NOWADAYS."

WASTED TALENT.

TIME WAS WHEN WE COULD COUNT ON QUITE A LOT OF TALENT AT OUR ANNUAL FAMILY GATHERING.



A STIRRING BALLAD OR SO FROM UNCLE ARTHUR—



A DRAMATIC RECITATION FROM COUSIN FLO—



COMIC SONGS FROM UNCLE JOHN—



PIANOFORTE SOLOS FROM AUNT EDITH—



SENTIMENT FROM AUNT CAROLINE—



SLEIGHT-OF-HAND FROM DAD—



GRAN'PA AND HIS FLUTE—



"AWAKE" FROM SISTER VI AND HER FIANCÉ—



AND "TWO LITTLE KITTENS" FROM BABY.



BUT THIS MODERN STUFF!

"OLD NAVY."

"The Navy ain't picturesque like wot it used to be," observed Able Seaman Sullivan, pausing for a moment in the delicate task of rolling a prique of baccy.

"Oh, come orf it, Spike," said a shipmate; "to 'ear you talk anyone would surmise you'd been in sail."

"Well, I 'aven't," retorted Spike hotly, "and I weren't referrin' to no such thing. It was along of a Captain as was batchy on sail as I never picked up me leadin' rate."

"'Ow was that then?"

"Well, it wasn't in me mind when I passed the remark about the beauties of the Old Navy, but as you ask I'll tell you. I was a young A.B. and a pretty smart 'and, though I says it what shouldn't, and I was fair blue-eyed with the Captain of me Top.

"'Sullivan,' 'e says to me one day, 'why don't you go in for leadin' 'and?' Mark you that was afore the days when you 'ad to be a ruddy scholar to colleck a killick.

"I was a gunlayer as well then, though I packed up with that later, being dis'eartened like by 'avin' to use guns wot didn't seem to know 'ow to shoot straight.

"Well, I lashed out for daylight, and in doo course one of our Leadin' Seamen blotted 'is copy-book and got dipped, and I was lined up in front of the Captain to get the rate."

"'Was this the man you was speakin' to me about, Commander?' asks the Owner.

"'Yes, Sir,' says the Bloke.

"'You says he's a good seaman?' queries the Owner.

"'Very,' replies the Bloke, and only the tan on me dial 'ides me blushes.

"'Ah,' grunts the Owner, 'then I'll just ask him a few questions,' and 'e screws in 'is tin eye and looks me up and down as if I was a swabtail.

"'Ow d' you furl royals in a gale o' wind?' 'e shoots out sudden like.

"Well, that proper got me in stays. I could 'a' moored ship with 'im a treat, and I'd got the answers off to all the other crumbs one might get asked, but for a cove what 'ad never been in sail that question was a bit orf.

"'I thought you said, Commander,' says the Owner, turnin' icy on the Bloke, 'as 'ow this man was a good seaman and 'e can't answer the first question I——'

"'I did and I do, Sir,' cuts in the Bloke, 'uffy like. 'He certainly can't answer that question, and I expect,' 'e proceeds, indicatin' the gunlayer's badge on me arm, 'that if you care to investigate further you'll find that he's an indifferent shot with a bow and arrer.'

"Well, that finished me. I was more like gettin' a dose of Number Ten for being an accessory before the ruddy fact or whatnot than collectin' a leadin' rate."

"And that's what you calls picturesque, is it, Spike?"



"Followed by a bloke with a boat-'ook."



"With some blinkin' sea-lawyer standin' on it."

"Naow, yer bone'ead, I told you as I wasn't referrin' to that. I was thinkin' of the way the orficers used to go on afore every O.D. 'ad a Member o' blinkin' Parli-a-ment in 'is ditty-box, like they 'ave now."

"I get yer, Spike. You means the good old days when the Navy was really silent, eh?"

"That's a fact. What would 'appen nowadays d'you suppose if the Captain of a ship was to make two stokey-boys what wouldn't learn to swim walk around wherever they went with lifebuoys 'ung round their blinkin' necks and followed by a bloke with a boat-'ook?"

"D'you mean when they went ashore liberty as well?"

"Of course. We was at Pompey at the time, and the Captain said as 'e wasn't goin' to 'ave 'em on 'is slop chit for drownin' themselves goin' ashore in the boat or gettin' mixed up in that pond by the Clarence Pier where the kids sails their boats."

"'Ow long did they stick it?"

"About a week. Then they both took to swimmin' that 'earty that they was nigh to bein' reserves for the water-polo team. Oh, I've seen some things I 'ave. I remember a turn-out we 'ad when we was refittin' in a private yard. Quickest settlement of a strike I nor anyone else ever saw."

"Did the dockyardees strike? What for?"

"Well, ain't I just telling you. You will keep comin' up for one."

"Sorry."

"First we knew anything was up was when 'Both Watches for Exercise muster on the fo'xle' was piped bang in the middle of the afternoon. When we got up there we finds a proper dog-fight goin' on with the dockyardees all collected round the capstan with some blinkin' sea-lawyer standin' on it sayin' as 'ow they was British workmen and wouldn't stand no hinsults, et-cetera, et-cetera.

"Well then the Bloke arrived and there weren't many as would carry on chawin' their fat when 'e ordered 'Silence.' 'Men,' 'e says, addressin' both watches, 'you see these "gentlemen,"' and 'e points at the dockyardees—'well, they've downed tools and stopped work on the ship, and I



Lady Motorist (to her victim). "CONFESS NOW—YOU'RE MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT?"

thought you'd like to know why. Just now I was walking along your mess-deck behind one of these gentlemen when I see'd him expectorate on the deck. On your mess-deck, men. Well, I couldn't let that stop there, could I? so I took the 'andiest thing by me, which happened to be the face of the gentleman in question, and wiped your mess-deck clean with it, and now his mates say that they've been insulted and won't work no more. I don't know what you think about it, men?'"

"I bet 'e did."

"Not 'alf 'e didn't, for with that 'e turns to the dockyardees and says with a lovely smile: 'I shall be falling out Both Watches for Exercise for a ten-minutes Stand Easy in precisely two minutes' time.' My word, you should 'ave seen 'em toppin' their booms. They was hup, hoff and hout of it and back at work long afore the Bloke piped the Stand Easy 'e'd promised us."

"My word, that was smart! Proper dogs of war—what?"

"Oh, 'e was a fair knock-out. I served with 'im afterwards when 'e 'ad command of a light cruiser, and there 'e put it across the ship's company as neat as ever I see."

"Along o' what?"

"Well, we shipped a Number One wot 'ad a rummy tally. What 'is gawd-fathers and gawdmothers must 'ave been playin' at beats me."

"Oh, a Christian name?"

"That's right."

"What was it?"

"Whiff."

"Go on. That ain't a name."

"Well, 'e was lurked with it any'ow. The Navy List is that thoughtful it gives the orficers' names in full, so 'e 'adn't been on board mor'n forty-eight hours afore the 'ole ship's company knew as 'ow they 'ad the honour to 'ave a ruddy whiff as executive orficer."

"What 'appened?"

"What usually 'appens when the lower deck gets a joke 'anded to it on a plate. They plays it up. Nothing you could take 'old of, mind, but—well, you can't stop 'ands in the rear rank doing a sniff and 'oldin' their noses like when watches fall in to be told off."

"Strewth! Wasn't 'e wild?"

"Well, you knows what orficers are. 'E didn't show as 'e took no notice. But about a week after he joined we was all cleaned ready to go ashore for a make-and-mend Saturday afternoon, when 'Clear Lower-deck, Everybody Aft' gets piped. When lower-deck 'ad been reported clear by the Jaunty the Owner 'ops up onto the after capstan.

"'Men,' 'e says, 'it 'as been reported to me that you are troubled by a whiff 'avin' got loose in the ship. I agree with you that it is most un-eye-genic. We must find it and get rid of it afore we think about goin' ashore or 'avin' any leave. Clean into dirty rig.'"

"You mean——?"

"I do. We started on the cable-lockers, and when we'd got all the cable out and ranged on the upper deck the Captain comes and does a a sniff.

"'No,' 'e says, 'it ain't 'ere. It must be in the six-inch-shell rooms. Restow cable and clear six-inch-shell rooms.

"We done that.

"'No,' says the Owner when 'e comes to inspect 'em empty, 'there's nothin' 'ere. Very elusive whiff this. Per'aps it's drifted back to the cable-lockers again. Get back the shell and clear the cable-lockers once more.'"

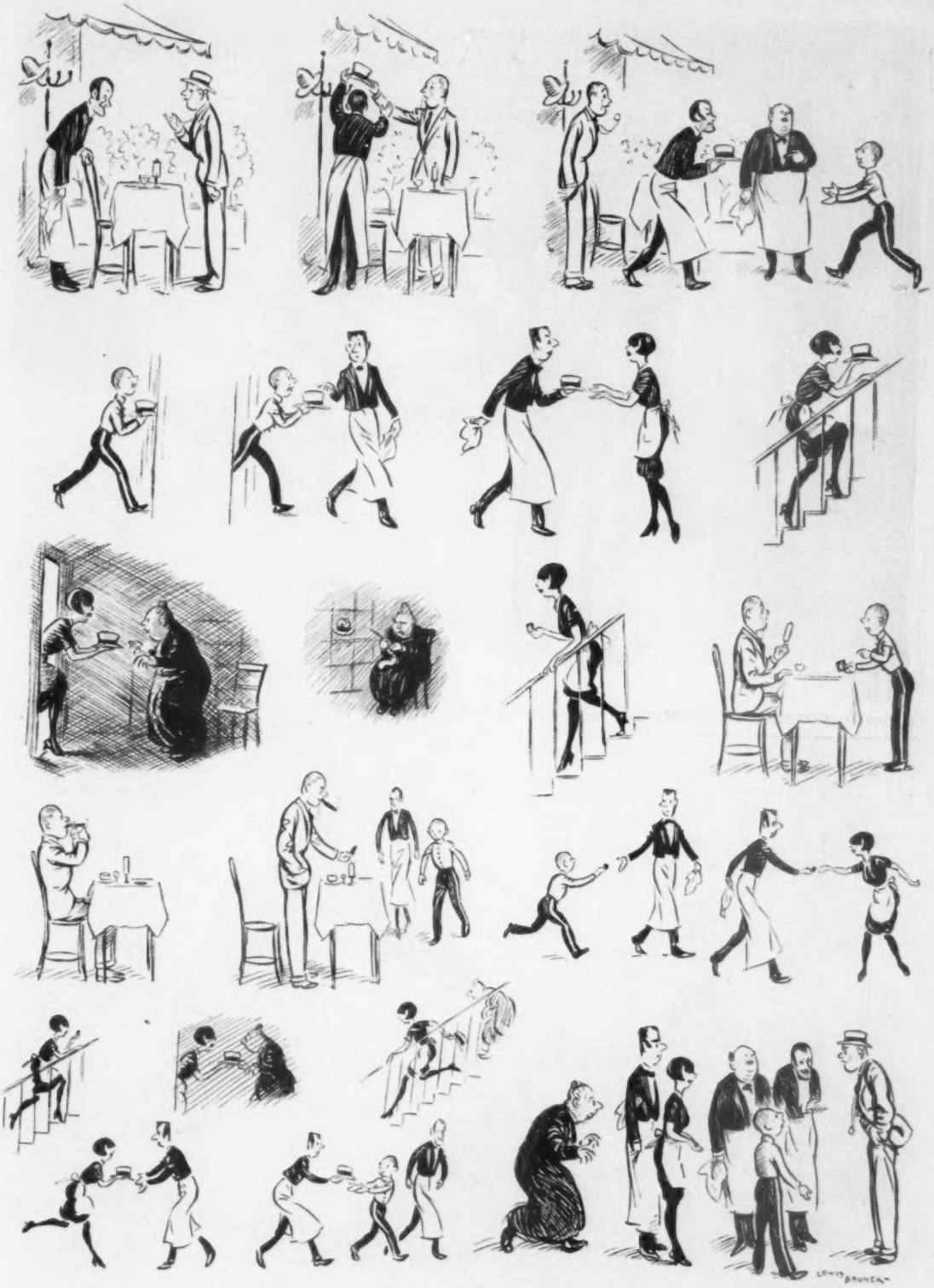
"Strewth! 'Ow long did that song and dance go on for?"

"It wasn't afore late Sunday night, when we was fair broken-'earted, as 'e 'ad us all aft again.

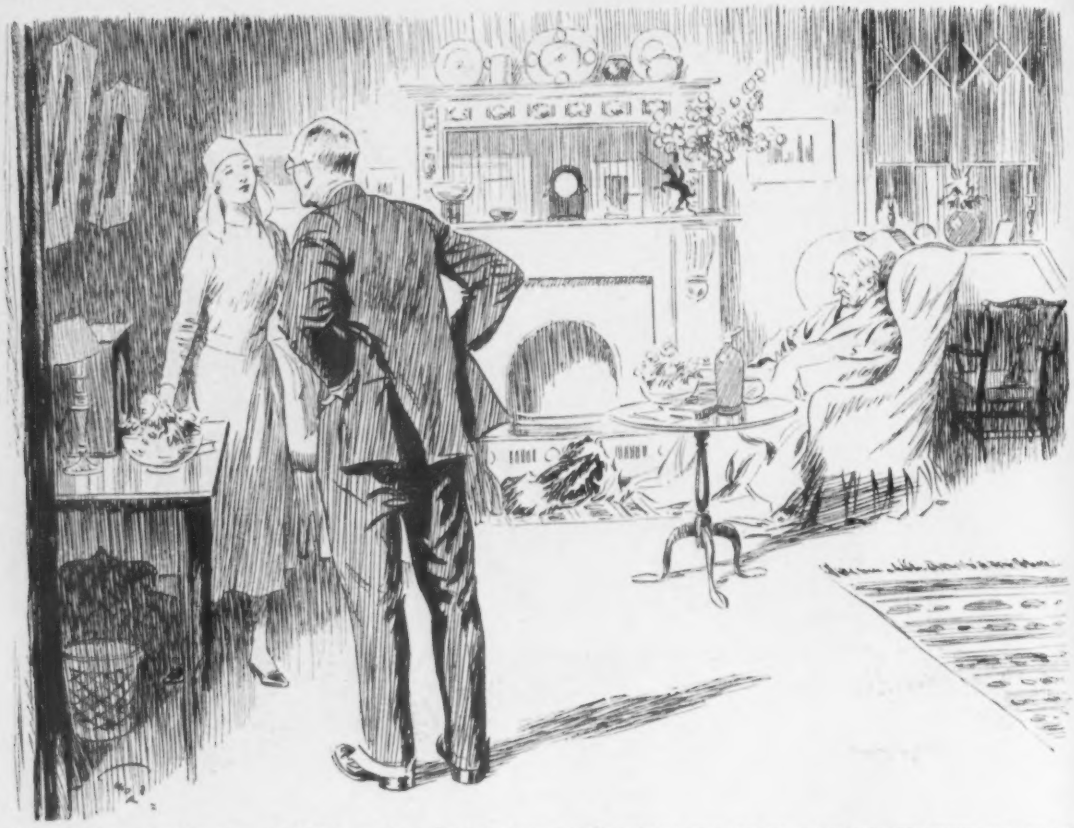
"'Men,' 'e says, 'you will, I'm sure, agree with me that we have searched the ship from truck to keelson and there ain't no whiff in 'er which can possibly 'ave any detrimental effect upon 'er efficiency as a man-o'-war.'"



"DEAR HENRY, SPLENDID SKI-ING HERE. LOST THE REST OF THE PARTY YESTERDAY, AND CAME DOWN THROUGH THE WOODS WITHOUT TAKING A SINGLE TOSS."



THE HAT OF THE ENGLISHMAN.



"I SHOULD SWITCH OFF THE WIRELESS, NURSE. I DON'T THINK HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO HEAR THE WEATHER FORECAST."



Managing Director. "OH, MR. BROWN, SINCE YOU ARE HERE, MAY I TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING YOU A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS. THE FORMAL CONFIRMATION BY GREETING-CARD WILL FOLLOW."



"I'M SORRY YOU'VE HAD TO LIE HERE SO LONG, MRS. MOGGS."
"YES, INDEED, MA'AM. I'VE MISSED A FUNERAL AND TWO JUMBLE-SALES."



Timid Guest (to hostess wearing family jewellery). "WHAT A LOVELY NECKLACE!—ER—*CHRISTMAS PRESENT?*"



THE UNCLE WHO TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.

BACK TO NATURE.



"MODOM HAS BEEN SUN-BATHING ALL SUMMER? OH, WE WILL SOON PUT THAT RIGHT!



AS MODOM KNOWS, SUN-TAN SIMPLY ISN'T WORN THIS WINTER.



STILL, A LITTLE COURSE OF OUR HONEY-AND-BEESWAX TREATMENT—



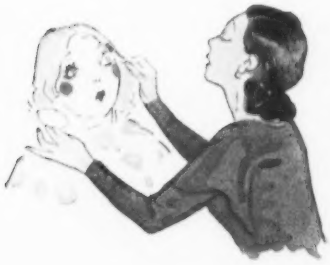
FOLLOWED BY A LITTLE OF OUR BLEACHING PROCESS—



A TOUCH OF GERANIUM OR RASPBERRY HERE AND THERE—



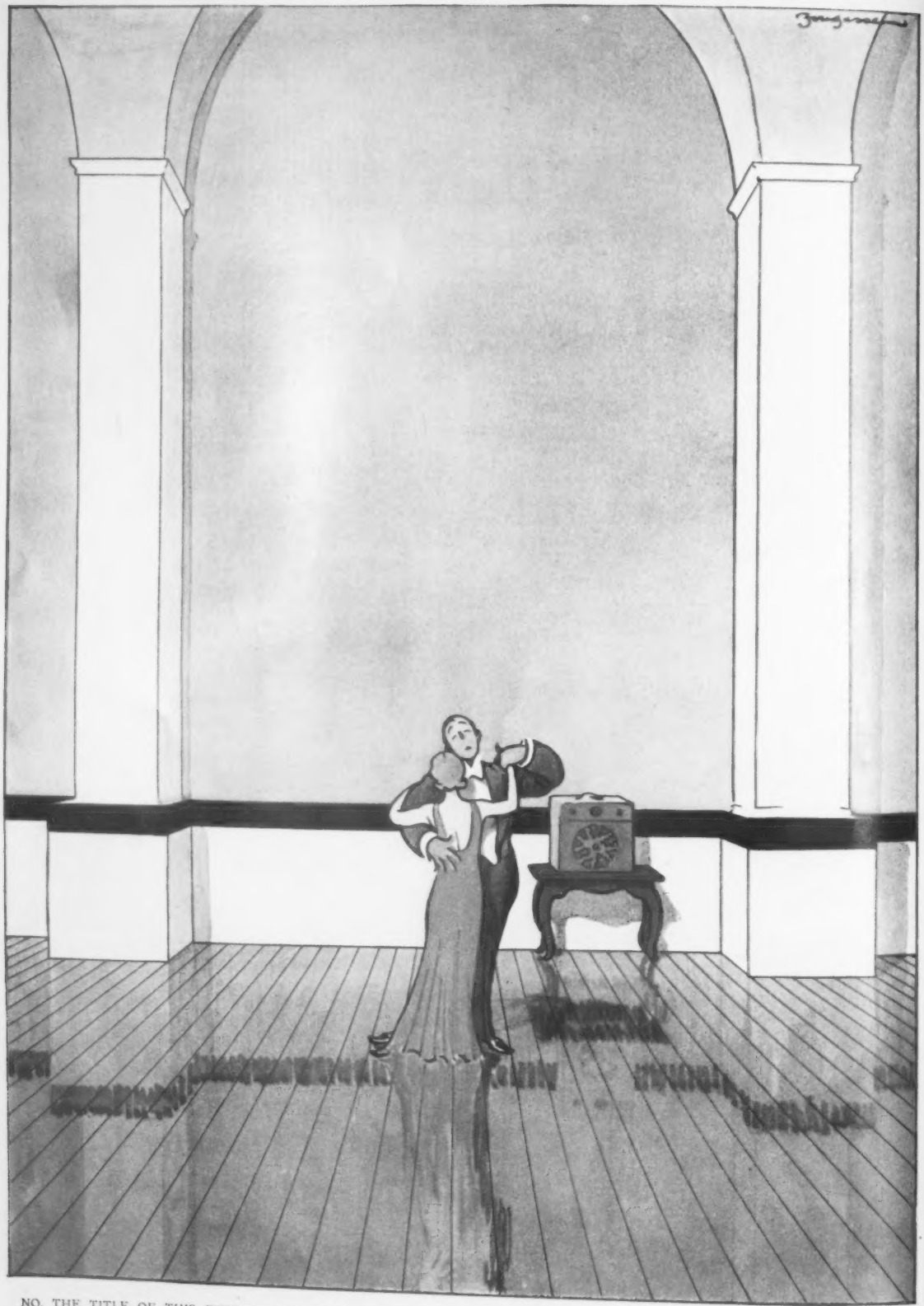
A SLIGHT APPLICATION OF LILY-LEAF GREEN EYE-SHADOW GREASE—



IN CONJUNCTION WITH LUPIN-BLUE MASCARAED EYE-LASHES AND A FEW DABS OF JASMINE-WHITE FACE-POWDER—



AND MODOM HAS ACHIEVED THAT BACK-TO-NATURE LOOK WHICH IS NOW *DE RIGUEUR*."



NO, THE TITLE OF THIS PICTURE IS NOT "DANCING TO THE WIRELESS"—IT IS MERELY "MY DARLING, AT LAST WE ARE ALONE TOGETHER FOR A MOMENT."



PIGS IN PÉRIGORD.

["A certain fly has been found which settles round the oaks under which truffles grow. As a result pigs, which have hitherto been used for the search, will no longer be necessary."—*News from Périgord.*]

IN Périgord, in Périgord,
The forest trees expand,
And hidden 'neath the earthen floor
Are riches at command;
For where the oak outspreads her arms
The truffle, thing of many charms,
Brings profit to the man who farms
Or owns that bit of land.

It is a dark, capricious growth
That shows nor leaf nor twig,
Nor can the wisest take his oath
Where he has got to dig;
But, holding it in high esteem—
The *pâté's* soul, the gourmet's dream—
Man has devised a handy scheme
Of finding it by pig.

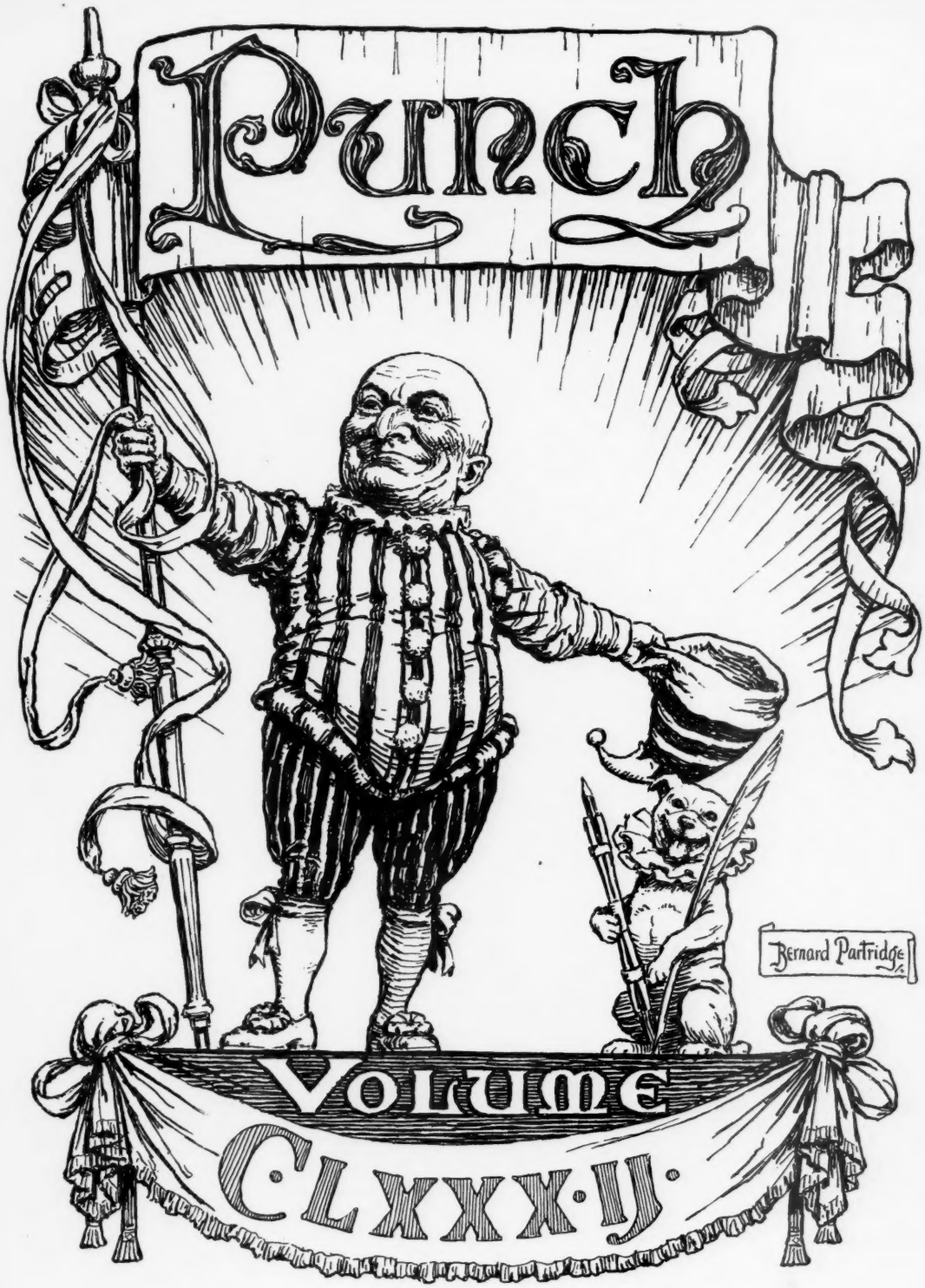
The little pigs of Périgord
Enjoy the truffle well,
And have a knack—I can't say more—
Maybe a sense of smell
Combined with that of appetite,
That never fails to guide them right;
To see them at it is a sight
That has no parallel.

And so he turns his pigs adrift
And freely lets them roam
Employing their peculiar gift
On, shall we say, the loam,
And when by rootling round about
They dig the secret truffle out
He lands them one upon the snout
And takes the booty home.

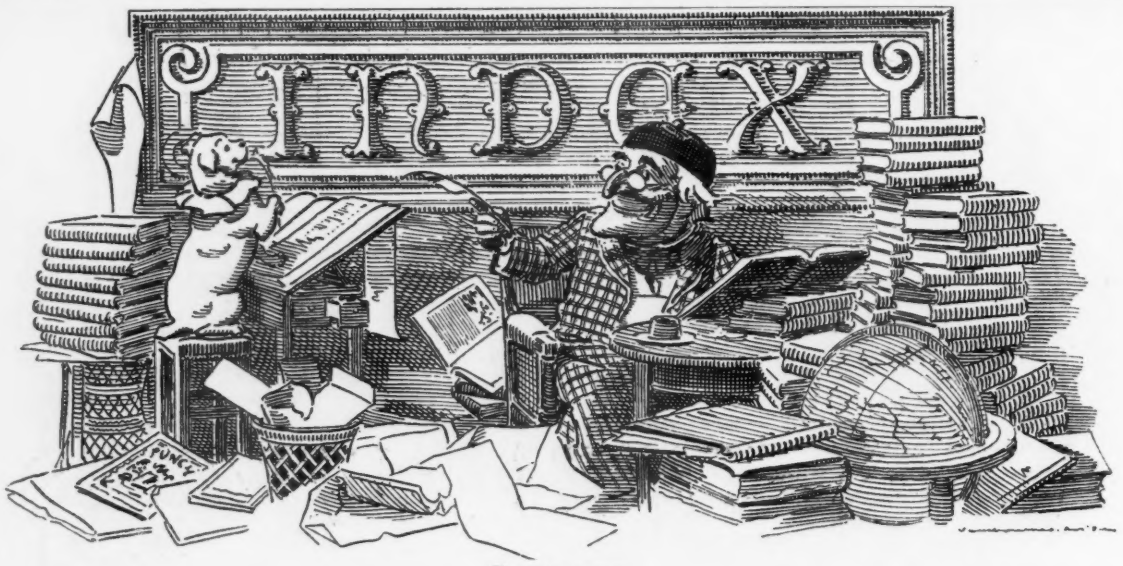
The kindly pigs of Périgord
Have giv'n, for years, their best,
And though they always fail to score
Have never grown depressed;
Whether they thought it good enough
Because it kept them slim and tough,
I couldn't say; but no rebuff
Has chilled their interest.

But now there comes a bitter stroke;
Man has observed a fly
That settles round the special oak
'Neath which the truffles lie;
And, having but to seek and find
At any hour he feels inclined,
He leaves his little pigs behind
To fatten in the sty.

It seems no doubt the easier way,
And one might safely bet
That, if he finds the system pay,
He'll stick to that. And yet
In Périgord, in Périgord,
In oak-enchanted Périgord,
The little pigs of Périgord
Are seriously upset. DUM-DUM.



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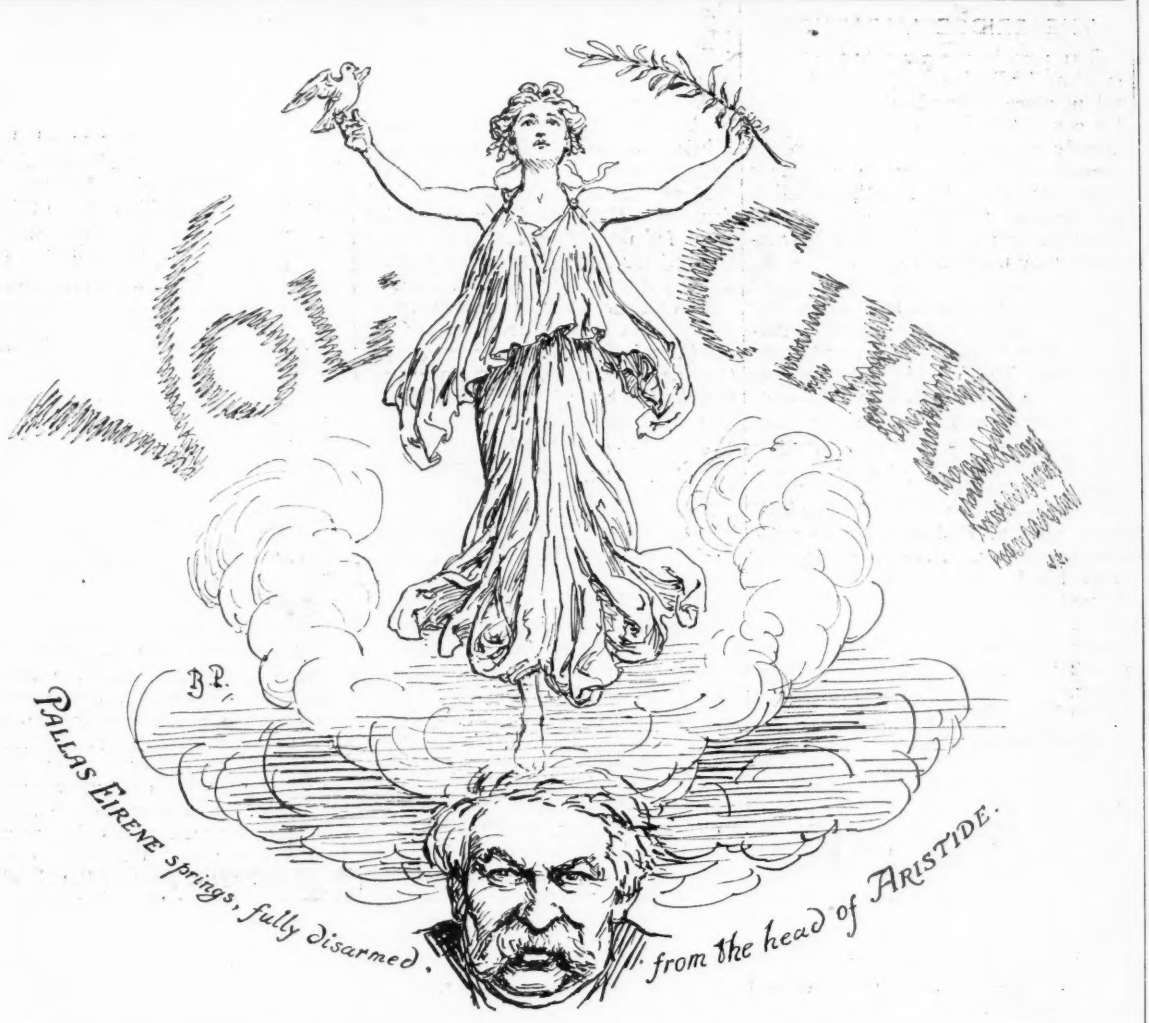
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PIGS IN PÉRIGORD.

["A certain fly has been found which settles round the oaks under which truffles grow. As a result pigs, which have hitherto been used for the search, will no longer be necessary."—*News from Périgord.*]

In Périgord, in Périgord,
The forest trees expand,
And hidden 'neath the earthen floor
Are riches at command;
For where the oak outspreads her arms
The truffle, thing of many charms,
Brings profit to the man who farms
Or owns that bit of land.

It is a dark, capricious growth
That shows nor leaf nor twig,
Nor can the wisest take his oath
Where he has got to dig;
But, holding it in high esteem—
The *pâté's* soul, the gourmet's dream—
Man has devised a handy scheme
Of finding it by pig.

The little pigs of Périgord
Enjoy the truffle well,
And have a knack—I can't say more—
Maybe a sense of smell
Combined with that of appetite,
That never fails to guide them right;
To see them at it is a sight
That has no parallel.

And so he turns his pigs adrift
And freely lets them roam
Employing their peculiar gift
On, shall we say, the loam,
And when by rootling round about
They dig the secret truffle out
He lands them one upon the snout
And takes the booty home.

The kindly pigs of Périgord
Have giv'n, for years, their best,
And though they always fail to score
Have never grown depressed;
Whether they thought it good enough
Because it kept them slim and tough,
I couldn't say; but no rebuff
Has chilled their interest.

But now there comes a bitter stroke;
Man has observed a fly
That settles round the special oak
'Neath which the truffles lie;
And, having but to seek and find
At any hour he feels inclined,
He leaves his little pigs behind
To fatten in the sty.

It seems no doubt the easier way,
And one might safely bet
That, if he finds the system pay,
He'll stick to that. And yet
In Périgord, in Périgord,
In oak-enchanted Périgord,
The little pigs of Périgord
Are seriously upset. DUM-DUM.

THE BRIDGE MARATHON.

THE prominence given to the "rival systems" Bridge tournament now taking place in New York has dispelled the conception of the game as a quiet homely pastime. Succumbing to the present-day tendency to prophesy coming events in the sporting world, I am tempted to forecast some of the developments to which such tournaments may ultimately give rise:—

April 1st.—To-day's play, unless we include Mr. Benz's shooting of his partner, Vice-Admiral Trumpington-Ruffe, was marked by no untoward incidents. The Vice-Admiral, who is one of the foremost Bridge players of the modern school, exasperated his more conservative partner by his persistent forcing bids of singletons. For a while Benz remained calm, but when the Vice-Admiral called "six spades" when void in that suit, Benz's patience gave way. Drawing a revolver from his hip pocket, he announced dramatically, "Not even Cuthbertson would have done that. This 'psychic' bidding makes me sick." Then he shot Trumpington-Ruffe in his bridge-finger.

The Vice-Admiral, who was not seriously injured, stated: "I maintain that Benz's criticism was unjustified. None of my partners has ever shot me in public before."

Special interest attaches to the incident in that Benz's hand was:—

Spades: A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5. Hearts: A, K. Diamonds: None. Clubs: A.

Mrs. Cuthbertson is stated to have said, "Sidney sure was sore."

April 3rd.—The session was somewhat delayed owing to Mr. Cuthbertson, the fourth caller, falling into a trance while examining his hand. After an hour-and-a-half's meditation he called "no bid," and threw in his hand. Unfortunately they fell face upwards on the table and were revealed as: Spades: 5, 4, 3, 2. Hearts: 5, 4, 3, 2. Diamonds: 4, 3, 2. Clubs: 3, 2.

Mr. Benz rose and in a towering rage declared, "A most disgraceful call. You're using *my* system."

Mrs. Cuthbertson saved the situation by remarking, "It's O.K., Sid; Ely plays *your* system now instead of his own."

April 4th.—Mr. Benz is now being partnered by Mr. Charles Chaplin; Mr. Harold Lloyd, Miss Greta Garbo and President Hoover having failed to last out more than one session each. Mr. Chaplin denies the report that he has asked for Mr. Benz's revolver to be confiscated.

Mrs. Cuthbertson was absent from the latter half of the session as she had to get home in time to bath little "Four-hearts Fifi." Mr. Cuthbertson, who seemed to benefit from the absence of his wife, was remarkably prompt in his bidding, and on one occasion called a brisk "one club" after only twenty minutes' delay.

April 6th.—Another shooting incident, this time involving the retirement from the tournament of Major-General Sir Bluffly-Double, renders it increasingly difficult for Mr. Benz to obtain partners. It is rumoured that General Ma is considering postponing the Sino-Japanese hostilities in order to partner Mr. Benz. In the meantime Mr. Reuben has rejoined his old friend, and their differences have been forgotten. Mr. Cuthbertson stated to the Press to-day, "Benz is laughing and Reuben jovial."

Mr. Cuthbertson beat the record long-distance bid with a two hours thirty-three minutes call of "one no-trump."

April 7th.—Mr. Reuben having started to bid "psychic" again, he has shared the fate of the Vice-Admiral and the Major-General. Benz is now partnerless, and the Cuthbertsons have rejected his offer to continue the battle of systems at "cut-throat." The remaining rubbers are therefore being played out by the Cuthbertsons at "double dummy," but, following an accusation of Mrs. Cuthbertson that her husband was using *her* system, it is feared that the Bridge Marathon may be indefinitely postponed.

USE MORE METRE.

ONE of the bright corners of my Sunday paper (I can afford only one) contains a number of more or less pithy remarks culled from recent speeches or writings. Sometimes the selection is good. Sometimes there is too much of Dean INGE and CHARLIE CHAPLIN. But it is never wholly bad.

What pleases me most about the selection this week is that the strong emotion of some of the speakers has impelled them to rhythmical utterance. In fact three of the quotations are in metre. "I am tired of ruling China," says Marshal CHIANG KAI-SHEK. Mr. T. B. PARSONS is convinced that "The human race will never feed on concentrated tabloids." To Mr. BERTRAM MILLS "A circus without women is unthinkable."

These three seem to me to represent three entirely different types of quite seasonable emotion, which cause three different types of metre. The Marshal's is a cry of soul-weariness and disillusionment, a fragment of an Oriental *Locksley Hall*. One can almost hear him sighing—

"I am tired of ruling China, I grow
tireder every day;
Better in the ranks in Europe than a
Marshal in Cathay."

Mr. BERTRAM MILLS'S mood, however, is light-hearted and terpsichoric, the true festive spirit. A completed stanza would probably run like this:—

"A cocktail minus gin is quite undrinkable,
Bibe British! Mix your beer and
barleybree.
A schoolboy's fingers rarely are uninkable,
A monkey's never gay without a flea.
A ship that's sunk already is unsinkable,
A Scotsman likes a drappie in his ee,
But—well, a circus without women is
unthinkable,
So roll up, Ma, and bring the familee."

The strong utterance of Mr. PARSONS is in a different category. It is the type of metre caused by that feeling of determination, that bulldog spirit that produced "And Shall Trelawny Die?" "Rule, Britannia!" and "Casabianca." It thrills one to think that any man at this time of the year should have the urge to get it off his chest in hypermetrical iambic heptameters.

But I must return to the martial moan. It lets you see what the League of Nations is up against. It does more. It represents a world-feeling to-day. "I am tired of something something" is the unsung song of all. It may be the passive tiredness of overwork and overstrain, or it may be the active tiredness, the restlessness that results from inaction and uncongenial surroundings. Quite possibly the Marshal did not have the haunting metre of TENNYSON at the back of his mind, but that of RICHARD HOVEY'S "Sea Gypsy." In this case his thoughts probably marshalled themselves into metre somewhat as follows:—

"I am tired of ruling China,
I am fretful with the Chink,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul must have a drink.
There's a schooner in the offing
And a nip is in the air
Where the harbour bar is groaning,
And my soul is going there."

One can hear this theme, with slight variations, on all sides. Sir JOHN SIMON, for example, is probably thinking:—

"I am tired of wars in China,
I am fed-up with the Jap
Hull down on the trail of capture.
How I hate this blinking map!"

I imagined a moment ago that I heard floating up from the kitchen that same expression of vague yearning, that Shelleyan unrest of the soul. There it goes again:—

"I am tired of washing China,
Why do people eat and drink?
Ah! the pictures-thirst is on me,
I will leave them in the sink.
I am tired . . . ."

[*So am I.*—ED.] J. B. N.



THE ENCHANTED MARKET-GARDEN.

A NEW YEAR'S "TRANSFORMATION."

GOOD FAIRY RUNCIMAN. "AVAUNT, FOUL DUMPER, WITH YOUR FOREIGN VEG.
NOR THINK TO PENETRATE MY TARIFF HEDGE;
LET OUR MEEK TURNIPS LAY ASIDE THEIR GLOOM,
AND UNABASHED THE BRITISH VIOLET BLOOM."



"WON'T YOU TAKE A TAXI, AUNTIE?"
"NO, DEAR, I'LL JUST SLIP DOWN A TUBE."

THE TRUTH ABOUT TEA.

Mr. Punch's hospitable columns have recently contained a spirited article in praise of tea and tea-shops. Now I am all for the freedom of the Press, but I confess I feel rather shocked to find Mr. Punch lending his support to such pernicious propaganda, and I hasten to come forward with what I whole-heartedly believe to be the Truth About Tea.

Ever since the poet COWPER made his sententious reference to "cups that cheer but not inebriate," tea has been wearing a halo of respectability which it has ill deserved. It is true that of late years certain people have cast a stone or two at the halo, but these attacks have been desultory and nobody has yet succeeded in knocking it right off. The time has now come, in my opinion, to collect a whole battery of stones and with well-directed aim dislodge the thing for good and all.

If you consider the subject dispassionately, you will find that there is almost nothing to be said in favour of tea. As a beverage, it is difficult to make perfectly and nauseating when anything less than perfect. Neat, it is pleasing to the eye but acrid to the palate; diluted with milk, it is passable in taste but revolting in colour. Weak, it is insipid; strong, it tans the lining of the stomach, which is one of the few parts of the human body where tan is neither becoming nor desirable. As for the meal which bears its name and by which it is usually accompanied, that has even less excuse for existing. Doctors tell us that it ruins digestions by encouraging a superfluity of carbohydrates in the daily diet; dressmakers, that it ruins figures by encouraging people to eat cakes (which is the same thing, only put more shortly). It levies, when there are more than two or three guests, a severe tax upon the memory and the arm-muscles of the hostess; it entails a disproportionate amount of silver-cleaning, tray-carrying and washing-up; worst of all, it cuts the beautiful straight ribbon of the afternoon into two halves, one dangling from luncheon, the other trailing up to dinner, and both uselessly short.

What, now, is left of that halo? What, Madam (for it is you who are its main consumer), can you find to say in favour of tea? "It's cheap," I hear you protest. Cheap—yes, so far as its original cost goes; but when you add on to that a reasonable amount for the gas, coal or electricity, for the milk and sugar, for the jam and bread and *pâtisserie*, for the wages of cook and parlour-maid, for the indigestion tabloids and the fat-reducing massage which this seemingly simple beverage involves; when, moreover, you reflect that even in this time of national insolvency the country's weekly expenditure upon tea is more than x thousands of pounds (I do not know the exact figure and I am not going to waste time looking it up, because it is so large that it would not convey anything to you)—what, then, I ask you, has happened to your last defence of tea? What further excuse can you offer for continuing to drink the stuff? "I enjoy it," you murmur sheepishly. But that, my dear Madam, is quite beside the point. People—at least some people—enjoy murder, arson, robbery, cockfighting, bigamy, slander, suicide, and many other pas-

times which I am too modest to name; but that does not make any of these things desirable or persuade me that citizens should be allowed to go on doing them. I suggest to you, Madam, that you should try to take a wider view. You refuse. The halo is still there—wobbly, it is true, and a bit chipped at the edges, but nevertheless clearly visible. Very well, then; it is time to cast my largest and heaviest stone, which I have been carefully saving until the end.

If you want to keep your husbands, you must give up drinking tea. (The exquisite rhythm into which that sentence has fallen makes me wish that I had written all this in verse instead of prose; but it is too late now, and, besides, fewer people would have read it.) The point is this: It appears from reports in the papers that Australia and North America have been swept by a craze for "tea-cup fortune-telling," and that the mania is beginning to spread to this country. Now, whether by design or coincidence, the pronouncements of the "tea-cup seers" who practise this black art seem in the majority of cases to centre round the misdemeanours, past, present and future, of the client's husband (or sweetheart). A cluster of black specks low down on the handle-side of the cup—and she is told that her husband is maintaining another establishment; an irregular square just below the rim on the opposite side—and he is said to be becoming friendly with a mysterious blonde. And so on and so forth. It does not seem to matter whether these accusations prove to be true or false; the seeds of suspicion have been sown and the stability of the home is threatened. Husbands are in open revolt at this state of affairs and are clamouring for the arrest of the tea-cup fortune-tellers. Ordinary clairvoyants, they say, are expensive enough to be a luxury, and one to which wives do not usually resort unless they are already dissatisfied with their home-life; but this tea-cup affair is an insidious temptation into which even happy and contented wives may fall in the intervals of their daily shopping—to say nothing of the numerous handbooks which enable them to practise it in their own drawing-rooms. It is a nice kettle of fish, say husbands, when the homely tea-cup (supreme symbol of tranquil domesticity) turns out, after all, to be a snake in the grass. . . . But as for me, it is only what I should have expected; I have always known that there was something dark and malicious, something Oriental and slant-eyed and sinister, about tea.

Therefore I appeal to you, O women of England, to give up tea. If you won't give it up for the sake of health and slimness, for the sake of saving time and money and winning your release from the tedious tyranny of the tea-table, then give it up for the sake of your married happiness, for the sake of your own peace of mind and your husband's reputation.

And if, as I suspect, you haven't the slightest intention of giving it up at all, let me beg you, at any rate, to use a strainer, within whose silver meshes the "mysterious blonde" may nestle harmlessly, leaving your cup of happiness untroubled. JAN.



Member (describing his match to Club Professional). "IT WAS DING-DONG THE WHOLE WAY ROUND AND I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LOST BUT AT THE 18TH HE SPRUNG A SEVEN ON ME."

EVE'S REVENGE.

[The python is in danger of extermination owing to the popularity of its skin as a material for ladies' shoes.]

THE Serpent, tempting EVE in bygone years,
So wrought his own destruction. Fashion's wheel
He set in motion; now he disappears,
Trodden beneath a woman's little heel.

"SIR H. SAMUEL'S CAR ESCAPE ON WAY TO DARTMOOR."
Daily Paper.

A fog is a better thing to escape in.

IN OUR INN.

JOE LIGHTFOOT, BUILDER.

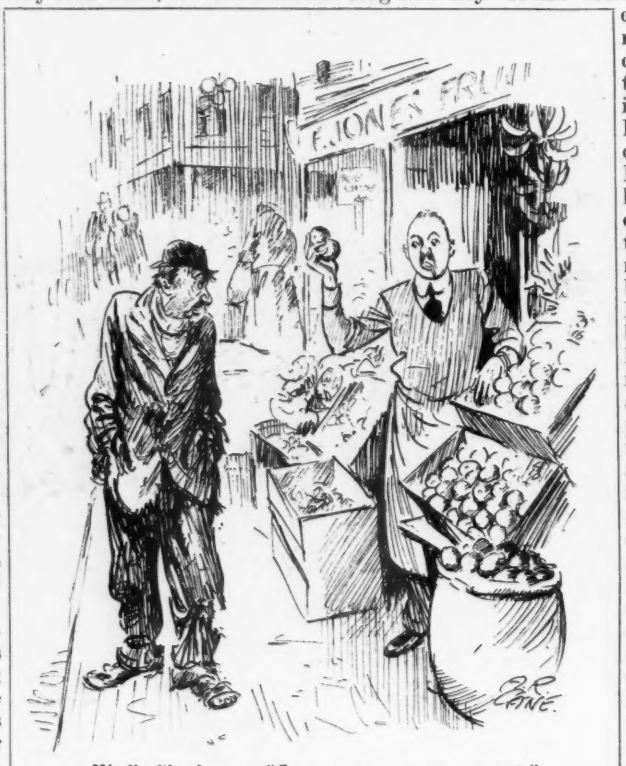
Joe Lightfoot doesn't often look into the "White Rabbit." He is always too harassed or in too much of a hurry. "Haven't time nor heart to drink with a job like *mine*," he will say to some friend who has invited him to come in and have a pint. And at the other's look of incredulous inquiry he will proceed to enumerate the various jobs he is either just finishing or has just taken on, or has in hand but can't hurry up the stuff, or simply must finish by Wednesday. He certainly seems to be fairly busy, for the recital of the list takes quite a time—just about the same time, in fact, that would have been required to drink that pint in the "White Rabbit." However, later on in the day he may make up for it when he visits, say, Cawnpore Cottage, to see that his man has made a good job of Colonel Gore-Bludsby's old wall where Farmer Tulip's cow backed into it. It was an old wall, but it was also an old cow, and the dust of battle hasn't died down yet, so the Colonel will insist on standing Lightfoot what he calls a "small peg"—nearly half-a-pint of whisky—in order to secure an audience for a brief résumé of what he said, wrote, hinted and swore at Tulip.

Joe Lightfoot will probably then dash off in his ancient car to Miss Fyshe; but she of course won't give him any whisky. She has a tile loose and he has for the last week been promising to fix it himself tomorrow. For Joe is not one of your builders who merely watch his men do the work; he does a lot of it himself, working about twice as hard as any of them, and appears to carry on his person in case of emergency practically every tool there is, short of a cross-cut saw. And even this can usually be found in his car, which is an old four-seater Cowford, with a large section of the rear seat made to pivot down backwards so that he can carry poles, crowbars, lengths of scantling and even twenty-foot girders, longways. He used to carry them sideways, but this made him unpopular with other users of the country roads. Now he is only unpopular with any casually-picked-up passenger, who finds that over bumps in the road the rear seat is inclined to behave rather like an *oubliette*. Not that you accept a lift from him if you can help it. You have to keep your feet up all the time because of the variegated cargo in the bottom of the car, and you will pick screws out of your clothes for weeks afterwards; and you must only get out on the off-side or you step into one of three pails of distemper lashed along the foot-board.

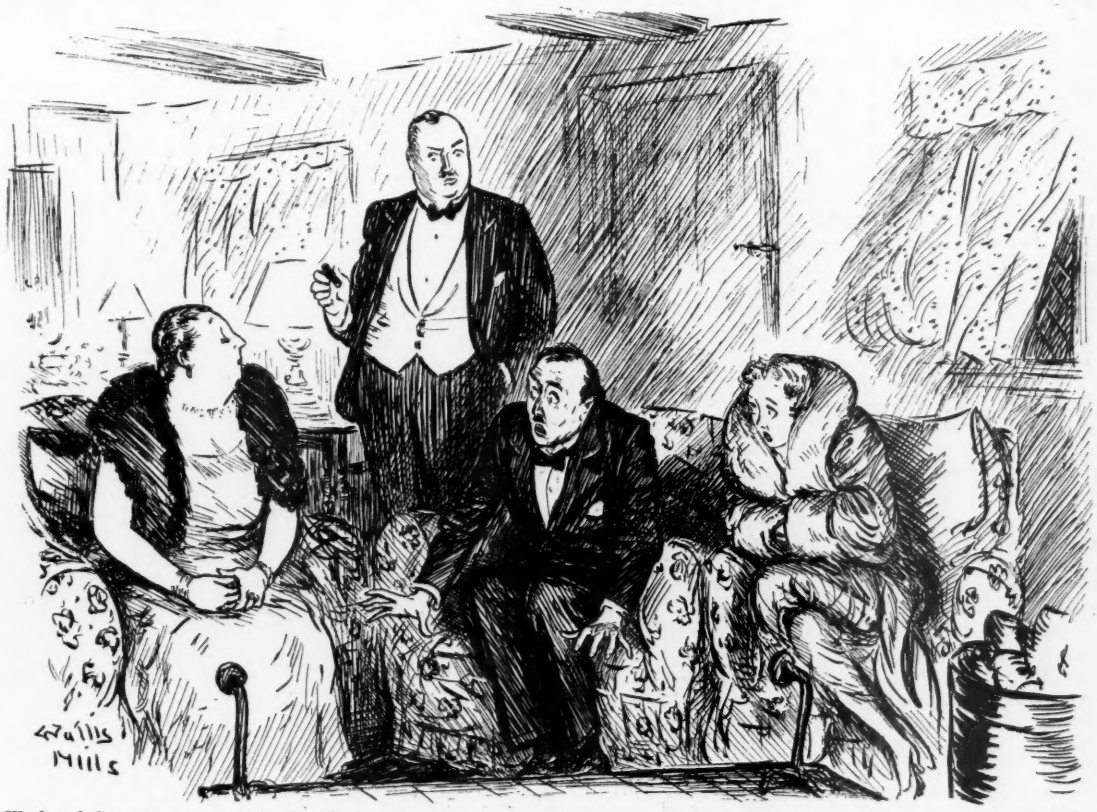
It is necessary to understand Joe Lightfoot before you do business with him, for it is unlike dealing with anyone else. To begin with, he is apt to leave you suddenly with a three-quarter-finished shed or a roof half-tiled and half-tarpaulined. It is not that he has forgotten or got tired of the job. It is one of two things. Either the Uncrowned King of the village—Sir Jason Pendlebury up at the Hall—has issued a ukase: "Let there be pipes mended in the West Wing bathroom. Summon Lightfoot at once!" or else, being also the village undertaker, Joe has had to leave your job to make a coffin. The first excuse makes you a Socialist, if not a Communist, at once; the second leads you to ask in a reverent voice whose coffin it is. On learning it is for Old Thomas, you ask when he died—and learn that he hasn't yet; but, being eighty-nine and having gone to bed with pneumonia—well, ever since Joe Lightfoot's great-great-grandfather started up as the local wheelwright, builder and undertaker nearly two hundred years ago, the village has liked to have it like that. Indeed it is only recently that they have come to put any faith in the doctor's diagnosis at all. They preferred instead to stroll past Lightfoot's and see if anyone was planing up elm planks.

The fact that Joe Lightfoot's all-round artisan skill is balanced by entire lack of any business method whatsoever is also disconcerting to newcomers to the village who are having houses done up. Joe Lightfoot cares nothing for costing out or estimating. He'd rather produce a new house than an Estimate any day, and would do it better too. In any case it is a mere word to him. Having been forced to give an Estimate for a chicken-house of, say, five pounds, he will quite cheerfully send in his bill for eight pounds, and if you demur he explains in rather hurt fashion that's what it worked out at. A methodical notebook for orders is also just a rumour in his life; in any case it would soon get mislaid among the spanners, foot-rules, screwdrivers and so on with which his pockets are full. Instead, he writes all instructions as received on the nearest large object handy. Going over my cottage with a view to doing it up, for instance, he wrote out my full instructions on the bedroom wall. I laughed, but in a way I saw his point. One cannot easily mislay a bedroom wall. But it was a pity that the first order was to "distemp. bedr. in prim. yell.," and that the workmen did it first. We had to wash down the portion which bore my instructions and keep it railed off till the whole job was finished.

On another occasion he might use a length of plank to write upon, and young Alfie would go and build it into an outside shed on someone else's property, which was pretty awkward for everyone. Or else it would get planed off and Joe would have to carry a small bagful of shavings around and piece them together like a jig-saw whenever he wanted to see what had to be done next. And finally there was



Kindly Shopkeeper. "LIKE A COUPLE OF APPLES?"
Patriotic Derelict. "ARE THEY BRITISH?"



Week-end Guest (at country cottage). "I ADORE FRESH AIR, BUT *DON'T* YOU THINK WE MIGHT HAVE THE WINDOWS SHUT?"
Hostess (coldly). "THEY ARE SHUT."

the time when he had collected one way and another the details of no fewer than five jobs he had in hand upon an enormous piece of nine-by-three timber. He dared not let it out of his sight; used to carry it round sticking out of the back of his car, or would come up to Mrs. Gumwhistle's door with it over his shoulder, or lay it on the lawn while he talked to you. Young Aifie, however, was inadvertently too many for him. He built it into Snape's new wood-shed, and for weeks Joe used to have to dash off and consult Snape's shed three or four times a day. Now, I hear, he has taken to indelible pencils and sheets of corrugated iron.

But in spite of these vagaries the "White Rabbit" bar will solemnly tell you he is the best builder in the village. And he *is*! A. A.

"Boxes are fitted on the platforms of Glasgow tramcars so that rush-hour passengers who have not been asked for their fares by the harassed conductors may drop the money in. Hundreds of pounds are taken from these boxes every week."
Yorkshire Paper.

We wish we lived in Glasgow.

A BRITISH BUYER.

Not to be confused with a Buyer of British.

["There is no more warm-hearted shopping public anywhere than the British."
Press Correspondent.]

I WENT for a drive when the year was new
In a motor-car with Gloria
To a local town with a rink or two
And a couple of vast emporia;
She smiled, I observed, expressively
At the time the journey started;
The tone of her voice was strangely kind,
And when we had left the fields behind
She seemed to become progressively
Warmer and warmer-hearted.

It was silk as far as the eye could see,
Sartorial and pinky;
She murmured a word unknown to me
Which was something akin to "dinky";
And when I had partly paid for it
In the form of a cash deposit,
And a couple of hours or more had gone,
She said she had tried the garment on
And discovered that she was made for it
(Which was hardly likely, was it?).

The situation perhaps it clears
If I state she's my second cousin;
And the register shows that the lady's years
Are round about a dozen;
Unspoiled by flappery fopperies
And reasonably skittish,
We welcome Gloria the guest,
Although the fact must be confessed
That Gloria the shopper is
Inordinately British. C. B.

Relief for a Distressed Area.

"Melville —— is able to be up and have his clothes on, which is good news to his many friends."—*New York Paper.*

"After pointing for Keelby, hounds turned back to Roxton Wood. . . . Then they crossed the High Street, and finally lost their fox at Maux Hall. Every horse was then beaten."—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

Where was the R.S.P.C.A.?

CHARIVARIA.

THE Chinese have abandoned Chinchow; but we understand that the decision to withdraw was taken only after consultation with Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

***

The Daily Express recalls that on the anniversary of Lord BEAVERBROOK'S birthday in 1925 Mr. BALDWIN made a speech in the House of Commons expressing joy at the debt settlement with America. Our patriotic contemporary takes the view that the then Prime Minister deliberately ignored the cause of rejoicing in Shoe Lane.

***

In consideration of the warning that the country may be flooded with cheap "champagne" from Soviet Russia, we have ordered a pair of waders.

***

Owing to the small number of pantomimes being performed this winter, children are having considerable difficulty in finding suitable entertainment for their parents.

***

Lots of people are selling their antiques to pay their income-tax. And we have a splendid telephone to dispose of belonging to the early ILLINGWORTH period.

***

Estimating the age of a yew-tree in a Sussex churchyard at 1,798 years, a newspaper correspondent observes that it must have been planted in A.D. 153 Some arithmeticians would put the date still earlier.

***

A talkie-star declares that she was the last person in the world to dream of going on the films. Our regret is that we cannot be conceded this claim to distinction.

***

As the result of experiments in Brazil an illuminant gas has been produced from coffee-beans. What experimenters in our kitchen still hope to produce from coffee-beans is coffee.

***

Platinum blondes are warned that if they try to dye their hair another colour without the help of an expert it may turn green. In that event they mustn't take umbrage at advice to get it mown.

***

Dr. E. A. ASHBURTON declares that the schoolboy of to-day has no definite aim in life. If he had walked down our street last week when the snow was on the ground he might have altered his opinion.

***

Correspondents of a daily paper have been enumerating the ordinary things which they have never done. Now they can't boast of never having written to the papers.

***

In America a man who was arrested by the Ku Klux Klan wrestled with two of his captors and broke their ribs. From all accounts it was an interesting exhibition of the Klatch-as-Klatch-Klan code.

***

Some carol-singers in Ireland were robbed by a band of armed men. Their screams for assistance were plainly heard, but the residents thought the vocalists were merely giving an encore.

***

Boot-scrapers have been provided at certain football-grounds in the hope of checking the objectionable practice of wiping the feet on the referee.

***

A Bedfordshire village of a hundred inhabitants is going to run a pantomime in a home-built hall near the village smithy. And in propinquity, no doubt, to the spreading chestnut-tree.

***

A spectral dog is said to haunt a Kentish lane. Nothing is more disconcerting for a postman than to receive a bite in the calf from an invisible Alsatian.

***

An American scientist says the problem of creating perpetual motion is further off than ever. On the other hand, Hollywood has solved the problem of perpetual emotion.

***

In a London restaurant recently a pile of a hundred plates fell with a crash through a skylight on to the tiled floor. Perfect calm prevailed among the diners, who imagined it was the result of a member of the band turning over two pages of his music by mistake.

***

Works of fiction published in this country last year numbered four thousand, one hundred and one. Conjecture is rife among novelists as to which was the "one."

***

Sir WILLIAM MORRIS declares that he can never read all through a book. His disability is shared by many reviewers.

***

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS doesn't claim to be a JOB. On the other hand, JOB had no experience of popular Sunday papers.

***

Uncertainty still exists as to how far a tax upon Danish bacon might affect production of SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

***

Gossip-writing, we are told by a daily paper, is a rare gift. This does away with the wide belief that it was a common disease.

***

"Six months," says a publisher, "may be taken as about the life of an average novel." We know of cases where it should be the minimum sentence on the author.

THE LURE OF THE WHEEL.

"*FAITES vos jeux, messieurs!*" The croupier's voice came like a challenge from Fate. "*Rien ne va plus!*" How many times would he repeat his croaking formula before the glittering company dispersed? How many of that company would retire in the same high spirits with which they now assembled?

For a time I contented myself with watching the play of the various emotions on the intent faces round the table; but gradually the shimmer of light on the green cloth, the soft purr of the wheel, and the click of the ball conspired to draw me into the game. I spent perhaps half-an-hour dallying with Fate in the shape of Rouge or Noir, Pair or Impair, not risking a stake on a single number, until I had a little pile of carefully-accumulated gains in front of me.

Then I risked three units on Nine: the gods delight in odd numbers. The ball hung on the rim of the wheel then made a plunge to the hub. "*Numéro neuf,*" rasped the croupier. I did not stop to consider whether this was a tempting bait provided by the Fates that watch over croupiers, but trebled my stake on Nine, and up it came once more. Then I moved to Thirteen and heard "*Numéro treize*" called out.

The others at the table watched my pile grow with fascinated interest. The luck still held, and I noted with a curious sense of pride that several others began to follow my choice. The croupier brought out reserves. Was I going to break the bank like those people whose names one sees in the papers?

At last the end came. The door behind the wheel opened and Mrs. Smith came in and said, "Bring them along now, John dear; there are some sandwiches and coffee in the other room, and afterwards we can play at something else."

If only they had agreed at the beginning to fix the counters at two dozen a penny instead of four dozen I should have won nearly four shillings. However, it was quite good fun, and Smith thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of showing off his little store of French.



"YES, SHE COME AN' SEE ME, AND WE HAD A GOOD TALK ABOUT SCOTLAND. BUT THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T DO—AND THAT IS TALK GARLICK."

THE GUIDE.

[In memory of JOHN HENRY LEONARD, official guide-lecturer of the London Natural History Museum, who died December 5th, 1931.]

HE did not hunt the hunter with a curse
Nor rail against the trap and snare and gun,
Not with loud hate, rather with hate's reverse,
His bloodless war was won.

From auk to zebra, from white Pole to Pole,
Bird, beast and man himself he brought to men;
Gave back to each dead specimen the soul
And made it live again.

The snouted three-eyed ichthyosaurus splashed
At his command (our eyes and ears were his),
The huge gorilla through the forest crashed.
As from a chrysalis

The moth unpacks his powered wings and flies,
So he unpacked his learning's store of gold,
Till all, it seemed, on earth that's born and dies
Was ours to have and hold.

Was ours, is ours; and yet because we missed
So much we grudge his passing at the call
Of Him he loved, the Great Zoologist
Who made and loveth all.

A HUNTING MAN'S NIGHTMARE.

THESE Boxin' Day meets! There had been almost more cars than horses out. I asked the secretary why he didn't try cappin' some of them—if they're goin' to spoil huntin' they might at least do a bit of good to the Poultry Fund. Twice they headed the fox and as a result hounds spent most of the day messin' about in covert. But at any rate there was nothin' wrong with Arthur's port, and Tim, his eldest boy, saw that I got my share.

I suppose I must have nodded off when we got to the billiard-room—the fresh air an' all that; but anyway I had the most extraordinary dream or whatever you'd call it I ever had in my life.

* * * * *

I was still in the same house havin' a cup of tea with Arthur's wife when Tim came in. He was in pink all right, but it looked as if it was made of that American-cloth stuff or somethin'; and his breeches were Bedford cord an' decent enough cut, but the strappin'—Heavens above! He had silver strappin's! I won't attempt to describe his boots.

"Had a good day, dear?" said his mother.

"Crashin'!" he said; "finished up with an eighty-mile point and killed outside Cross Keys Garage. Another half-minute and he'd have been in."

"And how did your new car go?" asked Mary.

"Oh, crashin'," he said. "Never put a wheel wrong all day."

I was beginnin' to feel a bit queer by this time and I thought I'd better go gently. The room was pretty rum, for one thing: the walls looked as if they were made of pink mother-o'-pearl, and I noticed we were sittin' in those infernal steel chairs, which I shouldn't have expected to find in Arthur's house—deuced comfortable they were, though.

"Do I understand you've been out in a car?" I said, tryin' to keep my voice as calm as usual.

The boy looked at me. "Well, Sir, you surely wouldn't expect me to turn out on a motor-bike, would you?" he replied with a smile. "What else is there?"

I took a pull on myself and said a bit sarcastically, "There used to be things called horses when I was a young man."

Tim fairly gaped at me. "By gad! were there really? I didn't know you were as old as that, Sir. You don't look it."

"Look here," I said—"tell me about it. I've—er—I've been abroad for a good many years."

That seemed to go down all right, though Heaven knows why it should.

"Well, I mean I've seen the horses at Whipsnade," he said; "but there aren't any others now."

"And do you mean to say you go across country on motor-cars?" I asked him.

"Only on the roads, of course. We couldn't go crashin' about the fields. Think what the farming corporations would say."

"And how do you train your foxes to keep to the roads?" I went on. "I suppose you still hunt foxes?"



PREPARING THE THAMES EMBANKMENT FOR THOSE ABOUT TO PAY THEIR FIRST INSTALMENT.

"Electric foxes," he said.

That fairly took my breath away. "Electric——!" I gasped.

"Well, they're internal-combustion really; but they're always called electric—after the hares, I suppose."

"And does somebody drive them?"

"Oh, no; they're fully automatic," he explained. "Steered by echoes off the fences, or something."

"And are your hounds electric?" I asked.

"No; we've got a very good strain in this country with a lot of greyhound in them. They can do practically sixty. They don't want much nose for the dope we use—mixed with the petrol, of course."

I must have been lookin' pretty rattled by this time, tryin' to adjust my ideas an' that, and his mother came to my rescue.

"Who was out to-day?" she asked.

"The usual crowd," he said. "Oh, the Colonel had a niece out with him. Crashingly pretty girl. He was on his old supercharger, but he'd got hold of a nice little underslung bay for her. She didn't half go, too—and it was her first day out. She was oiled at the finish."

"Oiled!" I said, sitting up in spite of myself.

"Surely you know the old custom, Sir? When we'd killed and the fox was broken up, the huntsman smeared a bit of oil on her face. Her first kill—sort of initiation, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I know. And you had a good run?"

"Crashin'," he replied. "Found at Taylor's Garage. Had a bit of difficulty in gettin' away. The Master couldn't get hounds out at first—found a wire had come off his horn. However, he fixed it up and we got away to a straight two hours without a check. Eighty or ninety miles, if it was a furlong. We'd had a bit of bad luck in the mornin'—lost our fox in a fleet of petrol lorries; but this made up for it. There was only the niece and me and one of the whips up at the kill. She and I finished bonnet to bonnet."

He fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket and pulled out a small black object like a stub-end of a pencil. "I got this," he added, tryin' not to look proud.

"Well done!" said his mother.

The boy coloured up a bit. "I think I'll just go and have a look at the nag," he said. "I thought she was goin' a bit soft on the near fore for the last mile or two."

"But what is that you've got?" I asked him.

"You know, Sir," he said, lookin' away—a nice lad. "The brush—the carbon-brush."

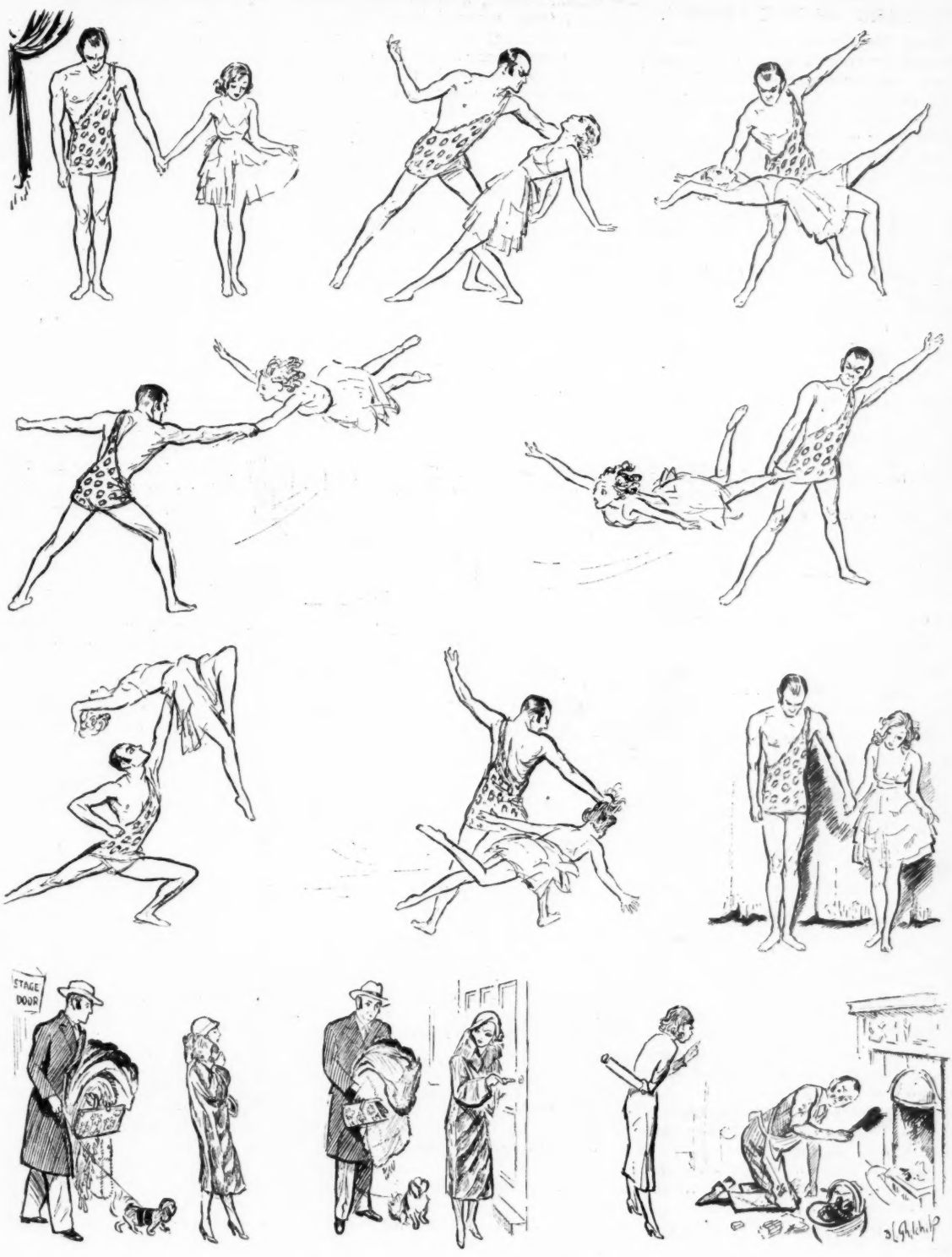
Smith Minor Controversial.

"His son, Edward VI., translated the English Prayer-Books, but died before he could do any real harm."
Schoolboy's Answer.

"SAVAGE CLUB GOLFERS."
Daily Paper.

We know the bunker-murdering type.

"Gandhi's Speedy Return," remarks a headline. Small prophets, quick returns?



THE HE-MAN AND HIS PARTNER.

FATHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—These Russian films. I have seen *The End of This* and *Storm over That* and a curious coloured train or so, and I am told that until Elstree can do this sort of thing it cannot hope to reach the top of the tree. What it wants is more Braintree. In the words of a young gentleman with a remarkable tie whom I was so unfortunate as to hear at an alleged debate after one of the above-mentioned films, "What we want is ideels—we shan't make good films till we get ideels." There are two schools of thought, I understand: one holding that true art and propaganda are incompatible; the other maintaining that they are inseparable. For the moment I ally myself with the latter. But why should the proletariat have it all its own way? What about the capitalist (accent on the "pit," please)? I suggest that the time has come for a bit of powerful Capitalist propaganda on the well-known Russian lines. Something like this:—

SCENE—*A Works Entrance (or Exit) near Wigan.*

Caption. "LANCASHIRE! ONCE A LAND OF HEATHER AND BARE HILLSIDES."

Show some rather meagre heather and a really bare hillside. There might be a shot of this last upside down to show that there is nothing to fall off it. There is a lot to be said for these novel "camera-angles."

Caption. "NOW A HIVE OF INDUSTRY, WHERE THE RICH TREASURE OF THE EARTH IS PRESSED INTO THE SERVICE OF MANKIND."

(Never mind whether hives really press anything or not.)

The gates of a model factory—chromium plate would look well—and lots of nice new concrete. As the men stream out, the gate-keeper (an intellectual-looking man) raises his hat to each and smiles. He gets nothing but scowls from the men. (The most debased type available for crowd scenes—or why not a star or two, if expense is to be no object?)

CUT. This means that the film does one of those disconcerting jumps to somewhere else—in this case to various other parts of the works: the canteen, rather like the grill-room at the Fitz; the washing-room, with an employee (debased type) complaining savagely to the attendant (intellectual type) that the piece of soap he has been given is not a new tablet; one of the foremen (int. type) polishing up the men's cans for to-morrow's tea. You see the sort of thing? But we must get back to the gates.

The same gates and some more men (deb. type) streaming out. A large car containing a Director (int. type) drives out. Seeing a small urchin playing in the gutter with the one piece of mud in the picture, he leans forward and taps on the glass. The chauffeur pulls up.



"WATCHING THEIR WIVES CUT DRY BREAD FOR THEIR CHILDREN."

The Director gets out, gazes at the child for a long time in a fatherly way, pats it kindly on the head (or kisses it), slips an obvious one-pound-note into its hand (close-up of hand, note and mud) and drives on his way.

Caption. "BILL SON-O'-BILL—ONE OF THE PEOPLE!"

(This is the nearest I can get to the usual "-ovitch." It must do.)

Close-up of *Bill*, showing the stubble. He is the bestial type, and might go so far as to spit after the receding car.

Caption. "TED SON-O'-TED—ANOTHER OF THE PEOPLE."

Fine intellectual type; almost a mystic.

Caption. "WORKMATES."

Shot of the two youths (they are no more) working side by side on lathes (or any machine with good film-faces—see *Metropolis*). *Bill* is very slapdash; *Ted* the reverse. A good touch here would be for *Bill* to drop his spanner into the works and break the machine. *Ted* would beg the foreman (int. type) to let him take it home and mend it in his spare time. *Bill* laughs.

Caption. "THAT NIGHT."

Shots of *Bill* in full evening-dress behaving badly at a night-club. He might end up by hitting the proprietor (int. type, of course) over the head with his empty champagne-bottle.

Caption. "MEANWHILE TED——"

Ted is seen attending a night-school, reading a large number of large books—apparently all at the same time.

By now, Sir, the possibilities are no doubt clear to you, and we will go on to "TWENTY YEARS LATER." *Bill*, we regret to see, is still at his lathe (or whatever it was). *Ted*, now wearing a top-hat, frock-coat and more intellectual expression than ever, walks up the steppes—I should say the steps—into the offices. These are in no way comparable with the rest of the works, though any clerks we see are very comfortably circumstanced. The board-room is little more than an attic. We are present at a Directors' meeting. *Ted* (evidently Chairman) addresses it:

"Gentlemen, no one knows better than I the sacrifices you have made, sacrifices that I have been proud to share. For five years we have refused to accept our fees and salaries"—(close-up of a frock-coat, and we see that the silk is sorely frayed)—"and I know that I speak for you all when I say that we would gladly forfeit them for another five years rather than deprive our faithful men—whose servants we are proud to be—of one penny of their hard-earned wages."

Low murmurs of "Hear, hear." Now a few shots of Directors in their dilapidated mansions. Wonderful avenues of elms being felled. Directors with tears in their eyes watching their wives cut dry bread for their children. Close-ups of Directors' wives holding Directors' lapels in toil-worn hands as they ask: "Will it *never* end?"

But back to the meeting. *Ted* resumes:—

"But it is my pleasant task to tell you that better days are at hand. We received this morning an order for five million tons of"—(whatever the machine seems likely to turn out)—"for the Trans-Saharan Railway. This contract will mean full time for at least five years."

Sensation. Very-close-ups of tears in Directors' eyes. But look out!

Caption. "MEANWHILE, BILL——"

Dinner-time outside the gates (still nicely polished). *Bill Son-o'-Bill* is standing on a barrel haranguing the men. There is no need for me to quote his words; he is advising them to strike for increased wages!

From this point I think the march of events will be clear to you. The mob of men approaching the offices, making their outrageous demands. The gentle-faced silvery-haired Directors explaining the position; and then the brick thrown (of course) by *Bill* and (of course) felling a Director the very first shot. Chaos! Excited faces, many of them upside down or sideways. Excited boots, all in good repair unless they belong to Directors. Any good shots that can be thought of, or simply flashes, stars and rapidly-revolving wheels.

Finally, a few last pitiful pictures: a telegram cancelling the order; the closed works; the deserted mansions of the Directors. And a final shot of *Ted* clinging anxiously to a road-drill in full blast (his frock-coat very tattered, the trousers taken in by a strap below each knee), and his wife approaching with his dinner tied up in a worn but clean handkerchief. And last—*Bill*, looking very rich and prosperous as a bookmaker, with a large cigar in his mouth. BLACK OUT.

There, Sir, you see the possibilities?

Yours faithfully,

HUM SON-O'-BUG.

P.S.—If a title be required at this early stage I would suggest *The End over White Wigan.*

FOOTNOTES TO CARTHAGINIAN HISTORY.

In the list of the masters *che sanno*
Few matched the discoverer, HANNO,
Who sailed to Melilla
And found the gorilla,
And taught it to play the piano.

The eminent General MAGO
Was a martyr to chronic lumbago,
But gained some relief
From underdone beef,
Washed down by hot water and sago.

Things we might have Guessed.

"The following train will not run:—
6.5 p.m. Birmingham to Birmingham."
Railway's Christmas Announcement.

The Veges Protest.

"SOVIET FARM VIOLENCE."
ALLEGATIONS BY SWEDES."
Daily Paper.

"SHAREHOLDERS IN A SEINE NET."
West-Country Paper.

Yet they seem usually to be caught in insane nets.



"LET ME SEE—DIDN'T YOU FLY ROUND THE WORLD—OR SOMETHING?"
"IT *WAS* THE WORLD."



THINGS THAT ARE NOT DONE.
THE MAN WHO LAUGHED AT THE ICE CLUB.

BINNS.

As I came down the stairs from my office she was studying the names on the board by the door. When she heard my step she turned.

"You are heaven-sent," she cried. "I *did* meet you at the Watsons, didn't I? You are the one they called Towser?"

I held up a warning finger. "I am," I murmured. "But if you wouldn't mind . . . my offices are just above and you have a carrying voice. I am not known as Towser to the staff."

"Sorry. But you really are heaven-sent. I am looking for Batley, Crawford and Dunn, and I can't find them."

"They belong next-door."

"How wonderful of you to know!"

I raised my hat in acknowledgment, but she had turned again to the board.

"Aren't these names simply too sweet?" she went on. "So mysterious and yet so self-revealing. 'Meredith, Baxendale and Smee.' If there is a comic name among them it is always left to the end. I am sure Smee's a small mild man and the others bully him. 'Ironside and Jolly.' I expect Jolly is lugubrious while Ironside is fat and merry. Then there's Haskett, Haskett and Haskett," she continued. "I expect they quarrel dreadfully—relations usually do. Or at any rate the two end ones quarrel while the middle one tries to keep the peace. Oh, here's a lovely one: 'Crockett, Warsop, Marshall and Binns.' It's the only one with four names. They would have had only three—Crockett, Warsop and Marshall—and they would have been so happy together. But they had to take in the horrible Binns, because he had found out about some youthful indiscretion of Warsop's. Some day, I expect—— What are you laughing at?"

"I was laughing to hide my confusion."

"Confusion?"

"Confusion at being found out. The fact is, I am Binns."

"Oh, how terrible of me! I never thought of it. I might have, too, as you said your office was upstairs. But I thought of you only as Towser. I'd better go off to Batley, Crawford and Dunn before I drop any more bricks."

"They'll all be at lunch at this time."

"Will they?" she asked doubtfully.

"Certainly. What you had better do is to come and have lunch yourself with Binns. He might tell you in confidence what Warsop really did."

"I am not interested in scandal," she said severely. "Still, I might be able to lead Binns into more respectable paths. Where shall we lunch?"

A. W. B.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE . . ."

OUR *quid pro quo*. In bygone days
Whene'er we used the time-worn phrase
It had no sinister intent;
Men knew precisely what it meant;
From cultured lips it came more pat
Than a "square deal," or "tit for tat."

Abroad where'er we made our bid
We nursed no doubt about it—no;
And usually got our *quid*
pro quo.

Our *quid pro quo*. We still demand
Our rightful dues on every hand.
"Good business" is our motto yet,
Nor are we "hopelessly" in debt.
Nations admit our credit's high,
That Britons never will say die.

But now from New York to Madrid
From day to day we never know
Just how we stand, and sell our
Quid—
pro quo? A. K.



WORKING—AND WATCHING.

DAME EUROPA. "WELL, I SHALL HAVE TO DO THE JOB MYSELF, THAT'S ALL."

OUR DINNER-PARTY.

ALTHOUGH Herbert and I live and have our being in the midst of twenty thousand miles of desert, it must not be thought that we shave only once a week and dine off a loaf of bread and an onion on the mat. Our standard really is rather high, and when we fitted a private electric-light plant to the house Herbert complained about the state of my dinner-jacket. As he said, I might get away with it under inefficient oil-lamps fitted with red shades, but it didn't pass muster with thirty-candle-power lights, and I must either get new silk facings or wear the suit I keep for the great world beyond. The remark I consider was not in the best possible taste, but it shows that, though pioneers, we strive to emulate the standard of exquisites.

Our domestic staff resembles the English weather—in other words it is patchy. For a month on end we think our cook must be some *Cordon bleu* who has blacked his face and come out here to evade the law, and then we get a dinner when we incline to the opinion that he might have been a scavenger and an indifferent one at that. The staff rise to unprecedented heights when least expected—as witness the first-class four-course luncheon to five passers-by when our total resources were three tins of sardines, nine eggs, and eight hens, three of which were broody—and sink to immeasurable depths when every detail has been foreseen and every preparation made beforehand.

This brings me to the episode of *the* dinner-party, and it came about in this wise. Our Headquarters had wired us that a party of travellers were visiting our area and should be suitably looked after. It is a very moot point what the expression "looked after" is meant to convey; it may mean, for instance, an inventory of one's kit after they've left to see if anything is missing, or a close scrutiny of their features to see if they figure in our "wanted" list. Herbert, having compared the names of the party with a 1911 edition of *Debrett*, decided that it meant hospitality with a big H, for, as he pointed out, they were all, in the parlance of the East, "notables" and well worth "looking after."

I said, however, that he was probably wrong there as they might belong to that all-too-common type who are most grateful for all you do when in the desert, and invite you to spend your next leave grouse-shooting over their moors or salmon-fishing on their rivers, an invitation which ultimately dissolves into a hurried lunch in the off-season and the dog set at you if you're not gone by 3 P.M.



"GEORGE, DEAR, I HATE REPEATING MYSELF. WHAT WAS IT YOU HAD THE MATTER WITH YOU LAST TIME AUNT ETHEL WANTED TO COME?"

Herbert, however, is an optimist, and nothing seems to shake his faith in human nature, so we decided on a dinner-party, and the dinner was to be one of those masterpieces that one reads about but never eats. For the next two days Herbert took *Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book* to the office with him and kept it by his bedside at night; fast camel patrols brought in fresh fish from the sea, and a telegram to the capital replenished our cellar, which incidentally is merely a cupboard. The night before the party we had a full-dress rehearsal, at which, except for the fact that the port went round against the sun, everything seemed to reach the pitch of perfection, and this at dress rehearsals is, I understand, ominous.

We sat down the following night a party of eight, to a chorus of "How perfectly marvellous to find civilisation like this in the midst of the desert!" and they were very soon to discover that it was marvellous in more senses than one. The soup gave no real indication of what was to come, being just soup with a small "s" and nothing more, though Herbert had spent an hour working out its exact ingredients. The sherry that went round with it, however, seemed to be of a very spirited vintage, as two of our guests had coughing fits and one subsided into his nap-

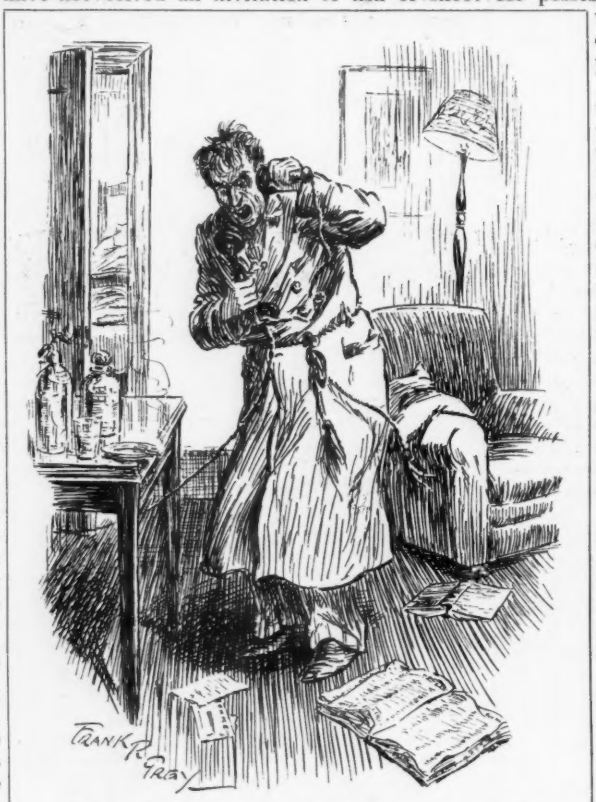
kin. We then discovered that our waiter, whose morale had been upset by the smart new cummerbund he had been forced to wear for the occasion, had poured out liqueur brandy. As a matter of fact our liqueur brandy isn't brandy at all; it is a special stuff Herbert has discovered that tastes like brandy, but is made just outside the Cognac country—possibly Hoxton or Blackfriars—and so cannot be called Cognac. Presumably you can call it what you like; I personally have not thought of a name that really expresses it. I also am not by any means certain that it does taste like brandy; I think the illusion is caused by the paralysis of the muscles of the throat.

The arrival of the fish covered the confusion caused by this mistake, and luckily, as two of the party were pisciculturists, they got quite a lot of excitement out of a fish that might be vastly interesting in the sea or an aquarium but should certainly never by any chance find its way to the table. Herbert explained afterwards that he thought they were a local variety of the red mullet, and if this was the case it must have been a very local variety. The disaster in the next course was solely due to Herbert. A week or so ago, having shot some snipe, he had spent the evening in the kitchen teaching the cook the technique of this succulent bird—the beak thrust through the thighs, the ten minutes and no more in a quick oven, and last but not least the retention of the whole of the innards. Somehow or other, possibly through Herbert's bad Arabic, the cook got the idea that this was a new English method of cooking all small birds, and so the pigeons came up in the same fashion. One glance at my bird's staring half-cooked eye squinting at its beak half embedded in its thigh was enough for me, but a brave man of the party cut his open and was glad to take immediate advantage of Herbert's Cognac posing as sherry.

A saddle of lamb that had been basted apparently with paraffin did nothing to ease the situation nor assuage the pangs of hunger, but the grand *finale* was the fruit-tart containing loganberries. It was certainly a magnificent-looking fruit-tart, and its refusal by all our guests in turn puzzled me till it reached my place when I found that the rich crust was supported not on the small inverted cups provided for that purpose, but on three empty Keating's Powder tins.

After this it was no great shock to hear that, Herbert's monkey having broken his chain, all question of dessert had been effectually settled, and so eight hungry men rose from the table.

So far neither Herbert nor I have received an invitation to fish or shoot next leave, and one way and another we do not expect it.



Sufferer (Time 3 A.M.). "HULLO! HI! IS THAT THE INSPECTOR OF TAXES? I CAN'T SLEEP AFTER YOUR BEASTLY LETTER, AND I'LL JUST JOLLY WELL MAKE SURE *YOU* DON'T."

Mr. Punch's Tiara of Buttered Buns for Deserving Gossip-Writers goes this week to the creator of the following:—

"Mrs. —— has deserted London for Paris. . . . Mrs. —— is indefatigible and original. . . . She has a most competent social secretary who gathers all kinds of interesting and well-known people round her. She is a wonderful athlete and can stand on her head for minutes on end in a most graceful fashion. I have seen her do this at a party. She ties a handkerchief round the ends of her dress and swings over on her head with the greatest of ease."

Social Commentator in Sunday Paper.

THE MADNESS OF MARMADUKE.

SOME are born to command, others to obey. Marmaduke Robinson belonged emphatically to the latter category. A meek little man with watery eyes and a drooping moustache, it was impossible to visualise him either giving an order or refusing to execute one. He could not even enter a tea-shop without looking helplessly at the waitress to tell him what to eat. He possessed in its strongest degree what a psychologist would call the "obedience" complex.

When I first knew him he was obeying for the main part a spinster aunt with whom he lived, and everybody from the boss downwards in the firm for which he worked, including the office-boy, who would give him envelopes to address. I used to meet him from time to time in the evenings taking his aunt's Pekinese for a walk and ask him into my rooms for a drink. He would gulp down his whisky and depart, explaining that his aunt had ordered him not to be away more than half-an-hour.

And then simultaneously he lost both his job and his aunt, who left him her entire fortune, and he found himself his own master with a comfortable little income of six hundred a year.

But he was not happy. I could see that. He hated freedom and its responsibilities. He used to wander in to my rooms with a hangdog expression as though wishing for somebody to order him to do something. I did my best for him, giving him my library-books to change and making him run my car to and from the garage, and his gratitude on these occasions was pitiful to behold. But it was not enough. There were still too many hours in the day in which to do as he liked, and he had not done as he liked for so long that he had forgotten how to exercise that desirable liberty.

It was clear that he was hankering for another boss. And then, just as I had begun to fear that he was developing melancholia, he found one.

I first became aware of it when he came round one evening and with a perplexed air confided that he was in trouble.



OUR SLEUTHS.

C.I.D. MAN OUTWITS A BURGLAR BY MEANS OF A CLEVER DISGUISE.

"I've got to send a telegram," he confided, "and I don't know whom to send it to."

"Forgotten the address?" I asked.

Marmaduke shook his head. "You don't understand," he said. "There isn't any special address—or rather any address will do. I've just been ordered to send a telegram."

"What telegram?"

"Any telegram. They don't mind."

"They?"

"The people who ordered me."

"But who are they?"

"The Post Office, I think," said Marmaduke. "I had a letter from them this morning ordering me to send a telegram."

I saw a glimmer of light. "You mean you had a circular advising you to send more telegrams?"

"An order," said Marmaduke obstinately. "They said in large letters: 'SEND A TELEGRAM.' I wondered if you'd mind frightfully if I sent it to you?"

* * * * *

That was the beginning of the madness of Marmaduke. Once started it progressed rapidly, and within a few weeks was controlling his entire life. He had wanted a boss and he had found thousands. Every post brought a command, every hoarding shrieked an order. "STOP ME AND BUY ONE," said a bicycle-van, and Marmaduke stopped; "BUY A BOTTLE NOW," said a wine-poster, and Marmaduke bought. Every evening he would return home laden with myriads of parcels that he had been told to purchase during the day. He spent his evenings writing for samples and illustrated booklets. It was fortunate that the majority of the booklets which arrived were content to do no more than recommend him strongly to purchase their wares. Had they ordered he would have become bankrupt in a very short time.

I began to avoid his company. Not that I liked him any the less, but the strain was becoming too great. One could never foretell what he would be ordered to do next. On one occasion when we were walking together he left me abruptly to dash up to a front-door, rap twice, pull out the bell-cord and dash away again.

"It said 'Knock and Ring,'" he explained as an irate householder loomed up on the doorstep.

Another time he suddenly dashed across the road, turned, dashed back again, smiled at me and dashed across once more. I went after him to meet him halfway coming back. Silently he pointed to the notice-boards on either side of the street which read: "PLEASE CROSS HERE."

It took me over half-an-hour to convince him not to spend the remainder of his life between them.

Once he disappeared for six months, leaving behind him a folder saying "Spend this winter in South Africa." I met him at Waterloo when he returned. He was in great distress. The poster before us commanded him to "Travel by Underground," while in his hand was a pamphlet saying "Take a Taxi." To compromise he insisted on completing the journey home in two stages, and had I not in time directed his attention to "Have your Luggage brought to your Door by Delivery Expresses, Limited," he would have made me travel with him by tube as far as Oxford Circus accompanied by three suitcases and an American wardrobe trunk.

The end came suddenly when a notice outside a florist's ordered him to "Send her Flowers." He knew only one woman—his landlady, but he sent her a bouquet of roses. She was a widow with three children and took full advantage of the opportunity. Within a fortnight she had married him.

Marmaduke is quite sane again. As a husband he has reached his final harbour. He is quite happy there. I meet him from time to time in the evenings taking the Pekinese for a stroll and ask him into my rooms for a drink. He gulps down his lemonade and departs, explaining that his wife has ordered him not to be away more than half-an-hour.

AT THE PICTURES.

DOG STARS AND AN INFANT PLANET.

Trader Horn was a film which, good as it was, laid itself open to easy burlesque. At the Empire I have just seen a curtain-raiser (or screen-wiper—there is still a good phrase to be coined for the cinema) called *Trader Hound*, which has the original well taped in all its absurdities. It is acted by dogs,



A CANINE QUEEN.

a most ambitious undertaking, but successful. TRADER HORN himself is fittingly played by a wise old bulldog, wearing hiking outfit and a *sombrero* gruyered with bullet-holes. His greenhorn friend is a thoroughbred Alsatian: but I am afraid that his faithful black servant had never seen the right side of CRUFT'S. They all walk about on two legs and talk, or rather are talked for by unseen human understudies, and their mouths are so well synchronised that the illusion is nearly perfect.

As specimens of wild-life we are shown a giraffe, on whom coco-nuts are showered by a small monkey, with staggering results on the giraffe's palpably human legs; and a lion and a gorilla, the lords of the jungle, who fight a gruelling battle in which the snarling honours finally go to the lion. I felt sorry for the men inside. They must have been so frightfully hot.

The scenes in the Isorgi village, the home of the Africurs, when HORN and his party have been captured, are literally a wow. The cannibal king is far from being a gay dog, and his medicine-man bristles with the awful symbols of ju-ju. Our friends are about to be flung into the cauldron when the pale young lady whom you will remember in the other film (but this time a white Pekinese) stages a dramatic rescue and they all escape. These dog-actors take the biscuit, and I hope they were given an ample opportunity to do so. It was well earned.

The big picture at the Empire is another of the child-emotion orgies which the Americans are trying to revive. WALLACE BEERY and JACKIE COOPER, the nine-year-old, carry it between them. It is called *The Champ*, not, as you might think, on account of the eccentric action of WALLACE BEERY'S jaws when eating, but because he plays the part of the ex-heavyweight boxing champion of the world.

His wife, *Linda* (IRENE RICH), is also *ex*. She had come originally from a higher drawer in American Society, and she had left him for *Tony* (HALE HAMILTON), a prosperous New Yorker. The *Champ* retains the custody of their child, *Dink* (JACKIE COOPER), and father and son live a shifting life of mutual ministration in the cities of California. The *Champ's* spasmodic winnings at the dice-tables in saloons (a pardonable anachronism) just keep them in a single room, and *Dink* does his bit by putting his father to bed whenever that is necessary. Unfortunately, despite *Dink's* precautions, it becomes increasingly so.

Every now and then the *Champ's*



A MOUTHPIECE OF MATURITY.
Dink . . MASTER JACKIE COOPER.

manager arranges a match to bring him back to fame; but after a desultory training he is always found at the last moment by the loyal *Dink* to have drunk himself under the nearest table.

Linda turns up again at a race-meeting with her amiable *Tony* (who had my sympathy) and the inevitable request that she shall have *Dink*. It is refused. When she breaks it to him very gently that she is his mother and asks for a hug, the memorable reply of this hard-boiled and desiccated child is, "I don't kiss dames."

The situation is eased somewhat by the *Champ* being sent to prison, as he decides that for the boy's good he must go to his mother. Their parting is very painful. We are on one side of the bars,



The Champ (pugilistic), Mr. WALLACE BEERY. "I'M GOING TO STAGE A COME-BACK."
Dink. "AND WILL THIS COME BACK TOO?"

with the *Chimp*—I mean the *Champ*—and *Dink* is on the other. The father simulates unconcern, his vast chest heaving with ill-disguised soul-agony, while the child's heart seizes up audibly. Pints of good glycerine must have larded the floor of the studio. But they could have been saved. For *Dink* is far too tough a baby to be coerced. He stays with his mother in the New York Express for a few hours; then he quietly gets out at a station up the line. In the meantime the *Champ* has been released, so their reunion is marked by a joint spirit of live and let live. *Linda* also forgives and sends a cheque, which is very welcome.

On the strength of it all the *Champ* really reforms and goes into serious training for a match which has been arranged for him by his inhumanly patient manager with the Champion of Mexico.

Can he beat him? He thinks he can. Personally, looking at his flabby chest (of which, magnified five or six times in close-up after close-up, I grew rather tired) and at the magnificent figure of the Mexican, I thought he hadn't a hope. But, to cut a long and, as you see, quite unoriginal story short, he wins; and two minutes later in his dressing-room dies of heart-failure.

You may like this sort of thing better

than I do. A lady behind me kept on murmuring, "*What a duck!*" But I cannot help feeling that children's emotions are too easily and frequently observable in private life for them to make anything but unprofitable game for the camera, particularly when they are recorded with unnatural precocity in the idiom of the Middle-West.

But it is only the story at which I am cavilling. JACKIE COOPER is an extremely polished little actor, and WALLACE BEERY is himself. The vocal production is very good. ERIC.

INITIALS FOR SHORT.

DURING the War we suffered from Initials, which in time became cryptic words, like Waacs, Wrens. But in America the flow is much worse and much more confusing, as Initials have crept into parts of life that have nothing to do with public service.

But of course public life has its share. G.R.A. stands for Grand Army of the Republic, and A.F.L. means American Federation of Labour. Tats is short for Transcontinental Air Transport and N.A.A. is shorthand for National Aeronautical Association. By the way, in Australia Qantas stands for Queensland and Northern Territory Aeroplane Service.

F.A.I. means Federation Aéronautique Internationale and is always used in that form in America, and every Labour Union has its store of initials. Of course doctors have their secret way of describing their patients' ailments; T.B. is too well known to lengthen, but I.P. means Infantile Paralysis, and C.P.I. has nothing to do with Canadian railways; Constitutional Psychopathic Inferiorities is its Sunday name, and many people here appear to suffer from it—people who are out and about, not confined in psychopathic wards, as one might imagine.

Two sets of initials I culled from a lunch-party in Hollywood: B.M.A. and A.R. I puzzled over them as the stars spoke of many things. Then: "What's B.M.A.?" I asked my neighbour, a sprightly blonde.

"Gosh!" said she—she makes a thousand pounds every fortnight, so she is entitled to say "Gosh!" if she wants to, I suppose—"Gosh! where were you raised? B.M.A. means Before Middle Age, an' is vury, vury useful in describin' whut some folks are NUT."

"And A.R.?" I continued.

"Efter RO-mance, neturly," she replied. "An' I'm sure tellin' ye that some uv the dames round here think thet time'll never come ti them."

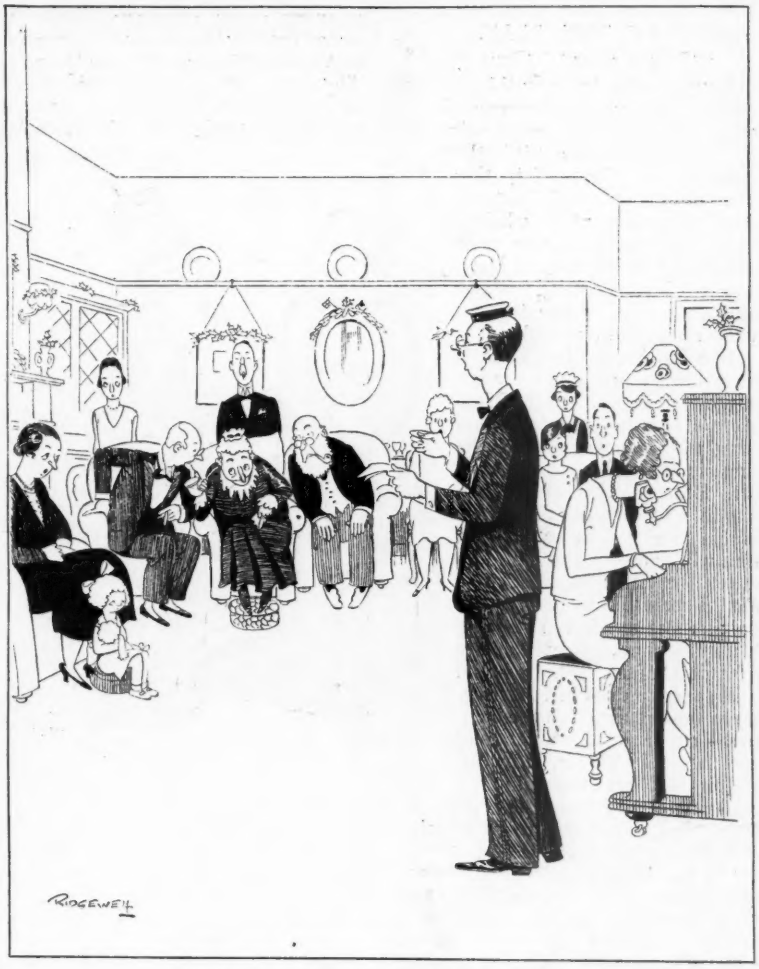
In England we used all to be rather proud of our F.H.B. joke, moth-eaten now. My younger readers will need explanations. When unexpected guests arrived for supper in the country and word came from the kitchen that there was just enough of the cold joint for the guests and the home grown-ups, the murmured letters "F.H.B." meant that the youngsters were to take it out of the bread-and-jam and eggs and things. In fact, Family Hold Back.

And Ampas is a new portmanteau word to most of us. Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; a very grand and great Academy, that takes itself with seriousness, gives its members something equivalent to the Nobel Prize, and when it "throws a BAN-quet" the President of the United States sends a representative, the Governor of California deems it a dooty to attend, the Presidents of Universities are delighted to accept and the editors of newspapers turn up in hordes. Naturally the BAN-quet is thrown in Los Angeles; and yet some apparently educated people don't know what Ampas stands for.

After these Hollywoodian riddles it is rather comforting to find a more home-making set of initials—T.D. (No, not D.T.—T.D.)

It is in use among the nice quiet girls who like nice quiet young men and who look on them as prospective husbands and want to know if they are "good providers." It means, does T.D., Thoroughly Domesticated, and it can be applied to only rather a small number of young men round and about Los Angeles, I fear.

C.P. Time is really misleading. Nothing to do with the Can. Pac. at all. You over in quiet Great Britain would never, simply never guess what it means here. It means LATE. Why? Because C.P. Time means Coloured People's Time.



SUITABLE SONGS FOR THE SEASON.

"HULLABALOO-BELA-BELAY."

AT THE PLAY.

"IT'S A GIRL!" (STRAND).

COMPARISONS between this new farce and its long-lived predecessor might be odious. The wise playgoer, refusing to make them, will accept it in the spirit of one who, anticipating another boy, gets a girl instead. Any entertainment that brings and keeps together two such comedians as Mr. LESLIE HENSON and Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD and gives them scope to convulse must be welcomed.

The fun hardly begins as it means to go on. For there is a suggestion in Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD'S nervous preoccupation with the management of the lingerie business he shares with Mr. HENSON that the matrimonial trap in which the darker of his two typists has landed him will figure in the fun more exactingly than it does; that Mr. HENSON may effect his partner's escape from that trap less by sheer lawlessness than by dramatic finesse. What a hope!

No sooner does Mr. HENSON arrive and plunge into the business—commercial, matrimonial and farcical, with Mr. HOWARD gliding at his heels in the capacity of organising expert, than what threatened to be merely a scream becomes a riot.

"If you have sides," Mr. HENSON'S eyes seem to say, "prepare to split them now"—an invitation each of his other features eloquently endorses. I certainly did not share the overheard opinion of a neighbour that in this new piece Mr. HENSON makes too few faces. Nor, judging by the general laughter, did anyone else.

Plot, as such, quickly goes by the board and farce, as these generous purveyors have taught us to enjoy it, rules. The charade spirit, hovering ever close at hand, soon has them and us in its power. And, although Mr. MELFORD'S struggles in the toils of the predatory typist are sufficiently exploited, they serve but to steady the fun which he and his colleagues let loose.

We see them unbend in every curve of suave bibulosity; racked both by business and more pleasurable cares; irresponsible to the point of fatuity. Any or no excuse is enough for them to dash into the property-room and emerge translated—Mr. HOWARD as a portentous astrologer, Mr. HENSON as his tangle-haired "Fatima, the Breath of the Dromedary"—and to embark in the most extravagant way on the horoscopes of all but the blackmailing siren for whom and from whom that getaway is staged.

This exotic frolic, however, is merely a foretaste of more native absurdity when Mr. HENSON, usurping the degrees and equipment of a seedy medico, sits and exchanges professional and personal confidences with Mr. HOWARD, an unconscionable nurse.

Here we learn among other grim secrets the external and internal uses of cornflower in the nursery; the awful contents of their clinical bags; the heroic if outmoded means by which Nurse reaches her clients; the chagrin only such ruthless practitioners can feel when patients recover despite them, and the heights to which such inspired comedians can rise once the plot is out of the fairway.

Not that it is all rough-and-tumble. Beauty will occur even in the worst-regulated farces; and Miss JEANNE STUART'S appearances as a mannequin are as dazzling as they are gracious. Moreover, the distaff side of this egregious establishment is delightfully staffed by Miss MURIEL MONTROSE as the predatory brunette and Miss VESTA SYLVA as the comforting blonde, with Miss CONNIE EDISS touching-in the foibles of an old retainer with the bravura of an old master. H.

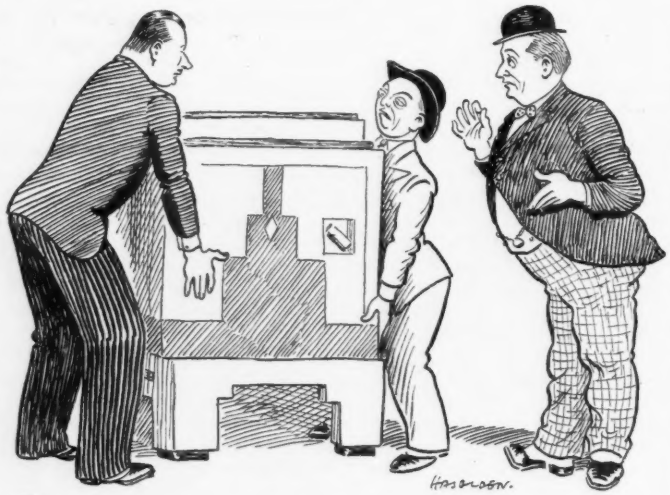


"TELL YOUR FORTUNE, PRETTY LADY?"
Miss Jugg . . . . . MISS CONNIE EDISS.
Samuel Lightbody . . . MR. SYDNEY HOWARD.

"MAX AND MR. MAX" (VAUDEVILLE).

Good and amusing argument has often proceeded from dubious premisses. This comedy, however, which Mr. CECIL MADDEN has adapted from the Spanish, seemed to me to have excellent premisses but to foozle its argument. My interest was aroused at once by the two men clad in suits of woe, who paced the floor like Siamese twins, and it grew on discovering that one was *Max* and the other his personified conscience.

Then a strange but charming lady, chased by her husband, burst into their soul-searching colloquy and proceeded to make herself at home and a dead set at *Max*. But all *Max's* embarrassed appeals to his unsporting con-



THE AMATEUR BURGLARS.
Rodney Smith . . . . . MR. AUSTIN MELFORD.
Toby Prout . . . . . MR. LESLIE HENSON.
Samuel Lightbody . . . . . MR. SYDNEY HOWARD.

science and *Conscience's* galling ripostes, the high-comedy *tempo* and lower-comedy fun could not clarify for me a theme that, during the next two Acts, seemed steadily to degenerate into dramatic stalemate.

This was certainly not the fault of the actors. Those admirable players, Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN and Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH, as the two *Max's*, gave the plain and the purl of the argument their most tactful consideration; and, as the two intruders from the outer darkness, Miss KATHLEEN O'REGAN and Mr. EDMUND GWENN were as vivaciously helpful as could be. Perhaps the soul of the original comedy was so indigenous as to defy transplantation, or else some master wheel in its machinery, clogged in transit, prevented its working—for me. A parable (don't they say?) is a heavenly story with no earthly meaning. Can this have been a parable? H.

"HOLD MY HAND" (GAIETY).

Most makers of musical comedy are content to arrange the harmless necessary wedding within an ace of curtain-fall and to leave such details as the bride's trousseau or the bridegroom's discomfiture to subsequent imagination. Not so Mr. STANLEY LUPINO. At closing-time not one but three bridal processions in full marching order debouch from church amid concerted hallelujahs. And the bridal pomp is such as defies description by any but a lyrical modiste in full song or one of our less temperate *feuilletonistes*. I know better than to risk such a sartorial Sedan.

Rather let me pass over the massed attacks with which the piece opens, spasmodically renews itself and closes in favour of the principals who lead those attacks with such *élan*. Mr. LUPINO—author, producer and leading man—is too good a comedian not to exploit his own speciality; too wise a showman to give himself all the fat. He aims at both fun and spectacle. And, while starting things off and keeping them going at a pace that would be hot even in a Schneider victory, he does not depend on sheer speed to sustain our pleasant reactions.

With the rise of the curtain a party is in full swing; Bacchic and Corybantic rites in high celebration. Presently the welter clears and hints of a plot show through. The less said about this plot the better. Not that it is a poor plot as such plots go, but that it knows its place and keeps it, accentuating its narrative stutter only to relieve the scene-shifters or to hot up the revelry by contrast.

Into the convivial hullaballoo comes Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS to play tomboy and peach by turns and to meet in Mr. HARRY MILTON her predestined partner in the dénouement that will fulfil the nuptial promises and crown the glittering spectacle.

What Miss MATTHEWS doesn't know about pouting pussies would manifestly be news to most "dogs." Moreover she has now learned how to sing to the heart of the gallery as clearly as she has long known how to titillate the stalls. Nor, above all, has she forgotten how to dance. After gracing many a delightful *pas de deux* she reaches apotheosis in a proper little ballet. This reveals her in tip-toe mood, twinkling among the penultimates of her trousseau for all the world as if she were Danae and the limelight were showers of gold.

Mr. SONNIE HALE, eager as ever to be up and doing, goes for his young-manly duties like a hero and abets Mr. LUPINO in his particular brand of asinine knockabout that scores off the furniture as well as the physique and seems to go as you please the better to please you.

Mr. LUPINO'S creative and comic responsibilities are admirably discharged. As author he tempers the recitative to the business in hand, and as actor he gets in and out of absurd disguises with the ease of Proteus, and is increasingly the party's life and soul. Solo and choric singing and dancing temper the spectacle and give the lovers scope to mash or misunderstand one another before that triple bridal fugue, played on the steps of the church, gives curtain and cheers their dazzling cue. Such a show renews rather than merely reiterates the Gaiety tradition, and will be patronised as it richly deserves. H.



"SHAKE MY HAND."

Eddy Marston . . . . . MR. STANLEY LUPINO.
Pop Curry . . . . . MR. SONNIE HALE.
Paula Bond . . . . . MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS.

A RARE EDITION.

THE man stopped me just as I was turning into my gate.

"I wonder, Sir," he said, sweeping his hat off his head and bowing as if I were the Emperor of China, "whether I can interest you in the new edition of SHAKESPEARE we are shortly sending to press?"

I looked him over carefully. He belonged to that old-style type of actor that once used to frequent Caves of Harmony and Bacchus. His sonorous voice and grandiose manner made him a new one to me in the way of book-canvassers.

"I'm sorry," I told him, "but I already have a SHAKESPEARE."

"Sir," he said, looking pained, "I speak not of *a* SHAKESPEARE, but of *the* SHAKESPEARE—the incomparable edition of the divine works of the Bard of Avon, complete in one volume and shortly to be issued to subscribers by Messrs, Snugby and Bimbleton at the inconsiderable figure of two shillings and ninepence, same to be paid in advance."

"Well, it's certainly cheap," I ad-

mitted. "How do you manage to produce it for two-and-nine?"

He sank his voice. "Years ago," he intoned, "a nameless scientist thought of harnessing the unchained forces of mighty Niagara to provide cheap electricity to half a continent. Messrs. Snugby and Bimbleton, Sir, two men of infinitely greater brilliance, yet not too proud to profit by example, have lit upon a way of harnessing the genius of the immortal Bard to provide cheap literature to half the world. In short, Sir, they have discovered the value of SHAKESPEARE as a publicity medium and, generous to the core, they are inviting the great British public to share in the profits of this colossal discovery."

As he mentioned the great British public he bowed again.

"It all sounds very interesting," I said dubiously, "but I must admit I don't quite see——"

"Here," he interrupted, taking some papers from his inside pocket, "we have a few specimen pages of this superlative production and, picking one out by chance, we see before us a gem of the first water, an extract from that incomparable play, *The Tempest*."

He handed the sheet to me and I read it.

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:

POGNOR REGINA
QUEEN OF WATERING PLACES.
An Ideal Resort for the Kiddies.

Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist."

"I see," I said, a little overcome.

"And here," he continued, passing over another page, "is an excerpt from the part of *Shylock* in *The Merchant of Venice*, as played by that master Thespian, the immortal HENRY IRVING."

It was another short extract. Evidently Messrs. Snugby and Bimbleton weren't out to waste much ink. It ran:—

"I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you and so following;

BRITONS!
BUY BRITISH!

but I will not eat with you, drink with you nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?

The
DAILY FLAIL
FIRST WITH THE NEWS
MOST UP-TO-DATE VIEWS."

"The next page, with your permission," he said, "I shall have pleasure in reading to you."

And setting his hat at an angle he commenced to declaim with his hand on his heart, sinking his voice to an eloquent whisper when he came to passages that were not strictly Shakespearean:—

"'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:

ELYSIUM THEATRE
'THE LIVELY LADY'
BEST ACTING IN LONDON.

They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

BIGG'S BABY FOOD
makes
CHILDREN CONTENTED.

And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail

Give your Boy
PATTERSON'S PATENT OATS
for
BREAKFAST
and
NOTE THE DIFFERENCE.

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad

SAY IT WITH JEWELS.
OPULENT'S, JEWELLERS, REGENT ST., W.

Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,

RUDD'S
SAFETY RAZORS
make
SHAVING A PLEASURE.

Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice. . . .
Full of wise saws and modern instances;

Just Published
'CONFESSIONS OF A COURT JESTER'
BY
LORD SPARLING.

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide

N.B.—SIMKIN'S SOCKS LAST FOR EVER.

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

Try
BLAND'S
Vocal
PASTILLES.

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,

Keep Young!
GANDY'S GAZELLE GLAND
gives
PERPETUAL YOUTH.
In capsules, 1/3 per bottle.

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.'"

As he reached the end he took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. I was not surprised that he was hot. He had let himself go as if he were on the stage of the old Lyceum.

"That was fine," I said. "Here's the two-and-nine. Be sure to send me a copy when it's ready."

But he didn't want me to go. He put the money in his pocket and laid a detaining hand on my sleeve.

"One moment, Sir." And with no further warning he burst forth again:—

"'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

Do you suffer from
DEAFNESS?
Use
ORMER'S AURAL ACCESSORIES
and
HEAR A PIN DROP.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

SADD & SADDER,
Undertakers,
273, Dogbody Road, London.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

LET ME WRITE YOUR EPITAPH.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Terms from 1/6 to 100 guineas.
TENNYSON CHAUCER, D.D. (Mich.),
Author,
Honeysuckle Cottage,
Little Budgcombe.'"

For some time we had been the centre of quite an interested crowd, and at this point somebody chose to throw a fit. It was too good an opportunity to miss. I vamoosed.

I shall never get my copy of Messrs. Snugby and Bimbleton's *Shakespeare* now. In the excitement of the moment I forgot to leave my name and address.

Marathon Dancing in London.

"A Bare Few Minutes Hyde Park—The —— offers best entertainments; dancing from Christmas Eve to New Year."
Hotel Advt. in Daily Paper.



COUNSEL CALLS THE JUDGE "MISTER."



Owner of large car (who has made a mess of the other man's baby). "I SEE YOUR CAR'S NEW; I'M GLAD IT WASN'T AN OLD ONE THAT YOU'D BECOME ATTACHED TO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Studies in Tartan.

IN a day when the older order of the English squirearchy passes and, beyond Tweed, lairds and sons of lairds, once kenspeckle and considered, are being burdened out of existence, it is interesting to read of a territorial family, not of the great nobility, still *in situ*. At House of Dun, in Angus, is (and has been since 1377) such a family. Mrs. VIOLET JACOB, herself of that family, herself born a Miss KENNEDY ERSKINE of Dun, has written the story of her own folk in their own home. Her book, *The Lairds of Dun*, is published by JOHN MURRAY at 16/-. It is illustrated with family portraits. And thus you'll say that I go crying an ordinary book of family history that can be of little interest to any but an ERSKINE. But wait; it is not every old house that possesses a poet and a novelist to love it and to be its historian. And herein the House of Dun has, as we know, luck about it. Mrs. JACOB has made the dry dust of history live. We see, when her family was but of a poor two hundred years' standing (as clearly do we see as we have seen the *Master of Ballantrae* and his gullish handful ride "pretty full," "roaring and singing" forth to the '45), JOHN the Laird, his brother and his two sons ride forth from Dun and southward aye to Flodden, each man of them for an English arrow. And, about two-hundred-and-fifty years later, we read of the King's ship *Hazard* that sailed rebel-hunting to Montrose and of what came of her there along of an ERSKINE who wore the White Rose. This book, full of history, full of story, reads like the *Tales of a Grandfather* with a dash of Dean RAMSAY to them. There have been nineteen lairds of Dun, and I am glad to think that the twentieth laird is at home to-day to carry on tradition and institution "with a long line of figures behind him stretching back into the world that was."

Strong Waters from the North.

L. A. G. STRONG, in his book, *The Brothers*,
Has woven a magic of words, a spell
To charm the fancy of Scots and others
Up to the land of the firth and fell,
Where white clouds feather the cap of Nevis,
Where men win bread from the sea, and eve is
The time for the tales that fishers tell.

He has told a tale of the singing waters
In phrases learned from the sea, I think,
Of seals (some deem them enchanted daughters),
Of men who murder and love and drink,
Of two strange brothers, one bold, one craven,
Who seek to find for their souls a haven,
Fearing the horror of Hell's dark brink.

GOLLANCZ has published this tale of troubles,
Of storm and hatred and magic's sway,
Of many a grave with its wreath of bubbles,
Of a girl's three lovers; and now I'll say
That, though there is beauty here in plenty,
It isn't a book for Sweet-and-Twenty,
And seven-and-six is the price to pay.

A Minor Classic.

I am entirely at one with Mr. DAVID GARNETT as to the general and particular merits of *A Pier and a Band* (SECKER,

3/6); but I should have docked his otherwise exhilarating preface of its allusion to an imaginary Russian parallel and boldly claimed for Miss MARY MACCARTHY'S reprinted novel an English classic status, modest yet secure. The book portrays with admirable incisiveness three West-Country landlords—*Sir John Forest*, who loves his acres heroically and their inhabitants hardly at all; *Mr. Tippits*, for whom the rural is a playground for the urban and (as such) an investment for himself; and *Mr. Villiers*, who only asks of his native Devon that (neglected, mortgaged, vandalised—no matter) it should keep him in sybaritic indolence. Confronting these three with pardonable bewilderment you have *Villiers'* enchanting daughter, *Perdita*, and *Forest's* honest unimaginative *Antony*, both impotently aware of the strangle-hold exercised by their elders on the inheritances and affections of youth. *Perdita, au pair* at a small German Court, with clattering storks'-bills on the roof and much simple-hearted etiquette below it, is withdrawn that she may see the old England (as each of us will see it) with the eyes of an exile, before returning home to a generously improvised happiness. The finale is, as Mr. GARNETT suggests, a trifle facile. Yet I for one am grateful for the reprieve thus gracefully accorded to *Perdita* and her world. Such stories as Miss MACCARTHY'S have the licence of the poetry they so nearly resemble to be in some sort a compensation for life.

A Flood-Light on the Novel.

Many of us, I suspect, are weary of the muddy little backwaters into which so much contemporary criticism has striven to divert our interest in English fiction; and Mr. NORMAN COLLINS of *The News-Chronicle* is to be congratulated on the sound taste and courageous frankness of his first book. *The Facts of Fiction* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6)—which traces the novel from its source in RICHARDSON to its delta (so to speak) in D. H. LAWRENCE and JAMES JOYCE—is not without its flaws. Set it beside a parallel survey by a SAINTSBURY or a RALEIGH and you perceive the journalist's over-anxiety to conciliate and ever-present need to goad a lazy and probably apathetic audience. But Mr. COLLINS'S quips are usually pertinent and witty; his personalities are more often than not illuminating; and a creditable store of unhackneyed quotation reinforces a generous instinct for justice all round. He is no slave to the traditional estimate—I found it hard myself to stomach his view of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. And JANE-ites, no doubt, will furiously resent his handling of their idol as the apotheosis of the village quiz. Contemporaries of HARDY and MEREDITH will probably be the better for realising how much of the mere spirit of the age went to the making of those two momentous phenomena. Where our own generation is concerned, I would not mind wagering that Mr. COLLINS has largely anticipated the verdict of posterity—a feat only possible to critics for whom the permanencies of human nature mean more than its vagaries and mutations.



Trawler Hand. "I'VE ALLUS SAID THEM GIANT LINERS WAS A WASH-OUT. THEIR OWNERS WOULDN'T 'AVE BIN IN SUCH A MESS IF THEY LISTENED TO THE LIKES OF US."

Another Infernal Triangle.

We reviewers may often do more harm than good from sheer kindness of heart. It is our business, I suppose, to warn the young writer off dangerous paths, but how much more often do we not encourage him by injudicious praise to accentuate his own foibles until they become firmly-rooted vices! Something of this sort has been done, it

would seem, with Mr. GRAHAM GREENE, author of *Rumour at Nightfall* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), who has been hailed as a psychologist, and in this his latest novel allows his analysis of character to become wearisome, almost intolerable. I have seldom found a clever book more difficult to read. Yet it opens promisingly enough, with a little ambush among the foothills of the Pyrenees, in which we become acquainted with *Francis Chase*, journalist and war-correspondent, if indeed the dregs of the Carlist insurrection can be called a war. *Caveda*, the rebel for whom his party is looking, is not there, but *Chase* discovers two waterproof bags, in one of which is a lady's photograph. It is none of his business, being a non-combatant, but he is anxious to get a "scoop" for his paper, so he determines to trace *Caveda* by hunting down the fair original. *Michael Crane*, another correspondent, appears out of the blue, and the pair stumble upon *Eulelia Monti* at length and find in her something fatal. It is with these three persons that the book is concerned, for no one else of importance appears. *Caveda* himself is never seen; the two other men suffer from a habit of excessive introspection; the lady appears as through a dense fog. The general effect is rather as if one were trying to read CONRAD'S *Arrow of Gold* through a pair of distorting spectacles.

Delaying Action.

General Sir HUBERT GOUGH has endured more than thirteen years of hostile bombardment before turning against those critics who have made him and his Army scapegoats for criminal follies and miscalculations not their own; and even now, though his defence is no longer flexible, but rigid, his counter-offensive is delivered in remarkably fair and sportsmanlike fashion. In *The Fifth Army* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 25/-) he tells how his Force came to be constituted in time to bear a heavy share of the burden of the Battles of the Somme and Passchendaele, and incidentally how he came to command it. His earlier chapters are by no means lacking in genuine savour, even though the writer has the oddest way of smacking his lips, as it were, over little scraps of excellent moralisation that really embody no particular element of novelty; but probably most readers will turn first to read his day-to-day narrative account of the spring of 1918. At any rate I did, to find my long-established convictions confirmed by the man who really ought to know. He stoutly maintains that the Fifth Army had been sent to hold unprepared positions in face of overwhelming odds; that its retreat had been foreseen as inevitable; that the nearly fatal gaps on its flanks were made by Allies and friends going back faster than the Fifth; and that by its delaying action it wasted the enemy's strength and turned the final event to victory. Very little, if anything, in his thesis can be contested to-day.



Industrious Ice Victim. "WHILST I'M WAITING FOR THE LADDER TO COME, CYRIL, THROW ME OUT MY SATCHEL, PLEASE. I CAN BE GETTING ON WITH MY HOME-WORK."

Moscow Without Prejudice.

There are few Englishmen so well qualified to write of Russia as Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM. He does not share the common illusion that that perplexed and perplexing country came into spontaneous existence in 1917. He remembers the ROMANOFFS. This gives him an historical background and a sense of proportion; and the impartiality which he claims for his study of *Stalin* (BENN, 6/-) is equally well founded. He discusses Bolshevism without bias, Leninism with no noticeable leaning either to right or left. He is judicial almost to freezing-point, and so impersonal that one must suspect him of deliberate self-suppression. No one who has read his earlier books would account him a friend to frightfulness, yet when he comes to STALIN'S "short way" with the mutineers at Kronstadt he is content to state the facts and leave it to his readers to applaud or condemn them. This detachment in a field where it is noticeably rare is all to the good. He has given us a straightforward account of the progress to power of one of the most remarkable men now living, and we feel that we can place implicit trust in it. His analysis of that Five Year Plan which is so much more often talked about than understood is admirable in its lucidity—and alarming in its implications. "It is not outside the bounds of possibility that STALIN may become the Dictator of Europe." On the other hand, if the foreign market for Russian wheat should fail, "Stalin would then fall; but that would not matter much." Could impartiality be carried further?

The Murder of a Millionaire.

Sutton Armadale had so many enemies and so few friends that, in *The Polo Ground Mystery* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6), it is no easy matter to discover by whom he was murdered. But Mr. ROBIN FORSYTHE, through the agency of *Algernon Vereker* and *Inspector Heather*, keeps a steady hold upon each and all of the suspects and never allows his stage to be overcrowded. Amateur sleuths can be very troublesome in sensational fiction, and I am often amazed by the courtesy with which their impertinent questions are answered. *Vereker*, however, is a favourable specimen of his kind, efficient and not excessively loquacious. Mr. FORSYTHE gives his readers a fair chance to guess by whom the colossally rich *Armadale* was slaughtered, though I have to confess that I wasted mine.

Scholarship and Humour.

In *Lectures and Diversions* (ELKIN MATHEWS AND MARROT, 7/6) there is incontestable proof that Mr. CHARLES ANTHONY VINCE, who died some three years ago, was a man of charming and various attainments. Among this small collection from his writings "John Bunyan and the Puritan Character" is delightful both in matter and manner; and "Jack and Jill: A Theme with Variations" discloses the humours of a really cultured mind. But Mr. VINCE could not write without being interesting, and this little book is both a happy and a welcome tribute to his memory.

CHARIVARIA.

SURPRISE was felt that street-performers neglected the opportunity to entertain the queues of people waiting to pay their income-tax.

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Mimosa is growing on the cliffs of Dover from seed blown across the Channel. Evidently Nature intends to evade the new duties which came into operation last week.

***

The fact that several of our daily papers mentioned last week that there was something wrong with India only goes to prove that news will creep in between those new free insurance announcements.

***

A correspondent has written to a morning paper to say that he likes the seasons to be proper, that is, warm in the summer and cold in the winter. We are sure our contemporary will make a note of his requirements.

***

It is thought that mince-pie was eaten by the ancient Druids. Colour is lent this belief by the fact that they are all dead.

***

German farmers, it is said, rake their crops more thoroughly than others. Combing through the rye.

***

A newspaper-reader observes that the only tomatoes which hit the English growers are the Dutch. Still, we had no idea that English growers were subjected to this.

***

Cactus-plants have become so popular, we are told, that a society has been formed to watch over their interests. Our own sympathies are with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Aspidistras.

***

Potato-juice is now used as a means of detecting the early stages of whooping-cough. It is, however, of no assistance in diagnosing the premonitory symptoms of whoopee.

***

We are reminded that being in love has been defined as a state of mind similar to the intoxication produced by alcohol. It is a disquieting thought that there is no penalty for driving a motor-vehicle while under the influence of love.

The sweep who was fetched to dislodge a hunted fox from a chimney in Gloucestershire last week seems to have had no consideration for a "brother brush."

***

A theory which is now advanced that the Celts are a branch of the Turkish race would appear to throw a new light on the genealogy of the McTurks.

***

American scientists claim to have found that milk can be sterilised by means of the sound-waves produced by a high-pitched musical note; but it is not stated whether their discovery is the result of experiments with the yodel.

***

The complaint that certain recent issues of postage-stamps have a salty taste confirms the suspicion that there are still people addicted to the practice of moistening stamps with their tongues.

***

According to a technical writer the silent motor-car will be an accomplished fact this year. All that we shall then need will be an apparatus which will take the squeal out of the pedestrian.

***

Mr. F. J. PERRY is said to have been given the sobriquet of "M. LIMONADE" while he was playing in the tennis tournament of the Sporting Club de Paris. This confusion of terms is expected to be followed by a spirited protest from the pear-growers of Worcestershire.

***

By voting for a repeal of the Prohibition laws the people of Finland have confirmed the view held by many that it was against the laws of nature for a Finn to be dry.

***

A man with a most comical face was invited to a children's party to amuse them. He was probably asked to be sure to bring his own mug.

***

Someone recently saw a rat running across a street in the West End of London. But nobody approves of the misguided enthusiasm of the L.C.C. excavators in digging up practically all the thoroughfares in search of the animal's lair.

***

A murder is committed every forty minutes in the United States; it is perhaps a mere coincidence that that is also the length of the usual after-dinner speech.

***

It is said that in Germany no fewer than 1,785 varieties of sausages are recognised. Evidently the 1,786th is of rather a mongrel breed.

***

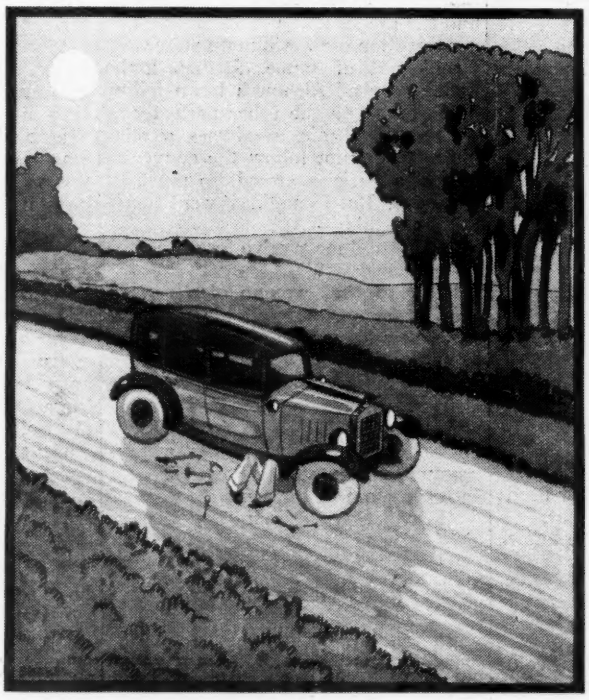
The Prohibitionists are making headway in England, we hear. The historic struggle will now be between ST. GEORGE and the Flagon.

***

Mature giraffes are almost unsaleable, we are told. This decides us not to go in for giraffes.

***

"I have a friend," says a gossip-writer. How many gossip-writers can say this?



Voice from inside (*vaguely*). "DO YOU THINK, DEAR, IT MAY BE ONE OF THE STREAMLINES?"

EROS RETIRES AGAIN.

ABSENT for seven years, O wingèd Cupid,
You reappear within your just domain,
When lo! some reveller, superbly stupid,
Insults you, so you take the air again,
Nor pause to canvass fickle hearts and chilly,
Whose canvas hides the heart of Piccadilly.

TO WINTER

TO BE A GREEN ONE.

NOT for the broke, who cough and toil
Deep-rooted to their native soil
From summer e'en to summer,
Who fear the best and brave the worst,
And merely, if the house-pipes burst,
Ring up the plumber,

Winter, I plead. But some there be
Who when you start your troubles, flee,
Men who have never pandered
To chill Economy, nor did
Even when Britain's faltering quid
Slipped off the standard;

Who year by year have blown expense
And, as a habit, flitted hence
To where a warmer sun shone,
There, while this land was lapped in snow,
To bask serenely in his glow
Daily, at luncheon.

This year, as never chanced before,
They have not sought an alien shore
However warm and sunny;
Obedient to their country's hest
Upon her coast, or South or West,
They spend their money.

The Lido calls to them in vain;
The French hotels, we ascertain,
Bewail their absence deeply;
Even the Switzer host looks blue,
Though thoroughly prepared to do
Them well and cheaply.

Then, Winter, 'tis for these I plead;
Great is their virtue, great their need;
For us, who take your weather,
Both bad and vile, without the hump,
We have philosophy to lump
The lot together;

But these—from these your rains withhold,
Your searching fogs, your piercing cold;
The land will be your debtor;
And, as they're used to happier climes,
If they could see the sky at times,
It would be better. DUM-DUM.

Things We Rejoice to Hear.

"INCOME-TAX IS POURING IN So much that members of the staff of an income-tax office in West Ham had to work yesterday."—*Daily Paper.*

A guide to the French Paintings is called "Old French Masters." Smith minor's offer of collaboration was, we hear, turned down.

"There is a possibility, the *Daily* —— understands, that Eros may have to be removed from her perch in Piccadilly-circus which she so proudly resumed only a week ago."—*Daily Paper.*

This sudden change of sex should do a lot to keep her in the public eye.

COUGHS ACROSS THE SEA.

I WAS experimenting with the right-hand knob of my wireless-set while there was nobody about to say, "Really! you're just like a child with a new toy!" and I picked up Paris. Not the Paris of gramophone broadcasts or high-speed announcements, which was already familiar to me. This time I established contact with the real Paris.

For I was thrilled by the friendly noises of a great gathering, the tuning of strings, the shifting of music-stands, an animated buzz of conversation. I could almost sense the atmosphere of *chauffage*, damp clothes, Roubigant and the preparations of M. Doty. The conversation grew still more animated. I could not, of course, distinguish the actual words. Although I can follow M. STÉPHAN on the ether perfectly as far as "*Bon soir, mesdames et messieurs,*" I cannot follow the conversation of a Parisian crowd. So much of it is *argot*. But I imagine it went something like this:—

"Don't tell me you've forgotten the tickets, Georges?"

"Regard that woman of a certain age, Alphonse, and tell me why she has a new frock while I haven't a rag to put on."

"*Deux-onze-trois* a yard it cost, my dear, in the Rue de la Paix. Too marvellous a bargain!"

"Do not waste a *sou* on a programme, *mon mari*. We read it only yesterday in *Le Temps Radio*."

"Why is that girl giving you *un coup d'œil*, Pierre?"

"I pray you to remove your hat, Madame. One is not able to see the stage. . . ."

And so on. The conversation of human beings like those who foregather at our own Queen's Hall. No doubt the resemblance will not end there. They will rustle paper-bags and hiss "Hush!" at each other just as we do, and when the final chord has crashed they will stand on the wet pavements and wave ineffectual *parapluies* at non-stop buses and exclaim, "If you were half a man, Henri, you would make the wretch stop, or take a taxi. My frock will be ruined."

But what really endeared me to this audience was a sudden cough. Several coughs, in fact. It was a revelation to me that Parisians had colds. I can forgive them for having so much gold now I know that they too suffer from the common cold. And they cough very much as we do, but naturally with a little more Gallic abandon.

I turned the dial this way and that (nobody having yet come in to demand the Midland Regional and nothing but the Midland Regional) and what did I get? Dance music from Toulouse, gramophone records from Fécamp, Opera from Rome, tziganes from Budapest, STRAUSS waltzes from Vienna, flamenco singing from Seville. But more. I heard a coughing. Decorous coughs, intimate coughs, large-hearted unashamed coughs. Now these must have been the coughs of foreigners, because this year we cannot export our coughs to more temperate climes. The exchange is against us, the action is unpatriotic and the foreigner clearly does not want us to dump our coughs in places which are already glutted.

This, I think, teaches us two lessons. First, that England has no monopoly of the manufacture of coughs, and, secondly, the common humanity of those who cluster round the mike wherever that mike may be. Königswusterhausen, Hilversum, Moravska-Ostrava, Smolensk and Sheffield all broadcast the message that bronchial troubles know no frontiers and are stayed by no tariffs.

It is a noble thought. Yet more. Just as I have identified coughs from the Midi, the Campagna, the tundra and the steppe, so must the listeners in far-off lands detect and wonder at our own coughs from Savoy Hill. They must listen-in to us occasionally when there is nobody about to say, "Alphonse, you're just like a child with a new toy," and they must by now be familiar with the forlorn little cough of Mr. VERNON BARTLETT, the wheeze of Mr. H. G. WELLS, the clerical sore throat of Dean INGE and the polite cough of the Hon. HAROLD NICOLSON.

This exchange of coughs across the sea must help us to understand each other. We may differ on reparations, the Gold Standard, tariffs, armaments and all the controversial subjects of the day, but on the question of the common cold we speak with one voice.

It may be that here we have the germ of a new international language. It is not my province to enlarge on this. Let it suffice to say that a sort of Morse code based on the cough should be understood from Pole to Pole; and when nation could cough unto nation hatred would turn to pity and war would be banished from the earth.

I don't go so far as to say that an international language could certainly be evolved from the cough, but I am convinced we have the germ of it. Yes, we certainly have the—ah-h-hurrump! —the germ. W. E. R.

The Iron Hand in India.

"LORD WELLINGTON RÉUSSIRA-T-IL À RAMENER LA PAIX AUX INDES." *French Paper.*



THE NATION OF TAXPAYERS.

INTELLIGENT FRENCHMAN (*to policeman*). "PARDON, M'SIEU; WHERE CAN I FIND THE TWO MOST WONDERFUL THINGS IN ENGLAND I COME OVER TO SEE—THE FRENCH PICTURES AND THE SO HAPPY BRITISH TAXPAYER?"



Wife. "LUMME! TO GET ANYTHINK AHT O' YOU'S LIKE TRYIN' TO OPEN A OYSTER WITH A BUS-TICKET."

A FIRM STAND AT LAST; OR, VERBUM SECRETARIIS.

THOUGH an Annual Dinner, it looked like being a pleasant one. The lady on my right was sweet and the lady on my left was silent. The toast-list was brief and my name did not appear on it. The list of wines was longer and much more interesting. For once, Sir Horace Podge was not in the Chair. For once, I had not trodden on Lady Podge's tail. The sherry was nectar and I plunged the nose with enthusiasm into some delicious soup.

And then that industrious pest, the Society's Secretary, whose name I never remember, came bustling up like a small sand-storm and said, "Sorry, old man, but Sir Andrew Backache has let us down. *Would* you mind proposing The Guests?"

My spoon fell with a loud splash. All flavour had left the soup, all brightness fled from the scene; even the lady on my right had suddenly become a little peaked and plain.

"Waiter," I said, "take my soup away. The Secretary has dropped a brick in it. Old man," I said to the Secretary, whose name I never remember, "you are what the Australians call a 'fair cow.' Has it ever occurred to you, old man, that Man is the only animal who cannot enjoy a hearty meal without giving tongue about it? The lion roars before his meals, but afterwards he sleeps or says nothing. All other animals——"

"Sorry, old man," said the nameless monster; "I wouldn't ask you, but, you see, there's nobody else——"

"Thanks frightfully for the compliment, old fellow," I beamed. "If there were anyone else remotely capable of doing this disgusting thing you wouldn't ask *me*. And rightly. I cannot speak. At least I cannot speak without a day or two of earnest preparation. To think of something veracious but not offensive to say about the six principal guests your Committeee have seen fit to invite to our annual blow-out tonight would mean a week's hard work. I see, by the way, that the fish-course has now passed me by; also the sweet lady on my right has given me up and is getting off with the champion motor-bicyclist on the other side. I sympathise with your difficulties, old man; I admire your character and singleness of purpose; but I wish you would go away and leave me to enjoy my meal. By the way, I have forgotten your name."

"Wedge," he said—"Basil Wedge."

"Well, Basil Wedge, old boy, you must leave me. I want to have a bite of the bird."

"The principal guests," he said, "are Lord Loganberry of Murk, Sir William Flask, Dame Harriet Fish, the Dean of Itchen and Colonel Cuthbert——"

"Enough, Basil!" I cried in agony. "I wish your guests no ill-will, but they do not inspire me. What is the use of proposing Lord Loganberry's health? He is obviously a sick man, and should remain so. He eats too much. As for Dame Harriet, she stands for everything that I detest in public life. The others I have never heard of. Upon the subject of your guests, Basil, I have nothing whatever to say. May I also point out that the rest of the company have now reached

the *entrée*, and you and I have had nothing to eat?"

"It doesn't matter what you say, old man," he answered. "Say the first thing that comes into your head—the boys will love it."

At that I came as near to apoplexy as I have ever done.

"Dear old Secretary Wedge," I said, "I take it that you want your Annual Dinner to be a superlative affair in every respect—food, drink, entertainment, everything?"

The dolt assented.

"Well," I continued, after a sad glance at the lady on my right, who seemed to be deeply in love with the motor-bicyclist, "you would not go to the chef and say, 'Don't bother about the soup, old man—put in the first thing that comes into your head; the boys will love it.' Nor would you go to the wine-waiter and say, 'Don't worry about the wine; just grab the first few bottles you see in the cellar—the boys will love 'em.' You wouldn't like it if the head-waiter had the tables laid at the last moment and let a chimney-sweep arrange the flowers. And yet you want me to stand up without thought or preparation and say a string of wise, kindly, well-informed and witty things about some ladies and gentlemen I never saw before and never wish to see again. Pull yourself together, Basil. If you must have speeches after the evening meal you should set as high a standard for them as you do for the rest of the meal. If you can't get good oysters you don't say, 'Any old oyster will do;" you cut oysters out of the programme. And if you can't get speakers you should do without speeches—not a difficult thing to do. But you don't. You think that any speech made after dinner is an after-dinner speech, and that any one can make one. That is why hundreds of dinners begin with brightness and end with boredom, and thousands of valuable man-hours are ruined per annum. This, darling Basil, is one of the most difficult of all forms of literary expression—at its best one of the delicate flowers of civilisation, at its worst a poisonous weed and torment. Speaking after dinner, as I think I said before, is one of the things that distinguish us from the animals; and if we cannot do it better than the animals (which is the case with most of us) we might just as well leave it alone. Rather than put me up, old boy, to falter a few *ex tempore* felicitations I would bring in a donkey and let him give the guests a loud welcoming bray. Hire a couple of ducks and let them quack at Lord Loganberry. Let dogs bark kindly at Dame Harriet Fish. They can say nothing indiscreet and are sure to be funny. All this talk about 'witty impromptus,' old boy, is blather. It would be insulting of me to attempt to deal with the life-stories of six middle-aged guests impromptu, and it is slightly insulting of you to ask me to try. I can think of only three Englishmen capable of doing the job: one of them is dead and the other two are not here. Go away, dear Basil. Is my meaning clear?"

"Yes, old man," said the plague, not moving an inch. "But I really wish you would——"

I tore my hair and cast a longing eye at the savoury, which was just approaching—also at the lady on my right, but there was no hope there. "Well, old toad," I said, "I *should* like to have a snap at the soft roes on toast, having touched no food at your fatiguing dinner up to date. I will propose the health of your guests, and may they (and you) contract some lingering disease!"

The blight then definitely went away.

I proposed the health of the Guests. I said, "Mr. Chairman, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you 'The Health of Our Guests.' May they all keep fit and well! And after this dinner I advise them to send for their doctors. Our Guests!"

Everybody said it was the speech of the evening. So it was. A. P. H.



Coalman. "WHERE'LL YOU 'AVE IT?"
Lady. "RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE. WE HAVE TO DROP THE WRETCHED STUFF OUT OF THE WINDOW TO BREAK IT."

THE GOLF FAIRY.

GOLF has of late taken a strong hold in Fairyland, and organized competitions are in full swing. Of these the most important is the Ladies' Open, which is not as Open as it might be, as Miss D. Nightshade is for ever disqualified. She it was who, in the first meeting of this competition, entered the final with a young fairy; and a good contest went to the last green. Here, the young fairy had to hole a very short putt to win. She hit her ball straight and in a confident manner, but immediately after its impact with the putter Miss Nightshade changed it into a large pork-sausage, which rolled off the true line, and another stroke was necessary to hole it out. Oberon, himself a devotee of the game, heard about this, and a rule against magic was inserted locally. He also forbade Miss Nightshade to enter any competition thereafter.

But the third section of his edict is the reason why the Ladies' Open Championship is so important. He decreed that the Lady Champion of each year should act as Golf Fairy to Mortals, an honourable and well-salaried post, with duties that are usually light and interesting, such as losing and finding balls, bounces out of the rough, holes in one, and so on. But more serious questions have sometimes to be solved by the Golf Fairy. For instance:—

Mr. Dankley was having a bad time, and I am sorry to say he was not the sort of person to take bad times well. Between him and the fairway of the fifteenth a large copse with dense undergrowth was growing. Had it not been growing Mr. Dankley would have removed it, so angry was he, with a few slashes of the mashie. But he observed that rule about leaving growing objects and then deliberately broke another. "That bounder, Dibbs," he thought, "will be dormy if he wins this hole and will probably beat me again. I must get to the green in one from here. He can't see me, so here goes"—and he picked his ball from its awful lie at his feet and set it on a comforting tuft nearby.

"Aha!" said a tinkling voice behind him.

He whipped guiltily round and saw a young fairy (she was Miss Bluebell Bramble, the 1931 Golf Fairy), who, for all her daintiness, had a determined chin.

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Dankley.

"Yes, but you've been naughty," said the G.F., and changed him into a dog—a sort of terrier.

"I know, but—— Why, dash it!" said Mr. Dankley, suddenly noticing, "I'm a dog. A scrubby sort of terrier."

"And you're going to stay one," answered the G.F., who understood his barking, "until I think you won't do it again."

"What's to stop me," said Mr. Dankley, by now a very angry dog, "biting you like anything?"

"Oh, well, if you fancy a year as an old boot in a gorse-bush, just try it," the G.F. told him, and added, "Now listen; you must spend all day helping golfers find their balls that they've hit into the rough. Try hard, and I'll be lenient with you. I'll meet you here at dusk."

"Look here——" began Mr. Dankley, but she had vanished. He trotted towards Mr. Dibbs, his late opponent, who was now coming round the corner of the copse to help look for the ball he supposed was lost.

Mr. Dibbs looked round him in surprise. "Dankley," he shouted.

"Here I am," barked Mr. Dankley. "A darned fairy came along and——"

"Shoo!" said Mr. Dibbs.

"Look here," barked Mr. Dankley, "you needn't say 'shoo' to an old friend just because he's a dog for a bit. I——"

"Shoo! Gurn away!" cried Mr. Dibbs. "Bark at me, would you, you scrubby brute?" and he took a club from his bag for a purpose that was clear to Mr. Dankley.

Mr. Dankley realised now that he was only barking, and scuttled swiftly out of Mr. Dibbs' reach.

"Funny," he heard Mr. Dibbs say, "here's his ball. Nice lie too. He must have gone through the hedge and up the road. Dankley! Dankley! H'm. I wonder if that filthy mongrel drove him away?"

Mr. Dankley left him in his surprise and went off to sulk in another copse. He soon remembered the Golf Fairy's words, and in a mood of cool reasoning that came upon him he decided to do as he had been told and hope for the reward of leniency. So he loped off to look for golfers who had lost their balls in the rough.

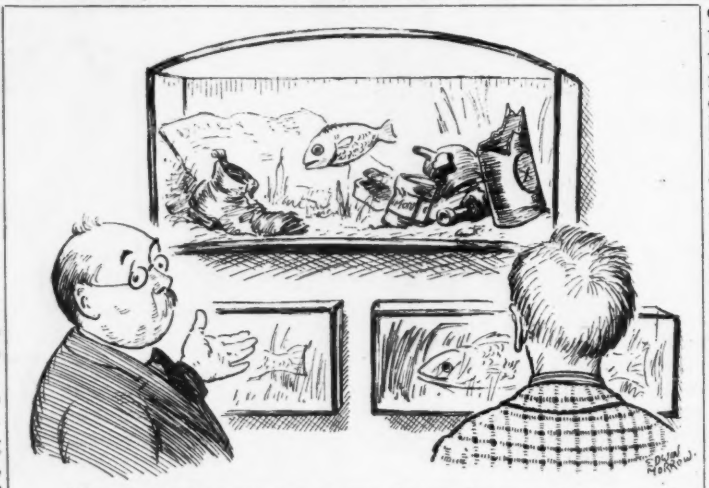
At first he made several mistakes. He found the first lost ball much too quickly, and its owner, who had hardly started to look for it, made rude remarks about beastly dogs going round the links pinching balls, and having to carry a shotgun with him in future.

Mr. Dankley hoped this man would not play an afternoon round, and ran off. But he found the next ball too late, when the golfer had given it up, and had to run away quickly from ravings about mongrels that had had it all the time, and complaints to the Secretary.

Thereafter he soon got the technique, finding that the best way was to sit by the ball and bark. As the day drew on, he earned much praise by this method. He allowed his friend, Brigadier-General Boodle, to pat his head. When he found his wife's ball he heard her say to her partner that ugly dogs were usually clever like this one, and that she wished her husband would get one. Later, with his thoughts on the Golf Fairy's charity, he even found a ball for Mr. Dibbs, who was in difficulties on his afternoon round. Mr. Dibbs said, "Why, that's the brute which was so snappy this morning when old Dankley rushed off in such a hurry! Thanks, tyke, you're not so bad as you look."

And so Mr. Dankley worked until dusk, when he made his way back to the spot where he had met the Fairy.

"Well," she said as she appeared, "you've done quite well and I think you've probably learnt your lesson. So you can stop being a dog now"—(here Mr. Dankley, who was wagging his tail



"YES, I CAUGHT THAT ONE IN THE GRAND JUNCTION CANAL, AND I RATHER PRIDE MYSELF ON THE NATURAL SURROUNDINGS."



Conductor (brightly). "'AS ANY LADY LOST A CURL?"

in an ingratiating manner, suddenly changed back into a man and had to stop doing what looked like a Hawaiian dance)—"and never be naughty again. And never tell anyone what has happened to you." And she disappeared.

The work of the Golf Fairy was not wasted on Mr. Dankley. He was always most scrupulous after his punishment; in fact he got nothing but good from it, even to the extent of the pleasure of hearing people at the club say what a good dog had helped them find their balls one afternoon, and how about buying it for the club? And his wife begged him to buy a clever dog like the one she saw on the links. Although she also described this dog as a horrid sight, Mr. Dankley felt a warm glow at the thought of his own intelligence.

One day, a few weeks later, he was playing round with Mr. Dibbs, and Mr. Dibbs hit his ball into the rough at the fifteenth. Mr. Dankley waited on the fairway for a time, and, as Mr. Dibbs did not appear, started over towards the rough to help find the ball which he supposed was lost. He was met by a scrubby sort of terrier, which barked at him. There was no sign of Mr. Dibbs. He knew at once what had happened, and only his fear of the Fairy stopped him saying, "Ha, Dibbs, you dog!" He just said, "It's no use barking," and went on his way.

After that day Mr. Dankley and Mr. Dibbs eyed each other knowingly. Neither dared say what was in his mind. But the mistrust soon ended with the realisation coming to each that the other was an entirely trustworthy opponent, and now they may be seen almost every day going round the links happily together. Sometimes a scrubby sort of terrier finds a lost ball for them. But these occasions are getting very rare, for the work of the Golf Fairy has everlasting results.

"He is following a tradition set by his great-grandmother in going to one of the newest public schools—Bryanston."
Evening Paper.

Our great-grandmother was, alas! supered from Eton.

"There is the early rise at 5.30 a.m., a journey into the cold, damp world, long tramps across dark paddocks to catch wary horses, clad in aged breeches, a faded jumper and muddy boots."—*Daily Paper.*

Still, they should be handicapped a little by the breeches.

"Weight alone prevented England hooking and heeling on Saturday, and the other countries will not be able to put a 26cwt. scrummage into the field against them."
Evening Paper.

At twenty-six stone a man it would be asking rather much of the other countries.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at Bootle Public Museum, January 23 to February 20; at Harrogate, March 6 to April 3; at Leeds, April 17 to May 12; and at Derby, May 26 to June 23.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

WHAT BOOTS IT ELSE?

[A Bridge expert warns amateurs against practising the psychic bid.]

Matilda, when you have a hand
That makes you feel like bidding psychic,
I hope, lest in the soup we land,
That you will let me understand
By an informatory pslychic.

J. B. N.

"FAR-TRAVELLED SANDWICH TERNS."
Daily Paper.

So the old station-buffet joke goes on.

TWICE BITTEN, ONCE SHY.

I HAVE had occasion to remark before that the old-time General is fast dying out. A new breed of Generals is springing up, who no longer rely upon keeping the units under them up to the mark by formal and periodic inspections, trailing clouds of glorious staff, but rather by sudden pounces, alone and unheralded into unexpected corners, and worse still at hours when any General might reasonably be expected either to be still in bed or else drinking his after-dinner Madeira. This is all very distressing and tends to make life grim.

General O'Tiffin was one of this type, and, while our Battalion was in India a short time ago, he was suddenly sent to take charge of our Command, our own General—one of the old school, thank Heaven!—having been temporarily outgeneralled by fever. Moreover, General O'Tiffin, besides having this solitary-and-unexpected-inspection complex, was also hearty. He said that he personally never got fever; he spoke rather disparagingly of people, particularly Generals, who did succumb, leaving other and more robust Generals to do their job for them. And he gave people to understand what a job to have to take on! The Command going to pieces, everybody inefficient, nothing up to the mark—and all due to that old-fashioned system of formal and periodic inspections. . . . Well, by then we realised what we had got wished on to us, and it was not long before we were peering round corners and looking suddenly behind us and displaying every symptom of the nervous man who doesn't know where a General will pop up next.

As a matter of fact, after some weeks in Hades for everyone, it was at the military hospital that he scored his greatest triumph by working off a new scheme he had thought up. He rushed in at about eleven o'clock at night, crying out that he had been bitten by a snake. This threw everybody into a flat nose-spin right away, for "everybody" in the casualty ward at that time of night was two young "Anglo-Indians," assistant-surgeons; the European doctor being within call, but playing poker. They were, rather naturally, scared stiff by the sudden appearance out of the tropical night of a General of excessive personality insisting that he had been bitten by a snake and wanting to know what they were going to do about it. They at once went into a huddled conference in a far corner while General O'Tiffin waited impatiently in another. Finally they asked the General if he could describe the snake, to assist them in deciding upon the correct antidote to inject; for there was, hanging up in the hospital, an official illustrated chart of snakes and antidotes. The General, now angry, described the snake very picturesquely but quite unhelpfully, and they hurriedly went into conference once more.



MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR GIVES THE BAROMETER A TAP BEFORE GOING OUT FOR A WALK.

Then one of the sub-assassins made the mistake of his life, and hasn't been the same since. He advanced timidly and asked the General if he was sure it was a real snake. The General's blistering retort, the hotter parts of which were in vernacular, sent the wretched fellow into a species of coma, from which he crawled out some minutes later only to find that his colleague had also got the answer of *his* life by inquiring whether the General had not perhaps got fever instead.

They conferred in a dithering sort of way once more. They felt that what the situation called for was the presence of the European doctor; but they were almost as scared of him as of the patient. For they were now certain that the General had *not* really been bitten; and they had once before summoned the Englishman to a case of imaginary snake-bite. On that occasion the case had also developed purple butterflies, and the doctor had expressed himself pretty forcibly, not so much on the exact ailment as on the fact that he had just drawn three Kings to a small pair when they called him in. So they weren't risking anything like that again.

Some sort of action, however, seemed imperative, and they were about to go for the key of the emergency cupboard containing the snake-bite serums when the General in a voice of thunder asked when the deuce they were going to do something. This reduced them both to a state when neither could remember where the key of the cupboard was; and on the General making a few further inquiries they rapidly reached the stage when they couldn't even remember where the cupboard was.

It was twenty minutes before they were ready to take action, at which point the General explained that he had not really been bitten at all, but that, if he had been, he would have been dead by now, thanks to the inefficiency of the hospital personnel. He then bade them Good-night—a misnomer, if ever there was one—and stalked out, leaving the two wretched sub-assassins clinging pathetically to one another. About the only clear thing in their minds by then was that the General spoke truth when he said he had not been bitten by a snake. They could well understand that, while he was certainly the kind of fellow who might bite snakes, no snake would ever have been brave enough to initiate the thing or even return the compliment.

As a result, the hospital was next day thoroughly censured, reprimanded, had on the carpet, told off and generally scrubbed, and for the remainder of his incumbency General O'Tiffin spoke proudly of his clever trick. . . . We *were* glad when our General recovered from fever and O'Tiffin returned to his own place.



HE 'D ALWAYS WANTED A SON.

It was not long before our own General heard about it, and heard also of the insulting references to fever. Judging that O'Tiffin was too proud of his stratagem to resist repeating it elsewhere, he had a little talk with the doctors in the hospital, in whose minds the affair still rankled very bitterly. Soon afterwards one of them wrote to a pal. . . .

A month later General O'Tiffin ran into a hospital in his own district late at night claiming that a snake had bitten him. He was then just about to sit back and have half-an-hour's amusement when three brawny English doctors, armed with hypodermics, charged out from behind a screen, threw him to the ground, tore off his coat, and pumped about a gallon of liquid into him. When the General got up they were all standing round modestly, explaining that if, as he said, he had been bitten by a snake, their prompt action had saved his life.

General O'Tiffin replied not a word, but went straight home, where, probably owing to a *very, very* unfortunate mistake in the serum injected, he developed a rattling attack of *fever*. . . .

Our General wrote every other day to say how sorry he was. A. A.

"Another Knighthood has been granted to Mr. —— ——."—*Malta Paper.*

Does that make him a Dame Commander?

"During the Christmas rush an Imperial Airways liner made no less than four trips to and from Paris in one day."

Daily Paper.

Surely the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hannibals will take action?

THE ECONOMUGS.

1931 was a grand year for the Economists. I doubt if they ever expected to have half so much fun as they have had in the last twelve months. For the first time in their arid lives they have been heard of, and even appealed to, by the general public.

And no one can deny that they have made the most of it. By splitting up into two camps on every conceivable economic question they have contrived to keep the citizen in such a dense fog that he has been impotent to criticise and has been obliged to beseech them humbly to find a way out.

For we were told first that stringent economy was the only hope for the country. "SAVE — RETRENCH." No sooner were we all set for a spell of patriotic misering when out spoke the rival Economists, saying, "Spend up to the hilt and don't listen to those other simps. A saving public means bankruptcy all round. Blow everything you get and let industry revolve again."

Then a few more Economugs got together and declared that at all costs we must adhere to Gold. But back from the other Economugs we got the inevitable cry, "Come off the roof and let's all come off the Gold Standard." And, if you remember, we did.

Not for a moment, of course, could we do without our Economugs, for during 1931 we came to regard them with something bordering on affection and to look forward to their daily diagnosis of Britannia's ailments as the only bright spots in a crisis-stricken Press. But their new prominence has been responsible for such great changes in our social constitution that we are entitled to challenge these Lords of Diminishing Return; changes which go very deep when you consider that it is no longer an affront to tell a man to his face that he is a Rated Bimetallist, and that nowadays many a nursery-tea breaks up on a note of despondency over the balance of trade. We are apt to forget what peaceful lives we used to lead in the days before it became a social necessity to have the imports of broccoli (uncomfortably) at one's fingers'-ends. We should try to remember that it is all the fault of the Economugs, who have infected us with a black yearning for formula and theory.

Looking back on 1931 in an economic and impartial manner (which is, as a matter of fact, just what I set out to do), I have asked myself, "Have the Economugs justified the havoc they have wrought in our pleasant social intercourse, seeing that we are no longer content to discuss the weather like English gentlemen?" I have been forced to answer, No. And to the question, "Is there some special point in which they have gone most astray?" I have been forced to answer, Yes.

For the sake of the country the truth can no longer be withheld. Briefly it is this: *The Economugs have been barking up the wrong tree*, or, if you like it better, *have been hacking an avenue through a jungle of misconception in pursuit of a solution long dodoesque in its obsolescence.*

Now read very carefully, for a droll thing has happened. What is it which has been focussing their myopic attention? *The saving of the pound.* THE POUND! I ask you. This exquisite band of humorists has been so enthralled by the idea of saving *the pound* that they have completely forgotten what any child with its first book of proverbs could have told them: "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."* Staggeringly simple, isn't it, this little maxim, tempered for centuries in the strong fire of domestic economy, sung in every tongue and in every currency throughout the world? Yet far too simple for the poor Economugs to remember. It is up to us in 1932 to see that they are frequently reminded of it.

Let us forget the wretched pound and concentrate upon the vital unit. In the coming discussion at Lausanne on Reparations let our leaders have in mind "In for a penny, in for a pound." Let the *d* be honoured by daily quotation in the Press to the exclusion of the £, and let us labour tirelessly, not content with keeping it a full round *d*, but aiming at a day when it shall become a fat opulent *D*, suggestive of capital solidity. So only shall England be great again.

ERIC.

* I am quite aware that this hallowed saying was scurrilously attacked in these pages not long ago. With his customary lack of prejudice Mr. Punch is allowing me a word in its defence.

An Apology Which Impends Clamorously.

"7.30 'Diseases of Organised Society'—II. Mrs. Sidney Webb."—*Wireless Paper.*

"Revellers flooded from the restaurants, and the circus for a few splendid moments became a gay square."—*Daily Paper.*

Then, to the relief of all mathematicians in the crowd, it became circular again.

"The Lord Mayor.—I will try to fall in with you. In my opinion the administration of the law is the chief duty of the chief magistrate, and whatever else has to go by the board, must go.

Luncheon was then taken."

Liverpool Paper.

Being considered above-board, presumably.

TO MY CHEMIST.

["The butcher and the greengrocer are the friends of man, and if they were patronised more the chemist would not be necessary."—*Daily Paper.*]

GENTLE Mr. Aniseed,
Here's a bitter draught indeed!
How should I keep silence hearing you thus rated ill?
For I love your bottles blue,
Amber, green or rose in hue,
Marking you an adept in the rolling of a pill.

Lovely too your sealing-wax—
Where's another tradesman packs
Purchases so neatly, so supremely free from flaw?
Not the knave who artichokes
Cabbages and parsnips pokes
Brusquely into bulging bag with chlorophyll-stained paw.

Nor the ghoul who limply drops
Pallid joint or clammy chops,
Severed from a gruesome hulk, upon the Daily Press,
Covers it with sheet of brown,
Rolls it up and slaps it down
(Slowly from its contour fades his horrid hands' caress).

Little bins with gilded scrolls,
Vials dark and beechen bowls,
Canisters and kilderkins with cabalistic names,
Subtle essences that seem
Half-remembered from a dream—
Veritable magic these no common merchant claims.

Not with these shall turnips bare,
Wilting broccoli compare,
Queasy blocks of trampled dates nor slabs of gummy figs;
Not with these—by Heavens, no!—
Files of carrion, row on row,
Ranged by one who'd deck his shop with semisected pigs.

He that plies his grocing green
Is, in that, no whit less mean
Than his kith whom CHESTERTON impaled on splenic quill.
As for butchers—pay no heed,
Take as jam this praiseful meed—
May it make less bitter that extremely bitter pill!

"£20,000 AND TWINS."
Newcastle Poster.

Wealth always has its snags.

"THE LOUTH PUBLIC ASSISTANCE INSTITUTION.

The usual Yuletide fare was provided. The infirmary patients were regaled with turkey, together with a few of the elderly females in the house."—*North-Country Paper.*

We should have chosen turkey, a pardonable preference.



FRENCH ART AND ENGLISH MANNERS.

THE COCKTAIL GALANTE; OR, BRONX À LA BOUCHER.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XI.—AN UNFORTUNATE ENCOUNTER.

ALTHOUGH his *own* status as a man of property was well-established, Mr. Birdikin had relatives whose position was less distinguished. One of these was a widowed aunt, whose husband had amassed a considerable fortune in *Trade*. Such a connection could not but be abhorrent to Mr. Birdikin's nice sense of social values, but he judged it right, in view of her testamentary dispositions, not to withdraw his countenance from Mrs. Purport, or Aunt Maria as she was designated in the family circle, and she was a not infrequent visitor to Byron Grove.

On the occasion of one such visit an expedition was made to the seaside town of X., Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin, with Mrs. Purport, Henry, Clara and Fanny, being transported in the family chariot, and Charles riding his pony, which by this time he was well capable of controlling.

Aunt Maria, who, although approaching her allotted span of life, was of a buoyant and sprightly nature, insisted upon enlivening the journey with song, in which she encouraged the children to join. Mr. Birdikin thought well to humour her so long as their route lay along country roads, and lifted his rich baritone in the chorus of "With a rumti-tumti-toodli-oo" with which each stanza terminated, to the delight of the children, who were not accustomed to see their parent in rollicksome mood, and lifted their own voices in still shriller chorus in consequence.

The road to X. ran past the stately entrance-gates to Bellacre Castle, and Mr. Birdikin requested that the singing should cease as they neared them. But this did not suit Aunt Maria, who broke into another stave in praise of various alcoholic beverages, of which Mr. Birdikin would not have approved in any case in the presence of young children. The refrain of this ditty, however, which contented itself with lauding the properties of barley, hops and vines, he found unobjectionable, and, upon being prodded in the ribs by his relative's elbow, he trolled out the harmless words, and, when the gates giving entrance to Bellacre Castle were passed, elevated his hat upon his stick to indicate that he was in accord with the *spirit* of rejoicing to which Aunt Maria was giving expression.

But what was his dismay when, upon turning a corner, they came full upon the Earl and Countess of Bellacre, who were taking a morning airing with their dogs.

A veil must be drawn over the feelings of Mr. Birdikin at this encounter. Even Bodger, the coachman, prompted by the general atmosphere of hilarity, was joining in the chorus and waving his whip. The dignified equipage which he was driving might have been a hired vehicle devoted to the low-bred joviality of a party of excursionists for all that an observer could have told. His lordship, however, though no doubt surprised by what he saw and heard, was pleased to convey a greeting to his neighbour by waving his own hat and giving tongue to a "View-halloo" as the carriage was driven past him. Mr. Birdikin's feelings were somewhat soothed by this act of courtesy from a nobleman in whose opinion he was anxious to stand well; but they were now approaching the confines of X. and he exercised his authority to forbid any further exercise of vociferation.



"MR. BIRDIKIN'S FEELINGS AMOUNTED WELL-NIGH TO ANGUISH."

This was made the more easy because Mrs. Purport had been struck by the appearance of the Earl and Countess, and desired information about them. This Mr. Birdikin supplied, informing her with the dignity and modesty which became him that, while claiming no equality of *rank* with his distinguished neighbours, he was yet on terms of close intimacy with them.

"Then why, pray," asked Mrs. Purport, bridling, "have you never made me acquainted with his lordship and her ladyship? Ain't I good enough?"

Mr. Birdikin was dispensed for the moment from meeting this inquiry by Clara, who, aware that her father might welcome a change of subject, said, "Now that we are going to X., may we not, dear Papa, pay a visit to our kind friend, Mrs. Clott?"

It has already been related how Mrs. Clott, a relative of Miss Smith, who filled the position of governess at Byron Grove, had entertained the Birdikin children on a previous visit to X. The fact, however, that her husband was engaged in retail trade as an ironmonger had made any pursuance of the acquaintanceship impossible, and Mr. Birdikin said firmly, "Your request, Clara, shows you to be as yet unaware of the barriers erected by Providence between people of birth and property and those whose avocations involve the handling of commodities in the way of *trade*. In her own sphere of life Mrs. Clott is no doubt a worthy God-fearing woman, but that sphere does not permit of her mixing on terms of social equality with those above her, alike in the estimation of the world and the sight of Heaven. Nor, I am sure, would she wish it."

"I love Mrs. Clott and could wish she were my aunt," said Fanny, who was beginning to exhibit a rebellious spirit against the utterances of parental authority which would need a strong hand applied to her person to put down if persisted in.

Mr. Birdikin was about to intimate as much when Henry interpolated the remark, "For my part I am content with my Aunt Maria in that relationship. The benefits she is pleased to shower upon us in the form of candies, comfits and lollipops merit a return of gratitude on *our* part which is ill-represented by praise of a Mrs. Clott, who occupies, as my Papa has pointed out, a far inferior position in society."

This speech was not unpleasing to Mrs. Purport, who liked the benefits she conferred to be suitably acknowledged. "Who is this Mrs. Clott?" she inquired. "My dear husband had a relative of that name employed in the hardware industry. Can it be that these are one and the same?"

Further elucidation indicated that it was indeed so, and upon their arrival at X. Mrs. Purport insisted upon being driven straight to the establishment in which Mr. Clott carried on a thriving trade in ironmongery, both for agricultural and domestic use. Mr. Birdikin's feelings amounted well-nigh to anguish as he was compelled to take in his the hand of a man who wiped it upon an apron before offering it, and the glass of sherry wine with which he was presently forced to regale himself in Mrs. Clott's parlour went very near to choking him.

He did not see his way to expostulating against this affront to his dignity so long as he was actually in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Clott, but on the homeward journey he did venture to point out to Mrs. Purport that for a man in his position, accepted on terms of intimacy by such as the Earl of Bellacre, a connection, however distant, which the chance of marriage had brought with a person in Mr. Clott's lowly sphere must at all costs be kept from public knowledge.

To which Aunt Maria replied, in the language which, unfortunately, she was all too ready to use when with the children, "That's all my eye and Betty Martin. If you want to see the colour of my money when I'm gone——"

But this was too much. By an immediate loud clearing of the throat Mr. Birdikin prevented the conclusion of her speech from being heard, and, in despair of creating a diversion by any other means, himself broke into the chorus of a song, in which he was followed by the children. The immediate danger of *their* hearing anything unfitted for their infant ears was averted, but the disturbance caused by Aunt Maria's claiming of relationship with those of an inferior order was not yet at an end, as a further chapter will show.

A. M.

TO A TAX-COLLECTOR

(On receiving his "best thanks" for prompt payment of income-tax).

Oh, never before, since Roman ranks
Advanced in the British sector
Or the champion Greek set forth to wreak
His wrath on the trembling Hector,
Has a man received the best of thanks
From an Income-tax Collector.

Is the goddess, Official Jargon, dead?
Have the tax-collectors skinned her?
There's never a doubt they've seen her out
And nothing remains to hinder
The unofficial winner of bread
From being theirs to a cinder.

I see the end of the stiff "Dear Sir,"
The death of the cold "Yours truly";
I feel convinced that the *ult.* and *inst.*
And cheques receipted duly
Will wither away in the friendlier
Relations fostered newly.

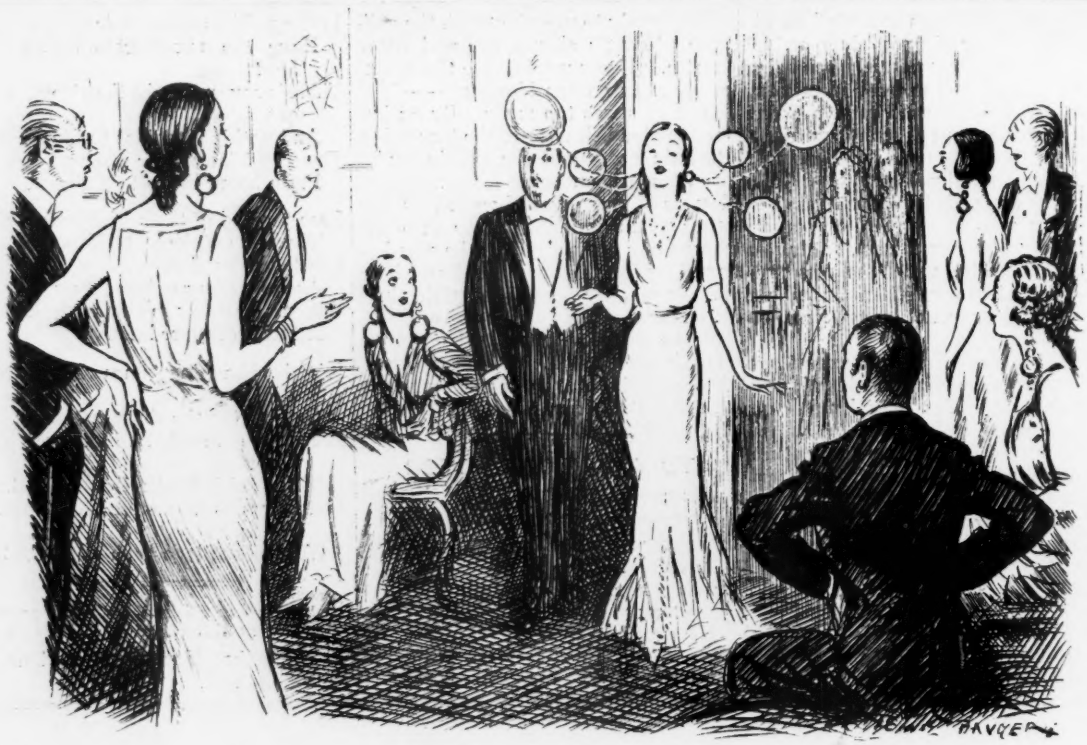
It's the changing times and Britons bend
The knee at the shrine of Hebe;
It's a sign unfurled to the watching world
Of the spirit that reigns in G. B.;
And yours is the credit, dear old friend;
With lots of love from C. B.

"Big Bridge Battle Player Throws in His Hand."—*Evening Paper.*

One feels that Horatius would never have done this.



The Vanquished. "Bah! Yer got odd socks on!"



THE CULT OF THE EARRING.

A CHELSEA LADY GOES ONE BETTER.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

ENFIN, ma fille, êtes-vous contente? Me voilà en voyage. J'avois une grande impatience de voir ces tableaux à Londres. Je vous écris sans retardemens. Si vous trouvez des fautes d'ortographe, ou même de grammaire, vous ne me gronderai point; je n'ai point de tort, c'est la faute de cette plume sans-fil qui va plus vite que la pensée. Aussitôt commencée la phrase est finie.

On admire beaucoup votre portrait par Mignard. Je l'avois toujours aimé. Parmi tous ces tableaux il y en avoient de notre époque qui sont fort beaux. Surtout Monseigneur l'éminentissime Cardinal Duc de RICHELIEU, un portrait magnifique digne d'un homme si remarquable. Il y avoient de jolis tableaux plus modernes; des repas de chasse, des bals, des fêtes galantes. J'admirois un portrait d'une certaine Madame RÉCAMIER. Mais quel costume léger! Et marcher pieds nus sur le pavé de marbre! J'en grelottois.

Plusieurs tableaux modernes étoient quelque chose d'horrible. Il y avoient des tableaux d'un moulin; un moulin sans blé et sans meunier. Un moulin peint en rouge, il me paroît. Ou parloit aussi d'un Maître de Moulins, mais ce n'étoit pas lui, le meunier du moulin rouge. Le moulin étoit plein de fous, qui dansoient comme des enragés. Ces moulins modernes sont extraordinaires.

Il y avoit une barre, qu'on avoit écrit "bar," une barre sans plaideurs, sans avocats. Seulement une jeune fille excessivement laide, et habillée d'une façon incroyable, entourée de bouteilles. Elle jouoit peut être un rôle dans un ballet qu'on appeloit les Folies Bergère. Plutôt folies que bergère.

Il y avoit un homme, appelé un Bon Bock. Bock peut être ce mot moderne Boche, mal ecrit, un paysan allemand en effet. Je n'en savois rien. Mais il étoit affreux. Regardez l'éminentissime Cardinal, peint par Philippe de Champaigne, et puis cet horrible Bon Boche, et expliquez-moi le progrès en 250 ans de l'art de peinture.

H. B. D.

TO PHYLLIS: A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

Phyllis, the damp depressing year that's ended,
Like every one of all the millions gone,
Saw many worthy citizens offended
By your unconscionable goings-on;
While Mrs. Grundy, that *démodée* despot,
Yet once more registered the same dismay
As ADAM felt when he observed in Mespot
The young girl of the day.

Not so the bard—you never heard *him* utter
Reflections on your morals or your taste;
To him your little ways meant bread-and-butter,
And sometimes jam, or even bloater-paste.
So far indeed from wishing to reform it, he
With gratitude and approbation views
Your conduct, finding in each fresh enormity
A subject for his Muse.

Let others voice the pious aspiration
(Destined once more to prove a dud, no doubt)
That we may see at last some indication
Of your amendment ere the year be out;
Draining a stoup in mild poetic revelry
Of blushful Hippocrene, he drinks to you
This toast: May you display the same old devilry
In 1932!



FOR LAW AND ORDER.

LORD WILLINGDON. "AND NOW TO HEAR THE *REAL* VOICE OF INDIA."

YOU AND ME AND SCIENCE.

ASTRONOMY.

ASTRONOMY has been defined (very happily, I think) as the science of the stars or heavenly bodies, and we may quite safely make that statement the starting-point for our investigations.

To be quite frank it is an amazing rather than an affable science. It would, I feel sure, have been a simpler as well as a jollier branch of study had the heavenly bodies been placed within a more reasonable distance of the earth. I mean to say, twenty-five million miles or so to the nearest star is an absurdly long way and makes it extremely difficult to come to grips with the thing. Wide open spaces are all very well, but—however, there it is, and we must just do the best we can.

Thanks to the telescope which GALILEO (who, like my Uncle John, was a February child) invented, or rather improved upon, the science of astronomy may be pursued in comparative comfort. I say "comparative comfort," because you cannot expect to study the universe to advantage unless you sit up all night, and it very often happens that the colder the night the better it is for astronomical observation.

Now this is one of the greatest obstacles which we scientists encounter in our efforts to popularise astronomy. We find quite a number of people—many of them awfully decent and matey and so on—simply cannot be induced to sit up all night with a telescope. These dear souls will sit up with a book or by the bedside of a sick cow, but when it comes to a telescope they slink off to bed.

That being so, I can only strive, along with other scientists who sit up at night with telescopes even more than do I, who possess no telescope, to write of astronomy in so fascinating a way that you will have no mental peace until you have become a confirmed, and possibly fanatical, stargazer, either with telescope or, if you are not too prudish, the naked eye.

It is gratifying to feel that my task is simplified by the fact that a great deal of astral phenomena is so overpowering in its immensity and so untranslatable into terms of ordinary human understanding that the average mind goes all loopy, so to speak, under the strain of trying to get the hang of it.

Too many distinguished authors of astronomical books, I notice, burrow so deeply into their complex subject as seriously to impair their net circulation. I shall not make this mistake, hard though it may be to resist the temptation, but shall content myself with giving you an elementary grounding in my straightforward yet fascinating way. I think I can do it by asking and answering a few questions. This will make it simpler for you and a dashed sight easier for me.

What are Stars? They are enormous masses or chunks of solid and gaseous matter dotted about in space. Fixed stars stay put. Planets and other things go buzzing around in orbits.*

Why are the Stars there? According to some authorities they are there for much the same reason that our earth is here. For my part I neither agree nor disagree with this notion. Another theory contends that the stars were designed to furnish inspiration for poems and theme-songs. My old friend, Professor Schnappschark, in his monumental work, *How, Which and Whatnot*, throws doubt on this. "Even were it within the bounds of reason to suppose," writes he snottily, "that the Gravitational attraction or something accounts for this. Then there are constellations and globular clusters and all manner of family-parties catered for, if you know what I mean. I think that is pretty clear.



Helpful Shopwalker. "THEY ARE BRITISH, MADAM, AND I GUARANTEE THEY WILL LAST BABY A LIFETIME."

* Speaking of orbits, I see Sir JAMES JEANS very decently points out that "the parallactic orbit of a star at 220,000 light-years' distance is about the size of a pin-head held at a distance of 4,000 miles." Those of you who possess a pin in addition to a telescope of sufficient strength may care to check this for yourselves.

stellar system could be created for so trivial a purpose, the theory must apply only to such stars as are normally visible, since poets and theme-song writers rarely possess either a telescope or the ability to use *that kind of glass* intelligently. What, then, of the others?" Exactly. A bit of a stab, but sound, very sound.

Is Astronomy bad for women? The bulk of evidence goes to show that, provided they do not permit it to master their emotions to an overwhelming extent, women may indulge in astronomy without disastrous results. For all that I would earnestly counsel very young and very old mothers to be most careful in avoiding undue strain in the pursuit of astronomical knowledge. You see, motherhood—but I expect you have read books about that, so I will push on to my one remaining rather vital question.

What are the practical uses of Astronomy? Well, it depends, doesn't it?—I mean, if we put it like this: Does astronomy enable you to earn money in your spare time, to put by for your old age, to become a Ten-Thousand-a-Year-Man, and all that? the answer is not any too cheery. So I think we—er—will not put it like that.

Rather let us consider a more elevating aspect of the practical uses of astronomical research. You wish, let us suppose, to get an idea of the amount of space which exists in the universe. Well, astronomy, as Sir JAMES JEANS so ably indicates, does not encourage you just to sit and brood over it. Certainly not. "Empty Waterloo Station," says Sir JAMES briskly, "of everything except six specks of dust, and it is still far more crowded with dust than space is with stars."

Of course emptying Waterloo Station is nothing to some of the many interesting tasks you can undertake, if you choose, for purposes of astronomical comparison. It is clear, therefore, that in astronomy we have a science brimful of healthily arduous activity in the study and practice of which the most energetic of you need dread few idle hours.

I have not the slightest hesitation, therefore, in cordially recommending astronomy as being of practical benefit to mankind. D. C.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

THE scene was the office of an institution for solving domestic problems. In fact the words "Domestic Problems Solved" were in big letters on the signboard.

At half-past one, when there was nobody in attendance but a boy in buttons, a benevolent-looking gentleman entered and inquired nervously for the manager.

"She's gone to lunch," said the boy.



Slow Waiter. "YOUR COFFEE, SIR; IT'S SPECIAL FROM SOUTH AMERICA, SIR."
Diner (tired of waiting). "OH, SO THAT'S WHERE YOU'VE BEEN?"

"When will she be back?" asked the client.

"Not till two, unless she's extra busy," said the boy.

"Then I'll wait," said the client. "There's not a moment to lose." And he began to pace up and down the room or to stand at the window.

"What coloured hat does she wear?" he asked.

"Different ones," said the boy.

"But to-day?"

"I didn't notice."

"Come here," said the client, whose restlessness increased with every moment, "and tell me if you see her coming."

The boy reluctantly complied. "People don't come any sooner for being looked for," he volunteered.

"True," said the client, handing him half-a-crown, "but it comforts me. Don't you see I 'm worried?"

So they stood side by side till at last Miss Stavely came into view and, while the gentleman was dancing with excitement, arrived in the room.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, advancing to meet her. "You 're here at last. What a relief! Now we can get to business. You solve domestic problems, don't you? Of course you do; it says so on your notice."

"I try," said the manager.

"Then you must help me. No one needs your help so much as I do. I want you to dismiss my chauffeur."

"Oh!" Miss Stavely began.

"Please," said the client—"please. It may be a little bit off your line, but there's no domestic problem half so knotty and it comes well within your advertisement. You wouldn't let your public down?"

"Tell me more about it," said Miss Stavely. "I've never done such a thing. Oughtn't employers to do it themselves?"

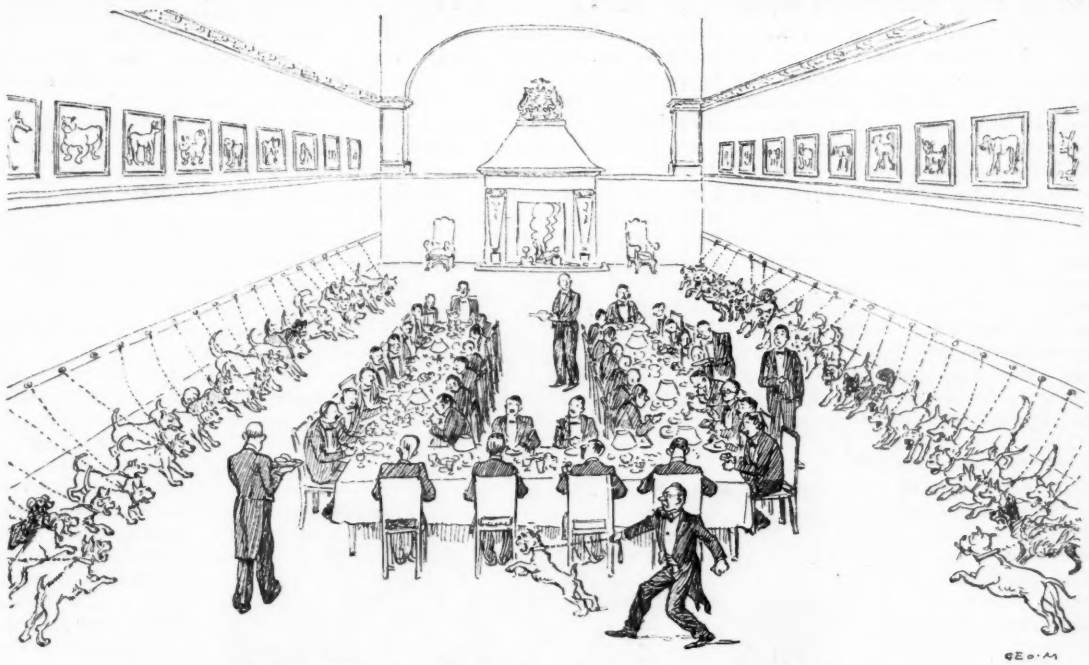
"Of course they should; but people can't do everything they ought to. You know that. If I could do it myself I shouldn't be spending my money on you. And I'm prepared to spend a lot. I'm prepared to write a cheque for fifty pounds if you will get rid of my chauffeur this afternoon, and another fifty if you will find me a new one, and a nice one, before half-past seven, when I want to go out to dinner."

"But we don't find chauffeurs," said Miss Stavely.

"Not as a rule, perhaps," said her client. "But mine is a special case, with, I imagine, a special fee."

"The fee is preposterous," said Miss Stavely. "But anyway tell me what is wrong with your present man."

"Nothing," said his employer. "Nothing. That's the trouble. If he had been dishonest, or had got drunk, or had treated the car badly, I could perhaps—I say perhaps—have summoned up enough courage to sack him and risk breaking his heart. But there's nothing wrong with him. He's sober, punctual, polite, considerate, an excellent driver and an excellent mechanic. In short, a paragon. But——"



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE KENNEL CLUB GIVES A CONSOLATION DINNER TO POSTMEN OF LONDON SUBURBAN DISTRICTS.

"But what?" Miss Stavely asked.

"But I can't bear the sight of him. He's on my nerves. I can't bear the way he sits on the box. I can't bear the way he doesn't know I detest him. Most of all I can't bear the backs of his ears. They're mottled, and I see so much of them."

Try as she would not to laugh, Miss Stavely had to.

"It's amusing, I know," said her visitor. "But it's a tragedy too. It's wearing me out. And I've reached breaking-point. He must go to-day, but the effect will be awful. He's devoted to me."

"Why don't you write to him?" Miss Stavely asked.

"Because he'd answer the letter. There'd have to be an interview and I couldn't stand it. I'm getting ill under the strain. I don't sleep any more. Please help me."

"Couldn't you sell the car and take to taxis?"

"No, I couldn't, and I don't want to. Taxi seats are so cold and the windows jam. Besides, it's a good car. I want to go on using it, only with a new chauffeur—one with different ears. Please help me, please."

"Very well," said Miss Stavely; "but he'll probably want heavy compensation."

"He can have it," said the client. "He can have anything reasonable or unreasonable. I leave that to you. Only do it now. The garage is just round the corner, and I'll wait here till you come back, if I may. I won't be a trouble at all. I'll just sit quite still counting the minutes. It's Garrison Mews, No. 4, and his name's Jenkins. Horace Jenkins. Horace, if you please! He's to go at once, taking all his belongings, and never to let me see him again."

"And if he refuses? It may be illegal to be so drastic—I don't know."

"There must be no question of refusal. It's your job to see that there isn't. You solve 'domestic problems,' you know. Please—please go."

Miss Stavely was absent only ten minutes.

"He's gone," she said. "All you have to do is to send a cheque for a month's wages to this address."

"He didn't make any trouble, then? He didn't cry or anything?"

"Not a tear. He was delighted."

"Delighted to leave me?"

"Absolutely. I never saw anyone so suddenly transfigured. He said he'd been bracing himself for months and months to give you notice, but hadn't the courage. He feared you might have a seizure."

"Because he was leaving me?"

"Yes. He said he had to stick it because you were so fond of him, so dependent on him. But most of all because you were so pathetic."

"Pathetic?"

"I'm giving you his exact words. He said you were no fun to drive at all—you were jumpy and fussy and interfering—but he stuck it, he said, because there was something about you that was so pathetic."

"Astounding! But you think I have done rightly, don't you? You saw his ears?"

"I couldn't. I tried to, but he kept in front of me all the time." E. V. L.

And Where Was Juliet?

"SAFE, Romeo and Typewriter for sale, cheap."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

"The pan, similar to a chaffing dish, is heated by glowing charcoals . . ."
Evening Paper.

The sort of thing in which our cook might enshrine one of her grim jokes.

". . . the outbuildings include heated greenhouse and petting-shed."
Estate Agent's List.

The Victorians used to find the conservatory very convenient for this.

"For Sale—Carcase of a Female Elephant, seven years old."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

Our cooking expert says, "An elephant should be always well hung, but never altitudinous."

HOW THE B.B.C. CHANGED ITS SPOTS.

A MOVING COMMENTARY BY AN ACTUAL EYE-WITNESS.

SUCH a huge crowd watched the passage of the British Broadcasting Corporation from its old home at Savoy Hill to its splendid new house in Langham Place that the inevitable jamming and interference must have prevented many people from getting a clear idea of the programme; and that may account for some of the inaccurate and incomplete reports circulated in the country. I, however, writes a Special Correspondent, was fortunately placed. In Trafalgar Square, where I took my stand, the reception (thanks to all my neighbours being exactly attuned to the right wave-length of rejoicing) was superb in both quality and volume, and I am able to offer readers by far the most trustworthy account of the remarkable pageant that is at all likely to appear.

The approach of the procession was heralded by the Greenwich Time Signal, and when the last dot had died away the ear caught the opening notes of the Wireless Military Band playing "Land of Hope and Glory" for all they were worth, in a uniform specially arranged for the band by Messrs. R. J. F. HOWGILL and GERRARD WILLIAMS (this was its *première*).

Next, by a happy inspiration which reminded listeners to classical Talks of the festivals current in ancient Greece, there followed a prime herd of Fat Stock, beribboned, graded with the National Mark and priced in plain figures. After the Greek touch, the Roman. A wretched gang of captured Pirates were dragged along in chains, exposed—justly, as I thought, and honest licence-holders will agree—to public obloquy. An equally stern note was struck by a detachment of Police, who carried a banner with the significant inscription, "Telephone Victoria 7000," and wore intent expressions which showed that they were only too anxious to trace somebody.

We were all very keen to see how many people we could recognise in the next section of the procession—a pageant of prominent Broadcasters, prefaced by a cavalcade of Professors, each mounted upon his own hobby-horse. We were less successful with the Professors than with ALEXANDER and MOSE, mounted upon dark horses. I thought I distinguished M. STÉPHAN, mounted on *un petit cheval*; a sad figure, bound to a wooden horse and gagged, may have been a Talker on New Novels; there was Father RONALD KNOX, characteristically mounted on a white elephant; and Mr. FILSON YOUNG mounted on the Foundations of Music. Here too were Mr. VERNON BARTLETT, representing the League of Nations; Mr. GILLIE POTTER, who, as Hogsnorton correspondent, represented REUTER'S, the Press Association, the Exchange Telegraph Company and the Central News; and representatives of the Football Association, mounted on high horses and protesting against the whole business.



VARIATIONS ON A STYLE.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG ARTISAN AND HIS FIANCÉE.

When these had passed there hove in sight a magnificent triumphal car, representing JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH in apotheosis, surrounded by the Wireless Chorus singing cantatas and Tired Business Men writing in to the papers about it.

So far the procession had proceeded without mishap, but unhappily it now suffered a Slight Technical Hitch, which was followed by an outbreak of Oscillators howling; but Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE with much presence of mind filled the gap by playing twelve different gramophone-records by twelve different makers. The reason for the delay became manifest when the most ambitious tableau of the show—an all-British effort representing Grand Opera—crawled into sight considerably overdue, and the car was observed to be missing on several cylinders and progressing with the greatest difficulty. When it was seen that the Viscountess SNOWDEN had gallantly got out and put her shoulder to the wheel a full-throated cheer went up.

A closed car, discreetly following, possibly contained the remaining Governors of the Corporation.

Next came a modest little display of Chamber Music, accompanied by Wireless Correspondents of the cheaper papers, bleating and wailing and missing from their homes. Another small gap occurred here, filled in by the GERSHOM PARKINGTON Quintet; but after the Interval Signal, which was greeted with gloomy silence, the programme went through without further breakdown.

We were immensely impressed by the serried ranks of the B.B.C. Orchestra, who played symphonies for all they were worth. Mr. ADRIAN BOULT conducted without a score, but they were so numerous that a score could not be missed. Behind them I thought I saw Sir THOMAS BEECHAM, looking rather out of it—or was it only his shade projected from the television studios by Mr. BAIRD?

The next exhibit was unique, being no less than a live specimen of the Ordinary Listener, captured in Wimbledon by Sir WALFORD DAVIES, out of whose hand it was now feeding, while Sir OLIVER LODGE gave it an occasional tit-bit. Men from the Herring Fishery, stout fellows who had weathered many a Gale Warning, carried another remarkable trophy—a Depression which they had captured off the coast of Iceland; and here was also a lusty Heterodyne which Stuttgart had insisted upon lending London for the occasion.

Mr. JACK PAYNE made a welcome appearance at this stage with his merry men playing dance numbers (by request) with his wonted zest; and Sir HAMILTON HARTY, who had been standing rather glumly beside me on the pavement, was so infected by the general high spirits that he seized a bowler-hat from the end of a trombone and went round collecting for the Week's Good Cause.

Next our eyes were delighted by the sight of happy children in birthday garments, gambolling with their Uncles and Aunts; and then came the Director-General, Sir JOHN REITH himself,

wearing the laurels due to such a REITH and giving the public what it wanted, an opportunuty to cheer him—which we did with honours. Nothing remained but the Epilogue. Big Ben put in his nightly dozen; our friends the Announcers exchanged greetings with the crowd, and a memorable programme closed down.

NOTE.—Unfortunately, as it now appears, the above commentary was compiled by our Special Correspondent in the exercise of that intelligent anticipation of events before they have failed to occur without which no journalist is worth his three guineas per thousand. However, we let it stand. Much public disappointment has been caused by the B.B.C.'s decision to remove to Broadcasting House almost stealthily, by instalments and in plain vans, and to forgo even an opening ceremony; and possibly the publication of this article may induce the Governors to change their minds on the matter. Though we admit we have our doubts.

THE CONVERTED PESSIMIST.

A MESSAGE FROM INDIA.

MY old bearer, Fusaldar, now carries on what he calls a "Cheap John" shop in his native city, and what with political unrest and trade depression the business has been none too prosperous of late. Consequently Fusaldar's letters to me have latterly sounded a note of profound pessimism. Recently he lamented, "I have come upon days and nights of world that is too full of noseyparker howling political wallah and all sort of other bad business. For example of fearful misery I am telling Master I am this mortal day doing no more sale than small toffee for little boy and two eggs that is soon returning for money back, for both is rotten." This epistle concluded with the following outburst: "On top of empty shop wherein there is never no more any customer I am having more burden of rotten egg. Nothing is expected for future but maybe fire and earthquake for making chokeful ruination of whole dam business."

The next letter I received from Fusaldar proved that his prognostication of more trouble had been fulfilled. He wrote: "In continuation of prevailing discomforts I am writing for inform Master of what is likely final smash. I am attacked with excruciating lump of back of my neck that is taking pride of place above ruin of business. I am sitting in empty waste of bankruptcy of business, but am seeing nothing but yelling lump of pain. I am left with no time for attending even all too few customer, for I am always busy buying the medicine for cure it my lump and averting death, but always lump is growing stronger. Tomorrow I am for high jump of examination of my lump with Hospital Doctor Sahib, and I am hastening for sending due warning for Master before this likely fatal termination. Maybe Master will be say this is merciful lump for closing down his old Fusaldar before it is shutters up for Cheap John shop. For fear of worst I am sending precaution for Master of last good-bye. And I am always praying for Master. This is most largest lump that is ever seen for this place and all flesh is grass."

I gathered that the last sentence had been added on his own account by the Babu to whom Fusaldar had dictated his letter, by way of emphasising the seriousness of the old man's condition.

Some time before this painful news reached me, however, I had received a cablegram from Fusaldar reading: "Send complete bagpipe money no obstacle." I could make nothing of this mysterious request, but I now discovered that the cablegram had been despatched the day after the letter had been posted. The explanation of the mystery has just come to hand in the shape of the following reassuring communication from Fusaldar:—

"I am apologising for trouble of Master with most expensive cable that I am sending on spur of moment of great joy. I am suddenly want it bag-



Lady (to Shop-walker). "ER—YOU'LL SEE A BIG SULLEN-LOOKING MAN OUTSIDE IN A CAR. WOULD YOU MIND TELLING HIM I WANT FIVE POUNDS?"

pipe for make it joyful music all around my shop. Master will have comprehension of state of mind for me on learning wonderful tale of my lump. Lump is finish. Doctor Sahib is laugh, cut, squeeze, and I am scream for agony; then, lo and behold, there is no more lump. No pen can express words of thankfulness that is dawning for me. I am going for hospital with sad procession of two three good man friend of me for comfort and support. Now all is returning with hop and skip and glad noises. All the long night the dream is never stopping. I am seeing all man of the world with the head bending and the great lump on the back of his neck. And no man is going near any other man for buy or for sell for he is spending all the money for cure of his own lump.

"In the morning all man is coming round my shop for hear it the story of my lump. Then I am making great speech. I am-standing for top of table and shouting for pitch of voice for all man will hear. I am saying there is no lump. Lump is only down of dump. Whole trouble with all man is too much down of dump. I am making invite for all man for come it for famous Cheap John shop of cheery old Fusaldar Khan for spend it the money and forget it the down of dump. Consequent there is immense rush of customer, all laughing and buying like billy ho.

"I am having clever failed university fella making sign with huge letters, 'The Lump of Joy,' spread all over my shop. Here is beginning of dawning of future bright days for me. And I am hoping Master and all man will take example of wonderful story of my lump."

Counsel for the League.

"TIENTSIN BATTLE RAGES.
CLOSE ZOO SAYS S.P.C.A."
Vancouver Paper.

A Problem for Anatomists.

"Tanner and Aarvold also, on the wings, showed that they had the right stuff in them to score tries, but the chances that they got could have been counted on one hand—and a child's hand at that!"
Sunday Paper.

"The economic storm, which began in 1929 and blew with the force of a blizzard in 1930, assumed the fury of a tempest in 1931. Politicians were caught as in a typhoon, and those who survived were thrown up on the beach of safety in incredible combinations."—*Daily Paper.*

We should have thought that Mr. LANSBURY would have survived more fittingly in beach pyjamas.

AT THE PLAY.

"ALADDIN" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

HERE is pantomime with a difference—of treatment rather than of theme. For Mr. V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY,



ONE OF OUR EMPIRE-BUILDERS.
Abanazar . . MR. V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY.

while going the whole narrative hog, is a ruthless rhymester and parodist, and Mr. FRANK BIRCH, the producer and *Widow Twankey*, is no conventionalist. And since author, producer and composer are all present and active on the boards, the satirical flavour of the fun is properly emphasised.

Lest there should be any misunderstanding in this matter, the *Fairy Dewdrop*—that sub-acid goddess who descends from her machine by wire with such acute concern for her equilibrium—not only guys her tutelary *rôle* but quizzes her traditional sisters. Clever Miss NADINE MARCH makes great fun of her.

The author's burlesque intentions being thus made clear from scratch, nothing becomes him more than the way he himself carries them out. As *Abanazar*, the infernal magician, he borrows his make-up from DISRAELI, shows the neatest skill in blending knavish tricks with imperial politics and lingers with unction on the rhyming atrocities that close his naughty couplets.

The old story bears up well. Its face only pretends to be saved by the cheery *Aladdin* of Miss MARIE BLANCHE, who gives many a satirical backhander with the chummiest smile and delivers the moonshine stuff straight from the shoulder. With her is Miss ELSIE KEENE (deputising for Miss IVY TRESMAND), a *Princess Badroulbadour* blonde-curled beyond the dreams of gentlemen and compliant as to the serio-comedy born.

Mr. BIRCH'S *Widow Twankey* makes the best of both worlds, that of the panto off-licence and that of the collegiate rag. A low comedian (for the nonce) of exemplary gusto, he flaunts super-womanly charms in what appears to be an inexhaustible cast-off wardrobe. Moreover his success in fomenting the class-war among the audience and persuading its factions to sing with him a pæan in praise of gin is such as a demagogue at the hustings would justly consider a triumph. So high-minded a theatrical producer (as in other connections we know him to be) has obviously a human side.



ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL HORSE.
NO VICE—PLAYFUL WAYS.
Aladdin . . . . . MISS MARIE BLANCHE.
The Horse . . . . . { MR. DOUGLAS ALLEN & MR. EDWARD CLARKE.

Nor must the *Horse*, that spirited skewbald, be forgotten. Pantomime-bred, of course, by Ridiculous out of Sublime, his forehand may know what his crupper intends doing at any given or ungiven moment, but no one else dares to predict it. More eager to convulse in the *pas de quatre* than to be ridden or driven, his points would distress the Jockey Club as deeply as they delight Hammersmith amateurs. I loved him.

Throughout the show one is happily aware that the masters of the revels are personally in charge. Mr. WALTER LEIGH, composer of the suitable music,

sits exposed in the orchestral pit to the shafts of *Mrs. Twankey* and is her obliging ally. And when (as I thought it occasionally did) the prescribed fun flowers into unrehearsed audacities the family-party atmosphere is pleasantly intensified.

Scenic splendour is ingeniously suggested. Woodland Glade, Market Place, Laundry, glittering Cave and gorgeous Palace, to say nothing of fairy manœuvres and imperial irruptions by China's least formal dynasts, all carry the story on and the fun forward with clarity and zest. In pantomime for the thousand rather than for the million, perhaps a certain tempering of one's prejudice in favour of the past may be necessary for full enjoyment. It blends the traditional with the topical and generously redeems the descriptive promises made by the programme. In thus varying his period bill-of-fare with so seasonable a dish Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR should attract new customers while enchanting the old. H.

"BOW BELLS" (HIPPODROME).

Speed, energy, incessant change are the outstanding features of this new revue. It is a kaleidoscope in which the newly-installed machinery sets the scenes and the human elements provide the swift ephemeral patterns. Shutters fly open, grilles close, sections of the stage glide or revolve, and in the twinkling of an eye the humble domestic interior or what not has become the mountains of the moon or where not, with inhabitants and activities to match.

There is perhaps more talent than taste in some of the wonders thus unfolded. Girlish glamour in the mass and scenic dazzlement vie with the wit of the comedians or the minor arts of vaudeville. No item lasts long enough to pall. Ere one can weigh a sketch or other fugitive trifle and find it wanting, bevies of beauty are pirouetting in the space it occupied or galvanic dancers whirling like syncopated dervishes.

Yet there are bright particular stars whose magnitude defies such competitive eclipse. Brightest and best of them is Miss BINNIE HALE, who takes the limelight with the effect of a constellation and twinkles through a dozen first-rate metamorphoses. She will do you a simple coryphée, musical-comedy or ballroom type, or devil it in the *can-can* with the same unruffled ease and assurance that she brings to high comedy or low. Clapping on wig and delineatory grease-paint before your eyes, she is this or that current darling of the gods in shattering burlesque. A brilliant artist.

Mr. EDWIN STYLES, the friendly *compère*, covers the more exacting of



A RUBBER-BACKED BELLE.
Miss HARRIET HOCTOR.

the scene-changing pauses with patter and parlour-tricks that take one momentarily into the home. And as he walks to the wings with the deprecatory smile of the bright son of the house who has been only too glad to keep the ball rolling, Sesame yawns again and new marvels are in motion.

No single item is more astonishing than a Divertissement by the LIME TRIO. Here is clowning *in excelsis*, with all the dumb sleight of old tradition and a fearful defiance of the laws of anatomy as one modestly obeys them. MAX WALL, the galvanic; the WEIRE BROTHERS, three furious tumblers; JACQUES CARTIER, who calls up rhythm from the jungle on a monster drum in eerie limelight; and Miss HARRIET HOCTOR in expert arabesques and tip-toe quivers are the more unusual of the dancers.

On the comic side, Mr. ROBERT HALE'S superannuated Principal Boy, a portly but personable dowager from the past when legs were limbs and slapped as such, and Mr. NELSON KEYS' lantern-lecture on the evils of drink in the bad old days seemed to me the rarest flights of professional genius.

The choric manœuvres are reinforced by "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies" and "Mr. Hulbert's Young Gentlemen," who put into effective practice the precepts of their masters. M. ANDRÉ RANDALL, an agreeable French comedian, brings the tang of the boulevard into Leicester Square, and Mr. BILLY MILTON upholds the prestige of the sentimental ballad there.

I regret that my review of this revue should be so categorical. The nature of the entertainment is to blame. For where so many competing talents, such mechanical marvels and such a riot of material meet on one stage and gallop away the evening the mere onlooker is fully occupied in keeping his head and taking appreciative note of them.

The wonder is not that any individual item should seem comparatively tasteless in the result, but that it should retain any flavour at all. The show is a good three hours long, but not a moment of it hangs fire or really quarrels with its neighbours. Moreover, the impressions that remain of Miss HALE are such as prompt happy expectations of the future—for her and the play-goer. H.



ON THE MOVING PLATFORM.

Miss BINNIE HALE. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. KEYS?"
Mr. NELSON KEYS. "IT'S ALL RIGHT. I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT THEY WERE SHIFTING US BEFORE WE'D FINISHED."

More and More Economy.

"WELSH FIFTEEN.
NO NEW CAPS FOR ENGLAND MATCH."
Daily Paper.

"Before the war no fewer than three hundred and twenty packs of hounds were pursuing red deer, wild boars, wolves, roe deer and hares across the Channel."—*Magazine.*

Things aren't nearly so amphibious as they were, are they?

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

IN THE DARK.

ANY man who goes out shooting at night by lamplight is quite properly regarded with contempt by all right-thinking sportsmen in Central Africa, but in George's case there were extenuating circumstances. Owing to early rains and a swollen river the garrison at Nukuku was without fresh meat, and a prolonged diet of bully-beef had brought us to the verge of desperation.

The cook had admittedly done his best, but, although he knew the fifteen recognised methods of cooking bully and had tried them all, to say nothing of two hitherto unknown methods of his own, the result was invariably just bully. As George said, you could always taste the tin, and my own impression was that you could taste the ink on the label as well after a week or so.

We had been driven on to our own resources in the matter of meat and they had not proved uniformly satisfactory. True, George had shot a goat, but that was an accident which involved us in a certain amount of friction with Namwera's kraal, and, anyhow, one goat into two officers and a half-company of the King's Askari does not go very far.

Corporal Siki and a few chosen marksmen had tried their luck, by special permission, but the fragmentary remains of the solitary partridge which rewarded their efforts did not ease the situation appreciably. A partridge shot sitting at point-blank range with a filed-down ·303 bullet may be a tribute to someone's ability in stalking, but is subsequently quite unfit to grace a Mess table.

So George, having read somewhere that night-shooting, though unsporting, was invariably successful, determined to defy convention and hied out one inky night. The best night-shooters use an acetylene bicycle-lamp, the idea being that the unsuspecting game, attracted by the glare, stand still and stare, whereupon the wily hunter lets fly at short range with fatal results every time.

Broadly speaking, it works out pretty well like that, as George admits, but there are disadvantages. As we did not possess a bicycle-lamp he commandeered my electric-torch, and, with Private Ali at his heels, wandered uncertainly through the gloom, the beam from the torch swinging in a wide arc before him.

A mile from home success mocked them. Two green eyes glared from the grass and George prepared to fire. Unfortunately he had overlooked the difficulty of aiming a rifle whilst trying to hold a torch in one hand and maintain a steady light on the quarry.

Endeavouring to pass the torch to Ali, he unwittingly switched it off and the buck immediately departed at speed in the succeeding blackness.

After that George made Ali carry the light. Again two green lamps shone from the undergrowth. George was all ready and fired like lightning. There was a grunt and a crash, followed by a startled cry. The latter came from Private Ali, who, running forward, had stumbled over the dead body of a remarkably fine leopard.

George admits that he went cold all over at the thought of what might have happened had he only wounded the brute, leopards being notoriously apt to turn very nasty when wounded, and he then and there decided that there were definite drawbacks to night-shooting as a pastime.

However, he wanted the skin, so Ali had to shoulder the corpse and they proceeded. It was nervous work. George could not repress an uneasy feeling that the leopard probably had a mate in the immediate vicinity, and when they came across another pair of shining eyes he found it extremely difficult to keep his sights steady, whilst Ali hardly helped by swinging the light wildly. However, George clenched his teeth and fired, whereupon a fat reedbuck, quite unharmed, loped cheerfully into the night and disappeared.

George expressed his feelings at some length, but the incident restored his nerve to such an extent that a few minutes later he accounted for a well-developed wild-cat, nice to look upon, but obviously unsuitable as an article of diet. Turning for home then, they had reached the vicinity of the spot where the leopard had fallen when two motor-headlamps glared at them. At least George says they looked like that, and, reflecting that the leopard's mate had come to interview them, he uttered a little prayer, took the best aim he could, allowing for a little natural nervousness, and fired.

There was a crash and a snarl and something began to thrash about in the grass in the most disconcerting way. Obviously there was nothing to be gained by stamping about in the dark looking for annoyed carnivora, so George headed for home. And at that critical moment Private Ali, overweighted with his feline burden, stumbled and dropped the torch.

From the dark the sounds of snarling and growling increased in volume and George quickened his pace—quite a lot as a matter of fact; and he was just putting in some first-class heel-and-toe work when there was a crashing noise at his heels. George made no bones about it. He began to run. He says now that it seemed the only sensible thing to do, and anyhow he didn't run far. Something hairy and horrible brushed the back of his neck and for a split second he sensed an unpleasant animal smell. With a yell George swung round, determined to sell his life dearly, and as he did so his pursuer came at him from the dark and he went down, the leopard on top of him.

Blindly he fought, and the thing above him emitted a sharp and very human cry of pain.

It was Private Ali, faithful to the death, who had been following too hard at George's heels and carrying a noisome dead leopard draped negligently round his neck. Altogether a misunderstanding, and, though George told Ali what he thought of his carelessness in not disclosing his identity earlier, he persuaded him to resume his burden and they came safely back to camp.

George now boasts a magnificent bedside rug and I am short of an electric-torch; but it doesn't really matter, because fresh meat supplies came through next day.

PLAYS AT PLAY.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* joined forces and called themselves *The Good Companions*. "*For the Love of Mike*," they said, "let 's have a *Gay Adventure*." So they foregathered at *The White Horse Inn*, where they found a *Flat to Let* and took *Counsel's Opinion*. After long deliberation it was decided that one of the party was to be called *Peg o' My Heart*, and she, under a *Painted Veil*, was to meet the *Millionaire Kid*, who was reputed to have *Tons of Money*, at the *Grand Hotel—Treasure Island*. However, he was suffering from *Little Tuk's Dream*, and this is what he dreamt: "The *Bow Bells* were pealing when *Elizabeth of England* said to *Henry V.*, the *Queen's Husband*, '*Hold My Hand* and have no *Fear*. Tell *Max and Mr. Max* to show us the way to *Where the Rainbow Ends*.' *Toad of Toad Hall* was also a visitor there, and together they wandered to the *Cherry Orchard*, where they saw the *Windmill Man*, *Cinderella*, *Dick Whittington* and the *Midshipmaid* dancing the *Waltzes from Vienna*. They then *Passed Through Lorraine* and saw *Buckie's Bears* dancing the *Turkey Time* played by *Alexander and Mose Minstrels*."

It was a great *Cavalcade*, but *Peter Pan*, *The Anatomist*, realised it was only a *Nelson Touch*, and told the *Frightened Lady* that it was all just a dream—*And So to Bed*.



Police-officer. "I SAID DRAW INTO THE KERB. YOU'VE GOT AN INEFFICIENT SILENCER ON YOUR MACHINE."

Motor Cyclist. "SORRY, OLD FELLOW. THAT INFERNAL MACHINE'S MAKING SUCH A NOISE I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING."



Hospital Patient (one of large family in poor district, given a glass of milk). "HOW FAR DOWN CAN I DRINK?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Before You Go to Burlington House.

A Short History of French Painting (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 8/6) is the most disinterested and practical of the attempts I have seen to put inexpert English picture-lovers *en rapport* with the French Exhibition. It is devoid of personal crotchets. It copes with every age and school in a spirit primarily informative. And having perused it from A to Z—that is, from mediæval illuminators to "Dadaists"—the visitor should be ready to confront every exhibit with increased receptivity and with a judgment wholly uncorrupted by any persuasive or dissuasive rhetoric of the author's. The book's leaning to the encyclopædic has, of course, its disadvantages. The vintage is undoubtedly on the dry side; but it is a vintage that will repay laying down. Mellow verdicts on schools and individuals and a remarkable and welcome lavishness of quotation from the artists themselves provide both interest and stimulus; and a sustained effort to distinguish the drift of the age from the idiosyncrasy of the painter has incidentally the merit of refurbishing a very necessary equipment of French social history in the mind of the reader. My own casual bickers with the author, Mr. ERIC G. UNDERWOOD, were chiefly matters of nomenclature. That he should, for instance, call CHARDIN "democratic" because he substituted domestic themes for courtly ones strikes me as a mistake, for the art to ennoble poverty is eminently aristocratic. But my gratitude to Mr. UNDERWOOD can well survive a question of labels. He is, what a teacher should be first and foremost, a careful and conscientious builder of dependable foundations.

Lord Salisbury Again.

BISMARCK was fond of comparing SALISBURY to a lath painted to resemble iron. As Lady GWENDOLEN CECIL has no difficulty in showing, in the latest volume of her brilliant *Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, Vol. IV., 1887–1892, 21/-), her father was neither carved out of wood nor made of iron. SALISBURY'S will and intellect resembled far more that finely tempered steel which bends without breaking. If SALISBURY often humoured BISMARCK'S sudden whims in the course of their long association in international affairs, it was because he was shrewd enough to realise that BISMARCK always paid promptly for his pranks of temper. On one occasion SALISBURY even removed a British consular official from Zanzibar in order to please the CHANCELLOR, whom he had offended. Since his removal took the form of promotion, the Consul was doubtless pleased, BISMARCK was placated, and SALISBURY got his reward in the form of German support for British policy at Constantinople. Despite their many differences of temperament and opinion, SALISBURY was generous to a fault in paying tribute to BISMARCK'S greatness by telegraphing to Count HERBERT BISMARCK that his father's dismissal was "an enormous calamity." So fine is Lady GWENDOLEN CECIL'S biographical art

that in reading this volume I have throughout felt that I was gazing over her father's shoulder and watching him at his work.

Mind and Matter.

It is clear that Miss E. B. C. JONES is well up in the mechanics of psycho-analysis, from the frequent use to which she puts this knowledge in her new novel, *Morning and Cloud* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). Personally I am not one who revels in the jargon of causation, inhibition and fixation, for it should always be possible to write fiction from an analytical angle without recourse to Freudian *clichés*. On the whole Miss JONES supports this thesis, for, although she lapses occasionally into passages which read rather like extracts from a manual of psychology, more often she describes complex states of mind in a manner which I found admirable—by the use of simple English, relying for effect on detailed work which carries with it the immediate ring of truth. There is nothing abnormal about the plot of *Morning and Cloud*. A young civil servant and his rich wife, living in Hampstead, begin to find, after four years, that their marriage is not so successful as they had thought; and a girl art-student, who is in a way the heroine of the story, helps the husband to realisation of his unhappiness. A cynical mother-in-law and a few minor characters, drawn very skilfully, fill in the background. Even if you do not like the little movements of the mind fitted into so close a mosaic you will find this book too well-written to be tedious. The descriptions of the country, especially the Yorkshire of the BRONTËS, are excellent, showing great restraint; and Chapter XIX. deserves special mention for its deft construction. It would stand by itself as a short story.

Our Forefathers Unbent.

Four "Phases of English Leisure" from ELIZABETH'S day to ANNE'S are investigated by five members of Wadham College in *Englishmen at Rest and Play* (CLARENDON PRESS, 12/6). In "The Watering Places" Mr. R. LENNARD shows how the Catholic holy well becomes the Protestant spa, divided from its Continental neighbour by a Puritan disregard for the comfort and entertainment of patrons. Mr. W. P. BAKER, in "The Observance of Sunday," maintains that the cleavage between holiday and holy day was not so clearly a Papist-Nonconformist rift as you would imagine. There was always a tendency, described by ANTHONY WOOD, for individual extremists to "go just antipodes" to their neighbours. Sunday was inevitably "a Ball betwixt two Rackets." Your libertine spent it "sotting in bed" and your bigot intercepting the puddings of others on their way to the local cookshop. As for the "Country Inns and Alehouses," investigated by Mr. R. F. BRETHERTON, they were then, as now, in two minds whether to constitute themselves drinking-booths for the village toper or places of entertainment for travellers; and we have still, I note, the right to take a constable with us and demand a night's lodging at any inn. Messrs. R. K. REES and C. FENBY collaborate entertainingly over "Meals and Meal-times," and, though I could have wished more recondite Elizabethan matter than that provided by the ubiquitous HARRISON, the seventeenth century, when we were *gloutons à midi, fort sobres au soir*, is illuminatingly handled. In fine a pleasant scholarly compilation, with enough bearing on problems of to-day to beguile a contemporary-minded public.



The Captain. "WHAT THE DEVIL LIGHTHOUSE IS THAT?"
The Mate. "IT ISN'T A LIGHTHOUSE AT ALL, SIR. IT'S 'CUTIE'S CORSETS.'"

[There is a scheme afoot to use the night sky for advertisements by means of powerful searchlights.]

Thinking Towards Peace.

Sir NORMAN ANGELL, in *The Unseen Assassins* (HAMILTON, 7/6), avers that most of us, when thinking of international disputes, virtually declare that since man is a fighting animal and will always want to fight, whatever social codes be established, all police and all courts of law

should be abolished. Again, because we are quite sure that our side in an argument is just and right and good enough to fight for; and because we observe that our opponents are no less willing to die for their own opinion, we deduce that they must realise their cause is false. We say that because as a nation we are a corporate body with a personality of its own, therefore we will be a sovereign law unto ourselves and acknowledge no code regulating our relations with other corporate bodies. As well might we object, he would have it, to dealing with a guild of master-fishmongers because we are members of a male-voice choir. Finally, we incline to suppose that we can be both partners and masters in a co-operative universe. Fallacies such as these are the underlying hindrances to world peace, which the writer would so expose that educated opinion might destroy them, as the Black Death was overthrown by common knowledge of the existence of bacteria. All who disagreed or misread when Sir NORMAN wrote *The Great Illusion* owe it to common fairness to learn what he has to offer in mitigation of our present exigencies.

Breathless Africa.

Life among the natives of Nigeria is a compound of simplicity, superstition, cruelty and cunning. Mr. JOYCE CARY'S novel, *Aissa Saved* (BENN, 7/6), emphasises these elements with a mass of detail, not invariably relevant but always interesting. The social and religious extravagances of Pagans and Christians are admirably described and compared. The English characters, two missionaries and a district officer, are excellent examples of a type which escapes from the confinements of its native isle only to find a surer prison somewhere in the tropics. The action is fast and furious; the book contains, if anything, too much incident. The laughing heroine, *Aissa*, has sufficient adventures, physical and spiritual, to fill adequately a dozen lives. Fortunately the author does not dwell long upon horrors; he is content to note them and proceed with his narrative. In realistic fiction we are sometimes grateful for this high-speed method. A potful of praise is due also to his publisher, who with his series of Thin Paper Novels has struck a blow at the curious convention that subscribers to circulating libraries, intent upon getting value for money, insist upon receiving volumes made bulky by the use of swollen and spongy paper.

Adventurous Eating.

The title of *The Happy Glutton* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 12/6) is a misnomer, for M. ALIN LAUBREAUX, the author, is by no means a glutton, but rather a *gourmand*, that untranslatable epithet perhaps best rendered by our "epicure." This pleasant volume, which is amusingly and discreetly illustrated, is a book about cooking rather than a cookery book, the *obiter dicta* of a novelist of repute and an amateur of the Ninth Art, in which he has embodied the directions for a goodly number of dishes selected, and even invented, by himself during what he calls "long years of militant *gourmandise*." M. LAUBREAUX has added the sauce of his literary experience to this *fricassée* of his gastronomical adventures and an excellent dish he serves up to us. His translator does not seem quite to have made up her mind on the relative meanings of the words "glutton," "greed," "gourmand" and "gourmandise," but once this slight drawback has been overcome we can enjoy the author's aphorisms, many of which are true and witty, and browse in his very catholic collection of recipes. There are many households where this book would be a blessing, and if the mistress can find time to dip into M. LAUBREAUX'S wisdom she may very likely be inveigled into swallowing the practical lessons which he sets forth.



Betty (puzzled by Principal Boy). "MUMMY, SURELY ISN'T THERE SOME MISTAKE? INSTEAD OF 'RETURN AND BE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,' SHOULDN'T IT BE, 'RETURN AND BE LADY MAYORESS'?"

Suspicion in the Campus.

The first crime in *Murder Game* (COLLINS, 7/6) is staged on an American football field, where a strenuous inter-college match between Yorke and Winslow was being played, and the victim was the coach of the Yorke team. "*Coach*" *Diederich* was a mysterious man of whose past little could be discovered, and his murder involved *Van Dusen Ormsberry*, Mr. JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE'S competent detective, in more than a full-time job. For an epidemic of crime broke out in Yorke, and must seriously have interfered with the scholastic routine of the college. Indeed one of the students, a detective in embryo, was of considerable assistance to *Ormsberry* in tracking down the villain. American in tone and method, this is a well-knit and exciting story.

Paternal Optimism.

Samuel Daysing, an old merchant, decided to try an experiment, and Mr. EDWARD PERCY tells us the results in *Eastward Drift* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6). *Samuel*, in short, suddenly announced that he was going to divide the main part of his fortune among his three sons, and, as regards himself, to retire to a cottage in the Romney Marshes. To me, the most engaging part of this novel describes the veteran *Samuel's* life in a countryside, which at first he loathed, but, with the help of a native youth, gradually learned to tolerate, if not actually to love. Mr. PERCY also tells the stories of the experiment as it affected each of the *Daysing* sons, and in these I occasionally found myself deploring his excursions into melodrama. But the merits of this tale are infinitely more numerous than its defects.

CHARIVARIA.

SURPRISE is felt in Fleet Street that the newspaper insurance war is not being referred to the League of Nations.

***

We understand that the principal Life Assurance Companies have rejected the proposal that they should give away free newspaper subscriptions to all customers taking out new policies.

***

In circles which have so far condoned Japan's advance for its orderly nature, misgivings have arisen over a rumour that she intends to set about China Proper.

***

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that, in compliment to the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT, it has been decided that the next type of public conveyance put on the streets by the L.G.O.C. shall be called the "Pybus."

***

An objection to the idea of having a division-bell from the House of Commons installed in the foyer of a West-End theatre is that a rush of legislators for the exits would be calculated to stampede a nervous audience.

***

Elaborate plans for observing the total eclipse of the sun in Canada next August are announced; but it is understood that Lord BEAVERBROOK disclaims credit for having arranged that this phenomenon should be visible within the Empire.

***

Lord LEIF JONES is understood to have chosen this title in order to avoid confusion with a possible Lord JACK JONES.

***

M. BATA, the Czecho-Slovakian boot-manufacturer, who is to push his wares among the bare-footed Bedouins, is confident that travellers will see many an Arab sheikh in his shoes.

***

It is believed that many influenza germs are imported into this country from abroad. Patriots should be careful to see that they only catch English influenza.

***

We have no confirmation of the rumour that when one man called to pay his income-tax he asked the collector if he could have gas.

The prediction of an eminent meteorologist that sixty years hence it will be possible to make accurate weather forecasts for a month ahead is a rebuke to those who despair of seeing accurate weather forecasts for a day ahead.

***

At Hampstead Garden Suburb, says a news item, complaints have been made that boys used axes to cut down trees for bonfires. Well, what were they expected to use? Fretsaws?

***

An explorer who has just returned from Central Africa managed to persuade two girls from one of the pigmy tribes to come over with him to act as maids in his country house. That is bringing home the servant shortage with a vengeance.

***

In stopping the performance of *Lysistrata* the Los Angeles authorities are understood to have been actuated by the view that ARISTOPHANES didn't write for Los Angeles.

***

The Board of Education wants a substitute for the word "museum," which is thought to suggest decay. It is believed to have retarded the "Brighter Bloomsbury" movement.



"I WANT A PACK OF CARDS FOR BRIDGE, PLEASE, AND WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO PUT ME INTO THE WAY OF PLAYING?"

Housework is announced as a cure for neurasthenia. We have always suspected that our cook was really a duchess taking a rest cure.

***

With reference to a newspaper statement that a harpoonist has been known to earn as much as £200,000 in a season, an old lady writes to us suggesting that some of these musicians are overpaid.

***

A pure-bred wolf which is kept as a pet in a London flat is described as looking very like an Alsatian dog. This resemblance has caused a certain prejudice against wolves as pets.

***

In order to help the unemployed, Poplar is to build a new Municipal Bath, costing £100,000. Whatever critics say, schemes like this can at least hold water.

***

The writer of a new popular song says that he composed the whole thing in less than an hour. Still, it usually takes years to compose the people who have to listen.

***

A motorist has been fined a hundred pounds for leaving oil on the highway. During the past year it has been quite natural to mistake the highway for troubled waters.

***

A lady golfer who was married recently did not appear at all nervous during the ceremony. But at the wedding breakfast she sliced the cake.

***

It is reported that five thousand German domestic servants are employed in this country. In the event of any of these girls breaking the best tea-set it is, of course, understood that she will demand a moratorium.

***

It is pointed out that the present-day flapper looks thirty. She won't when she is.

QUEUE-QUEUE SONG.

INCUM-TAX is cumen in,
Lude sing queue-queue!
Crackleth note and soundeth tin
On the wood anu.

Lion payeth after lamb,
Inland revenu;
Seemeth none to care a d**n,
Mery sing queue-queue.

J. B. N.

WILLIAM'S DISCOVERY.

I HAVE made a discovery and I am all burning with pride. It is not a very good discovery, but I have not had much practice and it is the best I can do . . . But I see that your ears are tingling for me to begin.

Well, I have discovered in our midst a perfectly new Gentle Art. We really had quite enough already, but here is one more—the Gentle Art of Making History. You think you can stop me right at the start by saying that all this is old. You were never more mistaken in your life. For Making History always used to be a whole-time job. I will put it another way and then perhaps you will understand me and bow to the inevitable. It used to be a Whole-Time Job. Now have you got there? I will proceed.

Our forefathers, it is true, did make history, but they were ever so slow. They turned out only one piece in a great many years. Of course it lasted fairly well. WILLIAM THE FIRST made a piece when he came and lived in England. That is quite an old bit, but it is almost as good as new. CAXTON made another bit when he introduced printing, and that does not need mending after quite a number of years (Alas! *Horatio*, alas!).

But this rate of making history is far too slow for us nowadays. A couple of wars every century, with perhaps a treaty or two and an important scientific discovery, do not satisfy our craving for speed. We got tired of hammering away at one thing at a time; it took too long and we got horribly bored over it, and we all started making history on our own.

To do us justice, we did not mean to make history. We never knew it was as easy as all that. So we were pleasantly flattered when we woke up the next morning and discovered what we had done. Our papers told us all about it, and we wrote to them and said How Much We Always Appreciated The Housewife's Page. (That was only our way of saying "Thank-you.")

So the process began. The popular Press led the way. People caught on to the craze very quickly when they learned how easy it was to make history. I noticed a little while ago that a professional footballer had made history by scoring three goals in four minutes. Well done, Mr. THOMPSON! (was it you?); you have done your bit right nobly. A little girl made history by refusing to get her father's beer. Well done, little Emily, well done! A peer made history by lowering the rents on his estate. Everybody, as I said, could do something.

I noticed that about one airwoman (or airman) a week made history. It was specially easy for a pilot to make history, apparently. He (or she) had only to fly higher or lower or further or faster or slower than anyone had ever done before, or upside down or inside out till he or the machine fell to pieces, and there they were. Of course it was best to do these things when the newspapers were looking, or the piece of history might not get properly registered and so would not count. Mr. BUTLER, I believe, flew from Australia to England (or was it the other way?) with very great speed in an aeroplane of peculiar lightness. Quite a good performance, I thought, and I daresay others did too. But the Press was not looking and Mr. BUTLER was not a girl, so he did not make any history at all, poor man. Miss PEGGY SALAMAN, on the other hand, made three distinct pieces of history during her recent flight (I counted them). Oddly enough Mr. GORDON STORE made hardly any at all, though he flew just as far and in exactly the same way. It just shows that there *are* catches after all.

Well, the other day I realised with alarm that everyone was making history except me (yes, ME). "What a terrible thing!" I said. I had not the courage to go and crawl down the Strand on all fours, or perhaps to stand on my head in front of Carmelite House. "Besides," I reflected a little sadly, "someone is sure to have made history that way already."

Even animals can make history. They do it almost without thinking. There was a greyhound called something Mick. He used to make both history and epochs at the same time. Racehorses do not make history or epochs with the same facility as greyhounds, but dirt-track riders are slightly better, sometimes making several epochs and a couple of pieces of history at the same time.

Oxen are very behindhand, being even more backward than pigs. But they are coming on. One of them had a very good try the other day. I will give the headline just as it stands:—

"DAIRY COW NEARLY MAKES HISTORY."

Poor thing, to come so near and yet to fail! But it will try again, and this time success is sure.

The birds sing, but I am sad. I, only I, am not making history. My name will not go down in the annals of our age. Of all this generation I and I alone shall pass into oblivion, unwept, unhonoured and unsung. I shall not even have the satisfaction of knowing that, like the Dairy Cow, I have nearly made history. I am bowed down by the thought, and I am going away to sob over *The Daily Mail*.

AFFRONT TO THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT

On seeing a golf links on the outskirts of London which has fallen into the hands of the builder.

I KNEW a golf-course where with moderate skill
Men tee'd, addressed and drove the lively pill,
Found bunkers, sank their putts, went out of bounds—
In short, enjoyed their harmless week-end rounds
Jovial and free,
And then went home for tea
To tell their wives of holes well done in three.
That golf-course is no more. Rude spades and picks
Have scarred its verdant fairways; piles of bricks
And drain-pipes may be seen
Stacked on the eighteenth green,
While great steam-rollers roll
Into oblivion the dog-legged hole.
Its day is dead;
Its members all are fled;
A Garden Suburb rises in its stead.

Can we observe without a qualm or pang
The speculative builder and his gang
Plying their noisy trade
Where stymies have been laid,
Till time and tarmac shall have quite effaced
Those divots once so properly replaced?
The old familiar landmarks disappear,
And who will grudge the tribute of a tear
When by-and-by the gaudy buses run
Where Jones, by heck, holed out the tenth in one?
All lovers of the royal and ancient game,
Shake your indignant niblicks, crying "Shame!"
You caddies in lugubrious choirs lament
This dolorous event,
And let old Colonel Bogey, while you weep,
Thunder his execrations loud and deep!

C. L. M.

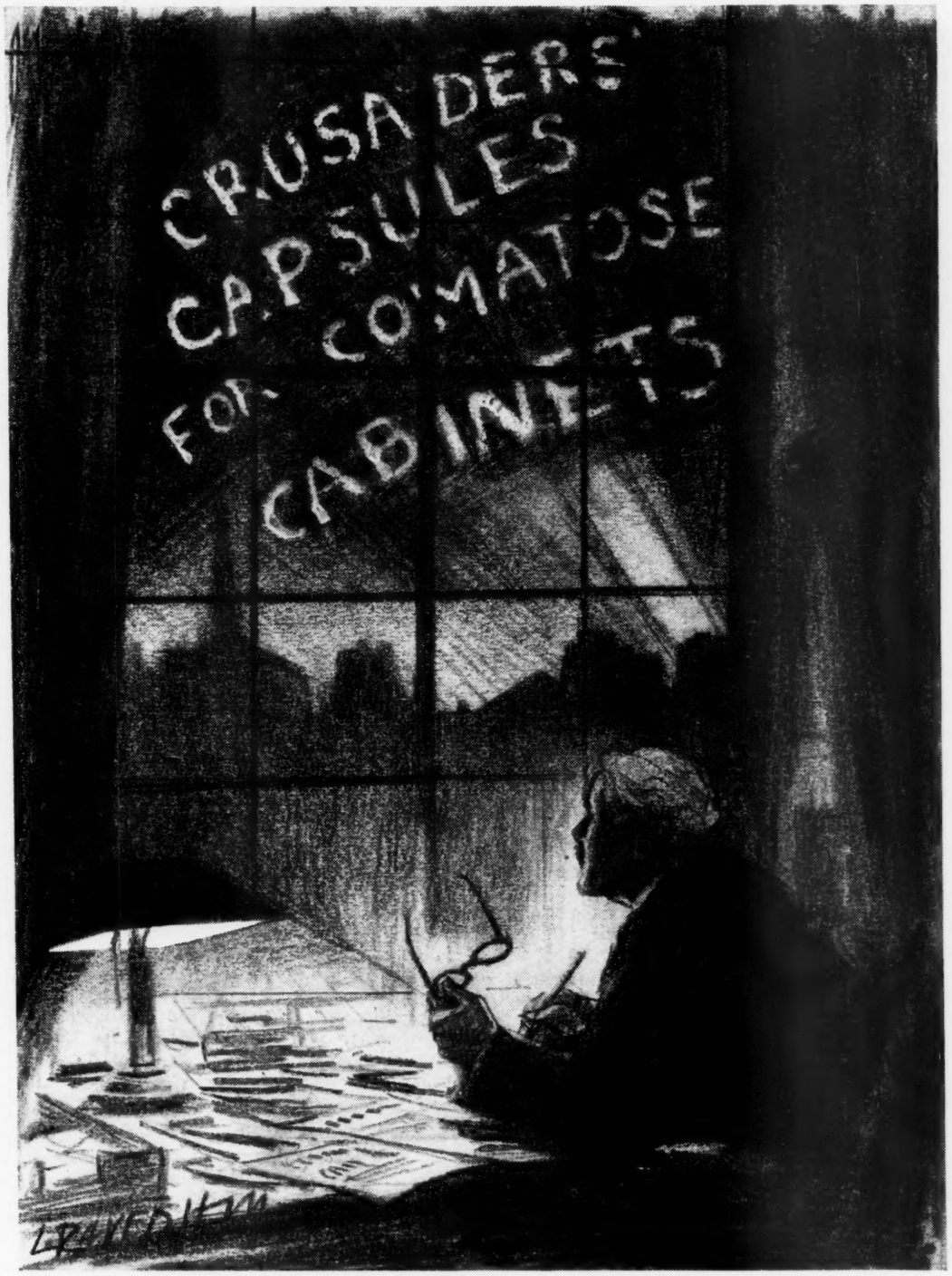
The Noble Art of Cannibalism.

"Boxing Results.

West Bromwich (Palais de Danse).—Twelve rounds: Peter Nolan eat Kid Shepherd, the American coloured boxer."—*Daily Paper.*

"I am informed that the next piece at this theatre will be an English adaptation of 'The Dubarry,' an operetta by a German composer now running with great success in Berlin."—*Daily Paper.*

He must be another of these Marathon phenomena.



THE TERROR BY NIGHT.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (*looking up from his desk at sky but refusing to be interrupted*). "OH, SO *THAT'S* WHAT THE WILD CLOUDS ARE SAYING!" (*Returns to his work.*)



Mother. "CYNTHIA, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS BOOK?"
Daughter. "FROM YOUR USUAL HIDING-PLACE, DARLING."

STUDENT DAYS.

THE more I read the papers the more I am impressed by the fuller, finer life that the foreign university student seems to lead, as opposed to the English undergraduate. Student-life in England—as I remember it, at any rate—was a joyous miscellany of games, grey flannel trousers, informal tea-parties, formal wine-parties, bicycles, small debating clubs and, of course, lectures and examinations. A peaceful placid existence, in which the only ebullitions of Youth in rebellion against Law and Order were occasional mild and over-organised rags, usually concluded by strenuous and under-organised sprinting. If the affair was unsuccessful your tutor bailed you out; if successful, you hung a policeman's helmet and perhaps the back of a stall from the local theatre, or some other trifling keepsake, above your mantelpiece. The subsequent epitaph in the local papers, under the heading of STUDENT DISTURBANCE, ran something like this: "*George William Henry Smith* (19), *student, of Trinity College, was charged with assaulting the police by stepping from the top of a Corporation lamp-post on to the back of P.C. Mildew's neck. . . .*"

Now compare a "STUDENT DISTURBANCE" abroad, in China or Jugo-Slavia or Spain. I have never been present at an undergraduate rag in, say, Madrid, but I gather from the Press account that they take their fun a little more emotionally. It is an affair of swords, pistols and arson, rather than of flour, fireworks and broken street-lamps; a matter of bombs rather than tomatoes—though I will say that some of the tomatoes our ammunition-column used to provide often burst rather better than a Spanish student's bomb. If the affair is unsuccessful all the students are put in prison and the university has to get a new set of pupils; if successful, most of the colleges and lecture-rooms are burnt down and the pupils have to get a new university. In any case the Government usually falls and doesn't get up again for a couple of days.

And instead of those few laconic lines in the Press there are streamer headlines and three-column reports. It is still called a STUDENT DISTURBANCE, but the minor headlines continue: PITCHED BATTLE AT UNIVERSITY. MANY INJURED; and the story leads off like this: "*Student disturbances broke out yesterday at the Faculty of Medicine, and fifteen police and many students were wounded, after interchanging several volleys. The Civil Guard was then called out, but, upon the arrival of a large band of students from the Central University, was forced to retire and await reinforcements, leaving many injured. Subsequently the fighting was resumed for three hours. . . .*"

At this point you begin to wonder why they call these lads students at all. They don't seem to be doing much study; even at the most generous estimate they must be cutting a few lectures. At least I know I could never have put in three hours' firing at the police in the morning without being severely spoken to by my tutor. Reading another account, however, I am reassured. I see that lectures were being given normally till about eleven o'clock that morning when, owing to two thousand students gathering in the courtyard shouting "Amnesty for all Social and Political Prisoners!"

"Death to all!" and other college cries, the Faculty (whose point of view I quite understand) decided to suspend all classes.

So that's all right. The students didn't cut their lectures after all. They were merely given a day off for the disturbance. I can't recollect this ever happening in my time, but perhaps we didn't have a really serious reason. Most of our agitation was directed towards being allowed to ride motor-bicycles after dark without cap or gown; we never thought of surging round quadrangles with some snappy demand like "Amnesty for all Social and Political Prisoners!" or "Death to the Vice-Chancellor!" Why, we'd have been fined at least five shillings by the college authorities before we had time to fire more than one volley. And even that fine, English universities being what they are, would not have been for firing a volley but for firing a volley at a proctor without wearing academical dress or something of that sort.

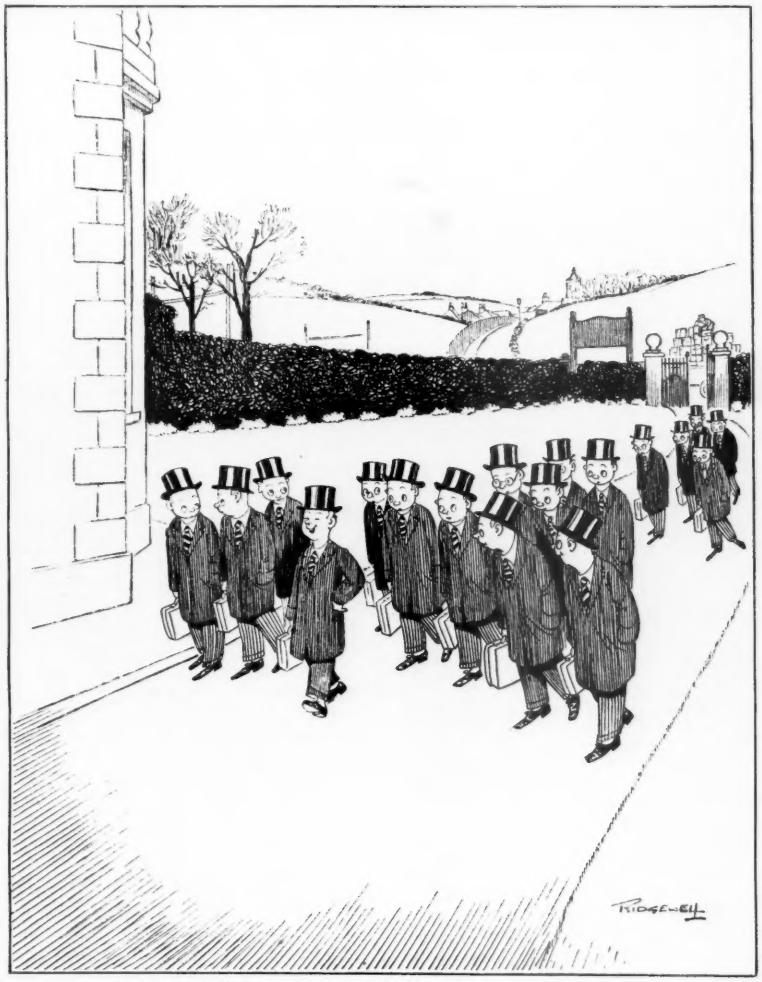
Lest you may think that I am making fun of Spanish students' aspirations to higher things, I must reiterate that it really is only a rag, for the report continues (*verbatim*): "*After an attack by the police with swords and revolvers, the students, many of whom were wounded, withdrew into the Faculty and closed the gates. At about half-past two the fight ended and the students marched out in small groups, so as to be home in time for lunch. Traffic recommenced ten minutes later.*"

You see! Merely boyish fun. Why, next day we read that the students collected outside the Faculty for their usual lectures. Unfortunately the authorities, this time rather in a spirit of petty vindictiveness, had, consequent upon yesterday's disturbance, again suspended all classes, whereupon the assembled students began to "*criticise their action.*" Criticism in Spain being nothing if not robust, within ten minutes the police were on the scene, and, their captain having been knocked out by a well-directed piece of adverse comment, had opened fire. The students, however, as the paper delightfully puts it, "*were evidently prepared,*" meaning that as well as their text-books and lecture-notes they had all brought their pistols. A quarter-of-an-hour later another STUDENT DISTURBANCE was in full swing with the Civil Guard again hotly engaged. This presumably lasted till the lads felt hungry, when both sides knocked off for the lunch interval.

After lunch, by way of emphasising the whole thing really was just fun, "*the Federation of Students addressed a petition to the Premier demanding the dismissal and trial of the Chief of Police and declaring a general strike of students.*" Possibly they felt their activities ought to be formally recognised, say by the award of "Blues" for street-fighting. A few days later a body of students with an even keener sense of humour demanded that they should all be passed for their examinations without sitting, because "*owing to the recent disturbances they had not had time to prepare properly.*"

Ah, well, what a life compared to the cooped-up milk-and-water existence I led at that age! . . .

One minute! That's not strictly true. At that age, now I come to think of it, I too was throwing bombs and firing off guns. So who am I to grudge a bit of fun to Spain, who never was in the War? A. A.



HE WHO COMES DOWN IN THE GUARD'S VAN.

"G.P.O. OFFENSIVE."
Daily Paper.

It seems a rather strong word.

A JOINT AFFAIR.

[According to the latest freak fashion, the lips should match the tint of the frock one is wearing.]

My deep admiration I could not refuse,
Good Wife, at the wisdom you showed,
Who, donning a dress of the palest of hues,
Let your mouth rest immune from the mode.

The labial tint you affected, my dear
No ruby could hope to eclipse,
But, dreading the bill that would shortly appear,
It was I who went white to the lips.

Short-sighted Brutality in the Army.

"Presiding at the annual dinner dance, Lieut.-Col. E. M. —— congratulated the company on its efficiency, and particularly upon the high averages obtained in rifle shooting, Lewis gun, and the shooting of recruits."—*Nottingham Paper.*

THE ORDINARY CONCERT-GOER'S GUIDE TO THE ORCHESTRA.

'ARP.—A muted form of the HARP (*q.v.*).

BASS, DOUBLE. — Has twice the gravity of the ordinary Bass, and is dealt with by men sitting on high stools. These members of the orchestra are left entirely to their own devices and are paid according to the ordinary rates as long as they put in the standard amount of groans and plonks. Many well-known players get through their quota during the first number and are then able to go home.

BASSOON.—See *The Ancient Mariner*.

BASSOONIO.—See *The Merchant of Venice*.

BATON.—A little instrument devised to keep the conductor from becoming self-conscious while the orchestra are in play by giving him something to do with his hands. NAPOLEON was an expert with these instruments, which he would slyly abstract from his soldiers' knapsacks while they were marching on their stomachs.

BOMBARDON.—There has been no notable exponent of this instrument since BILLY WELLS.

'CELLO.—Larger than the VIOLIN, but with the same wasp-waist. Should not be held under the chin except in passages marked *agitato*. It is provided with a stout spike and may be screwed eight inches into the floor, being thus held rigid while the player scrapes at it.

CLARINET.—One of those little drain-pipes at the back. A reed shaken with the wind.

COR ANGLAIS.—Rapidly superseding the FRENCH HORN (*q.v.*) in the larger English orchestras.

CORNET.—Shrill, but probably good at heart.

FIDDLE, SECOND.—Another instrument with a roving commission. It is a point of honour with this instrument that it should not play the same tune as the FIRST VIOLIN. This is called Discount.

FIFE.—5 (G.P.O.).

FLUTE.—Of a lower pitch than the PICCOLO (*q.v.*).

GER-LUMPH.—A typically Wagnerian noise which has so far baffled the experts. Generally supposed to emanate from the Wood-wind, though the Double Bass would be quite capable of it.

HARP.—A large flashy instrument played with the naked hand by ladies known as Harpies, owing to their claw-like digital extremities. Has pedals, but is of very little use as a means of transport.

Ditto, JEW'S. — A nasal affliction related to the Guitarrh.

Ditto, THAT ONCE, THE.—Traditional Irish.

HARPSICHORD.—A piano which has become badly out of tune is said to be a Harpsichord, and may be sold to the B.B.C., who will use it in the two-hundred-and-thirty-fourth of their series of BACH cantatas some fine Sunday. Also known as Clavichord, Spinet, Jennet, Spinning Jenny, etc. (*See* Hurtel's *Hammerklaviergespräch*, Vol. IV.)

HAUTBOIS. — Shakespearean stage-direction.

HORN, FRENCH.—Emits a plaintive note in the mating season. But *see* COR ANGLAIS above and Buy British.

LUTE.—Léwt (B.B.C.)

METRONOME.—A device for timing eggs.

NIGHTINGALE.—This consists of a glass of water and a blowpipe. Greatly in evidence in Metelby's "In a Smithfield Abattoir."

OBOE.—An American ejaculation.

PERCUSSION.—A misfortune common to footballers and some modern composers, generally caused by a severe blow on the head, whether deserved or not. The victim shows a tendency to wander about and repeat himself aimlessly.

PIANO.—A growth found on the inside walls of semi-detached houses. There is no legal remedy. The Pianissimo, or Grand Piano, is the same thing sideways.

PICCOLO.—Of a higher pitch than the FLUTE (*q.v.*).

PSALTERY.—A SACKBUT (*Bib.*).

QUAGGA.—The present writer is not sure whether this is an instrument or not.

SACKBUT.—A PSALTERY (*Bib.*).

SHAWM.—Nonsense!

TOM-TOM.—A small Pipe. Sometimes jocularly called "The Piper's Son."

TRIANGLE.—Struck with a salt-spoon or nudged with the clenched elbow. Very rarely used, except in depicting anvils, the fall of the pound, etc. As the instrument is so little in use care should be taken that it is kept in a warm dry place, otherwise squares are apt to grow on the hypotenuse.

TROMBONE.—Another mathematical instrument, worked in conjunction with a slide-rule. Inclined to be vulgar when alone, but pleasant in company.

TRUMPET.—A picturesque instrument with a charming banner attached to the under-carriage. Noted for its unsettling effect on retired war-horses (Prov.). Though graceful, the Trumpet is almost entirely unmanageable, so that there is often considerable doubt as to what the instrumentalist is endeavouring to express. Hence the frequent query: "Trumpeter, what are you sounding *now*?"

TYMPANUM.—(*a*) The common drum. (*b*) That part of the human aural apparatus affected by (*a*).

VIOLA.—One of the Pansy family.

VIOLIN.—Feline intestines superimposed on a framework of polished wood. Sound-waves are produced by the friction generated by the brisk application of an instrument devised from the equine caudal appendage.



Harassed General Stores Cycle-delivery Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THE RAIN 'AS STARTED THESE 'ERE FOAM OF BEAUTY SHAMPOO POWDERS."

THE LAST WORD.

ON the eve of our wedding my men-friends gave a party. A sort of "give the prisoner a good breakfast before the execution" party.

George and I had an argument.

"Oh, well, have it your own way," he said suddenly. "I'll give you the last word as a wedding-present; it's the last you're ever likely to get, anyway."



Sergeant (to burgled householder). "I EXPECT WE'LL CATCH 'EM ALL RIGHT. MEANWHILE YOU'RE FOR IT FOR NOT HAVING A GUN-LICENCE."

George is Agatha's brother.

We went to Japan for our honeymoon. Agatha dragged me north to look at temples, and the further away we got from the warm comfort of our hotel in Tokio the more she appeared to enjoy herself.

"We must go to the shrine at the top of those steps," she said, waving the guide-book. "It's terribly special."

"I can't walk in any more snow," I objected. "My feet are frozen and I'm tired of shrines. I wonder why people imagine Japan is a warm country?"

"Because it has earthquakes," Agatha replied promptly. "Earthquakes, kimonos, policemen with fans, paper-houses, therefore heat. Association of ideas. Why do you think of cucumbers when I say 'cool'?"

"I don't," I answered with alacrity. "I'm thinking of central heating, Indian curry, hell and the eiderdown department at Chairing and Pillows. I think I'll go into that temple and sit down and rub my feet."

"You should cultivate the Buddhist mind," she remarked, quoting, or more likely misquoting, the guide-book. "'The Buddhist mind rises supreme above bodily discomfort. In serene contemplation it disregards——"

"Quite," I interrupted. "Only unfortunately I haven't got a Buddhist mind. I've got quite an ordinary sort of Church of England mind, and feet to match. They haven't acquired the knack of rising supreme above bodily discomfort. They've only got chilblains, and probably frostbite as well."

"These temples," Agatha went on, disregarding my interruption, "were built by a Shogun named Ieyasu. In creating all this beauty he——"

"I'm sorry," I interrupted again. "My mind might stand it at a stretch but my feet won't. I'm for that temple."

Kicking off my shoes I went in. Agatha followed somewhat doubtfully.

It was bitterly cold and completely bare except for a sort of altar with dragons. Before it sat a priest intoning his prayers. He had a wrinkled but serene old face, and didn't even look up as we entered.

"The Buddhist mind," I murmured to Agatha. "Poor old chap, I suppose he's impervious to bodily discomforts and all that, but they might have given him a stove or something. He must be nearly frozen, but I must say he looks about half-way to heaven already."

I sat down and rubbed my feet.

Suddenly he seemed to come to life. He looked at me sharply and made a sort of hissing noise. I felt a bit nervous, but it seemed rather cowardly to go away just then, so I sat and waited.

He fumbled in his stiff robes and then got up. Coming towards me, he made a polite bow, and then, with the pleased smile of a conjurer, dived into one of his huge sleeves, produced and handed me a rubber hot-water-bottle!

"So much for the Buddhist mind," I remarked aside to Agatha.

"But this is a Shinto temple," she answered promptly.

I'm glad now that I had that wedding-present from George.

COWS AND THE STANDARD.

[Cows are yielding between one and two gallons less milk a day. The explanation advanced by experts is that it is due to Britain going off the Gold Standard.]

THE sterling cows of England
Are heavy and depressed;
Their milk supply is running dry;
They lack their former zest;
A gallon less per day or so,
Which as an estimate is low,
Is evidence enough to show
Their want of interest.

The expert minds of England
Have lately hunted round
To diagnose these milky woes,
And—wisely, I'll be bound—
With full authority assign
The sad condition of our kine
To trouble caused by the decline
And fall of England's pound.

O patriot cows of England.
Be not, I pray, misled;
Your flow restore as 'twas before;
We would not have it said
That England's pride, her staple cow,
A thing of calm and level brow,
Should cringe before the storm, and bow;
Besides, the mood might spread.

What if your fear for England
Should pass from farm to farm?
What if the sheep grow wan and cheap?
A prey to vague alarm
The very hen forget to lay,
The fatted porker pine away?
No eggs or bacon, let me say,
Would do a lot of harm.

DUM-DUM.

PRIVATE DIARY OF A PUBLICITY AGENT.

Monday.—Routine work to-day. Sent out thirteen "among the most charming of our younger hostesses," twenty-four "among the most popular of our younger actresses," ten "among the most brilliant of our younger women-writers," a dozen or so "among the most amusing of the younger 'bright young people,'" and a sprinkling of "among the most urbane of *restaurateurs*." Practised a little judicious blackmail on *The Daily Blare* gossip-writer and worked off an old-old story on him. Persuaded the Art Editor of *Behind the Age* that his pages needed more sex-appeal and thrust half-a-dozen actresses on him. Read four books, all of which I can run as sensational masterpieces.

Wednesday.—I have at last persuaded Poupou Pinky to divorce her husband. It's taken me three years to do it, and she is still very unwilling, although I explained that she could easily remarry him in a little while (it appears the woman is actually *in love* with him) and incidentally get a double amount of splash publicity. Really these actresses are the most *reluctant* crowd.

Thursday.—A wretched day. Arranged for Saccharina Slush to be photographed for women's papers "frying an egg in her own little kitchen." Had to fix up for her to be taken at the office as her suite at The Blatante is hardly homely enough. The beastly woman broke half-a-dozen eggs over my carpet and then dissolved into hysterical giggles. In the middle of it in walked Augustus Splurge, the philosopher, who, much as he disliked the idea of personal publicity, had been forced to realise that in these days of over-production and doping of the masses, etc., etc. Now, of course, he has decided that publicity is really *too* undignified and he would prefer to let his Message get home on its own merits. Still, I couldn't have done much for him as he wouldn't hear of writing about Women and Philosophy.

The Sunday Splash phoned up wanting an author's name for an article on "How I Keep My Husband's Love." I gave them Martha Plane's (author of *God Hath Joined, Let No Man, Happy Families*, etc., etc.)

Saturday.—Martha Plane writes to tell me she is divorcing her husband and the news will be in all the Sunday papers.

Monday.—Awkward situation. Having succeeded in getting Ruda Still's book banned (in consequence of which two hundred thousand copies have been privately sold in the last week), I fixed up an interview with her in *The Sunday Sensation*. They described her as raven-haired, with dark eyes brooding over all the secrets of hell and a mouth like a passionate crimson rose. And the fools have used her last month's photo, when she was platinum blonde, dewy-eyed and virginal. I can see myself bearing the brunt of that.

Tuesday.—A frightful time with Edwardia Ayging. She insisted on having her jewels stolen (of course she's a good old-timer and has her *idées fixes*), so I arranged for her to throw a party last night with a good sprinkling of the Press and have the theft announced dramatically. Now it appears that somebody got wind of it and the jewels have really been stolen. Of course the police, though polite, won't take her seriously, and I think she has a pretty poor chance of getting them back. The awful part of it is that a girl of fifteen has just skipped from Leigh-on-Sea to Penzance, so poor Edwardia didn't get a line. I believe the woman actually suspects me of the theft; and personally I'm not too sure about that young chap from *The Daily Hooter*.

Wednesday.—Poupou Pinky tells me that her divorce has not increased box-office receipts by a single farthing. The public is getting tired of divorces. I wonder if I could arrange a murder?

Thursday.—That gave me an idea, and I pulled off my most satisfactory job. I faked a cable announcing that Maximus Leo had been drowned off the coast of a remote village in the South of France. The papers (which could get no "on-the-spot" information from their special correspondents, for the village could not be located because it didn't exist—Leo was spending a week incognito at Folkestone) simply burgeoned with flowery obituaries, and some of them even brought out special supplements. Memorial numbers of all the literary journals were made up. The usual controversy was whipped up about an Abbey burial and a public monument. The publishing world was convulsed. Gottelive had new editions of all his books put on the machines immediately and gave orders for his two unpublished novels to be rushed through, while his wife signed a contract for a book of memoirs which had previously been turned down by thirteen publishers, and then went off to fetch the body.

I rejoiced amid the furies I had called up. Then I skilfully allowed one or two rumours to percolate, and finally dropped the bombshell that Maximus Leo was not dead after all. His body had been recovered from the sea for drowned, but artificial resuscitation had been tried and finally a faint hope held out. When his wife arrived she found him lying between life and death in a lonely fisherman's cottage. After a day and night of desperate struggle (the story of her grim vigil will be told exclusively in *The Sunday Hash*) he had been saved.

I cannot describe the results. Gottelive is reported to have had a stroke. . . . My loathsome calling has its compensations.

P.T. for Civil Servants.

"Whatever your state of depression I would plead that you maintain a healthy pride in your work . . . remembering always that it is only possible to stand erect as a Local Government Officer if you bend the knee effectively to the proper . . . performance of . . . work of social service . . ."

Official Magazine in Scotland.

Gaffes in the Gossip.

"The Countess of ——, grandmother of the bridegroom, was an early arrival, and soon afterward came Lady —— ——, the bridegroom's mother, Lord and Lady ——, Lady ——, and many more notable people."

Evening Paper.



Lady (who has just returned from a visit to Canada). "OH, MY DEAR, I HAD A SIMPLY WONDERFUL TIME! WE WENT ALL THROUGH THE ROCKERIES."

I HAVE NEVER——

(With apologies to the correspondents to a certain daily paper.)

DEAR SIR,—I have never seen the Tower or visited the Zoo,
I have never bought a sandwich at the bar at Waterloo,
I have never taken a Turkish bath, a race I have never won,
I have never fed on wholemeal bread
Or worn my hat on the back of my head.
Believe me, please,
When I say that these
Are things I have never done.

To make my statement more complete I have never been trepanned,
I have never driven ostriches or zebras down the Strand,
I have never yet owned a kite-balloon or swum in the Zuyder Zee,
Or milked a cow, or sailed a dhow,
Or written such stuff as I'm writing now.—
Yours, WILLIAM CASE,
Laburnum Place,
East Acton, W.3.

Extend me, please, a little space for a very brief P.S.:—
I have never before been guilty of a letter to the Press,
And I never before had realised that anyone under the sun
Could be so inane and devoid of brain,
So quite irredeemably stark insane
As to feel any need
Or desire to read
Of the things I have never done.

PUTTING UP THE PRICE.

Bert, our former dustman, never made any bones about removing garden refuse; an occasional threepence and he would put your whole herbaceous border in his cart if you wanted it. But 'Orace, our new functionary, is another story; he will countenance no such gross illegality. When he first honoured us (about two months ago) I casually asked him to pitch a heap of lilac-bush trimmings into his cart, and the request positively shocked him.

"It's against reg'lations, Sir," he answered; "I can only deal with kitchen refuse. If I was to take garden stuff as well, we should want three times the number of carts."

"Bert used to oblige me," I pointed out.

"I can't 'elp that, Sir. I mustn't do it. And I'm sorry you told me about Bert, becos if the Surveyor knew——"

"Let's say no more about it," I said hastily.

I managed with some trouble to burn that lot, and the next time I had garden flotsam to dispose of I stowed it in the dustbin and saw to it that some authentic kitchen produce was on the top. But bless me if the fellow didn't discover it somehow and call me down from where I was digging.

"'Ere, what's this, Sir?" he asked, poking through the top layer with a stick.

I'm afraid my expression of innocence was not convincing. "What?" I asked.

"These 'ere prunin's an' clippin's an' old plants."

"Good gracious!" I said; "I wonder how they got there."

He surveyed me sadly. "I remarked to poor little wee William afore I come out this morning," he said, "that even the best people done things sometimes as you wouldn't 'ardly believe."

I thought I had better change the subject. "Is he an invalid?" I asked.

"'Oo?"

"Little wee William."

He sighed suddenly. "'E isn't all 'e ought to be, an' that's the truth," he said; "an' I 'ave to 'ave special things for 'im—food an' drink an' suchlike."

"Poor little chap!" I murmured. "But don't forget the weak sometimes grow into the strong. I wonder if"—I took out a shilling—"if you could get him something from me?"

His gratitude was charming. "It's very kind of you, Sir—very kind indeed. I thank you very much."

"That's all right," I said, and smiled as he seized the dustbin, forgetful of its incriminating contents, and marched out whistling to the waiting cart.

Being a crafty and somewhat unscrupulous man, I am afraid I often took advantage of Horace's tender solicitude for his offspring. Whenever I had the dustbin half-full of contraband I invariably inquired after little William and sent him sixpence or so, and Horace in his gratitude quite failed to notice my chicanery.

At least that was my impression. But a few days ago I ran into Bert in another part of the district, and in the course of a brief chat referred to Horace's domestic troubles. He looked surprised.

"I never knew 'e 'ad any family," he said. "At any rate 'e ain't married; I *do* know that."

"Oh, ho!" I murmured; "is that so?"

"What's the point, Sir?"

"Nothing," I answered—"nothing; but I am afraid, Bert, that even the best people—and by the best people in these proletarian days I mean those of your and similar professions—even the best people, I say, sometimes do things you would hardly believe."

* * * * *

To-day being the day of Horace's weekly visit, I strolled out immediately he appeared.

"How's little William?" I asked.

"Sittin' up and takin' nourishment, Sir, I'm glad to say," he answered cheerily.

I fixed him with an eagle eye. "Are you quite sure?" I asked.

He tried to look pained, but failed dismally, so he thrust his battered hat to the back of his head and grinned instead. "'As it ever struck you, Sir," he said, "what a lot of time an' trouble the ordinary man takes to make a bonfire an' burn a bit o' garden rubbish? There's the paper 'e uses, the wood, the paraffin, the matches, the mud 'e takes into the 'ouse fetching more paper an' matches, an last of all the mess that's left on the ground 'arf-burned, 'specially if it rains."

"What has all this to do with little William?" I demanded sternly.

"Only that it's worth sixpence to save gents all that trouble. People get into the way of thinkin' tuppence is about the figure, but a tanner's nearer the mark, as I work it out."

"I see," I said. "Then you——"

"Yes, Sir; I am little William, it's my other name."

"Good afternoon," I said, and turned on my heel.

But the annoying thing is, the fellow is right. I shall have to go on giving him sixpence now, I expect. C. M.



Lady (new to the country). "I'M JUST DOING MY FIRST MARKETING HERE. D' YOU SUPPOSE THEIR FOODS ARE MUCH ADULTERATED?"

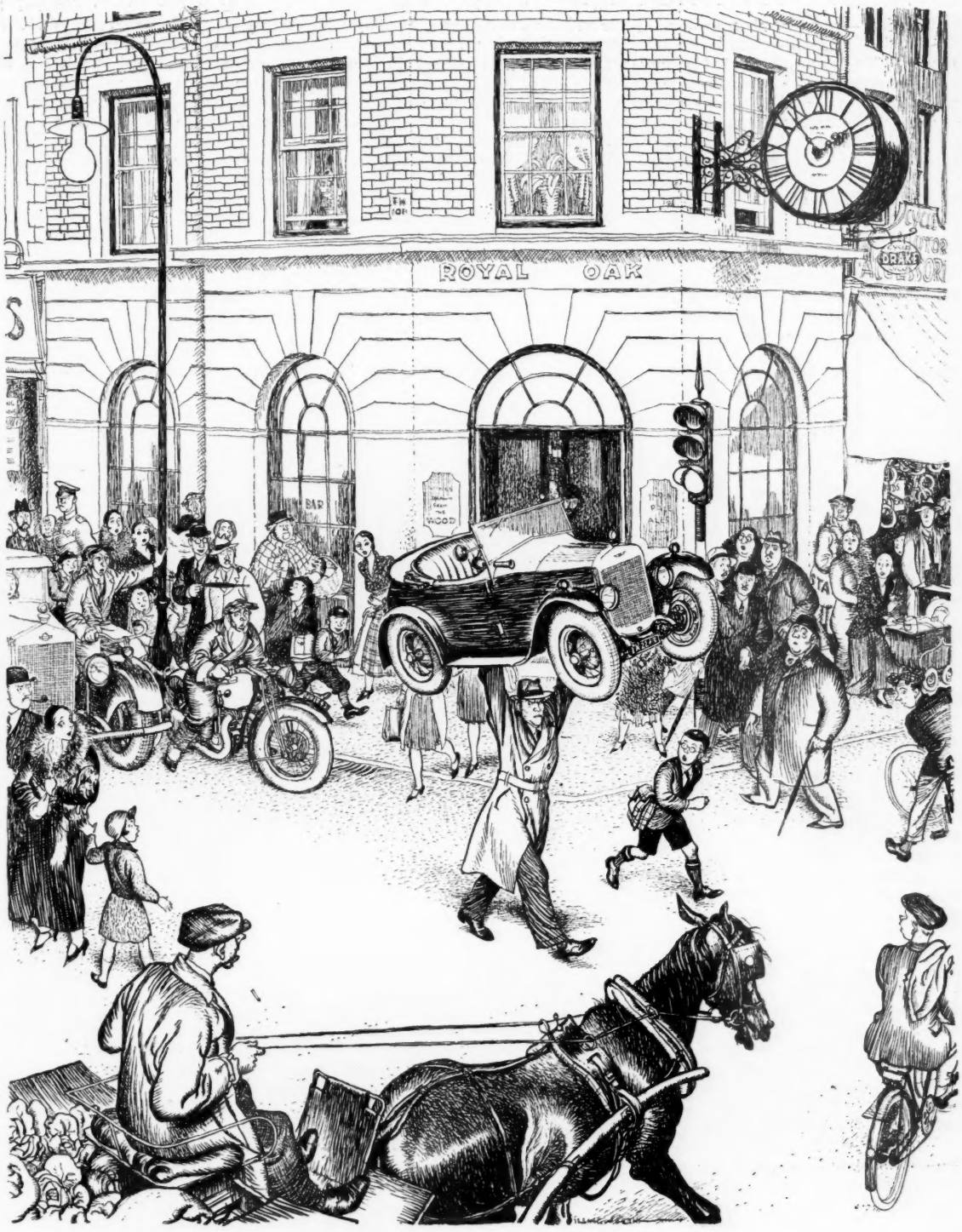
Steady Visitor. "OH, DEAR, NO—SPAIN IS SUCH A BACKWARD COUNTRY."

"FRANCE TO-DAY. GROWING NICE."
Liverpool Paper.

Won't Germany be relieved!

"BORAH WOULD ABOLISH WAR REPARATIONS.
Declares Only Alternative is for U.S. to Sewer All European Connections."
Winnipeg Paper.

Surely the Gold Drain to America is big enough already?



PROFESSIONAL STRONG MAN, IMPATIENT WHEN TRAFFIC SIGNALS ARE AGAINST HIM, RESOLVES HIMSELF INTO A PEDESTRIAN.

LETTER TO A TAX-COLLECTOR.

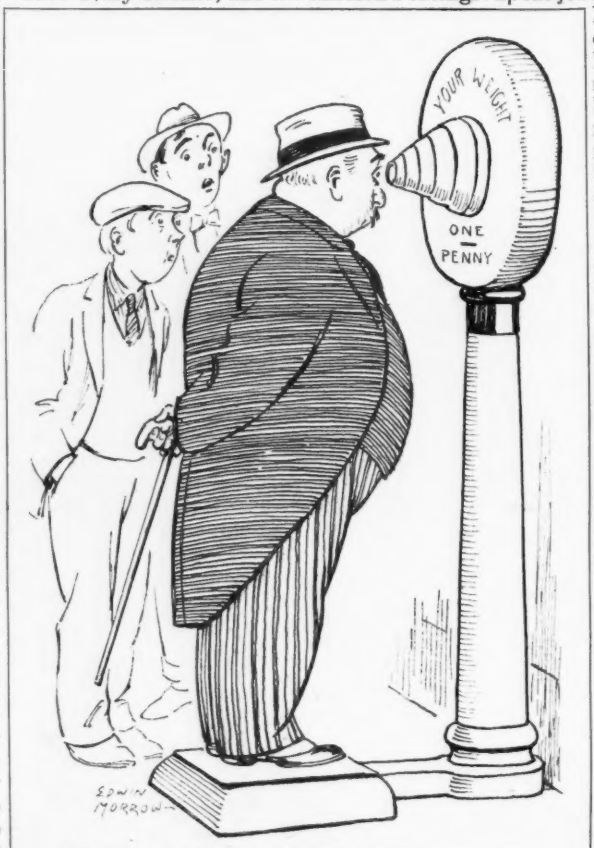
MY dear—nay, nay! my *darling* Collector of Taxes,—What is all this I hear? No longer the hated enemy of the people, you have become a national hero. Sitting up all night signing receipts, I understand, poor overworked fellow! I cannot tell how this should be, for now, I take it, you spend less time on issuing those penultimate and final notices.

However, that's the tale. And I have been in an agony of indecision. I wanted to pay up, like everyone else, on January 1st, but then I hated the thought of giving you another late night so soon after Christmas. I hardened my heart at last, for I decided that, as a patriot, you would rather lose your sleep than my money, and I took my place in that queue outside your doors (of which you must have read in the papers), the first gay queue of the Glad New Year.

And, my dear Collector, you will hardly believe me, but I have been in that queue ever since! Not a very well-managed queue, darling; indeed I have a few mild complaints to make. A queue which waits to spend its money on one of these shocking plays or pictures is royally entertained, sometimes by the management, always by benevolent singers and clowns and acrobats. But you never sent us out mugs of coffee; and all the days I was there not one strong man or juggler came near us. I know we are only tax-payers, my angel, but, after all, we are human; and when the time for the next instalment comes round I do beg of you to give a little thought to the comfort and pleasure of your faithful queues.

On the third day I didn't feel so well, and I arranged for a messenger-boy to keep my place for me. But the rest of the queue protested strongly that this was against the spirit of the thing. We were there, they said, not only to pay our income-tax but to show our enthusiasm for the income-tax, to demonstrate the *popularity* of the income-tax; and if there were to be rows of messenger-boys lined up outside the offices of His Majesty's Collectors the whole effect would be lost. People would think we didn't enjoy standing in a queue to pay the income-tax.

So I sent the boy away and stood and suffered for a few hours myself. But in the end I had to go home. It was a pity, because that day I got to within a hundred yards of the head of the queue. I thought of you, old fellow. "How is he looking," I wondered, "after signing all this flood of receipts? A little worn maybe. But how he'll brighten up when I step forward and say, 'The compliments of the season, dear old Collector and brother; here's my balance, and the children's savings and a hundred pounds I borrowed from the bank. Take it, comrade—it's a pleasure!'" And I turned over the money in my pocket in tender anticipation of pleasures to come. But then those pains came on again and I had to go home.



WANTED, A PRIVATE WEIGHING-MACHINE FOR MORE SENSITIVE CUSTOMERS.

The next day I was there early, but, alas! not early enough, and I found myself some way down in the second quarter-of-a-mile. But a great many of the old faces were round me, and the spirit of the queue was wonderful. I remember that day we had a real heart-searching. Poker was there. (You remember Poker, old chap? He used to be nearly as troublesome as me in the old days, when people disliked the income-tax.) Poker said definitely that the income-tax was not high enough. "After all," he said, "it's we tax-payers who are responsible for the mess the country is in. We don't *work* hard enough, we're selfish, we think too much about our own wives and families. No wonder the country was forced off the Gold Standard! No wonder the poor Socialist Government had to give up the job in disgust! The only criticism I would make against this or any Government," said Poker, "is that, now we've realised how much *we* are to blame, they don't give us more chance to put things right again. What, after all," he said, "is five or six shillings in the pound?" And "What?" we all replied. "A mere bagatelle!" "I move," said Poker, "that it be *twelve* shillings in the pound;" and the last half-mile of the queue carried this unanimously. Cries of "Up with the income-tax!" filled the street, and for a minute or two there was quite an ugly feeling against the Government. One of the policemen in charge of us was attracted by the noise; we explained that it was a patriotic demonstration in favour of higher income-tax, and he advised us not to give him any lip. So I gave him half-a-crown and he saw the point at once.

But we were all a little restless, all anxious to do more than we were being allowed to do to serve the State. "Take our children," said Poker suddenly. "Why waste money on their education? Take them away from school and give the fees to the Government. Let them learn in Nature's school," said Poker grandly. "By Gad, if I wasn't a bachelor I'd do it myself!"

Well, old fellow, as it happened, I was, in that part of the queue, the only married man with children at school; so I went home at once and took them all away from school—just in time, for term began that week. And that explains why I didn't reach you *that* day.

The next day I was at your door on the stroke, my pockets bulging with all the school-fees. But rather an unpleasant element obtruded itself. There was a lot of "queue-dodging"—if you know what I mean by that.

Wealthy Civil Servants and artists, musicians, doctors, and literary men kept thrusting themselves forward out of their turn, elbowing and pushing and stealing my place. Purely, I know, in patriotic keenness to pay; but the result was, being a timid man who can never thrust himself forward, I found myself moving backwards instead of forwards down the queue; and at about three I gave it up.

On the following day it was clear that Poker's idea of bringing voluntary gifts to the State over and above their lawful taxes had caught on. But it is not everybody who has any spare cash or can even borrow to give to the Government; so many of the splendid fellows had brought gifts in kind. Dear Poker, for instance, had brought that portrait of himself which Andrews did for him. He has never quite known where to put the picture. (It brings out the peasant strain too much, he says.) But Andrews is a very old and dear friend, and the sacrifice must have been a heavy one. Andrews, who was in the queue, appreciated it deeply and hoped that perhaps the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would keep it for himself. But some of the gifts made life in the queue rather difficult. Mrs. Roke brought all her cats, and none of them quite hit it off with poor Mrs. Mitchell's bulldog. And Mrs. Mitchell's bulldog *would* make a headquarters of Poker's portrait, which upset poor Andrews. Still it was really an inspiring scene, dear old Collector and fellow-countryman, and it must have heartened you to see all these spontaneous gifts trooping into your office side by side with the vulgar money. But on the ninth day, as you may remember, Mr. Spinks, the dairyman, brought one of his cows along to give to the Government, and I spent half that day wedged between the cow and an old grandfather-clock. Now, do what I will, old boy, cows always give me asthma; and I reluctantly decided that life in the queue was too difficult even for a patriot.

I came home, and for some days tried to puzzle out how I was to get at you. And then suddenly it came to me—I might simply send the money through the post in the ordinary way. Why didn't I think of that before? Perhaps it was that at this crisis I instinctively felt the need of some personal contact with my beloved State, which you represent so well. Perhaps you must blame the papers (or was it the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER?) who put those stories round about the queues at your office. Anyhow, dear old thing, all this is only to explain why my little cheque (herewith) is just a few days late. All the best, old bustard!

Yours, A. P. H.

DEGENERATE VEGETARIANS.

[Dr. LEONARD WILLIAMS, lecturing on "Man's Atavistic Tendencies" before the Insurance Institute of London, committed himself to the statement that "a person with a bovine or an equine eye tends to resemble the respective animals not only in character and intelligence but also in digestive capacity, so that the person with widely separate eyes ought to be vegetarian."]

MY Delia boasts a pair of bovine brows,
Her eyes are bland and gentle as a cow's.
And I've a profile, so my friends maintain,
Strongly suggestive of an equine strain.

Shall we then, awed by scientific swipes,
Meekly revert to our ancestral types
And, having all carnivorous fare tabooed,
Nebuchadnezzarize our daily food?

Well, Delia swears she would as soon eat mud
As stoop to the slow chewing of the cud;
And I, confronted by a meatless plate,
Say ditto to my dear and dauntless mate.

A table spread with everlasting greens
May satisfy dyspeptic dons and deans;
We find no joy in endless turnip-tops;
Give us Life's constant changes—and its chops.

C. L. G.



Reckless Taxi-driver (to terrified Tourist). "I SHOW YOU EVERYTING YOU CAN WANT. WE NOW COMIN' TO DE BRITISH HOSPITAL, YES?"



Publicity Expert. "I'VE GOT A VERY GOOD MAN TO WRITE YOUR 'LIFE STORY' FOR THAT SUNDAY PAPER."
Film Star. "RIGHT. WHEN WILL HE COME AND SEE ME?"
Publicity Expert. "HE WON'T. HE SAYS HE CAN DO IT BETTER WITH AN OPEN MIND."

PIONEERS.

TOWARDS the end of the holidays the indoor games begin to wear a bit thin, and Uncle Oliver's effort was entirely well-meant. What he said was, "I've had an idea for a new game." There was silence for a moment. Uncle Oliver's games are liable to a touch of the intellectual. Writing down as many rivers as possible beginning with a "G" was one, I remember. There are, as a fact, quite a number of rivers in the world beginning with "G," but could I remember them? I could not. In the end I had only "Goromandel." It sounded lovely, but Uncle Oliver was quite stuffy and said, "There is no such river. Play the game properly or not at all." He was stuffier still with Tony, who put down "Gugnunc" and giggled inanely.

It turned out that the new game was called Pioneers. Each was to think of a Pioneer—"Such as the man who invented the internal combustion engine," said Uncle Oliver. "The one who chooses the best Pioneer wins."

"Who decides which is the best?" someone asked.

Uncle Oliver, having a good deal of the schoolmaster in him, would have loved to say, "I do," but out of good manners he said, "It goes by general consent. I've given my Pioneer," he added.

"What—the combustible engine?" asked Tony.

We crushed him and knit our brows, except Tony, whose brow, being but nine years old, is unknittable.

"Well?" asked Uncle Oliver hopefully after a minute.

"Mine," said Mary, gazing seraphically at the ceiling, "shall be the person who first discovered that a little powder deftly applied to the nose enhances feminine attraction."

Uncle Oliver began, "That isn't exactly——" but Hugh interrupted him.

"I will have the one who discovered that too much powder is a disfigurement," he said. "I don't know who it is, but it certainly isn't Mary."

"Darling!" said Mary. "Next, please."

I was next, and rather weakly I suggested the man who discovered that knocking balls about produces a pleasant sensation. That left only Tony.

"I," said Tony very slowly, "will have the man—or was it a woman?—"

"Go on."

"—the man, or woman, who found out that, if you take a piece of ham and put a piece of bread on each side of it, it makes a ham-sandwich."

We all voted for him—all, that is, except Uncle Oliver, who sat rather glumly amid the ruins, as he felt, of a perfectly good game; till Mary, who is filled with loving-kindness, went across and put her arms round his neck.

"May I alter my Pioneer?" she asked. "I choose my darling uncle, who invents such very good games, only we're horrid and don't play them properly."

"Pearls before swine," Uncle Oliver grunted. But the ghost of a smile flickered round his schoolmasterly mouth. So all was well, and we lived happily ever after. At least, that was last Tuesday and we're all right up to now. Only we haven't played Pioneers again.

A. W. B.

Our Cynical Contemporaries.

"CALCUTTA PLOT TO KILL EUROPEANS."
Daily Paper.

"WHY NOT WINTER IN INDIA?"
Same Column, Same Paper.

Queer Craft.

"A Tynemouth lifeboatman, in a hurry to answer a call, put out to sea in his carpet slippers, but found nothing to rescue."
Birmingham Paper.



THE NEW LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE. "YOU WILL NEVER REACH MY BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GENEVA UNLESS YOU FIRST DISPOSE OF YOUR BURDENS AT LAUSANNE."

"AMONG THOSE ARRIVING."

Morby is a born tourist, and, although he came south to earn his living, he landed here with the tourist instinct still strong within him. Moreover, he looked the part, and the fletero man who brought him ashore must be excused for failing to note the humble breadwinner when he saw one, and charging Morby the full tourist tariff. An Englishman who arrives in a South American business centre wearing plus-fours, carrying a camera and with a *jai-alai* basket, acquired in Havana, protruding from his rolled valise, must expect his footsteps on the sands of time to pay a pretty stiff toll.

One would have thought that the many sights of a seven-thousand-mile journey would have jaundiced or at least bemused the questing eyes of the most ardent sightseer. Not so with Morby. Before reaching the hotel he had photographed an automatic traffic-signal, which he had not expected to find so far south, and two native women fruitsellers with their hungry babies. Unfortunately the second snapshot was superimposed on the first and the subsequent development of the film revealed the fruitsellers in a precarious position on top of the automatic signal. Morby's intention of sending the signal-photograph to the town council at home was therefore abandoned.

Polson and I had gone to meet him at the docks. We were about to leave him at the hotel entrance when he called our attention to the Plaza before us, saying—

"It's rather impressive to think that PIZARRO himself may once have stood on this very spot."

Polson, who had become restless on the journey from the docks, replied disconcertingly, "Yes, I was speaking to him only yesterday."

"To PIZARRO?" exclaimed Morby.

"Why, yes. Pizarro is our ice-cream man; although his strawberry flavour isn't very good."

When we left Morby his bearing toward Polson was formal.

The next time we met Morby, *chez* Morby, we found that he had already burned his mark in no uncertain manner on the home life of the Mess, which he shares with Tomlins and Sparkes. On the walls of the den were stockwhips with fantastically coloured handles. In one corner an imperfectly cured skin gave off an odour which we thought at first must be the smell of garlic from the kitchen below. There were other skins and rugs, and a live monkey in another corner which Tomlins said was nearly tame.

"The only human touch about Morby," Tomlins told me in a confidential aside, "is his wonderful love of monkeys."



"SMALL SIZES AND JUVENILES—GOING UP!"

Other items by Morby, as Tomlins put it, were the Havana ball-game wicker-basket and a standard lamp, fashioned from goat's-horn, of a design suggesting the type of hydrant used in England for filling locomotive tenders, but which Tomlins assured us gravely was a model of a pre-Ponkka petrol-pump.

We learned from Tomlins that Morby's shaving-water was always delivered in a mug set in one of those pre-Ponkka-civilisation skulls which have become so plentiful since the steamship lines started tourist-traffic on the coast.

When we were more or less at our ease in our surroundings, Morby led the talk up to music and put on a record of contemporary Ponkka music. Tomlins left. This gave Morby full licence, of which he made good use, and we heard all his native music. It was a music so compelling, one might say, that we forgot even our surroundings. Morby compared the time of the music with that of the Chinese records which, he said, Tomlins had given him in a vain effort to induce him to abandon the Ponkka ones.

Morby told us that the native kitchen staff listen to these records with huge delight. Aurelio, the twelve-year-old major-domo, whose air of dignity, at first rather baffling, was found to emanate from the use of a black evening-tie and Eton collar of spotless celluloid, seemed to have a burst of hero-worship

for Morby; probably the black tie he had received from Morby had something to do with that. Aurelio's hero-worship, however, was not altogether disinterested, and he had on one occasion persuaded Morby to photograph him, and Morby had used a whole film in doing it. From these photographs, shown us by Morby himself, we found that in the first position Aurelio had stood stiffly, holding a yard-broom at arm's-length, in the recognised Beef-eater stance. The second one showed Aurelio, a little stiffer, holding a spade at arm's-length, while a third revealed Aurelio with hosepipe. The rest of the film had been used to illustrate Aurelio in domestic attitudes of lesser importance.

Tomlins returned as Morby finished showing us his photographs. He warned Morby in our presence that it was foolish to have let Aurelio send those six snapshots to his family in the interior. He prophesied that the day was at hand when the Aurelio family would descend from the hills and insist on posing for a family-group; in which case, Tomlins said, Aurelio would have to go or Morby would have to enter the Ponkka business professionally and move his quarters.

The latest I have heard of Morby is that he made a short trip from the capital to investigate the antecedents of the hairless poodle, an animal of no fixed abode, perennially bald all over, that haunts the sandy wastes to the south of us. It makes one feel that after all there may be some truth in Tomlins' assertion that Morby's only human touch, apart from his excessive delight in photography, is his love of monkeys.

Brass Active in Throgmorton Street.

"LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

German Bands continued strong, but Brazilian and Chinese were heavy."

Dublin Paper.

More Mixed Fruit on the Tree of Metaphor.

"And even if the industry itself buckled to for the race, but had to start from scratch, this would not help matters. To strike while the iron is hot is of first importance."

Daily Paper.

Though probably your fellow-racers would much rather you didn't.

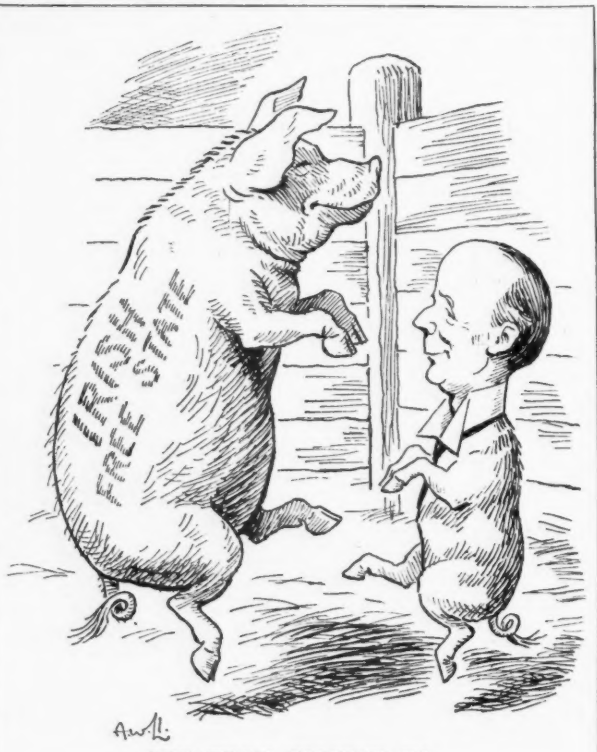
TRAINS.

THE fat man clambered into the carriage and sank into the corner-seat with a sigh. He began to unfold his paper. Then he saw the thin man.

The thin man smiled. "Good-morning," he greeted brightly.

"Er—good-morning," said the fat man, wrestling with his paper as if there was no time to lose.

"Haven't seen you for centuries," remarked the thin man.



THE FISCAL PIGGERY JIG.

PROMISING PARTNERSHIP OF THE IRISH PIG AND A POTENTIAL WHOLE HOG.

[After meeting the representatives of the Irish Free State the President of the Board of Trade (Mr. RUNCIMAN) stated that he and his colleagues were anxious to co-operate with the Free State Government.]

"Indeed!" exclaimed the fat man without emotion.

"This your usual train?" the thin man inquired.

The fat man had his paper well under control by now. He opened it significantly. "It isn't," he said.

"I suppose you catch the one before?"

"Yes," he said.

The thin man thought for a second. "Let me see—what train is that?"

The fat man was scanning the headlines. "What's that——? Oh, the nine o'clock."

"You mean the 9.3, surely?" stressed the thin man.

"That'll be it," agreed the fat man, turning to the City page.

"At least, 9.3 from Hayes—9.5 from *your* station."

"Of course," the fat man remarked absently.

"On that train you have to change at London Bridge."

"Yes."

"While I go straight through to Cannon Street."

"H'm."

"On this train, you know, we don't stop at Lewisham or St. John's."

"No," said the fat man, weakening for a moment. "That makes it a bit quicker."

"Oh, no, it doesn't," said the thin man. "It takes *just* as long. That's what I can't understand."

The fat man sighed. "Puzzling," he commented in a dry tone.

"It *is*," agreed the thin man.

The fat man had discovered the leader. He doubled his paper over and began to read.

"Of course the 8.51 is *the* train," the thin man declared. "Do you ever come up by that?"

The fat man dragged his eyes from the print. "Shouldn't have thought it," he remarked.

"No, no. I said, 'Do you ever come up by *that*?'" the thin man insisted.

"Never," said the fat man firmly.

"That doesn't stop at New Beckenham, you know."

The fat man lowered his paper and looked around the compartment. The faces of the four other men in the compartment were embedded in print. He came to the conclusion that while the thin man was on the subject of trains nothing could stop him. He decided to head him off.

"Do much gardening?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the thin man.

There was a pause. For a moment the fat man thought he had done the trick. He raised his paper quietly. Then the thin man said, "My garden backs against the railway. We tell the time by the trains at home."

Behind his paper the fat man groaned.

But apparently the thin man did not



WELL-KNOWN PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.

"SATISFYING THE EXAMINERS."

hear. "I can tell you the times of all the trains," he continued.

The fat man was having difficulty with his breathing.

"And the times of those that go straight through to Cannon Street," the thin man went on. "And the times of those that don't—when I have to change at London Bridge."

No comment came from the fat man.

"Saves a lot of muddle, you know," the thin man informed.

The fat man put his paper down again and began to clean his glasses.

"Inconvenient trying to read on the train," remarked the thin man.

"It is," acknowledged the fat man, and blew his nose violently.

"Trying to the eyes," went on the thin man. Then, when the fat man made no reply, he said, "Always was a bumpy bit of line just here."

"I suppose so," the fat man agreed flatly.

He had made up his mind. He picked up his paper and said insinuatingly, "Must read the leader before I get to the office."

"Ah! That reminds me. Did you see what *The Times* had to say about the railways last week?" the thin man inquired.

With his eyes glued to his paper the fat man made no reply.

For the second time there was a pause in the conversation. The fat man urged his eyes along the print. The going had become almost easy when the thin man touched his knee.

"Was it the 9.5 you said you usually travelled on?" he asked.

"Er—yes," said the fat man. He braced himself to tide over the interruption.

"Funny I've never seen you on it."

The fat man took a fresh grip on his paper. Painfully his eyes travelled down the column. Another lull had fallen. He was halfway through the leader when the train stopped at London Bridge. The carriage filled up. As the train started the thin man got up to give a woman his seat. The train jolted forward. The thin man lost his balance. His elbow dashed the fat man's paper from his hand.

"Sorry," the thin man apologised cheerily. "Not enough room in these carriages."

The fat man's complexion had changed from red to vermilion. An explosion seemed imminent. Then, in the manner of one who acknowledges defeat, he folded his paper and put it into his pocket.

Suddenly the thin man turned to the fat man. He seemed puzzled. "Don't you usually change at London Bridge?" he asked.

"Usually," acknowledged the fat man.

The thin man smiled. "Thought perhaps you had forgotten to get out," he said, relieved.

They drew into Waterloo Junction. The thin man leapt out. As his feet met the platform his expression changed. He grabbed a porter by the arm.

"Next train to London Bridge?" he yelled. "I want Cannon Street."

Inside the compartment the fat man hid his face in his hands. He was shaking violently. Passengers near him became alarmed.

"Feeling queer, Sir?" a young man inquired anxiously.

The fat man uncovered his face. Tears flowed down his cheeks. With difficulty he pointed through the window to the thin man, who was careering along the platform in mad search for a train that would get him back to London Bridge.

The fat man tried to speak. Words would not come. He was choking—choking with uncontrollable laughter.

An Impending Apology.

"CROOK PLAYER FOR TOTTENHAM."
Birmingham Paper.

"Roots are seldom seen—especially when they go deep down into bedrock . . ."
Daily Paper.

And of course they seldom do that.

AT THE PICTURES.

Too Much Music.

WHEN I received my first invitation to see the new British film at the Tivoli it was called *Rhapsody*. But when I



THE BEGINNING OF THE (DANUBE) BLUES?
ALFRED RODE AND HIS BAND.

arrived its name had been changed to *The Blue Danube*: a significant move suggesting that some weakness may have been discerned or suspected, and that to lay emphasis on one of the most successful tunes, not only of the past sixty years but of the present moment, had been thought expedient. But I doubt if the course was sound, for JOHANN STRAUSS's enchanting waltz, though age cannot stale nor custom wither its intricate variety, can, after so much recent exploitation, hardly be the lure it was. I personally revere its cadences and its rhythm, with the mental picture of sparkling embassies which they always evoke; but I don't want to find them in a film crowding out the story, and that is what happens in this one which was to have been known as *Rhapsody*.

Having secured the services of RODE's Royal Tzigane Band, the producer has more or less handed the show over to the gipsies. They begin with STRAUSS —who is not treated too reverently, his luscious continuity being chopped into fragments—and go on to Russian folk-song and LISZT's Hungarian Rhapsodies, while, should they be taking a rest, some other orchestra plays or the hero sings. I never heard so much music in an hour and, on account of it, never failed to hear so much speech. What, however, I was able to catch was very unconvincing. In fact *The Blue Danube* is an uninspired production, where a poor story and indifferent acting have been reinforced by an orchestra—and reinforced almost to death.

There is music enough also in *The Cuban Love Song* at the Empire; but most of it is relevant and kept within bounds. The pity is that it isn't better music, for, though the traditional Spanish melodies are captivating, the original words and setting of the title-piece could hardly be less distinguished or less "native," contrasting very disadvantageously with the South-Sea lyric which RAMON NOVARRO sang in *The Pagan*, but for which, I guess, this new film might not have been what it is. There is, however, such a wide difference between NOVARRO and LAWRENCE TIBBETT, the hero of *The Cuban Love Song*, that there is plenty of room for both.

Mr. TIBBETT is that rare mixture, a singer with an attractive personality who can act both naturally and humorously; and, as the authors have done their best with his many gifts, and the story is lively and moving throughout, with some very good moments, the entertainment is excellent. Those people, however, who go again and again will, I suspect, be drawn thither even more by the lure of LUPE VELEZ as the Cuban enchantress, for she is



THE GIPSY'S RIVAL.
The Countess Gabriella . . . MISS BRIGITTE HELM.

both beautiful and to be adored. An old friend of the film-public being also present in the person of JIMMY DURANTE, the low-comedian known as "SCHNOZZLE," the resulting compound is likely to be very popular.

I seem to notice a tendency in talkies which still depend upon crime to combine it, or temper it, with comedy. In *Larceny Lane*, for instance, there are still law-breaking and revolvers, but the hero, JAMES CAGNEY, another



THE MARINE TELLS IT (IN SONG).
Nenita. . . . MISS LUPE VELEZ.
Terry . . . . MR. LAWRENCE TIBBETT.

favourite figure, makes a joke of his anti-social turpitude. ROBIN HOOD did not plunder with a gayer spirit. It is odd to see an ex-Home Secretary, the Right Hon. Mr. EDWARD SHORTT, putting his signature of approval to so insidious a glorification of fraud and theft; which even goes so far as to illustrate minutely three simple but ingenious and (to me) novel means of removing property from other members of the community. In one scene, however, there has been a glaring want of thought. I feel sure that when a man has stolen a fifteen-thousand-dollar necklace and is selling it to a pawnbroker for five thousand, he does not go out of his way (as Mr. CAGNEY does) to impress his personality on the pawnbroker's consciousness, but rather does his best to veil his identity. At least I should.

E. V. L.

Revelry in Radnorshire.

"Llandrindod Wells.—Events already fixed to be held here during 1932 include the Royal Welsh Show, the Welsh School of Social Service, a religious convention, and the annual gathering of Launderers of England and Wales."—*Local Paper.*

"The situation was such that he laughed, but he had bid in response to a sound signal double by Mrs. Culbertson."
Canadian Paper.

Was Morse allowed at the Bridge Marathon?

THIS YEAR IN THE THEATRE.

TAKE it from me, this is going to be a great year for the theatre. I have cocked an eye at the signs and portents and they're just too wonderful. Listen.

To begin with, we are cutting out the dead stuff—cutting it right out. Doesn't that sound grand? When the theatre starts cutting out the dead stuff it just can't help going ahead, can it?

New blood, too. Everywhere I look I see quarts, gallons, barrels of new blood. Vitamised and peptonised in every corpuscle. In a word—Youth. Youth in pull-overs and horn-rimmed spectacles straining every nerve to cut out all that dead stuff I have mentioned.

The British theatre has stirred in its sleep. Make no mistake about that. Look at last year's achievements. The revolving stage. Just think of it—a stage that goes round and round. Why, the intellectual possibilities are incalculable! No wonder managers fell for it. Even that is only the beginning of it. For a little bird tells me that it will not be long before we shall have a stage *that turns over and over on its axis.* Won't that be marvellous? I doubt whether you can realise right away what it will mean, but maybe it will dawn on you gradually. Try to imagine what it would have meant to playwrights like IBSEN and SHAW to have written for a stage that could be turned over and over on its axis. Try to get an idea of the tremendous difference it would have made.

Well, now, what may we expect from such magnificent beginnings? I think I can almost promise you scenery that will come in on all fours without visible means of propulsion; scenery that will waltz round to music and, when desired, turn upside down in full view of the audience. That will be lovely, won't it? Something worth taking one's best girl to see—eh what?

I feel confident the old-fashioned stage-lighting will go. I am not sure, but I rather fancy actors will be flood-lighted from the feet upwards. *Such* scope for the bizarre and the macabre-esque! For we must be prepared for the theatre to be engulfed by a great wave of psychic and sub-conscious drama. "We fully realise," Messrs. HORACE HODGES, LESLIE HENSON, SYDNEY HOWARD and RALPH LYNN are reported to have said, "that acting is about to become entirely sombre, psychic and sub-conscious, and we need scarcely say that we are quite ready." Miss MARIE TEMPEST too is believed to be enthusiastic for cutting out the dead stuff; and the rumour that Mr. EINSTEIN has been seen pushing a bulky manuscript through her letter-box leads me to hope that we shall shortly see Miss TEMPEST in a part of entirely new dimensions.

I fancy that this year will see changes of equal importance made in the auditorium. The private boxes will be constructed to ascend and descend like elevators and will be fitted with card-tables. Between the Acts the stalls and dress-circle will sink into a subterranean restaurant; the upper circles will slide down and be converted into a dance-floor. Intervals will be extended to forty or forty-five minutes; the Acts of a play limited to ten or fifteen minutes. In short, the problem of overcoming boredom in the theatre will be brilliantly and courageously tackled. In time—not just yet perhaps, but in time—we shall see anything in the form of mere drama driven completely out of the theatre. Won't that be gorgeous?

D. C.



Husband. "WHAT! ANOTHER NEW DRESS?"
Wife. "YES, DEAR; *isn't* LIFE INTERESTING?"

A LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY

(Illustrated from Life and probably unreliable).

I LAY supine in a steaming tub
And, shirking a loofah's irksome scrub,
Essayed for a while to soothe my ears
By humming a BRAHMS sonata;
Inertia reigned and a blissful mood
And ignorance of the trouble that brewed
Between my Cerebral Hemispheres
And Medulla Oblongata.
I hummed a couple of bars or so
When a scalding drop fell on my toe.

A line of communication is
Provided for such contingencies,
And the news was flashed *viâ* leg and loin
To the upper physical strata;
Intact for a time, there came a hitch
And it got mixed up at the point at which
The Cerebral Hemispheres adjoin
The Medulla Oblongata.
My conscious mind was deceived and told
That the boiling drop was icy cold.

In a moment's time the message was checked
And a second version arrived correct,
But the first remains, and will for years,
Among my brain's *errata*;
Mistakes will arise, and it seems that some
Are due to a flaw in the cranium
Between the Cerebral Hemispheres
And Medulla Oblongata.
You've noted that drops as often as not
At first seem cold when they're really hot.

"I have," you reply, "and dwelt upon
The reason of this phenomenon;
The one that you mention may be true—
I lack the technical data;
But of Man I find it hard to think
As fitted with faulty parts that link
His Hemispheres in question to
His Medulla Oblongata."
I do myself, and it's hardly prudent
To take the word of a medical student.

C. B.

AT THE PLAY.

"WINDOWS" (DUCHESS).

A CURIOUS comedy; hardly one of Mr. GALSWORTHY's happiest. It puzzled me to imagine the mood in which he conceived it, but the way he carried it through puzzled me more. Ostensibly a satire, it is addressed to "Idealists and Others." That seems fairly inclusive. Idealists, however, may not relish its satire, nor (if I may speak for them) will Others be highly amused by its humour.

There is no question, I fancy, that its characters are figures of fun. Their speech and actions often betray them. Nor do they seem to resent the fact that they are also Aunt Sallies. Yet the theme of the play is serious enough, so the conceptual mood could not have been purely light-hearted. As I caught Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER's humorous eye and recalled the good jokes it has pointed in the past, I wondered.



MR. BEN FIELD AS *MR. BLY*, A CONVERSATIONALIST WHO DOES A LITTLE WINDOW-CLEANING WHEN HE CAN SPARE THE TIME.

Miss FAIRBROTHER plays cook to a family of vaporous idealists; Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS plays her mistress. Between these two good actresses my sympathies wavered. They represented two methods of approaching a problem in practical ethics that you or I would have solved at sight. As mistress of the house and its only realist, Miss TERRY-LEWIS was all for a summary solution, but the family was dead against her.



THE NEW MAID—NOT QUITE WORD-PERFECT—PROMPTED BY COOK.
Faith Bly . . MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY.
Cook . . . . . MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.

This was the problem: Should a girl convicted of smothering her baby be received into a decent family on discharge from prison? (Quite: it depends on the girl.) *Mrs. March's* family said "Yes" provisionally; *Mrs. March* emphatically "No." But even she could hardly have realised how completely the dramatist was to vindicate her.

Mr. March, by the way, was a psychological novelist, which naturally ruled him out as a dependable reader of character. Moreover it left him susceptible to the views of life propounded by the Problem's father, a window-cleaner. Do not blame him for that. The window-cleaner (as embodied by Mr. BEN FIELD), though garrulous and an opportunist, was certainly the liveliest company he met with in the play, and even such a novelist may be human.

When the supposedly repentant Problem came in to be examined as to her fitness for transformation into a parlourmaid, it was clear that she had as much to learn as to forget. Prison had frozen her speech and stiffened her manual deftness. But the idealists won and she got her chance. She took it with suitable diffidence and in her own way made the best of it. That is to say she soon learned to wear her rue with a difference and to cast glad-eyes at such members of the family as seemed suitable targets.

But just as she was scoring her first bull on *Master Johnny*, what should slide up but the buttery-hatch and who should peep through but *Cook*. Naturally *Cook* told her mistress, and her mistress again told the world that leopards might lick their spots but never changed them. So it proved.

Let me touch but lightly on the distressing aftermath—on *Master Johnny's* barricading of the stairs leading to the Problem's bedroom and his proposal to hold that fort till his mother relented; on the two (or was it three?) glasses of old brandy that were needed to melt *Mrs. March* into April mood; on the curious intrusions into the subsequent deliberations of (*a*) a police-officer in plain clothes, (*b*) a bad boy-friend of the Problem in coloured, (*c*) the window-cleaner himself in full alcoholic spate; on the Problem's spirited refusal to be solved by so packed a committee, and *Johnny's* unidealistic tantrums; on *Mrs. March's* remark that the room

seemed to be full of gas, and our grateful appreciation of the apparently inspired equivocation.

This is not to say that Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY represented the Problem in any but an effective light or that her colleagues lagged behind her in goodwill. Their efforts were agreeably skilful; but I do think that the dramatist stymied their game. H.

"THE GAY ADVENTURE" (WHITEHALL).

Mr. WALTER HACKETT'S task as a playwright is a peculiar one. He has to continue that serial comedy of which this gay adventure is the latest instalment and Miss MARION LORNE the immutable heroine. For, human nature being what it is—eager for change that preserves the *status quo*—Miss LORNE has from time to time to be furnished with fresh adventures, though the last thing those adventures may do is to affect her method of sustaining them. It is less what she does that matters than the way she does it.

In contriving this new instalment Mr. HACKETT has been doubly inspired—to take some leaves out of the books of DUMAS *père* and to call in Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS to help Miss LORNE turn them. The first inspiration gives him little support, but the second is an Atlas.

One has only to watch Mr. HICKS at work in the stuttering prelude to this adventure to realise the weight he carries as a comedian. The play of his features—speaking eye, pertinacious nose, loquacious lip; his sheer facial sleight—would be explicit were the dialogue it points even less narratively adroit than it is. Hypercritically speaking, that dialogue is nothing, just an excuse to stage a meeting, three hundred imaginary years ago, between a modern *Mr. Darnton*, the last of the *D'Artagnans*, and a *Miss Romney*, his *Constance* of yore, in a bed-sitting-room of the time, with pranks to suit.

This little throw-back is the merest inset, a happy but gratuitous garnish to the plot proper, which deals, in a way that baffles brief description, with crooks and a confidence-trick, a restaurant murder and fair ladies in dire distress. Its theoretical aim is to link up past and present and to invoke the DUMAS spirit. Its practical achievement is a scene of impromptu comedy in which Miss LORNE and Mr. HICKS are inimitable.



THE GAY ADVENTURER.

July Romney . . . . MISS MARION LORNE.
Richard Darnton . . . MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.

I will not attempt therefore to detail the fits and starts of that plot or to cover its capricious détours. Some of them are exciting, most of them are either intrinsically amusing or else give rise to amusement in others.. Their purpose is to enable these two prime comedians to keep the ball of fun rolling and our laughter bubbling. On the whole they serve that purpose well.

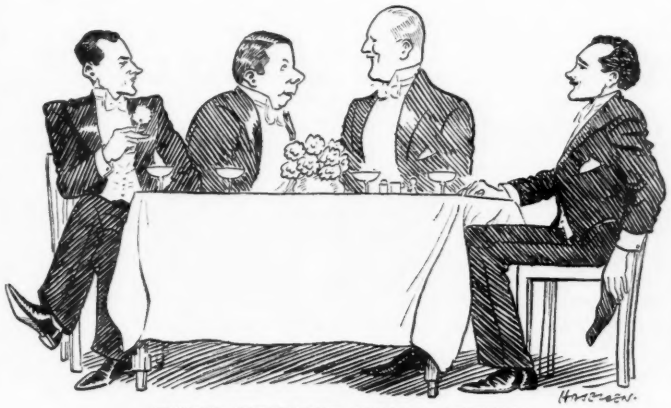
One may occasionally detect a schoolboy zest in the dramatist's invention while turning a blind eye to the expedients with which he affects to join his narrative flats. But so long as it is Miss LORNE who is given the wrong key to the right house and she who fails to realise the mistake until a passing policeman suspects it too; and so long as Mr. HICKS, the ancestral blood of the *D'Artagnans* pulsing hot in his veins, is the gallant who comes to her rescue, expectation is satisfied.

The murder in which they are mutually involved, though cold-blooded, arouses few qualms. The distress of the defaulting young wife whose lover becomes the corpse, though effectively rendered by Miss NORA SWINBURNE, arouses only polite concern. For, when all is said and done, we are there to rejoice once again in the tricks (shall I call them?) of the delightful Miss LORNE, reinforced by those of so worthy a collaborator as Mr. HICKS.

There is perhaps less cogency than usual in the dramatist's raw material. One suspects that the blessed word "cadenza" figures more often in his script than usual; and that this accounts for those pleasant passages when for minutes at a time our laughter depends on the mere twitch of Mr. HICKS'S nose or the snap of his eyelids and the collusive ditherings of dear Miss LORNE.

Yet such subsidiary scope as is given to Mr. ERIC MATURIN, stage cad *par excellence*, is taken with blackguardly *sangfroid*. Here, one says, is a bad man who knows it. The scene dodges about from room to room in a dubious modern restaurant, from floor to roof in old Paris. Mr. HICKS even gets into doublet and hose and swashbuckling wig in his successful pursuit of the *D'Artagnan* spirit, Miss LORNE into their feminine counterparts.

But when all is said and done and laughed at, it is the cadenzas that matter, because of the artists who play them. H.



"THREE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER."

George Aram . . . . . MR. ERIC MATURIN.
Richard Darnton . . . . . MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.
Samuel B. Porter . . . . . MR. RICHARD GRAY.
Paul d'Allary . . . . . MR. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE.

VERY COMMON GOLF.

I USED to think that of all games golf would be the better for a little brightening up. It is a humiliation of a heroic word to apply "hazard" to a few square feet of damp sand, a mere tree or two or a despicable little stretch of weedy water. While they were about the invention of the loathly thing the Scots would have done well had they infused into it a greater degree of the bare-kneed hardihood of which they like to boast.

Or so I used to think. But in those days I hadn't tried to play the game at the Tumby-over-Tussock course, on which Maria and I stumbled joyfully a few months ago.

For at Tumby-over-Tussock golf is beyond question played with a big G. And the reason is that the course, being laid out on what is actually a very large village green, *is common land*, and therefore subject to every imaginable kind of battery and incursion. The village itself curls in a horse-shoe round one side, and occasional cottages complete the ring.

Altogether, starting with "The Shoved Ha'penny," and ending with "The Marquis of Tumby," there are nine inns visible, a number which bears a sinister relation to the number of holes on the course. But so far as is known no player has yet carried this coincidence to its logical conclusion.

The day that Maria and I made our début the village gave immediately of its best. Off the 1st tee I fetched my ball a surprising crack and it disappeared over a slight rise. When we came up to it a large drake lay alongside, quite dead; and, as I could scarcely help remarking, while it used to be nothing unusual in my cricket career to score a duck with the first ball, it was a new one on me at golf. I was about to add the bird to the deadweight of my bag when Maria's caddie claimed it as the pride of his father's pond. Later, of course, we came to appreciate the significant fact that all incidental victims of Tumby golf have been invariably the crowning glory, if not the mainstay, of the caddies' homes. It was the dispute between two of them over my first goat that opened my eyes—a wordy battle, which was only decided by the goat, a shameless beast, getting up suddenly and walking away.

At the 2nd hole we underwent our first perambulator. It was a large black one, apparently propelling a tiny child who leaned against it for support. Describing a wide arc across the second fairway it anchored up exactly where my slice would drop. When the caddie returned from clearing the field he reported that the propellee was his sister, and that the pram contained three rag dolls and a spotted horse, long since invalid and biped, named Willyum.

That was that. But there was even better stuff in the Tumby locker. At the 4th, where the road runs across from one side of the village to the other, Maria and I descried to our horror a seemingly endless procession of small girls issuing from the high-road and heading straight across the links. They were children of very sober aspect, looking neither to right nor left, and dressed in regulation indigo; the daughters, so our caddies told us, of deceased military men. About a hundred-and-fifty yards from the tee the road crossed our fairway. While the children were still just outside the range of Maria's pull, she played a hasty drive, and a topped runner fetched up just this side of the road. My ball, hit with a quivering club, followed hers, and they nestled there together. As we came up with them the head of the crocodile came up too, and passed across us without any trace of greeting. Small girls stretched as far as we could see; it was likely to be a stymie of several minutes.

"What do we do?" I asked. "Wait?"

For answer both our caddies, who remained absolutely unmoved by the proximity of this human bunker, produced niblicks in a callous sort of way . . . You can imagine that we made very certain of those balls rising. For some seconds after our shots there was considerably more Tussock than Tumby to be seen.

The rest of that initiatory round went pretty smoothly except for the Washing at the 6th, and the Clydesdale at the 8th. The Washing proved an irresistible magnet for our balls. Like a bullet my drive clove a pair of check trousers, but dropped out again; my second got a voluminous shirt, and my third lodged in a purple sock. Maria's strokes concerned garments which became increasingly so intimate that we soon decided to pick up.

Our balls, on the other hand, proved an irresistible magnet for the Clydesdale, who examined them with an antiquarian glimmer in his eye. I think they must have been the first he had seen with the new coloured marking. He stood over me like a pro. while I played a brassie, and when I duffed it he clumped off in disgust.

We would probably have been surprised at the tyre-marks on the 9th green had one of the caddies not given us the illuminating information that Bert Crumbles, the dirt-track king, was home on holiday. Subsequent artillery-practice in the village made this only too clear.

Since then we have played a lot at Tumby-over-Tussock and have become case-hardened to any eventuality. Except one. We both grow instantly bunnified in bunkers which also contain the young of Tumby courting, which they normally do in pink calico and bowler hats. Their idea of a really progressive afternoon is to sit on the most dangerous parts of the course, hand-in-hand, or rather glove-in-glove; and they appear to welcome the presence of another party as a relief from the cumulative embarrassment of saying and doing nothing. But it's all very well for them.

Just occasionally, of course, one meets other golfers. They too are apt to wear bowler hats. ERIC.

"THE HYDRO . . ."

[A member of the Women's Institute at Twyford has played at a concert an instrument called the Hydrolaktulopsychicharmonica.]

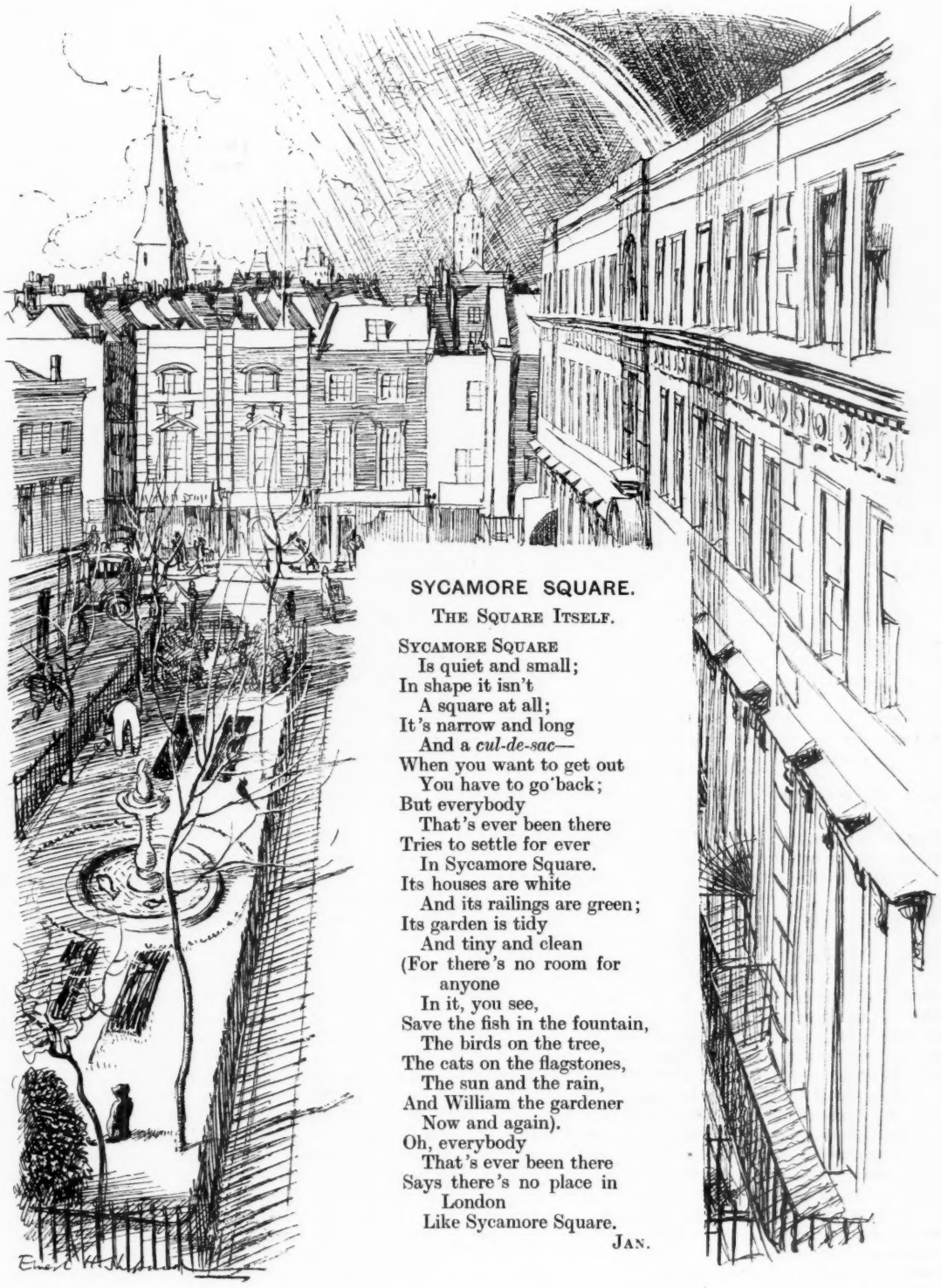
WHILE I'd gladly waft a *Vale*
To the fife and ukulele,
And the saxophone to me is simply chronic—Ah!
Words would fail to paint my passion
If this nightmare proved the fashion,
Viz.,
The
Hydrolaktulopsychicharmonica.*

Though I bear with bores who "gimbol"
On the psaltery and cymbal,
And the double-bass I bar as uneuphonic. A-
Way to Wigan or to Bootle
With the torturers who tootle
On
The
Hydrolaktulopsychicharmonica.

If of viol, sackbut, cornet
And the reed that's like a hornet
My opinions are admittedly sardonic—Ha!
It may easily be hinted
That they never would be printed
Re
The
Hydrolaktulopsychicharmonica.

I can stand the nightly twitter
Of the xylophone and zither
From my neighbours, namely Cyril and Veronica;
But I'd wish them both to blazes
If they nursed distressful crazes
For
The
Hydrolaktulopsychicharmonica. A. K.

*The correct pronunciation of the concluding syllables, according to the B.B.C. Committee, is "lopsykickharmonica."



SYCAMORE SQUARE.

THE SQUARE ITSELF.

SYCAMORE SQUARE
Is quiet and small;
In shape it isn't
A square at all;
It's narrow and long
And a *cul-de-sac*—
When you want to get out
You have to go back;
But everybody
That's ever been there
Tries to settle for ever
In Sycamore Square.
Its houses are white
And its railings are green;
Its garden is tidy
And tiny and clean
(For there's no room for
anyone
In it, you see,
Save the fish in the fountain,
The birds on the tree,
The cats on the flagstones,
The sun and the rain,
And William the gardener
Now and again).
Oh, everybody
That's ever been there
Says there's no place in
London
Like Sycamore Square.

JAN.



Acquaintance (to solitary diner). "HALLO, DARLING! MAKING STRONG SILENT WHOOPEE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

More Street Scenes.

THERE is no particular merit or novelty in taking one particular street as the unifying factor of a work of fiction; and Mr. LOUIS GOLDING has obviously not set out to pit himself against Mr. DENIS MACKAIL and Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE as the whimsical chronicler of a small urban community. His *Magnolia Street* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6)—a drab North-country assemblage of humble dwellings where Jews live in the odd numbers and Gentiles in the even ones—is, so far as the Jews are concerned, a mere transitory pitching of tents in the great racial emigration from Lithuania to New York. Doomington is patently Manchester; but local colour is never an ingrained dye in a Jew. And the consuming interest of Mr. GOLDING'S saga is the interest of an amazing natural history book, which treats of a highly exotic race domesticated in an unnatural environment. A dozen moving stories reinforce this impressive document. Yet the stories are only the garment of the matter—eloquent enough but excutaneous. There is the "walking-out" of a Jewish maiden and a goy sailor; the marriage of a "Christian" vamp to a weak-minded Jew; and there are half-a-dozen more propitious unions, arranged by *Billig* the marriage-broker, a paunchy little Hebrew *Figaro*, who is personally attractive and æsthetically irreplaceable. The finale, which sees New York redress the fortunes of Doomington, is a triumph. Yet, had I the ordering of Mr. GOLDING'S next book, I should bespeak a series of Magnolia Street short stories with *Billig* as the god in the machine.

A Great Illustrator.

Hugh Thomson (BLACK, 25/-) was a very distinguished figure in that golden period of English illustration which, starting in the late eighteen-eighties, culminated in an orgy of colour-plate books just before the outbreak of the War. Born at Coleraine, he journeyed to London as a young man and came under the care and encouragement of COMYNS CARR, Editor of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, who introduced him to the firm of MACMILLAN, for whom much of his work was done. So thoroughly did he assimilate the airs and graces of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that he was able to present them in a long succession of delightfully convincing if somewhat idealistic drawings. ADDISON, GOLDSMITH, SHERIDAN, JANE AUSTEN, Mrs. GASKELL and Miss MITFORD he interpreted with delicate grace and intimate sympathy. With AUSTIN DOBSON he formed a perfect collaboration, sharing his appreciation of the picturesque, love of the past and elegance of style. The charm of his work was a reflection of the man: sterling honesty of character and workmanship, sincere love of beauty, gracious modesty and faithful friendship characterised them both. Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN, in an excellent portrait of the artist, has achieved the purpose of every good biography, and makes the reader wish that he had known the man. A serviceable bibliography

and a characteristic and generous selection of well-printed illustrations complete the book.

Hot Dog.

Of a Pom in America,
"Mickey" by name,
One ROBERT HERRICK, a
Friend of the same,
Has made what's no small book;
It's seven-and-six,
And a CHAPMAN AND HALL book,
This story that's "Mick's."

"Mick," as a puppy, is
Purchased in Maine;
Ere he grows up he is,
Half of him, Brain,
With Love for the rest of
His outfit; these two,
If a puppy's possessed of,
The puppy will do.

And the name of "Mick's"
history?
(Thanks for the jog)
The name is no mystery—
Little Black Dog;
You'll write it, I'll bet you,
On your library list,
And a dog book they'll get you
That mustn't be missed.

Later Fathers.

It has often struck me as odd, the novelist's neglect of the missionary exploits of the first French apostles of Canada. Their need for heroic ardour (and their exhibition of it) was as spectacular as it was unparalleled, for they left the most exquisitely over-civilised country in Europe to cope with the most repellent crudities of North American savagery. In invoking their enthusiasm as the spiritual motive of her latest novel, Miss WILLA CATHER has produced far more than a companion-piece to *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. She obviously holds that the heroism of the French religious and the domestic morale of the French settler were the making of the colony; but the central figure of *Shadows on the Rock* (CASSELL, 7/6) is a sober modern-minded philosopher-apothecary who came over in the train of an unpopular Governor-General and shared his patron's chequered fortunes in Quebec. *Euclide Auclair* and his motherless daughter, *Cécile*, their *protégés Blinker* and *Jacques* (ex-apprentice to the torturer of Rouen and son of a wharfside French wanton respectively) have their roots in the soil of the ROI SOLEIL'S France. And, threading in and out of their tranquil lives like a fiery shuttle, you mark the influence of nuns and priests with great French names, who have abandoned all things to further the kingdom of Christ in Canada. The book's most dramatic happenings take place "off"; but its enchanting unity of impression, grace of detail and graciousness of handling render its reading a matter of intense enjoyment and inevitable repetition.



Little Mother (in West-End). "COME NOW, ALF—THIS AIN'T THE MILE END ROAD. IF YER CAN'T WALK PROPER TRY AND LOOK AS IF YER KNOWED 'OW."

Dread and Circuses.

Lady ELEANOR SMITH has still a considerable way to go before her short stories reach the standard she has set herself in her two novels. Eight have just been collected under the title of *Satan's Circus* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). They are a mixed bag, two being to my mind much better than the rest. I do not feel that the first story, which gives its name to the book, is a complete success. It is an ambitious venture in the *macabre* about a circus-proprietor's wife who possessed an evil power to terrify man and beast—so great that even ex-stokers trembled and lions went berserk in

her presence. Assuredly not a helpful wife to have about one's business. POE would have piled up an atmosphere of eeriness where Lady ELEANOR has been content to suggest it. The best of the collection is "The Hurdy-Gurdy," a portrait of *Kiomi*, a small Romany child, who was snatched by a pious aunt from paradise on the Epsom Downs and dumped in a basement in Eaton Square, which appeared to her the final abysm of hell. She found a fellow-buccaneer, however, in *Gabriel*, a young organ-grinder, whose tarantellas strengthened her longing to get back to her own people. The end is pathetic. I put "The Brothers" second of these tales. It is a clever sketch hingeing on the queer family pride which can grow up in the circus-world about a particular turn.

The Aftermath of Militarism.

I must confess I had always thought that republicanism in Germany was a product of that country's defeat in the War. Now I learn for the first time from Professor ROSENBERG that in reality *The Birth of the German Republic* (MILFORD, 15/-) took place simultaneously with that of the German Empire. By placing the supreme power in Germany in the hands of the militarists BISMARCK prepared the way for the destruction of the proud edifice which he himself had so painstakingly built up. With what was perhaps pardonable pride, in view of Prussia's military history and France's defeat in 1870-71, BISMARCK overlooked the fact that an empire which depended for its existence upon the sword might collapse like a house of cards the moment the sword was blunted or broken. BISMARCK seems later to have recognised his mistake and to have sought to make it good. He warned the KAISER at their last interview that the end would come for both the Empire and the Hohenzollerns if the German army were no longer there to uphold the throne. The KAISER replied to this grave warning with a barrack-room jest. I cannot help feeling that it was no more than a just judgment on that incredibly vain monarch that he should have been openly set aside and snubbed by LUDENDORFF, whose dictatorial powers were far greater than I had realised before I read Professor ROSENBERG's interesting account of war-time Germany. The underlying causes of the present political situation in Germany have been laid bare before me in Professor ROSENBERG's impartial and acute analysis of the growth of German republicanism.



"OF COURSE, DEAR, IT'S AWFULLY NICE OF YOUR AUNT TO LEAVE THIS TO US IN HER WILL, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU REALISE IT MEANS BUYING ONE OR TWO BOOKS."

Two Generations.

Mr. H. A. VACHELL, in *The Fifth Commandment* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), gives to-day's younger generation ample opportunity to see themselves as older people see them. But, although Mr. VACHELL's sympathies in the conflict between the *Kindreds* and their daughters may be more with the parents than with the children, he fully recognises that many of the claims of youth are justified. So, on the whole, it is a well-balanced picture of modern society that he gives us, and his drawing of *Kit Kindred*, a distinguished doctor, who was most successful in his profession whatever he may have been in his home, is flawless. On the other hand, *Kit's* wife is not so easy to understand, and I could wish that she had been less drastically handicapped in her attempts to guide and guard her children.

A Second Appearance.

If Mr. GORDON LATTA continues to employ *Stephen Marshall* and *Colin Stanhope* as sleuths, I hope that he will curb their facetiousness. No one will deny that these young men in *Re-enter Arnholt* (BENN, 7/6) were brave and adventurous, but their chatter is at times very exasperating. And, having discharged this grumble, I can testify that the main scheme of the tale is cleverly conceived and carried out. Mr. LATTA'S sleeve is full of surprises, and at least one of them caught me completely unawares. In fact, except when *Stephen* and *Colin* delay the action with their back-chat, this is an exciting story, and as *Arnholt*, the master criminal, again evades his pursuers, we may reasonably expect that Mr. LATTA will give them another opportunity to lay him by the heels.

Over-Exposure in Camera.

Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU has (it seems the only correct idiom) opened a new men's department in the "lingerie novel," for his *Christopher Strong* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) seems to be always, with the reader in attendance, either bathing, shaving or pulling on his white silk underwear. He is one of those black-eyed, brown-complexioned gentlemen, incredibly English in name and enthusiasms, often met with in big business, head of a gigantic grocery company, Member of Parliament, friend of Royalty—a spot of local colour perhaps better left out—but scarcely alive enough to make one care very much what happens to him. His story is the common one of a middle-aged man trying to recapture youth in the love of a young woman, and it ends conveniently in her death, through a flying accident, before her child is born or their association found out, and *Strong's* chastened but happy return to his elderly wife. *Christopher Strong* is a novel which makes astute use of most of the vexed moral questions of our day but no contribution towards answering them.

CHARIVARIA.

RECURRENT earth-tremors at Manchester are attributed to the effect of the crumbling of Cobdenism.

***

At Plymouth, two herrings may be bought for a penny. Even our oldest established axioms are not sacrosanct in this modern age.

***

The announcement that the speed of the Underground escalators is to be considerably increased will be welcomed by those who have missed their tobogganning this winter.

***

In view of the heavy dumping of umbrellas since last autumn which is reported, it seems opportune to draw special attention to the dumped "dumpy."

***

Snow is stated to have fallen in Hollywood for the first time for fifty years. But surely Hollywood hasn't been invented so long?

***

We are able to deny the rumour that certain newspapers decline to pay out insurance cheques to pedestrians unless they are knocked down by British motor-cars.

***

For telling his grandchildren a story about a bear which showed the creature in an unattractive light, President HOOVER has been reproached by the National Committee on Protection and Preservation of Wild Life; but it does not appear that he has received a protest from Wall Street.

***

"There is little change in trousers," says a fashion-writer. It has, of course, all gone to the tax-collectors.

***

An eminent veterinary surgeon has told of the sagacity of a dog with regard to its false teeth; but he does not corroborate the story that it begged for its dentures when the postman was approaching.

***

On seeing a published photograph of over a hundred thousand daffodils growing under glass in Lincolnshire we were unable to repress the thought that swallows don't fly under glass.

***

The milk roundsman who was robbed of his wares by top-hatted motorists early the other morning seems to have been overpowered before he could yodel for help.

***

Before inviting suggestions for a more appropriate title for a play now running in London, the management had of course considered the alternative of providing the title with a more appropriate play.

***

According to Dr. BOWKER, the growth of some forms of vegetation can be encouraged by music. Ear-phones for wheat seem to be indicated.

***

Smith minor writes to inform us that owing to the mild weather the top-spinning season will start ten days earlier this year.

***

The world's stalest loaf in the Field Museum, Chicago, was baked in Egypt three thousand years ago. Our own restaurants must look to their laurels.

***

"Brains and brawn" are rarely found together," maintains a writer. Then he cannot be acquainted with a boiled pig's head.

***

A Hungarian poultry-farmer has succeeded in producing an egg containing a high amount of iodine which can be more easily assimilated when taken this way than when taken direct. Another advantage is that such eggs will doubtless leave a far better stain when thrown.

***

Egyptian tax-payers making false returns were executed, it is said. It is still hard to avoid losing one's head while filling up Schedule E.

***

A bottle cast into the sea at Washington crossed the Atlantic in only fifty-two days, says a news item. Travel by bottle, however, is hardly likely to become popular just yet.

***

The footballing chimpanzee that has been appearing on the stage is not, we understand, on the transfer list.

***

A writer complains that sometimes when he rises to give his seat up to a woman in the Tube a man seizes it. Malice in Underland.

***

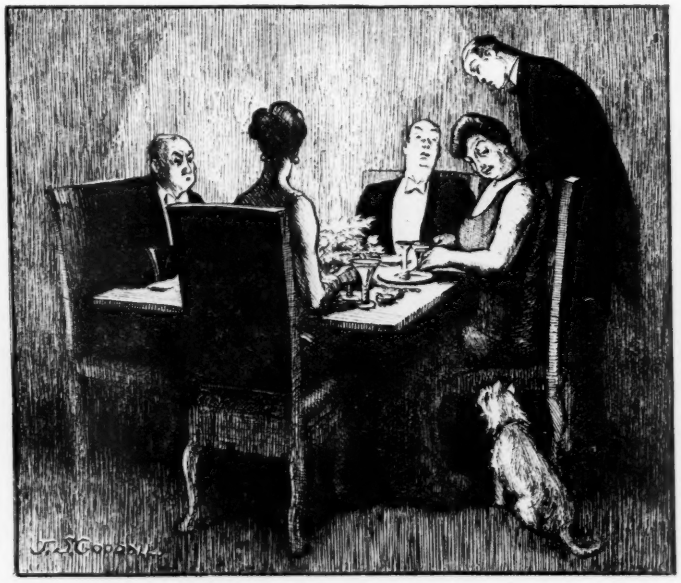
"It is a difficult job to write a full-length novel," says a literary critic. Unfortunately so many people seem to find it still more difficult not to write one.

***

It is said by a doctor that no baker ever becomes a lunatic. They must be the wise men of the yeast.

***

A peer who is a teetotaler insists that all his servants should also be abstainers. His footmen, in fact, must be Pussyfoot men.



Imperfect Guest (to small dog). "YOU WOULDN'T LIKE IT, DEAR; IT'S NOT NICE."

TUBE TRAGEDY.

SHE'd poised the newest hat with care
Upon some newly burnished hair;
The three-piece suit—or was it two?
No matter, either way 'twas new.

And all was good as gold can be
Yet something gloomed my *vis-à-vis*,
Some crumpled rose-leaf made her grieve;
She sought her new pochette, her sleeve.

Her eye grew wet, her lip grew stiff,
She sniffed; I knew then by that sniff
What wrecked perfection's pride of dress
Was pockethandkerchieflessness.

SUPPLEMENTING ONE'S INCOME.

IT was always a matter of regret to my family that I had made so little use of my artistic talent, but at last when Cyril's pension was so shamefully reduced by an unreasoning Government, I felt the hour had struck. He should not forgo his Sunday chicken if a devoted wife could continue to provide it. Accordingly I spent my entire mornings painting lampshades, and when I mention that our next-door neighbour exclaimed when she saw them, "What pets! Simply must buy one at once!" you may imagine with what a cheerful heart I set out to dispose of the rest of the batch amongst other neighbours and acquaintances. Friends were more than kind.

For my first call I turned in at "Rose Dene," and Maggie Hales met me wreathed in smiles; but even as I poured out the contents of my basket before her she said, "I 'm so glad you 've come, for I want to show you my poker-work. One must do something to supplement one's income these days. This large tray is ten-and-six, but the little ash-trays are only ninepence—and, oh, you *must* look at my mottoes. They make lovely presents!" Well, considering she was really most encouraging over my lampshades and bought the yellow-and-blue pair, I couldn't do less than take a slab of wood empokered with the device, "Swing high, swing low," before I went down the Avenue to show my wares to dear old Lady Brightling, who will be ninety next June, if she is spared. She loved the little orange shade with the purple spots, partly because she could see it better than the others and thought one-and-ninepence very, *very* cheap. "And just look at Grannie's own work!" cried little Norah. "She is crocheting napkin-rings to sell for the Seamen's Mission—exactly like flowers!" Well, the dear old lady bought my orange shade and I had to buy a couple of rings. I remembered that my sister-in-law was due for a visit, and she's a stickler for napkins.

The Poppins were away touring in their new Boris when I called at "Three Firs," but their uncle was at home, and he admired my foxglove shade immensely and suggested my leaving it for them to see on their return. "And you won't go without a taste of my tomatoes, will you?" he added cheerily. "One must do something to supplement one's income these days. They are in prime condition—twopence a pound less than the market price. I've got six frames full of them."

After all, a couple of pounds of tomatoes doesn't break one.

I found Polly Andrewes (Bob Andrewes' second wife) ornamenting the most delightful candlesticks with barbola work; and behold! at "Maple Hatch" the stiff and starchy Miss Gibson had blossomed out into a whole row of two-and-sixpenny cakes, all laid out on her best Irish linen on the hall-table. "My South African investments have passed their dividends, and one must do something to supplement one's income in these days," she explained. I bought a seed-cake for Cyril.

Up to the present no one had even made a bid for my beautiful large shade designed for a standard lamp, in blue delphiniums, but when I was shown into the drawing-room at "Pollard's Chase" I almost screamed out loud, because Pauline had obviously had new cretonnes since I was last there, and the pattern was delphiniums, exactly like my work. She came into the room, her arms full of exquisitely fluffy blue Persian kittens. "Let me introduce you to the First Prize Champion," she said. "Chitoo, sit up, my jewel, and show yourself! One must supple——"

"I know, I know," I intercepted, hastily waving my shade. "Look what a match for your new covers!"

We mutually praised each other's achievements until at last Pauline said, "Look here, I'm quite stony-broke, but I must have those delphiniums. I ought to get three pounds for Chitoo's little sister, but I'll let you take her for thirty bob. That's half-price. You say your shade is twenty-five shillings? Well, five shillings for a pure-bred Persian kitten you can win prizes with yourself——"

I turned out the contents of my purse, to return home with the ball of lavender fluff purring and cosy at the bottom of my now empty basket.

In the evening, a little sobered by the near approach of my homing man I set down the assets and debits of my day's business:—

SOLD.	s.	d.	BOUGHT OR ACQUIRED.	s.	d.
1 Pink Shade	3	4	1 Poker-work Motto	3	6
2 Yellow and Blue	4	6	2 Napkin-Rings	1	6
1 Orange.	1	9	2 lbs. Tomatoes	1	4
1 Foxglove Shade (left on appro.)	—		2 Barbola Candlesticks	—	
2 Green (exchanged for Candlesticks.	—		1 Seed Cake	2	6
1 Delphinium (part payment for kitten)	—		1 Persian Kitten	5	0
	9	7		13	10

But of course I shall tell Cyril that if the Poppins really buy the foxglove shade it will give me, after deducting cost of materials, paints, etc., a clear profit of one-and-fivepence.

THOMAS

(*Half Persian*).

SWIFT sped the wheels of Fate that snatched him from us—
Ere you could whisper "Knife"
The passing motor played the deuce with Thomas
And his nine hopes of life.

Not all the skill of Henderson, our swell vet.,
Could charm him back again
To scratch with little eager paws of velvet
On door or window-pane.

No more he'll bend us to his lordly wishes
Or steal our cosiest chairs;
No more approve or spurn the daily dishes
Set by the kitchen stairs.

No need to call him homeward from his nightly
Prowls through the orchard dim;
The orchard turf on which he trod so lightly
Lies lightly now on him.

His shade by some Elysian hearth is sitting,
Or chasing shadowy mice,
Or roaming (for a Persian what more fitting?)
Some garden paradise.

Where'er it be, let's hope (for cats are fickle)
One human ghost may win
His love, as we did, and be kind and tickle
The fur beneath his chin.

Fancy Dress for the Constabulary.

"A horse which ran away with a milk float in Palatine Road, Manchester, yesterday, crashed through the window of a boot shop and was rescued by a policeman with a red slipper on one of his hoofs."—*Hull Paper.*

"We are most grateful to those who so kindly repaired the dilapidated hassocks for the Church, and repaired them so very well, making them better than new. Let us kneel on them."—*Church Paper in Wilts.*

To us it seems a funny sort of gratitude.

"—— (outside-left).—He failed to maintain his early form. He is too inclined to leave his place and wander into the centre, thus muddling his inside."

Football Characters in School Magazine.

And making his centre-forward rebellious.

A scientific report states that the stripes on a shirt probably shorten its life. We understand, however, that striped shirts are still accepted at their face value on most racecourses.



THE HAUNTED MAN.

JOHN BULL. "GOOD HEAVENS! AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE BURIED!"

"DORA" (*after* MARK TWAIN). "THE REPORTS OF MY DEATH HAVE BEEN GREATLY EXAGGERATED."



Fellow-Guest. "HAMPSTEAD 'S THE PLACE; I 'VE LIVED ON THE HEATH FOR FIVE YEARS."
Superior Young Woman (who has been dragged to a Bohemian party). "REALLY? WHICH TREE?"

CENTRAL HEATING.

OUR barbarous forefathers knew nothing about Central Heating; they made a bonfire and kept half-warm but healthy. Nor did it ever occur to them to build the Magnificent Hotel at Burbleton. Both ways I envy them. Indeed a combination of the Magnificent Hotel and a bonfire would just now suit me down to the ground.

Do I sound bitter? Well, it is four o'clock in the morning and I am still sleepless. . . . Look at America. What is the cause of all her strange excesses and misfortunes? Not gangsters; not even Prohibition. Central Heating.

Do I sound queer? Well, it is now four-thirty in the morning and I am not so much sleepless as insane. And I am sitting up in my hot bed and writing about Central Heating, because there is nothing else to do.

The first defect of all Central Heating systems is that they include no system of central cooling. The weather is warm—"Spring-like," the papers say—but the management do not seem to have read the papers. This room is like a tropical tank at the Aquarium. And I am like a simple English fish which has been popped into the tank by mistake. Open the window and you can hear the air sizzling as it comes in. I feel like a stickleback in the passion-fish tank. I feel that at any moment the room may burst into flames. My head is a conflagration already. I shall get up and wander about the streets of Burbleton. No, I cannot do that. The valet has taken away my suit to press it. Oh, the comfort of a grand hotel!

The other window will not open at all. It has two fine strings or halyards with little wooden almonds labelled "OPEN." But when you haul on the halyards one of the strings breaks and the almond comes off the other. I know this because I have just tried it.

But one is lucky to have a room in which one even tries to open a window. This hotel was built, of course, as the sensible modern custom is, in the middle of a railway-station. But it goes one better than that—or two. It has been carefully surrounded with all-night trams and cobble-stones. The first room I had was on Platform Four, where all the night-expresses come in. And whenever there was a lull in expresses there were trams grinding along the tram-lines or very large waggons drawn by very slow horses over very mountainous cobble-stones. So either you open the double windows and lie awake counting the trams or you shut the windows and are asphyxiated.

The first night I tried both. I also tried to turn off the heating. I approached the boiling nest of pipes and turned the little button as far as it would go. There were alarming volcanic sounds, and I retired to bed feeling as one might feel after putting a cork in Vesuvius, proud but apprehensive. I gave the thing ten minutes to simmer down and cautiously approached again. The heat was far, far hotter than before. I madly turned the handle the other way; it came off in my hand and a small but steady geyser of steam and boiling water began to splutter over my dress-shoes. I flung a towel over the geyser and gave it up.

The next day I implored one of the nice maids to turn the Central Heating off. She seemed a little hurt, I thought—and this, by the way, is both interesting and important. *We ought all to learn how to turn off the Central Heating ourselves.* For I have discovered that everyone connected with the management is definitely wounded if you sug-

gest their turning off their beautiful Central Heating. It is a species of ingratitude. You are like those brusque fellows who say, "Waiter, take these flowers away; I can't see the lady." You get a black mark.

And not every nice maid, in my experience, is able to do it. Or perhaps they turn it on again last thing at night. At any rate the dear old bubbler is generally bubbling away when I totter to bed.

So I have learned the trick now, and my bundle of pipes is at this moment merely tepid. But what's the use? There must be another of the devils concealed in the wall or under the floor. And do not suppose that when you have turned the thing off you have done with it. It is like having a chained and resentful dog in the room. The darned things grunts at you; it coughs and spits, and just as you are dropping off to sleep it suddenly goes conk. "*I'll* teach you to turn me off," it growls: and sometimes in the hysterical watches of the night I honestly feel that it may get loose and crawl, hissing and spitting and conking, to attack me.

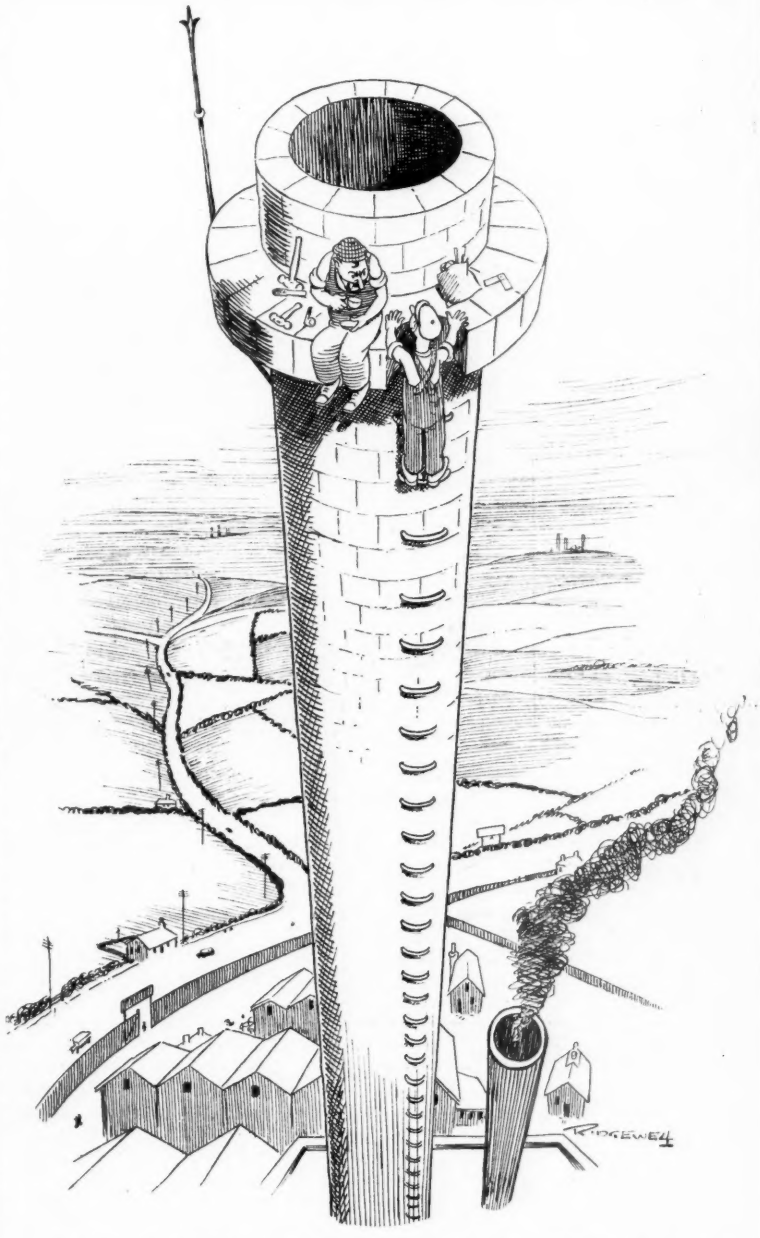
Half-past five.

I change my room often. All the management are very kind, and I have now passed the night, I think, in nearly every room in the hotel. But I cannot truthfully say that I have *slept*. Many of the rooms on the quiet side (over Platform Two) are comparatively peaceful. But Central Heating has broken the habits of a lifetime, and I don't really expect to sleep again.

I generally drop off into a delirious doze about five-thirty. But that does not give one much time before six, when the grand stoking-up takes place. This is conking-time. I know not what exactly the Central Heating King does at six—flings more coals on the furnace, I imagine; but it sounds as if he were firing bullets along the pipes or hammering the pipes with hammers. And another battle of this kind breaks out as a rule at seven.

Yesterday I dozed through the seven-o'clock battle. It was my first night in this room, which is over the court-yard, and after four in the morning was quite quiet; indeed there was very little noise before that, except the constant clanging and banging of the lift-gates, the arrival of late parties, cheery good-nights, continual slamming of doors and the galloping of porters with baggage-trollies along the passage.

But at eight I was awakened shockingly by a noise of hammering like the breaking up of a battleship. I telephoned to the nice people at the Bureau and explained that I had been awake all night with Central Heating.



"HANG IT, ARTHUR, EVERY CUP OF TEA YOU'VE BROUGHT ME UP HAS BEEN PRACTICALLY STONE COLD."

"I know I'm a nuisance," I said, "but that is what you are for. I know I am exceptional, one of those nervy lunatics who write—but *must* this battleship be broken up *to-day*?" They said they were sorry, but all the walls in the Old Wing were being knocked down. "What for?" I inquired. "To put in Central Heating," was the reply. I laughed rather bitterly.

Six o'clock. The first battle has begun. I shall send for my suit and ramble about Burbleton in the dawn. But even in the streets I cannot quite get Central Heating out of my head. I have noticed that in the poorer quarters there is an anxious apprehensive look on the faces of the people. They are afraid of growing rich and having to live in this hotel. A. P. H.

AN ORDINARY GOLFER EXPLAINS.

A GREAT many books have been written about golf by experts, but why has the ordinary golfer never had the privilege of print extended to him? In these days of autobiographies and personal confessions this seems a most extraordinary state of affairs. I am going to rectify it now. Here goes.

My name is Ignatius Thudd. Five feet two inches tall, I suffer from neurasthenia. Mine is a chronic case.

In 1907 I had a handicap at the Roughover Golf Club of 24. It is now 23. As I have been playing golf for well over thirty-seven years you will, I think, agree that I ought to know what I am talking about. I do.

Here, then, are a few of my mental and physical reactions on an ordinary day.

I awake to a fine morning. Golf? Why not? I ring up Lionel Nutmeg. He agrees that 10 A.M. will do nicely. Five minutes later I begin to feel nervous. I wish I had decided to potter about in my garden.

On the way to the course my muscles start to become very stiff. A feeling of nausea envelopes me. My heart is palpitating wildly. I fervently hope there will not be a big crowd at the first tee.

Nutmeg is at the Club before me. He is sitting looking at a newspaper. He greets me nonchalantly, just as if golf was a trivial matter. "Home Rails were firmer yesterday," he says. As if Home Rails matter.

It is not quite our time to start. I begin to shake all over. I suppose it is the proximity of my opponent. I sit down near General Forcursue, but my feet beat such a noisy tattoo on the floor I find it necessary to get up and walk about. The General eyes me suspiciously. I cannot help it. I go and have a talk to the green-keeper of the nineteenth hole. My tongue is quite parched.

An inferiority complex has got me well in hand. I am suffering from what the medical profession calls prodromata. Subversive influences are at work. In my mind I have already missed the ball a dozen times. I am in the penultimate stage of exhaustion psychoses.

The starter calls our names—Mr. Nutmeg and Mr. Thudd. Around the tee are a great many people. I tread on a lady's foot. I apologise profusely, but my apology is not well received. This sends me into the throes of melancholia. My tongue is again quite parched but there is now no time to . . .

Nutmeg has driven. His ball is well down the fairway. He has no cares. Ah well, perhaps one. Home Rails. Nothing more. It is now my turn. I am awash with terror, remorse, alarm and dismay. I cannot recollect one point about the mechanics or the theory of the game.

I tee up my ball. It looks like a tablet of aspirin. It is surrounded by a halo. Now it is in a mist. I lose sight of it.



The Child. "THIS ICKLE PIG WENT TO MARKET, THIS ICKLE PIG STAYED AT HOME."

I grip my club in the manner adopted by bell-ringers, or is it pole vaulters? I have been told that when a golfer waggles his club in addressing the ball it is because he wants to get up animal heat. I am full of animal heat as it is. I do not want to get any hotter. I refrain from waggling. Now I am swinging back my club preparatory to hitting the ball.

For those who like detail I might add the following: My teeth are embedded in a large piece of india-rubber that I keep especially for these vital moments. It steadies me. My eyes are bloodshot and protruding. My hair has lost its glossy sheen. My ears are as far back as I can get them, the left slightly higher than the right. I prefer not to discuss my nose.

I am now at the top of my swing. There is an ominous crack. One of my lower ribs has overlapped my hip. I disregard the matter. I still cannot see my ball. There is nothing visible but my right shoulder-blade. I shall probably not see my ball again until this is all over. I shut my eyes. There is another crack. This time it is my collar-stud. There is no give-and-take in my neck. No matter. This has happened before. I am prepared. I have several more collar-studs in my golf-bag.

Now I am starting to bring my club down on the ball. I have lost all sense of feeling. If I have not miscalculated the head of my driver should at this moment be about a foot from home. Soon I shall obtain the much-needed relief. My hat has fallen off.

THERE! The force of impact is terrific. It is all over. I wonder how far I have driven. My finish is poor. There is no follow-through. The club flies out of my hands. I have lost my balance and fallen. I feel a stabbing pain in my back. I can hear the sound of the sea. Willing hands help me up. I open my eyes.

My ball is still on the tee. It seems quite impossible but there is no doubt about it. "N-N-N-Nutmeg," I stammer, "what has happened?"

"Oh, nothing," he replies with a sneer "You have only hit the tee box instead of your ball."

Perhaps I had better stop now. The rest is unprintable.

The Philosopher's Stone at Last.

"City Notes.
A GILT-EDGED LEAD."
Evening Paper.

"CORNISH HOTEL FIRE.
GUESTS ESCAPE IN NIGHT ATTIRE.
. . . All showed great coolness . . ."
Manchester Paper.

They would.

"Mr. Brian —— —— and his bride. They first met in flying circles."—*Daily Paper.*

Which degenerated apparently into a mutual flat spin.

"In a football match in Athens between Greece and Turkey the Greek team protested that the ball was of inferior quality."
Daily Paper.

At any rate a variation on the usual objection that the goals are porous.



Girl (at Rugby Football Match). "*Do* GET UP, ARTHUR—THEY 'RE JUST GOING TO TAKE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH!"

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

1940.

Now, children, to-night I am going to tell you all about the stars and planets. You all know that the planets are worlds like our own, but they are so far off that they look like little bright spots in the sky.

It is quite easy to recognise them if you only know where to look. We will take Jupiter first, as this is quite the largest of them all, and I will tell you how to find it.

If you will go out into your garden to-night at eight o'clock and look up towards the south-east, you will see the words "Drink Boggle's Beer," followed by what looks like a full-stop. Now the full-stop is really Jupiter, which is about 380 million miles away. Although it does not look bigger than a full-stop, it is 85,000 miles across and has nine moons of its own.

While we are talking about moons we must not forget our own, which is full to-night, and will be in the dickey seat of the 7 h.p. Maud car you will see in the south. Don't take any notice of the writing you see on the Moon, there isn't really anything written on its surface.

Now turn due west (towards the picture of the man who always takes Bill's Pills) and you will see a bright spot on his neck. This is Venus, a beautiful planet, which is always near the sun and therefore very bright.

The red spot on the right leg of Miss Gertie Gaiety, who, as you know, always wears "Sosilky" stockings, is only Mars, another planet and the one nearest our Earth.

You will not be able to see Saturn to-night, but in your holidays next summer ask if you may sit up till half-past ten and then you will see *four* stars on the picture of the bottle of McTavish's three star whisky. The fourth star will be Saturn, although it will not be nearly so bright as the other three.

The other planets are too far off to be seen easily, but, if you have very good eyesight, you may just catch a glimpse of Uranus under the sofa marked "10/6 deposit."

Now there are other wonderful things in the sky besides the moon and the planets. Look at the picture of the bald-headed gentleman smoking one of "Blank's Cigarettes." You can see smoke coming out of his mouth, but, if you look very carefully, you will see some more smoke coming out of his ear. This is the Great Nebula in Orion and is not really cigarette smoke but a kind of luminous gas millions of millions of miles away.

This is quite enough for one night, I think, and I will tell you all about comets another day; but before I finish let me remind you of one thing, children. If you wish to view the beauties of the heavens any evening, mind you go out before nine o'clock, as after this hour the Sky Cinema Company give their evening performance, and then it is very difficult to tell the difference between a planet and a star or anything else.

"HENS BUILD BUNGALOW."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

There are those who protest that Peacehaven is quite an egg.

"LARGE SUMS OWING TO BRITAIN
£98,000,000 IN LOANS
BY OUR CITY EDITOR."
Daily Paper.

We are all for making the rotter pay up.

It is stated that Chicago is on the verge of bankruptcy and must raise £150,000,000 in order to pay the city's employees. It seems a great mistake to have another BIG BILL.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—I suppose you had, like everyone else, rather more Christmas-cards than usual; for England seems to have said it with cards this time. I had more than my share too, among them one which makes me wonder how many of those messengers of goodwill were despatched last December by the American who was on the ship with me going to the East a little more than a year ago.

You know how everyone hurries off at the different ports to see the sights and buy curiosities and mementoes. They leave a ship with empty hands and return with full. But at Algiers my American, whom up till then I had not spoken with, did, I observed, just the opposite; he left the ship with a big parcel and an anxious face and returned fatigued but with nothing more burdensome than a happy smile.

As it seemed to invite a remark, I made some comment on his departure from the usual custom.

"I think I surprised them ashore too," he said. "You may have noticed—as you seem to notice things—that I have been writing a lot on the voyage."

As a matter of fact he had been at one of the desks most of the time: a desk I had rather wanted for myself.

"Well, I was addressing Christmas-cards. I send away a lot every year; it's the only way, as I am always travelling about, that I have of keeping in touch with my friends. This year I have sent away just eight hundred."

"You have eight hundred friends?" I inquired. "Eight hundred!"

"Probably more," he said; "but that's all I've been able to think of. No doubt, directly we sail and it's too late, I shall remember the others. But that's what I went ashore for—to post them. There weren't enough stamps in the purser's office for more than a few dozen; but my friends prefer foreign stamps, anyway. It looks like more of an attention to remember them when you're in strange countries."

"You haven't stuck eight hundred stamps on cards yourself?" I asked.

"No, Sir," he said—"no. Much as I like my friends, I should draw the line there. Addressing cards, yes. It's a terrible job, but I'll do it. But stamping them, no. So I had to find someone. It wasn't difficult. They'll do anything in Algiers. A fellow in a fez came up to me with hearth-rugs over his shoulder and grinning like the devil.

"'No,' I said; 'I don't want any hearth-rugs. I haven't got a hearth; haven't had a hearth since my last divorce. But I want someone to stick eight hundred stamps on cards. Will you do it?'

"It was some time before such a revolutionary idea could get under his hat; but at last he understood.

"'Yes,' he said; 'I no do it; I sell carpet; but I find someone who will. My son. Clever boy, smart boy.' And he fetched his son, and we went to the post-office and he stuck the stamps on for me. I was never so tired in my life."

"Did he use his tongue?" I asked.

"Every time. There's no sponge in the post-office in Algiers."

"How long did it take?"

"Three packets of cigarettes," he said.

This was the scene and the dialogue that came back to me when among my cards this last Christmas I found one with a Java stamp on it wishing me the compliments of the season and a prosperous New Year, from H. C. So you see he now has eight-hundred-and-one friends.

He is lucky to be in Java, as you are lucky to be in Kenya; for this is a most distressful country, with nothing but forebodings in the air. And not only are we taxed to death, but reminders of new taxation arrive by every post. If economy began at home, as it should do to be effective, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would make some inquiries into the cost of the paper, printing, addressing and postage of the millions of notices issued in his name, and see if some were not redundant. To give you two personal examples: Having regularly, for some months, filled up a paper with reference to servants' wages, I have just received a printed form and envelope demanding the names and wages of the persons in my employ. Having been bled white on January 1st by a London tax-collector, I have just received from a country inquisitor a printed form and envelope demanding the name of the London leech who performs this office. To a simple private citizen there seems to be some waste of time and material here.

For your collection of odd names. The other day in Paris, on the road to St. Germain, I saw a new factory for motor accessories, where, I should guess, few Anglo-Saxons would ever apply for a job. The name of the firm is SACMI.

E. V. L.

Gaspers' Pants.

"A pair of British-made Grey Flannel Trousers free for smoking forty packets of twenty cigarettes."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Parking Problems Solved.

"'If patients apply to me for a permit I insist on them reading the Long Eaton Council's list of rules relative to the use of the ambulance, which hangs in my surgery,' was the comment of Dr. W. St. A. ——."

Derbyshire Paper.

HELP FROM MALAYA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Since your article, "Name These Children," of July 22, 1931, I have not observed that you have received any help in the difficult problem you have set yourself, except from Hong-Kong. Week after week Amelia and I eagerly search your pages to see whether a solution has been found, but in vain. Living, as we do, in this Protectorate (although the whole of the Malay Peninsula is often loosely described as "British Malaya"), we take a personal as well as an academic interest in the question as to what we, the sub-species overseas of the genus British, are to be called.

Like yourself, Sir, I should be content to be called an Englishman, but I have realised the advantage of a word to describe the overseas Imperialist ever since a friend at home referred to me as an "Anglo-Malayan." Amelia was born in South Africa and now lives in Malaya: what about her? Something must be done about it; we cannot tolerate "Britisher" much longer, nor does it appear that the word "Brover," however ingeniously or scientifically invented, has caught on.

The Malays call the British (and only the British) "Orang Puteh," which means "White Man," but any solution on these lines would not only be cumbersome, but would also inevitably lead to an international imbroglio—a danger to be avoided just now.

I feel, Sir, that the word cannot be evolved scientifically, but that we must cast about at random until we chance on something pleasantly descriptive that will stir the public imagination. "Outposts of Empire" can only supply "Outposters" and "Outpostmen"; both are useless, the former smacking of bill-sticking (which is not so popular an overseas sport as, for instance, pig-sticking) and the latter smacking of the Posts and Telegraphs Department (by which we are by no means all of us employed); but the prefix "Out-" may be of some use. Shall we follow the trail? "Outcroppers"? No. It is true we exiles are continually cropping up at home most enviably sunburnt, but there is nothing Imperial about the word and it is rather undignified. "Outbritons" has an early-English (British) flavour, but, as you have pointed out, Sir, the word "Briton" is invariably associated with the determination (even, I suppose, by taxpayers at home) to avoid slavery like the plague.

"Kingsmen" is pleasantly patriotic, but might easily be mistaken for kinsmen, and our cousins across the water and so on, which would never do; nor



Husband (who has received income-tax paper for first time). "WOT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, LIZ?"
Wife. "TELL 'EM YOU BELONG TO THE 'EARTS OF OAK AND YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE INCOME-TAX."

does it distinguish between the Home and the Colonial loyalist.

"Redmappers." "Redmaps" and "Redmapmen" contain the Imperialist idea, but perhaps too emphatically, and in any case the word "Red" might be taken in the wrong spirit. No good.

In this country we still have local rugger matches, "John Company *v.* The Rest," but the word "Company" (or "Kumpani") is the universal translation of "Government," and must therefore be rigidly excluded, as it would lead to much heart-burning; so that the idea leaves us with "John": "Johnbullers," "Johnbullmen," or "Farjacks"? None will do, and the last particularly is much too theatrical. What can we do with the prefix "Far-"? "Farflungers?"—Terrible! "Farbritons"?—No better than "Outbritons," if as good.

"Transangles" is clumsy and would certainly enrage the Scot. "Transoceaner" is wrong from beginning to end.

At this point, Sir, I must confess that I have no solution to offer you, but I feel that this process of elimination may inspire other Overseas British—other Brovers, in fact—to continue the search for the right word. The weeks drag along and nothing is done. Amelia and I intend to go on thinking, and if we come across anything goodish we will, if we may, write and tell you. We hope, however, that this letter may be of some assistance to you in keeping the discussion alive. After all, Britons never, never will be Britishers.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
OUT-MAN OF KENT.

P.S.—Amelia asks me to say "Old Britonian."

IT WAS ONLY FOR A WEEK-END



BUT MY AUNT SAID, "I CAN'T HELP LIKIN' HER, MY DEAR BOY. . . . BUT SHE OUGHT NOT TO HAVE COME DOWN HERE WITH YOU. . . ."



AND HER OLD HOUSEKEEPER SAID, "OURS IS A RESPECTABLE HOUSE, MISTER RICHARD, AND I 'OPES I DON'T LIVE TO SEE SUCH GOIN'S-ON AGAIN."



AND HER OLD BUTLER SNIFFED HIMSELF TO A SNIVEL AND GAVE NOTICE.



AND I HEARD HER OLD MAID SAY, "AND IF YOU PLEASE, I FINDS THAT YOUNG LADY RUMMAGIN' ROUND IN HER LADYSHIP'S WARDROBE."



AND HER OLD PARLOUR-MAID REPLIED, "BUT DID YOU SEE MY DRAWING-ROOM THIS MORNING?"



AND I HEARD HER OLD GARDENER SAY, "WALKS ALL OVER MY BEDS AND THEN STANDS MAKIN' EYES AT ME!"



AND HER OLD CHAUFFEUR RETORTED, "THAT'S NOTHIN' TO DRIVIN' TO CHURCH IN MY CAR (WITH HER LEDDYSHIP THERE TOO!) A-SITTIN' AS BOLD AS BRASS ON MISTER RICHARD'S KNEE"—AND ALL THIS BECAUSE OF—



MY BELINDA.

TELEPHONES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THERE is at the moment a Young People's Telephone Exhibition going on at the Imperial Institute, and last week I got landed to take a couple of Young People to it. "It'll be both amusing and instructive for them," I was told. "You know, sending telegrams and learning how to dial, and so on." A pretty morbid idea that, I felt—teaching a young innocent child to dial. Why should it learn at all? Come to that, why should any of us learn? There are too many of these so-called "labour-saving" devices around, which go on saving more and more of everybody's labour except that of the poor citizen who uses them, until ultimately he has to do it all himself, and it's called "automatic."

However, I and a couple of kids packed off to South Kensington Tube Station. Here it seemed to me that there couldn't be a single home in London that hadn't sent its entire kiddage off to the Exhibition. And I could take the parents' point too. For a long, long subway led from the station to the neighbourhood of the Institute, of such length and breadth as to make it imperative that every child should run up and down it at top speed, and of acoustic properties specially designed to demonstrate the strength and ubiquity of a child's shout. The whole thing would have made Bedlam sound like the Silence Room in the Athenæum.

I finally retrieved my pair, hoarse and hot, at the far end. They just had breath enough to ask me if they might just shout their way back at speed once more. I just had breath enough to say "No" and mean it. So in default of anything else we went to the Exhibition.

It certainly was a wonderful exhibition for Young People. I don't suppose in the history of the world there can ever have been so many delicate instruments and pieces of machinery displayed within touching and handling reach of so many children at once; and bearing in mind that the chief delight of every young person at any exhibition is to touch things, I think the Post Office is to be congratulated. Even the numerous "Please do not touch" labels were each such a mass of finger-prints as would have thrown any Scotland Yard detective into a sort of coma. Best of all in this line, I think, was a miniature telephone-kiosk fitted with a radio-visor in the roof—a gadget which, when deprived of daylight from above by, say, fog or the approach of night, or even a cloud the size (and exact shape) of a child's hand, switches on the illumination of the kiosk below. I don't suppose that kiosk was unlighted for more than two consecutive seconds at a time. Some of the hands were so grubby as apparently to make the thing go on from sheer apprehension.

Then there were several tele-printers. The ostensible idea—that is for grown-up consumption—was to show how modern telegrams were despatched. The *real* idea was that every child could satisfy that long-suppressed desire to play unrestrained with a typewriter, and could, moreover, have the satisfaction of knowing that the machine was far more valuable than a typewriter, and so with luck more damage could be done. I saw three children trying to type a message at once. They were running neck-and-neck till one of them conceived the idea of using his fist, which could thus cover four keys simultaneously. I gather he was the winner, because it was soon after taken to the back for repair.

I noticed that most of the officials stood helplessly round during this sort of thing. It was the third day of the Exhibition, and they wore on their faces the resigned and hopeless look of

swimmers who have done their best against the mill-race, but have now no heart to struggle any longer. As one said to me when we were watching four kids—my own two had been lost quite early on—poking their fingers into the delicate intestines of a tele-photo set: "If one out of ten learns something, it's good enough. And anyway, what's the use of stopping them? Why, they broke the exhibition mail-van yesterday!"

I took his point. Let them handle the small instruments, which after all only cost money, and then they won't start to touch anything vital, like the pillars that hold up the roof of the Institute.

In another place I found a delightful toy—a machine for the quick post-marking of letters. You held a pile of correspondence against a rapidly-moving board and they flicked through and out the other side faster than leaves in a gale. Practically anything went through—if the postman in charge wasn't looking. I have a handkerchief this minute tastefully dated and stamped "Telephone Exhibition" and bearing the slogan, "EVERY HOME NEEDS A PHONE." From what I could see of the children who were using them, every home needed about twenty phones, unless the Telephone Company are proposing to bring out a special hydra-headed instrument with as many mouthpieces as a hyacinth has bells.

It was not till about four o'clock that I found my two Young People again. Or rather, to be precise, they found me—by the simple expedient of telling the gentleman working the broadcasting loud-speaker that I was lost. The first I heard of it was hearing my own name in stentorian tones above the clamour: "Will little Albert Apple," it boomed, "who is lost, go and wait at the kiosk by the exit?"

I arrived at last at the exit. It had taken me a quarter-of-an-hour to do the twenty yards, because some seven hundred children, who apparently wanted to see the touching reunion between little Albert Apple and his mummie, were surging all round the place.

My pair were still giggling and quite impenitent. All they said was: "Can we go back and shout in that tunnel again?"

"They have been well amused and instructed," I reported later to their parent, whereupon she asked them: "Well, darlings, and what did you like best?"

"Shouting in that tunnel," they replied unanimously. Telephony is a wonderful thing. A. A.



"LOOK—A NEW MOON, DARLING. RING UP THE INCOME-TAX MAN AND ASK HIM TO TURN OUR MONEY."

"TURN YOUR FACE FROM THE WEST, LADDIE."

["Some newspapers, to my way of thinking, give far too much space to the doings of the West End."—*Lord* CASTLEROSSE *in "The Sunday Express."*]

O SCRIBES, if you would play fair
With news you're paid to glean,
Pray tell us less of Mayfair
And more of Bethnal Green.
Go, seek by Shoreditch steeple
For stunts I'm sure can knock
Those of the Bright Young People
Into a hat a-cock.

Though names may have no handle
Along the Fulham Road,
Of gossip, "blah" and scandal
You'll strike a barrow-load.
So seize your pen and brolly
And round the suburbs go . . .
What can you know of folly
That only Mayfair know? D. C.

New Perils of Point Duty.

"FISHING INDUSTRY AT CROSS-ROADS."
Derbyshire Paper.

"His engine was evidently out of action, and he could be seen with the aid of a telescope trying to remedy the defect."
Scots Paper.

But it's never much good magnifying one's difficulties.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

WHEN Mr. Rectangle was about fifty years old somebody died and left him a million pounds. And of course he was pleased, because he had never expected anything like that to happen to him and thought he would have to go on working all his life at being a shipping clerk, which he liked fairly well but thought he might get tired of by the time he was about seventy. But now he would never have to do any more work at all unless he wanted to, and would get just as much money for lying in bed as for getting up and doing something.

So he went home and told Mrs. Rectangle about it, and the first thing she said was well now we shall be able to pay the gas-bill. But by that time Mr. Rectangle's ideas had begun to soar higher than gas-bills and he said let us take a taxi and go and tell Mimosa about it.

Well that almost took Mrs. Rectangle's breath away, because Mimosa who was their married daughter lived at Croydon and they lived at Muswell Hill, and they had never thought of going there except by tube and train third class. But she said oh do let's and she went and put on her best hat and coat. And while she was doing it she was very happy and said to herself we must take Mimosa a present and one for little Geranium too. And Mr. Rectangle was quite agreeable to that and said what about a diamond tiara for Mimosa and a gold rattle for little Geranium? But Mrs. Rectangle said she thought Mimosa would rather have a nice fur and a silk umbrella with a silver handle to begin with, and what Geranium wanted more than anything was the best pram that money could buy.

So they stopped at some shops and bought those things and Mr. Rectangle bought Mrs. Rectangle a most expensive fur too, and she wanted him to buy something expensive for himself but he said that could wait and all he would buy was a new hat, and when they asked him where they should send the old one he said oh you can keep that for yourself.

Well the pram was hoisted on to the top of the taxi and they went on, and then Mrs. Rectangle said what about a present for George? And he said oh yes we can't leave George out, he is a good husband to Mimosa, I know what he wants more than anything, a two-seater.

So they stopped at a place where they sold motor-cars and chose a very nice one painted yellow, and the gentleman who was showing them the cars said can't I interest you in something more expensive? And they said he could, so he interested them in a Saturn 75, and Mr. Rectangle said yes I will take that one, I may as well pay for them both now so as to save trouble, I suppose you can provide somebody to drive it, because we are going to Croydon to see our married daughter and we should like to go in it, and perhaps we could tow the two-seater behind. But he said he could provide somebody to drive both the cars, and they started off again with the taxi following them with the pram on it.



"THEY BOUGHT A ROCKING-HORSE FOR LITTLE GERANIUM."

And then Mrs. Rectangle said oh we have forgotten Doris, who was Mimosa's servant, what she wants more than anything is a new mangle because theirs is nearly worn out, I know you can get good ones at the Stores.

So they went to the Stores and bought a mangle, and while they were there they saw a refrigerator and bought that too because Mimosa loved ices, and they bought a rocking-horse for little Geranium for the time she would be old enough to ride on it. And then Mrs. Rectangle said we must buy something for Doris besides the mangle and I think the best thing will be a ball-dress from Paris so that she can look nice when she goes out to dances with her young men. So they went to the dress department of the Stores and bought a ball-dress for Doris and one for Mimosa too with some very expensive lingerie and silk stockings and shoes to go with it, and some lovely clothes for little Geranium, and a nice leather trunk to put them in, so that they could take all the things with them.

Well when the taxi-driver saw all the things he said what do you take me for, a motor-lorry? And Mr. Rectangle said well I think the best way will be to buy a small motor-lorry. So he paid off the taxi, and gave the driver five pound-notes for a tip and said take that home to your wife. And the taxi-driver counted the notes and said what price Briggs now and drove away. And they didn't quite understand what he had meant but thought that perhaps he owed Briggs some money which he hadn't been able to pay or else that Briggs had been boasting that he was richer than the taxi-driver.

Well they bought a motor-lorry and put all the presents in it, but there was plenty of room for more, so they bought a beautiful bedroom suite of baccaroyna wood inlaid with zinc, because Mimosa had always wanted one but couldn't afford it when she was married. And Mrs. Rectangle said I don't know what she will do with the old one. And Mr. Rectangle said oh she can put it out into the garden for to-night or we can put it into the lorry and save it for Doris when she gets married, is there anything else we can take? And Mrs. Rectangle said I can't think of anything else except some delicacies of the season. So they bought some salmon and asparagus and strawberries and new potatoes and a lot of lovely flowers out of hot-houses and then they went off to Croydon in the Saturn, and the two-seater and the motor-lorry came after them.

Well it was rather late by this time and George had come home from business rather depressed in his mind because they had just cut down his wages through the financial situation being so bad and it was either that or not paying a dividend. And George could hardly believe his ears when he heard about the million pounds, and Mimosa couldn't either, but they believed their

eyes when they saw the presents, and George went out in his new two-seater to buy a bottle of wine, which Mr. and Mrs. Rectangle had forgotten as they never drank any through not being able to afford it, but now they could, and they all had a lovely supper when Doris had cooked the new potatoes, and she was so pleased with her ball-dress that she wore it when she waited at table. And the two chauffeurs and the lorry-driver brought in the bedroom suite and then Mr. Rectangle gave them some money to go and get a nice supper for themselves and said he would give them some more to take home to their wives if they didn't get drunk over their supper.

So they all had a very happy evening and it was quite late when Mr. and Mrs. Rectangle got home to Muswell Hill.

Well they didn't have a servant of their own but only a woman who came in. So Mrs. Rectangle went into the kitchen and made some coffee and opened a tin of tongue, because they were hungry again after their drive, and they enjoyed themselves talking about George and Mimosa and little Geranium and settled to take them all off for a holiday to Hastings at once in the Saturn and the two-seater.

And Mr. Rectangle said well I don't care what they say, I like being a millionaire and it's all nonsense talking about the burdens of wealth. And Mrs. Rectangle said so do I dear, I'll just clear away these things and then go to bed, don't sit up late and keep the gas burning. A. M.

THE WORM TURNS.

[A doctor says that to brag of early rising is a sign of small-mindedness.]

OUR parents used to say—it made us squirm—
"It is the early bird that gets the worm!"
Now that at last the voice of truth is heard,
It is the early worm that gets the bird.

"ROWING.
CAMBRIDGE TRY TWO MEN AT NO. 4 THWART."
Birmingham Paper.

Will Oxford retort with an electric stroke?

"At night Lindrum took his incomplete run to 335 and supplemented it with a 1,084. Altogether he scared 1,371 . . ."
Daily Paper.

He was lucky not to lose them.

"A suggestion has been made that a really large meteor, if it hit the earth, would result in the end of the world. I fear there is no likelihood of this."—*Daily Paper.*

We deplore this cynicism in the popular Press.



Irate Squire. "WHERE WERE YOU WHEN ALL THIS POACHING WAS GOING ON?" *Gamekeeper.* "I WAS GIVIN' 'EM A TURN AT THE VILLAGE CONCERT. I WONDERED WHY THEY KEPT ON ENCORIN' ME."

BRIGHTER MONEY.

ACCOUTRED in City raiment
And one of a bus-borne mob,
When pressed for a ticket's payment
I tendered a faded bob.

Its surfaces were as misted
As those of the lesser tin
Of which the change consisted,
And that was wan and thin.

I paid for a lunch-time sandwich
And a brew they said was beer
With a ten-bob note of the brand which
Belongs to a former year.

At the bank, by dint of cackling
With a certain practised craft,
Some notes as crisp as crackling
I drew as an overdraft.

I took the choice of a tube-ride
On the journey back from Town,
And bright as a beaming new bride
Was the shilling I put down.

And the change, though coined in copper,
Resembled the pounds of old,
In the days of sovereigns proper,
In the days when pounds were gold.

From a youth attempting gaily
To split my mortal dome
I purchased an evening "daily"
To read on the journey home.

A lot of the news was fearful
And some of it only bad,
But money had grown "more cheerful
As the day advanced." It had.

C. B.



FIN DE SAISON.

Heroic Mother repeating formula. "I'M *afraid* WE MUST TEAR OURSELVES AWAY."

ANOTHER INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

AUTREFOIS, ma chère fille, on avoit beaucoup de tems; on se promenoit, on lisoit; présentement la vie est si tumultueuse, le tems passe comme un éclair. Mais avec ma plume sans-fil, quoiqu'elle fait des fautes, je peux écrire instantanément, ce qu'il faut par le tems qui court, une plume qui court pour des écrivains qui n'ont pas un instant à perdre.

Je reste encore quelque tems à Londres, afin qu'il me soit possible d'étudier les habitudes du peuple anglois.

Pour les femmes. Au lieu de nos coiffures élégantes, les cheveux frisés, elles ont les cheveux tout courts. Et quels petits costumes. Au lieu des robes de notre tems, larges et traînantes, faites avec des douzaines d'aunes de soie, elles portent à peu près deux aunes de drap, et c'est tout. Un petit jupon, aussi serré que possible, de la taille jusqu'au genoux. Des bas de soie transparens, et de petits souliers de bal. Comme cela elles pataugent par le tems pluvieux, qui dure sans cesse en Angleterre. C'est vrai qu'il étoit d'hiver quand je les vis, mais s'il étoit devenu d'été, elles eussent eu l'air d'avoir froid, excepté sur la nuque. Car elles se promènent en petite robe, la gorge déployée, mais sur la nuque elles portent une masse, une véritable montagne, de fourrure, qui monte plus haut que la tête, quelquefois plus haut que le chapeau.

Les chapeax sont jolis. Ils ont un je ne sais quoi d'attrayant au-dessus d'un beau visage, un air badin qui rehausse le charme d'une belle femme. Je suis ravie de ces petits chapeaux. Mais sur la tête d'une femme corpulente, au visage ronde et épanoui, un tel chapeau donne un drôle d'effet, surtout lorsqu'il cache un œil, et laisse l'autre œil découvert à vous regarder furtivement.

Quant aux hommes, il paroît que le Roi et les princes s'habillent fort simplement, comme tous les gentilshommes. Point de broderies, point de dentelles. Figurez-vous le roi Louis XIV. habillé simplement, sans broderies, sans dentelles, sans plumes et sans perruque. Ah, quel changemens de modes! Tous les gentilshommes portent des vêtemens fort sobres, en couleurs sombres. Si l'on voit quelqu'un qui porte un costume plus gai, on dit que c'est un "bounder." Je trouve le mot anglois dans mon dictionnaire. "Bounder" c'est un homme qui bondit, comme Arlecchino des Comédiens Italiens.

On ne voit pas de différence entre un duc et un député. Les habits sont pareils. Il y a des députés du parlement, des représentans du tiers état, qui ont l'air convenable, quoique de la bourgoisie. Au parlement il y a des femmes. Voilà une chose fort remarquable. Au parlement de Ouestminstaire les hommes parlent continuellement, et les femmes parlent rarement. Excepté une dame étrangère, qui vient des pays à moitié civilisés au-delà de l'Atlantique. Mais les autres dames sont très sages.

Moi je ne comprends pas tous ces parlemens et tous ces congrès. A quoi servent-ils? Les mécanismes modernes pourroient les remplacer. Avec cinq cens gramophones électriques à Londres, à Paris, à Berlin, ou même en Suisse, on auroit des discours ininterrompus et interminables. Il ne faudroit qu'un personnel très limité; deux ou trois huissiers pour les remonter. Et entre-tems les hommes capables, les Richelieu, les Colbert, les Louvois pourraient, sans distraction, gouverner chaque pays. H. B. D.



A FRIEND OF PEACE.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE. "IF YOU MUST GO, M. BRIAND, FAREWELL; AND MAY YOU SOON BE RESTORED TO THE SERVICE OF MANKIND!"

M. BRIAND. "THANK YOU FOR YOUR GOOD WISHES, MADAME. I COUNT ON YOU DURING MY ABSENCE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THIS, MY CONSTANT COMPANION OF RECENT YEARS."

NOTHING DOING.

As I had been working extremely hard my friends urged me to take a week's holiday. "What you need is a thoroughly idle time," they cried. "You must just laze about and do absolutely nothing." They suggested rooms kept by the *dearest* old landlady in the *sweetest* little village simply *miles* from everywhere. In this, however, I stood firm. I wanted a bathroom and I wanted to laze in a more or less inhabited area. We compromised on a small hotel in a quiet market-town. And for the help of those also wishing to revel in fourteen hours' leisure for seven consecutive days in winter I append the following useful little diary of a typical day there:—

8.0 A.M. Awakened by arrival of early tea. Observe that rain is falling. Afflicted with utter inability to remain in bed, though am a conspicuously late riser at home.

8.20. Am fully dressed.

8.40. Have tidied room three times. Compelled to upset box of pins in order to occupy self by picking them up again.

9.0. Gong sounds at last. Descend to breakfast. Exchange remarks about rain, which still falls.

9.30. Withdraw to lounge. Regard rain from different aspect. As London papers not yet arrived, read *Dudgate Courier*. Learn with regret that a Mr. Cuttlefish fell downstairs and that a Mrs. Thrip gave birth to twins.

9.50. Rumour that rain has ceased. Concerted move to window.

9.51. Rumour proves false. General return to fireside. Mrs. Smith's knitting in the meantime has become mingled with Mr. Robinson's spectacles.

9.52. Exchange remarks on subjects of wool, opticians and rain.

10.10. Arrival of letters. Receive booklet issued by proprietors of patent liquid food, a remedy for insomnia, entitled, "Rest, the *Real* Restorative."

10.20. Very stout fellow-guest seats herself beside me. We converse. She inquires why I have come to Dudgate. I answer, To do nothing. She heartily approves and remarks that if she had not known the value of rest she would not be what she is to-day. For some reason or other I do not feel so assured of the benefits of idleness as I did before this conversation.

10.45. Arrival of newspapers. Read *Morning Post*.

11.0. Exchange *Morning Post* for Mr. Robinson's *Times*.

11.15. Exchange *Times* for Mrs. Smith's *Telegraph*.

11.30. Realise guiltily that reading the same news three times is improving my mind and therefore not doing nothing. Hastily return *Telegraph* to owner. Look out of window and observe that rain is falling.



"PLEASE, UNCLE, COULD WE GO IN NEXT-DOOR? I WANT TO SEE THE REST OF THE STAG."

11.35. New arrival at hotel asks how one kills time. It is explained to her that the town boasts

(*a*) Two cinemas, each with two performances nightly, one of which is too early and the other too late;

(*b*) A putting-green (open only in summer);

(*c*) Steamer trips up the river (discontinued in winter);

(*d*) A weighing-machine.

11.40. New arrival turns to me, asking whether I do not find the place dull. Reply rather shortly that I have come to do nothing. She subsides.

11.45. Proprietress of hotel enters and makes brisk conversation. Ask *her* about amusements. She ponders, then remarks that the new Post-Office is well worth seeing.

11.50. Proprietress called away. Argument between Mrs. Smith and self as to where *old* Post-Office is, or was.

12 NOON. Argument cut short by entrance of hotel's Oldest Inhabitant. Realise with horror that I have got her favourite chair. Rise hurriedly and

slink to opposite side of lounge in ominous silence. Observe that rain is falling.

12.15 P.M. Enter hearty fellow-guest who explains that she has walked ten miles in the rain since breakfast. Smile in sickly fashion and congratulate her, murmuring that there is nothing I should have enjoyed more but—— She interrupts with the remark that the lounge is beastly stuffy.

12.20. Hearty female disappears. Settle self to tranquil idleness.

12.25. Mrs. Smith sits by me and gives with great detail account of manner in which the late Mr. Smith expired.

1.0. Luncheon gong.

1.45. Hearty fellow-guest approaches, points out that rain has ceased, and announces that what I want is a good brisk walk. With one eye on Mrs. Smith I agree and sally forth.

2.0. Reach municipal park and walk rapidly round it several times. Convinced I have covered five miles at least. On looking at watch am surprised to find that this has occupied only twenty minutes.

2.20. Gaze at ducks on pond.

2.25. Ducks appear embarrassed. Retreat to rustic bench and contemplate as idly as possible waste-paper receptacle.

2.45. Grow chilly and walk round park in opposite direction.

3.0. Small child asks me the *right* time. Look at watch and become convinced it has stopped, as have certainly done another two miles since leaving bench. Rush back to hotel for tea and discover that, on the contrary, watch is five minutes fast.

3.15. Decide to go and buy a stamp.

3.20. Owing to slack time in Post-Office, purchase concluded. Dally with idea of returning for another, and then another, like little locust who "wriggled in and took a grain of corn and wriggled out again," but lack courage.

3.21. Rain falls once more. Hurry back to hotel. Lounge empty and fire nearly out.

3.22. Struggle with fire. Hearty female comes in from second ten-mile walk and remarks that lounge is very hot. On seeing my occupation adds that she was under the impression I was to do nothing. Pile more coal on fire and make no reply.

4.15. Tea.

4.45. Discuss financial situation with Mrs. Smith, drawing heavily on views of three papers I have read. Find I know more than she does and abandon subject.

5.30. Discuss financial situation with Mr. Robinson. He finds he knows more than I do and abandons subject.

5.45. Arrival of afternoon post. Receive letter from friend who envies me my glorious rest.

6.0. Find myself hotly defending feather-beds from attack by hearty female. Have no idea how this came to pass, as personally consider feather-beds both uncomfortable and unhygienic.



THE BABE IN THE WOOD.

["The whole question of Timber Contracts with the Soviet Government is being carefully looked into."—*Mr. J. H. Thomas.*]

6.30. Escape and dress for dinner.

7.0. Dinner. Gather opinions upon day's weather. Results added up and averaged out to give final decision that day has been definitely wet.

8.0. Coffee in lounge. All talk brightly and no one listens.

8.30. Make up four at bridge with elderly gentleman who does not really approve of the game, his wife who cannot play it and his daughter who hates it.

9.45. Daughter yawns.

10.0. Mother yawns.

10.5. All yawn.

10.10. Party breaks up.

10.30. Fall asleep quickly after hectic dissipation of evening.

1 A.M. Dream I am scrubbing a scullery floor.

1.2. Wake and wish I was.

MATHEMATICS EXPLAINED.

I HAVE recently been living in the company of a mathematician. This gave me the rare opportunity of studying the genus in its habitat, entering the penetralia of the mathematical cerebellum and getting the inner dope of the whole affair.

Mathematicians are born, not moulded. In their cradles they pass their time recording in their minds the intervals between meals and computing the average delay. A statistic based on these observations soon enables them to predict to a high degree of probability when the milk will arrive. Therefore they waste no time in bawling for it.

At school they become even more detached from the common herd. They live in a rarefied and ghostly world. They are unable to take a warm human interest in the building operations of BALBUS. They forsake this glowing and exciting life and instead become absorbed in the contemplation of strange letters and diagrams.

The elect continue their secret lives at Cambridge and quickly form a society, whose conversation is unintelligible except to the few who compose it. Henceforth they are definitely a separate species.

The super-mystics remain at Cambridge for good and are awarded a moderate competence for research work. Nobody inquires how these men employ themselves. They are paid on the assumption that they are doing something profitable to the human race. It is really a kind of confidence-trick played on the public, for nobody outside their own little trade-union can say whether or not they pass their time twiddling their thumbs. That is why now and then some mathematical don writes a popular article in a magazine to assure the world that two and two, notwithstanding all suggestions to the contrary, really make four. That shows the public that he at least has not been wasting his time.

So much for the heads, the first Wrangler or two. The others go forth and get themselves employed by simple



STUDIES IN CRIME.

A BROCCOLI-RUNNER EXPLAINING HIS METHOD TO A SECRET SYNDICATE OF TARIFF-STRICKEN VEGETARIANS.

business men and gullible Governments as accountants, rubber-experts, magistrates in India or clerks in the War Office. These appear to lead the ordinary life, but their inner existence is a seething mass of surds and equations. They deal with the same external world as we, but they regard it differently.

To my mathematical friend chess is of course only lattice geometry. Golf is merely causing a ball to describe parabolas with varying foci. So says he, but the parabola which his ball described into the bunker at the seventh on Saturday and left me two up made him very sick indeed. Billiards, I gather from him, is the only ball-game in which skill is paramount, for in no other game can the ball be hit within three millimetres of the spot intended.

This being his belief, he naturally despises most conventional sports. He enjoys himself most when facing a lot of lines drawn seemingly haphazard on paper. From these he professes to be discovering "exactly what commitments are involved in an acceptance of the parallelogram of forces." I confess I cannot always understand his replies, but neither does he always understand my questions. So I am keeping my end up.

It seems the lines on the paper are not to be taken seriously. I protested that they were neither straight nor uniform and my friend answered carelessly, "Oh, that figure is only to remind myself what I am thinking about." I can see myself at Sandown, using all my brain-power to pick the winner of the 3.30 and constantly gazing, to remind myself, at the Impressionist portrait of a horse sketched on my race-card.

In our time you and I have done algebra—you know, that $x=y$ stuff. When it had once entered our heads that we were really talking about apples and bars of soap we agreed to call them x and y to humour the form-master. We thought it was only a fad of his and accepted it rather than lose a half-holiday. With a similar good-humour I accepted my friend's patter about x and y for some time, assuming that they were fancy names for concrete substances. But he startled me one day by remarking that x was neither cabbages nor bricks, but only equivalent to a nasty mess on the paper with figures and flashes of lightning over them. Cross-examined further, he admitted complete ignorance of the nature of x.

Mathematics, like the English language, is a curious thing. Its refinements are peculiar. Mathematicians freely admit that they don't know about what they are talking, but it would be rude to say they don't know what they are talking about.

E. P. W.

"LEEK MAKES PLEA FOR AGRICULTURE."
Vancouver Paper.

It is hoped that this intelligent vegetable will be persuaded to return to the old country and lend its oratory to the Liberal Party at the next by-election.

"Mr. C. B. —— (president) and Mrs. —— received the guests, Mr. —— wearing a dress of white charmeuse with black trimmings."
Newcastle Paper.

He must have looked nice.

"We were alarmed by the shout of fire. Some of us had no time to get our personal belongings, but we kept our heads."
Daily Paper.

They are always useful.



Budding Diana (mindful of her text-books). "I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY RULE APPLYING TO SITUATIONS LIKE THIS."

THE HIGHLOW HARRIERS.

IT is probable that Gerald's pack of harriers, or rather the nine couple of hounds which he hunts with such determination, would have remained merely "Capten Master's 'ounds" if they had not chosen to take a sharp burst with old Mark Belcher's tortoiseshell Tom. In so trivial a manner are forged the bonds of nomenclature.

It must have been just after Christmas, when hunting a very cold line, that the pack viewed the cat in Mark Belcher's orchard. He sought, as he imagined, certain sanctuary in the roof of a portable hen-house; but Felicity, who looks as though she has several dashes of greyhound in her pedigree, also leapt on to the roof and so astonished the cat that he fell over backwards and was just able to make the back-door in time to save his brush.

"They gallus dogs 'ud 'unt anything," said Mark Belcher to Gerald, after the latter had apologised for the invasion—"squir'ls or moles, 'igh or low; it doan't matter to they."

"That settles it," said Gerald to me afterwards. "I've been trying to find a name for the Hunt. We shall now exist as the Highlow Harriers."

Last Saturday the Highlow Harriers met at Bennet's Corner. Bennet's farm was drawn a blank, so we jogged on to Saunderson's. Here, unfortunately and quite unknown to us, Colonel Skinner with a couple of setters and a gun was taking a last look round before the close of the season. Then the hounds, viewing one of the Colonel's setters, hunted it for half-a-mile and ran into Saunderson's ewe flock and killed two lambs.

"This," exclaimed Gerald when we had whipped them off, "is going to put another three hundred acres out of bounds. What's the price of lamb?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Let's go on to the butcher and find out. Anyhow it will give us an inexpensive twenty minutes."

Then we put up a hare—a wiry, old, straight-necked jack hare—that took us along the vale like the ride of the Valkyries. Little Cowslip was passed and sunk, and we raced on through Bittendon Marsh to Bittendon Major. On the green at Bittendon Major a football match was proceeding. The hare ran straight through it. So did the hounds—almost. It was the activity of the ball that foiled them. Some misguided player kicked it in front of them. An ill-conceived act of temptation.

It was then that old Ravager decided to make a kill, and what was once a beautiful and bounding sphere became instantly a flabby mass. As the flabby mass represented the only football in Bittendon Major the situation was unique as far as local experience was concerned. Gerald, who knows nothing of Association football, was unable to suggest anything useful, and the referee, after consulting the book of bye-laws, took his stand with Gerald. Beyond abandoning the match he was unable to suggest anything either.

I think Gerald took the denoted line of action. His offer to supply a new football and have the match replayed for a cup which he would present to the

winning team was received with undeniable enthusiasm.

* * * * *

"Isn't the pack getting a bit expensive?" I remarked on the way back to the kennels.

"Oh, nothing very bad," replied Gerald. "As a matter of fact they're a sort of commercial education. Tomorrow I shall know the current price of lamb, footballs and silver goblets. And," he added with pride, "you must admit anyhow that they're absolutely out to kill."

FIRE AT THE GABLES.

THE Crystal Palace epoch of architecture produced nothing nobler than the massive villa which stands on the corner opposite our flat.

Seven distinct tints of brick participate in the debauch. Its vast eaves are frilled on the lower side as if a lunatic lace-maker had attacked them with a fret-saw. Its face suggests an inebriate end to a stucco-workers' outing, while in its windows there is a suggestive amount of stained glass, and glazed shelters for plant- and fish-life protrude from it on all sides.

You will therefore understand that I was delighted and relieved to note last night that it was on fire. There was no doubt about it. As I put my key in the lock I looked up and saw a thick ribbon of yellow smoke streaming up from the roof, making the sky murky against a rising moon. It was nearly two o'clock, the street was deserted and every window dark.

"The Gables" had stood empty for several years, but quite recently it had been bought by a foreign gentleman who had settled in with a French wife and a small army of incredibly riotous children. Most of his neighbours would have liked it better if he had left them gambolling in the Polish Corridor, whence it was said that he had come. We had never spoken to him, but at first sight Maria had christened him Monsieur Pommard, he being of that colour and having so much body.

My first thought was to leave "The Gables" to go up in a blaze of atonement, but a vision intervening of poor rotund M. Pommard being cruelly incinerated with his beard and Mme. Pommard and all the children, I was melted. I threw a pebble and registered a direct hit on what I knew to be the Pommards' bedroom window. There was a nasty silence, broken only by the cat at No. 21 mewing to get in. The smoke above "The Gables" was growing darker and more voluminous every instant.

I picked up a larger pebble. It got the same pane again, only this time with a hideous sound it smashed it. A moment later I was in direct communication with M. Pommard himself.

It was difficult to say the right thing. "I'm most frightfully sorry," I said, "but I'm afraid I've broken your window."

At that moment the light went up behind him and I saw that he was leaping up and down like an eccentric Christmas novelty.

"I really didn't mean to break it," I cried.

"If you not mean to break it, why then the devil do you shy a big half-breek at my house?"

A great black cloud swirling round the chimney-pots reminded me.

"The fact is," I shouted, "a bit of it's on fire. There are no flames yet——"

He was gone.

I sat down on the opposite kerb and lit a cigarette and was joined by the cat from No. 21, who had at last decided to make a night of it. M. Pommard's rich voice could be heard upraised in exhortation. Lights went up all over the place, the young of the Pommard squealed and the three Pekinese began a Bark Trio in a high warning key.

Then things became very exciting. M. Pommard, clad in a sort of white samite but looking neither mystic nor particularly wonderful, climbed out on to the flat part of the roof and was greeted with a chorus of acclamation



"DO YOU KNOW THE DOLOMITES AT ALL, DEAR?"
"OH, YES, DARLING; RONALD WAS AT SCHOOL WITH ONE OF THEM."

from his wife (at an upper window), myself and the cat from No. 21.

"Would you like me to ring up the Fire Brigade?" I asked.

"*Je le ferai*," said Madame, and disappeared.

Monsieur, having stumped all over the roof, was now leaning against a chimney-stack, indulging in a good cough.

"Ze smoke—hoigh—gets worse," he cried. "I cannot see—hoigh—from where it comes."

"It's getting redder," I shouted, "why not come down while you can?"

The hall-door opened and the governess came out in a purple flannel dressing-gown, followed by seven children, all apparently of the same age, whom she marshalled into a neat row beside me and the cat from No. 21, who made some comment which fortunately we failed to interpret.

Inside "The Gables" M. Pommard was bellowing at Mme. Pommard and Mme. Pommard was screaming back at him. Outside the seven children and the governess joined loyally in the tumult. It would have been a miracle if anyone had slept through it. As a matter of fact no one had, and by now every window in the street teemed with enthusiastic spectators, including my own family, who were hanging blowzily from a top attic.

The smoke was getting very dense indeed. I was saying as much to the cat from No. 21 when, with a spectacular skid on the corner, a fire-engine arrived. The resulting excitement in the windows was tremendous. In the Pommard family it was even greater. Hoses were unrolling in all directions, until our peaceful street began to take on the aspect of an international Snakes-and-Ladders rally.

I happened to be near *Le Chef des Pompiers* (as the Pommard children insisted on hailing him, to the man's obvious embarrassment) when a fireman ran up and said, "It ain't no ruddy fire, Sir. It's the old Bell Brewery just behind working overtime. The wind's just right to carry the smoke up over their roof."

"Where's the householder?"

"Excuse me," I said, "that's him—the little fat fellow in the nightie." And I added, "I hope you'll tell him where he gets off for waking us all up with his silly jokes."

Undeniably shabby of me, I know. Out of sympathy for poor Monsieur Pommard I withdrew. The cat from No. 21 came with me, purring cynically, and joined me in a saucer of milk.

But what I want to know is, will the Pommards recognise me? ERIC.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE JUDGEMENT OF DR. JOHNSON" (ARTS).

HAD his play on Dr. JOHNSON needed the excuses Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON made for it at curtain-fall, that apologia must have disarmed the surliest critic. It was the perfect first-night speech—witty, gracious, charming. He accused us of (or rather congratulated us on) laughing with louder delight at the sheer extracts from BOSWELL in the text than at anything else. But that was hardly true. I agree that BOSWELL did well—he always does—but so did Mr. CHESTERTON.



LOCAL COLOUR—AND SOUND.
Ian MacLean . . . MR. JOHN REA.



A SOFT DRINK IN THE HEBRIDES.
James Boswell . . MR. ROY GRAHAM.
Dr. Johnson . . . MR. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN.

To have got Dr. JOHNSON on to the stage at all was no mean achievement; to have allowed him so many acceptable traits of mind and speech, such agreeable friends and so much new matter to discuss was more.

The action of the play is perhaps somewhat static, although it carries us from the Hebrides to London and introduces us to some pleasant company. The Hebridean Prologue, with its remote air and bagpipe obbligato, gives the keynote to the conversation rather than starts the action with a bang. And despite the fortunes and hazards of *Mr. Swift*, the American political agent, and his natty little wife, the drama of espionage and ROUSSEAU-inspired gallantry that surrounds them seems, histrionically speaking, a thought too conscious of the company to ruffle its eloquent calm.

The conversation that stars the piece is conducted with good sense, fine feeling and admirable rhetoric. The talkers include *Wilkes* and *Burke*; the topics cover life and liberty, social, political and personal conduct, the characters of kings and governments, the duties of husbands and wives. These are all in the tradition and are so examined without prejudice to the *Doctor's* point of view and conversational bravura, the characters of his friends or the *tempo* of the times.

It was not Mr. CHESTERTON's aim to infuse into his eighteenth-century pastiche the snappy manners of modern Broadway or to pit his one flourish of rapiers against the gangster's gun. He conducts noble discourse nobly while giving it of course the occasional spice of paradox. Into it swims the *Marquise de Montmarat* in full salon canonicals, silvered wig and ceremonious silk to grace the discourse with womanly arts and relieve it with the sentiment of the *précieuse*. Echoes of revolution at home and abroad are countered by flashes of military scarlet.

We meet *Boswell* himself patently making notes for the "Life" when not watching the translation into action of notes already made. At *Mr. Swift's* rooms in London, for instance, we hear the voice of the charmer in a practical adaptation of his famous account of Dr. JOHNSON's meeting with WILKES, though it is staged over *Mrs. Swift's* apocryphal teacups, not over Mr. DILLY's authentic veal.

The chances of the actors vary. The most accessible fall to Mr. FRANCIS SULLIVAN as *Dr. Johnson*, Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE as *Wilkes*, Mr. FRANK COCHRANE as *Burke*, and Mr. ROY GRAHAM as *Boswell*. With Miss MIRIAM ADAMS as *Mrs. Swift* to aid and abet

them they take those chances well. Mr. CHESTERTON said that the play will have served its purpose if it sends us back to BOSWELL. The return could not be made under happier auspices.

This glimpse into the Johnsonian epoch was preceded by Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S *The Comforter*, which gave us a peep at the Gladstonian. A rather murkily-set little cameo, it showed how JOHN MORLEY, primed by GLADSTONE, broke the news to Mrs. GLADSTONE of the G.O.M's retirement. As she knits (and is) the "comforter" Miss DOROTHY HALL keeps her pose and pleasant serene dignity and parries Mr. NORMAN MAC-OWAN'S tactful disclosures delightfully.

Mr. GEORGE WRAY hardly substantiated my pictorial memories of GLADSTONE, though his make-up was heroic. I thought the old man had more blood in him. But the demonic quality with which the text and tradition credited him occasionally echoed in the actor's voice. Moreover I hadn't realised that the Dark Ages lingered on so long as the sepulchral lighting at 10, Downing Street in 1894 suggested. H.

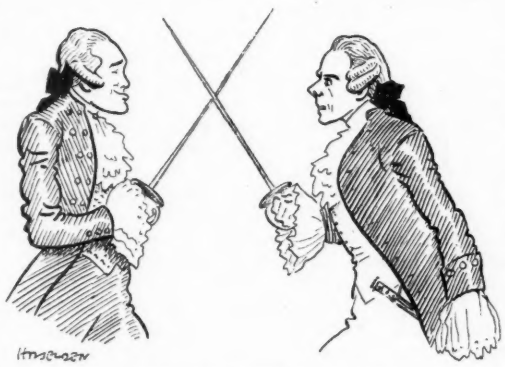
"WHILE PARENTS SLEEP" (ROYALTY).

As we came away from this breezy comedy, a friend on whom the spirit of *Rosa Dartle* sometimes descends asked if such characters as we had been laughing at really existed. I told him I thought they did, adding, however, that my acquaintance with them was limited to the theatre and to Service hearsay.

Jerry, the sailor, who is the life and soul of the party, has illustrious prototypes. CONGREVE first introduced him to me as *Ben Sampson* and described him as "half home-bred and half sea-bred." That description still fits him as *Colonel Hammond's* younger son. His brother *Neville*, a soldier, and the two ladies whom they introduce into the home are also known to us by other *aliases* and have been laughed at in equally frivolous circumstances.

The play begins in quiet domesticity with the *Colonel's* wife breaking the disturbing news to the *Colonel* that *Neville* has invited *Lady Cattering*—the wife of the Colonial Governor on whose staff he expects to serve as A.D.C.—to dine and sleep. As the *Colonel* absorbs this shock, similar news arrives over the telephone from *Jerry*. This administers another and prepares us for what follows.

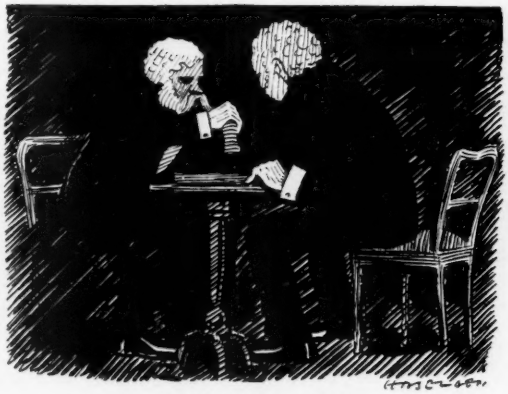
The boys arrive with their lady-friends and lose no time in revealing their conflicting characters. *Lady Cattering* is an experienced pro-consular siren; *Bubbles*, who accompanies *Jerry*, more dockside in manner, is a sportive Brixtonian. Dinner and the subsequent evening parties to which each couple is committed are disposed of in the ent'racte. Then they return home severally in the dead of night to make in their different ways what *Jerry* terms "Whoopee!"



A FEW SECONDS WITHOUT SECONDS.

John Wilkes . . . . MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.
Mr. John Swallow Swift MR. WILFRID WALTER.

Lady Cattering's way of making it is classical and involves some disrobing. That way has just been successfully tried out on *Neville* when *Jerry* and *Bubbles*, supposed to be in bed and asleep, return and force them into hiding. A large divan, aided by the considerate firelight, thus serves *Lady Cattering* as the famous screen served *Lady Teazle*—with this difference: that her Joseph is also behind it. There, an enforced but by no means embarrassed eavesdropper, she overhears in *Jerry's* half-seas-over pleasantry what the world, and more particularly the ward-room, think of her.



GRAND OLD MEN.

Mr. Armitstead (*Mr. ROY GRAHAM*). "CAN YOU SEE?"
Mr. Gladstone (*Mr. GEORGE S. WRAY*). "VERY WELL INDEED, THANK YOU. I HOPE YOU CAN?"
Mr. Armitstead. "PERFECTLY."

Jerry's convivial bark is worse than his bite. He makes whoopee largely the verbal expression of native high spirits, as one more used to shouting down gales at sea or garrulous messmates than to philandering in boudoirs. Moreover *Bubbles* is a good girl and means no harm. Indeed it is her squeamish concern for propriety that causes such trouble as ensues. For when the hidden ones are inevitably exposed her Brixtonian screams threaten to discover *Lady Cattering* not only to the sleeping parents but to *Lord Cattering* as well.

The rest of the play is devoted to cutting embarrassing knots and to dispersing, in no mood to repeat these mistakes of a night, the house-party that would never have assembled outside the radius of comedy.

I should add that such Elizabethan fun calls for its own audience and will please it. The play is written by Mr. ANTHONY KIMMINS with all the vigour and verbal freedom of the wardroom, and interpreted by the actors with much spirit. Mr. JACK HAWKINS is excellent as *Jerry*, whose spontaneity of expression knows no law. Such words as come to the tip of his tongue never turn back, though some of them should. As *Lady Cattering*, Miss FRANCES DOBLE is in rare good looks and both wears and discards her fine clothes with glittering complacency. As *Bubbles*, Miss DIANA BEAUMONT cleverly informs comedy with character, and Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS lets the young Guardsman down gracefully.

Remain the champions of probity: the *Colonel*, his wife and their privileged *Nanny*. Miss MARY HINTON and Miss MARIE WRIGHT do these ladies sympathetic justice, leaving Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR, who has produced the play, to personify in his inimitably dry fashion the humours of the *Colonel*. H.

"Many links have been closed for a time, and redecoration is now in progress."
Daily Paper.

The bunkers on ours are being given a sanguine scumble which we hope will prove expressive.

WE ARE INSPECTED.

TOWARDS the end of last term the Board of Education in lighter mood wrote to say that they were sending a bevy of minions to inspect our good school. Several of the more bearded members of the staff had seen this sort of thing before, and, beyond a certain petulance at the implied interruption of an otherwise promising term, showed but mild interest.

On the first day of the Inspectors' arrival we were not troubled personally, their attention being confined to such things as kitchens, laundries, the Headmaster and other necessary fixtures. The only inconvenience we experienced on this day was that we never knew where they were going to turn up next, as they entered into the spirit of the thing with all the abandon of a Christmas party of children given the run of a large house for the purposes of hide-and-seek. As the English man said at the time: "Turn but a stone to start a gown."

Their ubiquity was incredible. One of their first successes was to surprise two of the Games men in the bathrooms removing parts of the fields after Clubsides, to the accompaniment of tuneless though forcible singing; while Hopson swears that there was one of them perching on his bedrail all night; and Jonson, the organist, solemnly asserts that when he went into chapel late that night an Inspector fluttered down from the organ-pipes and scuttled away with shrill cries.

Where we were most concerned was in Form. An Inspector was liable to enter any form at any minute. Various methods of combating this sort of behaviour were discussed in the Common Room. The older members of the staff laid emphasis upon the utter uselessness of eyewash, while some of the others secretly decided that at least a small application of such lotion might be tried.

The palm on the first day was unanimously awarded to one of the Maths. men, who, by way of showing his implicit adherence to a syllabus which prescribed test-papers for his form this term, simply sat still after the manner of a magnificent old Roman senator in the face of a rush of barbarian invaders and refused to disturb his form. This silence he persisted in for lesson after lesson, until the Inspectors finally gave him up in despair. We hope that his devotion to orders will be suitably recognised in their report.

One of the Junior Latin men had rather a shaking experience on this day. Coming slightly late into form, he at once made preparations to deal with a possible irruption and hastily treated the blackboard with a liberal application of eye-lotion, saying the while, "You can get on with what you were doing last time, but if one of these inspector blokes drifts in I shall switch on to these things which you have learnt by heart." Then, turning to the form, he saw that one of the said inspector blokes had been *in situ* in a back desk since the beginning and had in fact already covered two pages with notes.

Another little *contretemps* occurred with old "Jimmie," the French man, who had devised the excellent method of creating a general atmosphere of *bonhomie* in a very junior form by pretending to mispronounce words, thinking that the flourish of correcting hands could not fail to impress the attendant incubus. He started off very well with, "Je swiz un maytre: vows eats des eleves" (rhyming with "tea-leaves"). Either the form noticed nothing unusual or the loyal little souls did not care to draw the attentions of a perfect stranger to the failings of their master; at any rate the performance fell very flat indeed and the hoped-for joyous atmosphere was entirely lacking throughout the period.

A further epic incident of loyalty was provided by one of the village idiots with which every form is endowed. Various masters had advised these unfortunates as to the desirability of a dignified taciturnity during periods of inquisition. An Inspector was questioning the Lower Fourth, and had, of course, fastened on to the wretched Hon. Gore-Grahame, who has been for some time in a most advanced, though aristocratic, stage of nitwittery. After five minutes of kindly persuasion the Inspector invited him to mention anything at all that he had ever heard of. Torn between the desire for self-justification and a certain touching faithfulness which is shared between certain of the lower animals and Cavaliers' sons in pictures, he gave tongue: "P-please, Sir, they t-told me not to say anything."

One whom we shall probably miss from among us next term—and this is the only real tragedy of the whole inspection—is Matthews, who took the Sixth in English. Quite young he was, poor boy. He too had set his stage, his forms being warned that, if there was a knock at the door, they were in the middle of a lecture on SHAKESPEARE'S Contemporaries. This was the cue after the door had opened: ". . . but MARLOWE changed all that—'Ah! good-morning! Will you sit down?'—although he neither invented blank verse nor even introduced it into England . . .," and so on, until either the bell or the Inspector went. On the first day alone Matthews with this formula brightly greeted:—

(*a*) The Sergeant with the Absentee Book;

(*b*) A small boy who had been sent to borrow some chalk, and who was honoured but vaguely puzzled at being asked to sit down so cordially;

(*c*) An electrician bearing a new bulb;

(*d*) A gust of wind.

No Inspector came near his form and the thing began to prey on his mind; he would speak of MARLOWE at quite unsuitable moments about the school. At the end of term he drove me down as far as Leicester, where we went home for a spot of tea before going on to Rugby. My people were out when we arrived, but I ordered the tea and anon there came a knock at the door. ". . . but MARLOWE changed all that," shrieked poor Matthews, and, advancing towards the maid, smiled brightly upon her, wished her a hearty "Good morning," and pushed her into a chair, to the great detriment of the tea-tray and all that thereon was.

He got to Rugby all right, but all his letters speak of MARLOWE with an almost exaggerated affection. I do hope they get him all right before next term; he made such splendid coffee.

SWEET AUBURN.

[Dr. LEONARD WILLIAMS, addressing the Insurance Institute, recently said: 'The highest authorities assert that primitive man was red-haired. But 'Ginger' is not a fool. He is not as other men are, but he is more often their superior."]

THE boys of forty years ago
Despised my hair's bright auburn glow,
  Repeating like a zoo of parrots
  The scornful sobriquet of "Carrots!"
Justice comes late. But now I know
(For Dr. WILLIAMS tells me so),
  Though then I took their insults dumbly,
  I all the time was red but comely

Reversed the verdict of the past,
Not with the fools is "Ginger" classed.
  The brilliance of his head's exterior
  Denotes, within, a brain superior.
My turn—but triumph cannot last
My badge of pride has faded fast.
  In youth, ashamed of red, I lay low,
  And grey is now my golden halo.

Smith Minor Back Again.

"Barmecide is the murder of a lunatic."
Answer in Examination Paper.

"CATHEDRAL PERIL.
CANON ON FALLING CLOISTER."
Daily Paper.

We think ecclesiastical climbers should be discouraged.

MUSIC, THE SOUL OF A NATION.



NOT SO LONG AGO EACH COUNTRY HAD ITS OWN NATIONAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT;



BUT TIME IS A GREAT LEVELLER.



Kindly Sailor. "IT'S A COMFORTIN' THOUGHT, SIR, THAT, ALTHOUGH THESE IS FOREIGN WAVES, YOU 'VE PAID GOOD ENGLISH MONEY TO SEE 'EM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Perpetuation in Stone.

I GATHER that the perpetuity of *Bricks and Mortar* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) appeals to Miss HELEN ASHTON as poor human nature's nearest substitute for immortality—an odd contention in a world where rickety bungalows contest the palm of decrepitude with senile and doddering mansions. Such, however, is the human mortality in this particular novel that the architectural preoccupations of its cast come as a saving grace for a reader surfeited with recurrent death-sentences. It is something to be able to expect with increasing certainty that, after A has died of meningitis, B of bronchial pneumonia, C in a flying crash and D of a fall from scaffolding, E, F, G and H will take a pleasant little jaunt abroad to renew their memories of Byzantine or Baroque and come back to build a factory or two in reinforced concrete by way of protesting their own unimpaired vitality. Apart from these bouts of foreign travel, I found the domestic and professional life of *Martin Lovell* and his circle rather querulously handled. Mated by a match-making widow to her flimsy but never discountable daughter, the puzzled husband of 1892 becomes the bewildered father of 1914, when the happiness of his most congenial child is sapped by the folly of his wife. Despite the technical interests of the book, the characters, I feel, have that air of living for and on their emotions, which is perhaps the woman-novelist's most deleterious contribution to her art. Personally I find Miss ASHTON most memorable as a landscape-painter; her scenery, both native and foreign, being suggested with sensibility and discernment.

Victoriana.

Great as is my admiration for the personal qualities of the G.O.M. I simply cannot rouse myself to Mr. HIRST's heights of enthusiasm over *Gladstone as Financier and Economist* (BENN, 15/-). As a simple taxpayer I feel that it does not very much matter whether I pay with the left-hand through indirect taxation or with the right hand by means of an income-tax. The unpleasant fact always remains that taxes must be paid, and not even GLADSTONE's astounding eloquence availed to throw a halo of romance about the act of making returns to the revenue officials. Nevertheless, if I cannot share in the righteous indignation inspired in an apostle of Free Trade like Mr. HIRST by the veriest suggestion of Protection, I can at least most thoroughly enjoy his spirited analysis of his hero's financial policy and his dialectical subtleties. I am tempted to believe—*pace* Mr. HIRST and the Gladstonian discipleship—that in GLADSTONE the world lost the greatest criminal lawyer of all time. His capacity for reading a hundred-and-one meanings into the simplest statement was so unrivalled that it would have been easy for GLADSTONE to have persuaded any judge and jury that the most blatant murderer was innocent of the charge brought against him. Filial piety has raised a graceful monument in a chapter of personal recollections of the G.O.M. by Mr. HENRY GLADSTONE, and Sir GEORGE MURRAY has aptly summed up GLADSTONE's character and career in describing him as "a

very good man, a very great man and a very gifted man."

For Intending Junglers.

If hunting big game's your ambition
And you're shy about how to proceed
You can take it from me
That STONEHAM, C. T.,
Has produced just the book you should read;
It's a novel of rare erudition
On Africa's wildest retreats,
And the beasts to be found
If you study the ground
And decipher the clues to their beats.

You must not be deterred by the trifle
Of feeling a bit in the dark,
For *The White Hunter's* hero
Got going from zero
On losing his job as a clerk;
And, though he 'd not handled a rifle
And had only seen beasts at the Zoo,
In a chapter or so
He is quite in the know,
And the same may well happen to you.

Too quick, I can hear you protesting,
But somehow or other it 's not,
For the tricks of the trade
Are discreetly displayed
As part of an excellent plot;
So, if you've some cash for investing
Which SNOWDEN 's forgotten to get,
You might do far worse
For yourself than disburse
To HUTCHINSON, 7/6 net

A Memorable Society.

I can (though only just) imagine a public deterred by the antiquarian in its author from revelling in the genial humanity of *Cole's Paris Journal*, published last year. But *The Blecheley Diary of the Rev. William Cole*, 1765–67 (CONSTABLE, 16/-) is the quintessence of rural England, and an England not only enjoyed to the full by its eighteenth-century diarist, but still possible to be enjoyed by lovers as unambitious and appreciative. There is an English art of living which, though latterly abandoned and discredited, is as complete in its way as the triumphantly surviving French: an English integrity that counts on the daily round—not on the daily round's infringements—for its pre-eminent pleasures. Of this art "HORRY'S" "GOODMAN FROG," unselfishly nursing a country living against the majority of his patron's son, is a magnificent exponent. His parishioners, his neighbours, his parsonage, his garden, his little dun horse, even his Tonkin sow, are (always under Heaven) occupation, solace and exhilaration; and the reader who cannot find in his whimsical homely account of them something of all three has my profoundest pity. His England was not idyllic. The weather was often "misling" or "excessive hot." The standard apricots did not always bear, the Tonkin sow had to be housed by an accommodating Methodist—but this was at Waterbeach, whither Mr. COLE withdrew as the journal closes. His editor, Mr. F. G. STOKES, promises us a third volume, dedicated to the common-rooms of Cambridge; and I gather that this, like its predecessors, will boast one of Miss HELEN WADDELL'S exquisitely-morticed introductions.



Film Fan. "BETCHER SHE AIN'T 'URT. BETCHER 'E CATCHES 'ER UP AND SAVES 'ER AFORE SHE 'ITS THE GRAHND!"

Singer's Decline.

In view of the fact that Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, as one learned in his earlier books, was an intimate friend of MELBA and even accompanied her to Australia to assist with a tour in 1924, it strikes me as an unhappy choice of plot that his new novel, published within a year of her death, should be concerned with the falling off of a great prima donna. While one is bound to accept Mr. NICHOLS' statement that "the characters in this novel are fictitious," one wonders how he came to select a theme which lays him open to such obvious criticism on the ground of good taste. For the picture of *Madame Irela* in *Evensong* (CAPE, 7/6) is scarcely flattering. She has been the greatest singer in

the world, the undisputed queen of the opera-houses of Europe; but now she is getting old and uncertain of her top-notes. She knows this very well, but she cannot steel herself to retire. One good-bye concert is succeeded by another, and all the time her youthful rival is learning to sing better and better. It is a gallant fight that *Irela* puts up, for she is lonely as only the great can be; but at the same time it shows her to be petty and ungenerous. As a study in eclipse *Evensong* is interesting and the biggest thing Mr. NICHOLS has so far tackled. Although the minor characters are inclined to be amorphous, *Irela* is sufficiently vivid to carry the book. Mr. NICHOLS's style is curiously uneven, but there are passages here which show him to be capable of good writing and effective humour.

The Concessions of a Philosopher.

To readers disposed to resume acquaintance with their SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE or to brighten their vocabularies with a few words perhaps half-forgotten, one may commend a collection of essays entitled *The Limits of Purpose* (BENN, 12/6), written by Professor J. L. STOCKS. Such trifles as the reason why a man should refuse to play even victorious pat-ball when he has set out to have a game of real tennis; or why, when he sees a chance of making good his income-tax at another's expense without coming in conflict with the law, he should suddenly pull up and be hanged if he will do it; or even why a Professor analysing PLATO's conception of the tripartite soul should bother himself to find language that is not only clear and forcible but delicately and sensitively selected, with all other restraints and qualifications affecting the movement of apparently clear purpose, form the subject-matter of his first four chapters. When he distinguished between desire and affection he quotes a charming poem about a bicycle written by a little lady of six, and it seems that he has not scorned a game of dominoes as a propædeutic to an analysis of the unity of thought; while in one essay he descends to the philosophies underlying mere politics in probing the basis of systems of representation. Yet in spite of all these concessions it would be a poor compliment to describe his volume as easy reading. No one can just doze over these studies. They induce complete attention or complete repose.



"HAVEN'T THEY EVER SEEN YOU OFF BEFORE?"
"N—NO."
"OH, WELL, YOU HAVE TO GET USED TO THE WAYS OF WOMEN."

Mutiny Dissected.

The story of the mutiny of the *Bounty* no doubt owes a good deal of its enduring popularity with the general public to two associated circumstances which are really more or less side-issues—namely, BLIGH'S famous boat-voyage to Timor and the establishment by the mutineers, under FLETCHER CHRISTIAN, of the settlement still existing on Pitcairn Island. But the mutiny itself, while it lacks any such grim details as were associated with the *Hermione* affair, affords a highly interesting and unusual psychological study in the conflicting temperaments and personalities of the protagonists and the processes by which their mutual reactions led up to the final catastrophe. Most of the existing accounts are marked by a distinct bias on one side or the other, and the actual minutes of *The Court-Martial of the "Bounty" Mutineers* (WILLIAM HODGE AND CO., 10/6), which are now issued under the editorship of Mr. OWEN RUTTER, F.R.G.S., in the "Notable British Trials" series, are therefore a valuable addition to the literature of the subject. They go to confirm the view stated by Mr. RUTTER in his excellent introductory summary of the events leading up to and following the outbreak: that BLIGH, while no tyrant of the PIGOT stamp, was the typical disciplinarian of his day, added to which he had a hot Cornish temper and a complete absence of anything approaching tact. While CHRISTIAN for his part was sensitive to a fault and proud and resentful as only an insulted Celt knows how to be.

Sacrilege.

Had it not been for the lurid jacket and the title of *Murder in the Squire's Pew* (HARRAP, 7/6) I should have hoped that for once I was going to read a sensational story that was not concerned with sudden and violent death. And at the outset my hopes would have been justified, because the first reason why Mr. J. S. FLETCHER's detectives, *Camberwell* and *Chaney*, again found themselves busy was that invaluable treasures had been stolen from Linwood church. "A good burglary would be a pleasant change," *Chaney* says on page 2, and I found myself in entire agreement with him. The theft is actually of far more importance than the murder, and for this mercy I am duly grateful. As is his custom, Mr. FLETCHER pays careful attention to the characterisation of those who take part in his drama, and is not content with using them merely as instruments of crime.

Asphyxiation.

Inspector Bedison is one of the most human sleuths in fiction; so much so that in *Who Closed the Casement?* (BENN, 7/6), while solving an intricate problem, he found time and opportunity to fall in love with a publican's prepossessing daughter. But before he could clinch affairs of the heart he had to discover by whom *Stephen Enderton* was murdered. *Stephen* was the half-witted heir to a baronetcy with the appurtenances thereof, and his presence in this world was so inconvenient that someone hastened his departure from it by asphyxiating him. It is a compact story, excellently told, and the announcement of Mr. THOMAS COBB's death on the day the tale was published leaves us regretting a writer whose work was never lacking in dignity and charm.

What of the Crisis?

"PREMIER SPORTING DAILY."—*Newspaper Placard.*

CHARIVARIA.

A SPEAKER refers to the Anti-Tariff Ministers as "The Four Just Men." Tariff supporters agree that they are just men—but only just.

***

A paragraphist observed that from the Hippodrome gallery Lord BEAVERBROOK seemed a diminutive figure; whereas his lordship is actually life-size.

***

No arrangements have been made for the celebration of the jubilee of the opening of the Law Courts, which occurs this year; and it is believed that many litigants will prefer to wait for the centenary.

***

"On Sunday I bought a *Sunday Express* for the first time," writes a Wigan man. In Shoe Lane this is regarded as conclusive evidence that there really is something funny about Wigan.

***

A platinum blonde is suspected of being the brain behind a gang of burglars. Hitherto suspicion has not connected platinum blondes with brains.

***

From correspondence on the question of admitting foreign artists to this country it would appear that the consensus of theatrical opinion is in favour of the Open Stage Door.

***

The discovery of the tomb of ATASU, the Princess who found MOSES in the bulrushes, brings us no nearer a solution of the mystery of where he was when the light went out.

***

A medical writer confirms the belief that shooting corns are a sign of rain. It may not be generally known that twinges in the toes are carefully noted at the Meteorological Office.

***

Sir ERNEST WILD has pointed out that the medical profession has not a monopoly of the term "doctor"; but it is very doubtful whether persons in other callings who are entitled to use it can be kept away by apples.

***

The skeleton of a man thought to date back to Roman times, discovered at Brighton, had no wisdom teeth. One theory is that he had failed to look both ways before crossing a chariot-infested road.

***

After demolishing a house in Maine, U.S.A., the housebreakers found a collar-stud lost by the owner eleven years ago. We should have thought it would have been cheaper to have bought another one.

***

We have nothing but admiration for the man who, when charged with loitering outside a tax-collector's office, pleaded that he had merely taken his place in the queue to pay the July income-tax.

***

Scientists assert that drunkenness is a disease, and that a man who drinks should be treated by physicians. Most men who drink to excess do not care who treats them.

***

A Paris criminal who has specialised in burgling first-floor flats is known as "René the Dog." If he had specialised in burgling upper stories he would, of course, have been known as "René the Cat."

***

Professor SUK, a Hungarian scientist, has been making a special study of eyebrows; but it does not appear that he has yet had an opportunity to examine Mr. GEORGE ROBEY'S.

***

Among those following hounds on foot in the Shires recently, a woman gossip-writer mentions that Mrs. —— was also running. In the hunting-field to-day there is no more pathetic figure than the also-ran.

***

"No matter what your profession," says a writer, "remember NELSON and persevere." If young writers take this to heart they too may get to the top of the column.

***

It is suggested that dark corners in houses which have been converted into flats should be filled with cupboards. In many flats of this kind there is no accommodation for the skeleton.

***

Publicity has been given to the long hours worked by an eleven-year-old boy as assistant to a milk-roundsman. The lad is too young yet for his yodel to have begun to break.

***

A gardening expert advises amateurs to sow their seeds in strict rotation. We trust that the majority of them will give the virginia creeper a sporting start on the scarlet runner.

***

"Minstrel troupes of forty years ago are being revived in South Wales," says a daily paper. They doubtless need a good deal of refreshment now.

***

A number of ostrich eggs, believed to be fifty centuries old, have been dug up near Cairo; but fears are entertained that a re-interment will be necessary.

***

A sporting enthusiast is complaining that boxers are not sufficiently recognised. We generally recognise them without difficulty by their noses.



Farmer. "'AVE YE STARTED PLOUGHIN' YET, JOE?"

ONLY TOO EASY.

[A French scientist claims to have found a method of making gold from earth.]

To manufacture precious metal thus
Seems to us simple souls miraculous;
Yet why? Don't lots of novelists, though dud,
Make quantities of money out of mud?

W. K. H.

THE PRESENT.

"WE don't want to give him an *ordinary* present," said Angela; "because, you see, he isn't an ordinary person."

"Quite," I said. "Something a little—er—*out* of the ordinary. But what?"

"I don't know," said Angela.

"A *nice* present, of course."

"Oh, of course."

"Something that will show our good taste and appeal to his."

"And they do have terribly good taste, don't they?"

"Undoubtedly."

"I thought they had."

We regarded one another in silence for a moment.

"Have you got any ideas?" asked Angela.

"No," I admitted. "Have you?"

"No," said Angela.

It was a deadlock—definitely a deadlock.

"I suggest a—no, perhaps not," said Angela.

I sighed in sympathy. I know those inspirations which suddenly peter out in the middle.

"It *is* a difficult problem, isn't it?" said Angela.

"It is practically insoluble. What *can* one give a man like that?"

"A man who has been everywhere."

"And seen everything."

We sighed again together. We should probably have gone on sighing together indefinitely but just then George arrived.

"Hullo!" said George breezily. George is like that; he goes about flinging superfluous breeziness to a suffering world. "What's the trouble?"

"Come in, George," I said. "You are a man of ideas, aren't you?"

"Full of 'em," said George.

"Splendid! Now we want to——"

"Let me," interrupted Angela. "You see it's like this. We want to give a little present to a friend of ours—a terribly nice man; not English, of course."

"Why not?"

"I never asked him. But it must be a *nice* present—something out of the ordinary."

"I see," said George. "Has he got a house?"

"He's got a *charming* house."

"Tasteful?"

"Marvellous. They have wonderful taste—all of them."

"All of whom?"

"He's a——"

"Oh, yes, you said so—a foreigner. Right. Now just keep quiet for a moment—quite quiet, and——"

For a long minute there was a tense hopeful silence, and then George smiled confidently. "There's no need to worry yourselves any further," he said. "I know the very thing."

"There!" I said. "You hear that, Angela? And yet there are people who look on George as just an ordinary man."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said George modestly.

"But what *is* it?" asked Angela.

George smiled again, even more confidently than before.

"A Japanese garden," he said.

"A *what*?"

"A Japanese garden. *You* know—one of those jolly bowls with little trees and a sort of little Japanese house and——"

Angela looked at me doubtfully. "Don't you think it would be a little—er——?" she said.

"Never mind what *he* thinks," said George. "Have you *seen* one?"

"Of course," said Angela; "but you see——"

"Cheap," said George, "but distinctive. For three or four guineas you can get an exclusive model."

"I like the sound of an exclusive model," admitted Angela.

"I thought you would. I saw one only the other day—a lake, you know, made out of a piece of looking-glass, with swans, positively *swans*!"

"Really?" said Angela.

"Absolutely. And there was a little Jap with a bundle of sticks on his back, and another fishing, and—er—various messuages or dwelling-houses—Japanese, of course, but highly desirable."

"It all sounds terribly wonderful," said Angela; "but I'm afraid——"

"You needn't worry about that," said George. "They don't need any attention. You see, a Japanese garden is practically Japanese territory, and once a piece of land has become that even the League of Nations doesn't have to bother about it any more. You take my word for it, for a distinctive, decorative and acceptable present you can't beat a Japanese garden."

George paused, beaming happily.

"Well, thanks awfully for your advice, George," I said; "but there's just one thing."

"What is that?"

"The present is for a Chinese gentleman. Have you got any more ideas?"

L. DU G.

"PROMISING RESULTS OBTAINED WITH A RECTOR GASIFIER."—*Motor Paper.*

Ours has no need of one.

"SCOTLAND YARD MEN LIKE NURSES." *Indian Paper.*

Whoever imagined they didn't?

WHIPSNADE IN WINTER.

I HAD gathered from the boy
That a visit to the Zoo
Would arouse peculiar joy,
His reaction being "Oo!"
I attempted to explain
That to go there in a gale
Would be more or less insane,
But it proved of no avail.

So we entered at the gate,
And in widely differing mood—
I depressed and he elate—
Took a pathway through the wood.
Rain came, driven very fast,
Sideways at us through the air
As between the pines we passed
To the Himalayan Bear.

But the creature, which was muddy,
Seemed engaged upon a study
Of the excavating methods of the mole;
Though we noticed that his back,
As the guide-book said, was black,
His distinctive parts were hidden in a hole.

On emerging from the trees
To attempt to climb the crest
Of the hill, we met the breeze
Coming from the north-north-west,
And the surface, being chalk,
With a slope of one in three,
Made it difficult to walk—
Difficult at least for me.

But a horrid bronchial noise,
Which I knew was not the boy's,
Proved conclusively that somewhere up the hill
There were hopes of setting eyes on
Those enormous shaggy bison
Which the Hurons and the Blackfeet used to kill.

By a cinder-path which lay
To the south, and which was good,
We proceeded on our way
Till we came upon a wood
Full of Wallabies—a beast
That I always heard could hop.
As it didn't show the least
Sign of it, we didn't stop,

But were turning back again
After looking at a crane
And I was feeling wet and rather tired,
When the boy said, "Shall we see
The Farm where they have tea?"
"My lad," I cried, "your utterance is inspired!"

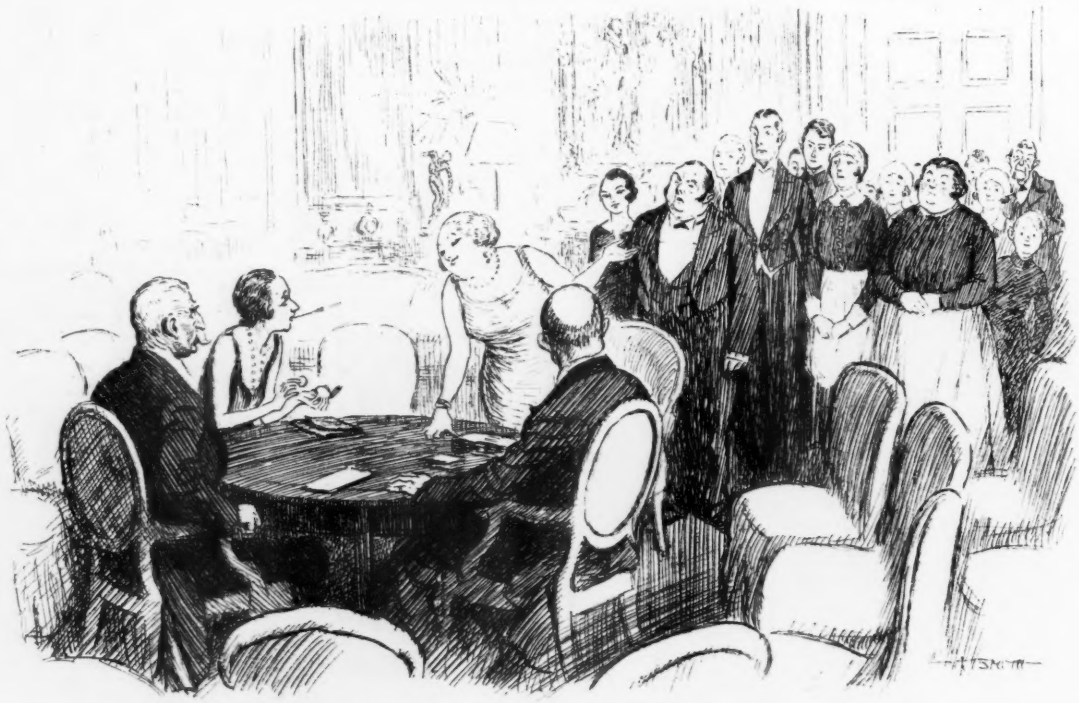
When I saw the table set
I began to share the joy
Which, in spite of all the wet,
I had noticed in the boy,
And no sooner had I had
A refreshing cup or two
Than I cried, "It isn't bad
In the winter at the Zoo."



CABINET SOLIDARITY.

LORD MELBOURNE. "IN MY CABINET THE RULE WAS THAT IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT WE SAID SO LONG AS WE ALL SAID THE SAME THING."

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD. "EH, MON! NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA!"



Hostess. "INSTEAD OF OUR USUAL SERVANTS' BALL THIS YEAR I'VE INVITED THE STAFF TO COME UP HERE TO WATCH OUR BRIDGE."

DIARY OF A TIMID HOUSEHOLDER.

Jan. 2.—Met old "Billingsgate" Brown to-day. Twenty years since he left the Lower Fourth to go and plant copra or something in Sierra Leone. Has come back to run company for manufacture of new burglar-alarm he has invented. Tried to land me with one, but I managed to get away unscathed. No burglar chump enough to bother with our small London street.

Jan. 3.—Funny, that last entry. Robinson, two doors away, had all his silver bagged last night. Insurance lapsed. Not sorry, as have never cared for the fellow, but police found footprints in our wallflower-bed. The gardener's?

Jan. 5.—Barsdale, on other side of road, having sneezed in middle of dinner, went upstairs to get handkerchief and was hit over head by man hiding in wardrobe. Man offered Barsdale aspirin, then escaped with his wallet.

Jan. 7.—Two more burglaries in our neighbourhood. Met and talked with police inspector, who mentioned possibility of gang. Nasty word, gang.

Jan. 10.—Housemaid found unmistakable diamond-scratches on kitchen window this morning. Police say work of expert, presumably disturbed. So am I. This is getting on my nerves. Poor Barsdale still in nursing-home.

Jan. 11.—After sleepless night, during which we all thought we heard at least twenty malefactors, rang up old "Billingsgate" and ordered one of his infernal machines. Twenty guineas, but he says only form of insurance which can be heard for radius of half-a-mile.

Jan. 12.—Wuffley-Brown Amplified Tornado Alarm installed by team of engineers. Fearsome-looking bell fixed on outside of house, incredibly complicated works locked in small safe in my study. Whole thing completely automatic once ground-floor doors and windows shut. Chief engineer tested bell for few seconds before going, and even on horizon traffic stopped to let ambulance go through.

Jan. 15.—All sleeping well again. Bound to say Tornado gives great sense of security. Modern successor to moat. Pleasant to think of tough cracksman gnashing teeth at sight of alarm.

Jan. 16.—Science very wonderful.

Jan. 17.—Brought Robinson in this evening and showed him Tornado. Obviously sorry he hadn't had one. Laughed in ill-bred way and told pointless story about burglar-alarm in City which rang for three weeks inside empty office. Pretty gruff with the chap.

Jan. 18. 1 A.M.—Try hard not to wake up, but Last Trump in progress. Deafening affair. Very muzzy, think seriously Last Trump, then remember. Absolutely no doubt. Wuffley-Brown Amplified Tornado Alarm, twenty guineas, ten years' guarantee.

1.1 A.M.—Meet rest of family on landing. All looking rather sick and clutching niblicks, pokers, tennis-racquets.

1.2 A.M.—Switch on hall-light, cry "I shall shoot if you move," wish I hadn't cried it, feel faint, excited and foolish by turns.

1.3 A.M.—All ground-floor doors and windows untouched. Footsteps in kitchen only Cook in curlers and my overcoat. Revolver fortunately unloaded. Search cellar. Quite empty except for coal. Trip over coal and raise nasty lump on head. Even down here Tornado sounds like massed machine-guns. Foundations definitely shaking. So am I.

1.5 A.M.—Upstairs again to find three policemen in hall. Begin thorough examination of house.

1.10 A.M.—Joined in attic by four more policemen. Five others have

stayed in garden to hold back crowd. Roof declared out of play.

1.12 A.M.—Find ground-floor seething with strangers who have eluded garden defence force. Many look hardened criminals, despite pyjamas showing under coats. Have lost family.

1.13 A.M.—Tornado still going strong. Pushed out into garden by pressure of criminal-looking strangers.

1.14 A.M.—Fire Brigade, two ambulances and Flying Squad arrive simultaneously.

1.15 A.M. — Police Superintendent keeps shouting something, but can't hear a word, Tornado just above us. Fight our way inside.

1.16 A.M.—He urges strongly turn off Tornado. Asks where is key to safe. Reply do not know.

1.16–1.20 A.M.—Ransack study for key or instruction chart, but little hope, as cannot remember engineers mentioning either.

1.21 A.M.—Robinson has impertinence to send round note by housemaid in pink dressing-gown complaining cannot sleep. Entrust housemaid with suitable retort.

1.22 A.M.—Mounted police arrive. Crowd becoming slightly menacing. Bald man in carpet-slippers says on leave from Nigeria and Tornado having tom-tom effect on populace.

1.25 A.M.—Endeavour ring up "Billingsgate" Brown. Owing to din man at Exchange cannot hear me. Guess this as cannot hear him.

1.30 A.M.—Beginning to feel desperate. Tornado getting on everyone's nerves. Superintendent orders fat policeman to take running kick at safe.

1.31 A.M.—Fat policeman removed in one of the five ambulances now present. Trust only sprain.

1.32 A.M.—Bald man from Nigeria announces himself engineer. Invite him to climb ladder and inspect bell. He reports very strong ringing-mechanism. Efforts to jam it with mashie-niblick unsuccessful.

1.35 A.M. — Police Superintendent takes me into kitchen and insists on necessity for action. Crowd solid three-quarters of a mile. Fears riot.

1.36 A.M.—Everything very difficult and tricky.

1.37 A.M.—Wish could have half-minute with "Billingsgate" Brown.

1.38 A.M.—That fellow Robinson with shot-gun. Infernal impudence, but situation clearly demands strong measures. Give permission. House and garden cleared by police.

1.39 A.M.—Robinson fires both barrels at Tornado. Tornado continues in tremendous form, half-a-note higher.

1.40 A.M.—Hardly know what am doing.



Doreen (discussing acquaintance). "I THINK THE MENTALITY OF THE MIND THAT CAN SAY A THING LIKE THAT ISN'T NORMALLY MENTAL."

1.45 A.M.—Tornado working crowd up to frenzy. Many windows broken. Superintendent has removed hat and is pulling hair.

1.50 A.M.—Bald man from Nigeria reappears carrying humane-killer. House and garden again cleared.

1.51 A.M.—Bald man from Nigeria mounts ladder and discharges humane-killer at point-blank range.

1.51½ A.M.—Tornado dies.

1.52 A.M.—Embrace Bald man from Nigeria. Faint.

2.0 A.M.—Come to. Street deserted by mob. Resembles devastated area. Drink brandy with Superintendent and Bald man from Nigeria.

2.5 A.M.—Get through to "Billingsgate" Brown. Line beautifully clear.

ERIC.

"A man who slipped on a cherry-stone at Wokingham, Berkshire, broke the glass of an automatic fire alarm in his fall, and the fire brigade turned out on a fruitless errand."
Daily Paper.

The cherry having doubtless been eaten.

THE UNTOSSED PANCAKE.

THE fact that historical precedent requires that it shall be tossed in order to be turned has always given the pancake a lordly superiority over the bacon and the bloater, either of which may be unceremoniously shovelled over with a fork or even a pocket pencil without any serious loss of prestige.

Alas! therefore, that in these degenerate times so many of us should permit the noble pancake to be prised up and flipped over with a fish-slice. The fault, however, is not entirely ours. In majestic hotels and the few remaining stately homes of England the pancake can still be flung into the air with grace and effect, but for the average cook to attempt any such grandiloquent gesture with the frying-pan would merely result in damage to the kitchen ceiling.

In fact, in order to toss a pancake in the stylish Westminster School tradition the ordinary suburban cook has mainly to choose between two methods of procedure. She can (*a*) toss the pancake up the well of the staircase and possibly spoil it against the face of some other member of the household who may chance to look over the balusters, or (*b*) rush with it into the garden at the risk of wrapping it round the branch of a tree and having to spend precious time throwing stones at it.

This being so, it is scarcely surprising that pancake-tossing in the English home is seriously on the decline. The sad part about it is that the average man is quite unable to detect any appreciable difference in flavour between the pancake that has been tossed and the pancake that has been reversed by less spectacular means. In consequence we have to-day a race of Englishmen who simply do not care whether the woman they marry can toss a pancake or not. So different from my revered great-great-grandfather, a deeply religious man, who would have felled my great-great-grandmother to the ground had she neglected to toss the Shrovetide pancake.

Since lack of space is depriving so many English homesteads of the grand old custom of pancake-tossing, I should like to see a movement set on foot to introduce into the kitchen some equally quaint ceremonial, such as—

Twirling the spaghetti;
Yodelling the Yorkshire pudding;
Rolling in the roly-poly;
Jugging the March hare,

and so forth.

After all, why should we wait until Shrove Tuesday or Christmas for a little culinary festivity when we might dance round the Roast Beef of Old England or hop over the Irish Stew any old time?

D. C.

WHAT'S IN A (MIDDLE) NAME?

HOLLYWOOD, by way of publicity agents and film critics, has introduced a new type of journalese into the Sunday papers. No longer are stars and directors known by the first and surnames only; there is a middle name which gives a clue to their activities. So we read of JANET (*Seventh Heaven*) GAYNOR or ERNST (*Love Parade*) LUBITSCH.

But why should filmdom keep the monopoly of this descriptive fantasia? Why not label all our great men and women likewise? For instance, DAN (*Canterbury Tales*) CHAUCER and EDWARD (*Decline and Fall*) GIBBON sound far more important personages than plain CHAUCER and GIBBON and are far more likely to be retained in the cinematic brain of Smith ("Third Form") Minor. All famous men should be treated in this way, from WILLIAM (*Hamlet*) SHAKESPEARE to BERNARD (*Back to Methuselah*) SHAW. The moderns would naturally fall into line, headed by NOEL (*Cavalcade*) COWARD and MARGARET (*Constant Nymph*) KENNEDY.

Then think how much easier it would be to mix people if they were labelled according to their hobbies or habits. Only the very tactless would introduce Mrs. ("Contract") Jones to Mrs. ("Auction") Brown, or ask Colonel ("Plus Two") Hotspur to spend a profitable afternoon chatting with Professor ("Bugs") Brainpan.

In a hydro the system would be invaluable. Mrs. ("Kidneys") Payne would be sought after by Miss ("Insomnia") Lamb for an exchange of pleasantries and symptoms, while Mr. ("Sciatica") Twitch and Sir John ("Neuritis") Acre would find much in common.

In Government circles the middle names would naturally readjust themselves to changes in policy at the time of a General Election. Sports favourites would occasionally suffer eclipse and be forced to hand on "Wimbledon" or "Davis Cup" titles to their successors.

As a suggestion for a game during the dark winter evenings, try writing the longest list of notabilities with their qualifying middle names, starting, say, from JULIUS ("*Veni, Vidi, Vici*") CÆSAR to Sir JAMES (*Mysterious Universe*) JEANS.

At any rate it will keep you from reading more inane drivel about Hollywood and its stars, and really it is no sillier than most parlour-games.



"IT WAS MY INTENTION TO PROPOSE TO YOU THIS AFTERNOON, GLADYS, BUT I CANNOT DO SO UNTIL THE B.B.C. HAS DECIDED ONCE FOR ALL WHETHER I AM TO CALL YOU 'MY YOUNG LADY,' 'MY BETROTHED,' 'MY FIANCÉE' OR WHAT NOT."

Miss Smith Looks Up.

"A star is a heavenly body. A shooting star is a little meatier."—*Schoolgirl's Answer.*

"OVER 1,000,000 ATTEND SHEFFIELD BATHS.

SALVAGED MATERIALS FROM REFUSE REALISE £10,165."
Sheffield Paper.

The skimmed brilliantine would be worth quite a lot.

There was a blonde barmaid from Barmouth
Whose star reached its zenith at Yarmouth,
But it ceased to ascend
When she moved to Southend—
She is now a char-lady at Charmouth.



New Lodger. "I AM A JOURNALIST, AND I USE A NOM-DE-PLUME."
Landlady. "THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, SIR, AS LONG AS IT DON'T DISTURB *ME*."

OSBERT, DANSEUSE.

SHE has all the charm of the unexpected. Temperament, of course. The artistic joy of creating.

For months it has been unsuspected, and this Cinderella of the compound remained of (and generally near) the kitchen.

Not only her head, but her talent, was buried in the sand.

Osbert is an ostrich attached to the Mess at Nafadam, and her origin, like that of many a *première danseuse*, obscure. Some say she was thrown in as a mere chick of about four-feet-six high, with a leopard-skin bought by Meagrim the M.O. Others have it that she was abandoned on the Mess doorstep by a Hausa trader who had first tried to work her in with a batch of fowls to the cook.

Originally she was "Bert," suggested by a curious Cockney air of disrespect she managed to convey as when, head on one side, she ranged herself alongside the Major at an inspection on the parade-ground. As the Major's Christian name is Herbert, awkward situations arose, such as Quaife's announcing at Mess that he had seen Bert's head sticking through the kitchen window as he came along. So Osbert was arrived at.

Osbert is regarded by the black staff as a sort of feather-farm. Any feather that reaches a length of four inches is considered valuable. Hence Osbert stalks the compound in the very nearly nude, and consequently from a distance resembles a prime Christmas turkey on stilts. She wears the most abbreviated ballet-skirt, but when, with naked wings akimbo, she spins into her celebrated trip-dance, we rush to the windows of the Mess. She does not cheapen it by endless repetition. She will not do it to order or for gain. It is an ebullition of the ostrich-spirit that is spontaneous.

For days she will stalk business-like and aloof about the compound or among the litter at the back of the Mess, occasionally rewarded by finding an old electric bulb or a discarded tooth-paste tube. At other times she strides in a manner that suggests an animated pair of compasses after a solitary locust.

Then quite suddenly she will stop and, apparently in time to inaudible music, commence a jazz breakdown. Intoxicated by artistic abandon, quicker and quicker grow the steps in a mazy figure-of-eight, which culminates in a finale in which she kicks her legs from under her and comes down with a crash in a cloud of dust.

In this, her masterpiece, she manages to combine the Russian ballet, GROCK and the MARX Brothers.

For her classical number, "The Death of St. Vitus," she prefers the moonlight as a background. It may be described as a rhythmic movement involving physical jerks, a series of short sprints, a trembling fit (technically, "the dithers") and a slow subsidence to ground level.

But, like many a great artiste, domestic life is not her strong point. She has produced, and ever since ignored, a large egg.

So far she has refused to live up to the rest of the distinguished name.

Slang them with Music.

"If this Shirt is not to your satisfaction, kindly return WITH BAND."
Hull Laundry Pamphlet.

A CHAMPION INDEED.

[To JEAN BOROTRA, who has recently announced his retirement from International Lawn Tennis.]

SOME brief years back you leapt to fame,
Past-master of our moving game;
To Wimbledon alert you came
And saw and conquered rarely;
There charmed us with your "winning" smile,
Your waggish air, your Gallic wile,
Your prowess too, for all the while
You fought so debonairly.

Can we who watched you e'er forget
Your wizardry before the net,
Your "*Voilà!*" when you lost a set—
"*Vraiment, c'est humain errer!*"
Your wrist-work and (*Ma foi!*) your speed,
Your brilliance when you gained the lead,
O Rupert of attack indeed;
And, best of all, your béret?

But life you find is all too short
For your exacting form of sport;
No more upon the Centre Court
Your praises we'll be sounding.
When next we pay our entrance-fee
How dull the place will seem (Ah me!);
In vain we'll crane our necks to see
Our Basque with grace a-bounding.

Hail and farewell! With head unbowed
Accept our plaudits long and loud,
While I emit among the crowd
A sigh I cannot smother;
And as you answer A.D.'s call
Believe, O mighty man of Gaul,
That none the less you're to us all
A hero and a brother. A. K.

THE RUT.

"John, old boy, if you don't mind my telling you," said Bernard to me the other day, without waiting to see if I *did* mind, "I'm afraid you're getting into a bit of a rut. I mean to say this country life is all very well in its way—holidays, week-ends and so forth—but in the long run what's going to happen to you? Why, you'll lose touch with civilisation, you'll get your perspective all upside-down; it stands to reason that you'll become parochially-minded, and one day you'll find yourself in a groove you won't be able to get out of. I'm only warning you, old John."

I said nothing. Bernard himself is a stockbroker two or three days a week. The other days are spent in driving about town in a powerful car—to save time, he says. What does Bernard do with the time he saves? He gets plenty of golf, of course, or he could get it if only the links near London weren't always so incredibly crowded. Living in the country I can get a sporting nine-hole course practically to myself six days a week, together with use of pro.

Bernard is also a keen fisher, but he finds it difficult to get first-class trout-water anywhere near London without paying through the nose for it. I have to put up with some quite second-rate stuff—about five miles of it (both banks)—for ten pounds a season. I've only killed two hundred trout this year, but I don't go down to the river every day.

William too is extremely disturbed about me.

"Still burying yourself in the country? Good Lord, man, why don't you *travel*?" he exclaims almost indignantly. "You'll be getting into a rut if you're not careful. Travel's what you need. There's nothing like it. Gives you new ideas; broadens your outlook. Mustn't get into a rut, John."

Thus William. William spends four of every five years sitting under a tree in British North Borneo signing chits, drinking stengahs, smoking cigarettes and composing applications for leave.

He could get jolly good shooting, of course, only it is so infernally hot that one doesn't turn out much.

I don't get much shooting either, except partridges and pheasants.

William is very keen on cricket and tennis.

Last season he only got one game of cricket down in Jesselton, and of course where he is he can't get tennis at all.

I can't get cricket and tennis more than twice or three times a week.

If I should claim, with all modesty, that I contrive furthermore to do a good deal of work, Bernard and William would presumably point out that that is small credit to me, as I must find time hanging pretty heavily on my hands. Well, I am thankful to say it hangs sufficiently heavily to give me breathing space to read the newspapers and the new books, so that if now and again I appear at all conversant with present-day affairs Bernard and William are not entirely justified in attributing my knowledge to wireless.

I fully realise (thanks to B. and W.) that I'm either hopelessly in a rut or so nearly in one that it makes no difference; the extraordinary thing is that I don't propose to attempt to escape.

You see I like my rut. WOON.

The Milky Way.

"In order to popularize our —— brand of Goggles we will give a 1932 'Aeronautical Dairy' free to every purchaser of goggles listed below."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

THE CRIME OF BILLIARDS.

I HAVE to call attention to the fact that billiards is still going on in our midst.

Not only billiards, but *public* billiards.

Those of you who go blindly about the world minding your own business and ignoring the various social evils which sap the morals of our young people may be indifferent to the prevalence of billiards. You may think, as I do, that it is an extremely boring and far too difficult game. You may even think that, though fatiguing (and far too difficult), the game is a severe test of eye, nerve, muscle, judgment and brain, etc. Well, you are wrong.

It is a vice.

Our ancestors, who knew what was what, saw much more clearly than you do the social perils of billiards. And in the grand year 1845 they got together at Westminster and struck a blow at billiards which has been resounding ever since. They struck this blow in an Act of Parliament called the Gaming Act of 1845. Billiards, you see, was then (as, thank Heaven! it still is) classed with dicing, gambling, wagering and other horrid pursuits; and this Act is probably the one bulwark which has preserved our country from the ultimate degradation.

This Act still stands upon the Statute Book and keeps the nation fairly clean. It says that every house

> "*where a public billiard table or bagatelle board, or instrument used in any game of the like kind is kept*"

must be licensed by Justices of the Peace. (Not billiards only, mark you, but the vicious pastime entitled bagatelle.)

The licence for a public billiard or bagatelle table costs six shillings a year (which, in view of the nature of the offence, seems too little); and the penalty for using a public table without a licence is ten pounds *per diem* (which seems absurdly small).

I should add that no keeper of any public billiard table is to allow any person to play between 1.0 A.M. and 8.0 A.M. And on Sundays, Christmas Day, Fast and Thanksgiving days the billiard-room must be closed and no play allowed (8 & 9 Vict., c. 109, ss. 10–13).

Our ancestors of 1845, you see, who legislated with sagacious foresight for the year 1932, distinguished between such healthy games as bridge and backgammon (which may be lawfully played all night), lawn-tennis and golf, croquet and ping-pong (which may lawfully be played on Fast and Thanksgiving days),



"YOU SEEM TO HAVE MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION, JOAN. WHAT A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN!"
"H'M, NOT QUITE MY TYPE."

and the revolting games of billiards and bagatelle, which require special legislation and ought not really to be played at any time.

One of you libertines, by the way, may ask me indignantly *why* billiards and bagatelle are such pernicious sports. The answer is that billiards encourages the bad habit of stooping; it leads to men standing about in their shirt-sleeves and discourages conversation. As for bagatelle, I forget how it is played, but obviously the thing is wicked—likewise any instrument used in any game of the like kind (8 & 9 Vict. c. 109, ss.10–14).

But even our ancestors had not the complete courage of their convictions. Even they did not dare to stamp out billiards; and the loathsome thing still festers on. Indeed our shame increases every year. I see that a man called LINDRUM has been openly playing the shocking game before large and admiring audiences, and earned not only the ignorant applause of the multitude but a leading article in *The Times* newspaper! What are we coming to? The next thing there will be public bagatelle displays—and bishops will attend them.

Nor is that all. So long as he is practising his vice in a public hall at least the magistrates and the police can keep an eye upon the billiard-player and, if necessary, arrest him at the end of an unduly long break. Everybody agrees that drinking in public-houses, though detestable, is less detestable than "secret drinking." But that, it seems, is what we have come to in the billiard-world. Not only, they tell me, have we public billiard-halls in every town, but *private* billiard-tables in thousands of homes and clubs. Secret billiards is rampant among the rich. For all I know there may be unregistered bagatelle clubs.

The time is evidently ripe for action. The Act of 1845 must be strengthened. The Licensing Commission, whose admirable Report has caused spontaneous public demonstrations of joy in every corner of the land, did not shirk the unsavoury question of billiards, billiards licences and billiards law. They held their noses tightly and thrust them into the den of billiards. Bagatelle? No. There are some things which no Englishman will speak of, even before a Royal Commission. But they did write four inspiring pages about billiards. And they discovered, among other things, that—

> "*it seems to be generally admitted that the hours allowed by the Statute for the playing of billiards are too long; and it is clearly desirable that the law in this respect should be amended.*"

Well, well, well . . . A gallant blow. But is it enough, fellow-countrymen all? What is the use of limiting the hours of billiards? A single hour of billiards may start a young man on the downward path which leads to bagatelle and other games of the like kind. Nobody, so far as I know, has thought of another game of the like kind since 1845; but at any moment some corrupting new pastime may be invented. Golf, I suppose, is the nearest thing to it—a long stick, a small ball and a hole into which the ball is pushed with the aid of the stick. Really, milord, I am prepared to argue that golf is a game of the like kind as billiards and therefore should count as bagatelle under the Gaming Act of 1845. However, one thing at a time. I am dealing, for the moment, with the social evil of billiards; and I move, Mr. Speaker, that billiards be prohibited. Together with bagatelle and halma. A. P. H.

A Tipsychorean Festival.

"The other ladies' concert was of a less ambitious character—a boosey ballad recital by Miss —— ——, who sang to her own accompaniment."—*Welsh Paper.*

"The twice daily artificial sunshine concerts in the Winter Gardens are proving a great success."—*Municipal Pamphlet.*

As an act of celestial courtesy what about a Synthetic Moonlight Sonata?

A FUTURE COMPLAINT.

Now that "declines" have gone right out and inherited gout is still largely the perquisite of the aristocracy as subject-matter for angry and virile anecdote, human nature, ever casting about for ailments of which to complain, finds its stock running low.

Blood-pressure is *passé*; even colitis is *démodé*. Influenza has long been rejected on the ground that to mention that one "has flu" is, as it were, to sneeze at too crowded an altar.

With amazing unanimity a number of my friends have selected their ailment for the coming season.

It is loss of memory. This is going to be all the rage soon. "I can't remember a *thing*" is the slogan now when you try to pin anybody down to anything. Therefore for those who would be in the swim I append a few suggestions culled from the antics of my own circle, hoping that with a minimum of thought and effort we may all soon become the complete Heedless Butterfly, and always bearing in what you deliberately retain of your mind that the cult of failing memory may be closely allied to the slightly less distinguished absence of mind. The point is that your doings should be capable of relation as proof of your mental condition.

You can start at any age over twenty-five. Apparently your failure to remember may take various forms, and you needn't confine yourself merely to omitting to telephone the butcher for sweetbreads. Nor need you forget only two dinner engagements and a bridge tea, but it is distinctly a point scored if you arrive at the parties a week too early or a day too late.

Also it is pretty to go into the post-office for a two-shilling book of stamps and to ask instead for an eighteen-penny postal order or a licence for a Pekinese.

For your domestically-minded friends the story of how on the cook's day out you put the joint in the oven and forgot all about it until the house was filled with blue mist and you cried, "Oh, Henry, the house is on fire!" will always prove popular.

The verbal clowning of book-titles and authors offers a wide and fruitful field, as: "Have you read *A Brass Band in No-Man's-Land*, by—Oh, dear, my head!" or, "I always think *Martin Nicklewit* is DICKENS' best book"; or, "I *do* so admire J.—no, B. D.—or is it E. L.?—What'shisname's last novel. You know—the one where an actor-manager—no, that was by the other man, Thingummy, who wrote that other book we all liked so. Anyway, it had a red cover."



Maid (a wireless fan). "WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING ON, PLEASE? MADAM WON'T BE A MINUTE OR TWO. IN THE MEANTIME I'LL PUT ON A GRAMOPHONE RECORD."

If your listeners are in a literary set your verbal slips can become wilder, which will not only emphasise your impaired cerebration but will probably establish you as a wit into the bargain. Modern book-titles being what they are, it will be your own fault if you fail. And, while on the subject of books, many and strange are the mental capers you can cut while at your circulating library. You can (1) Omit to take back the book you want to change, or return one that has been the property of your family for thirty years; (2) Leave your book-list and "token" at home and bring the washing-book instead; (3) Secure your new book and, leaving it on the counter, take home the one you have just returned. You then read the book once more in perfect good faith, and it makes the story better if you enjoyed it thoroughly and didn't find out it was the old book until the last chapter.

Having secured the attention of the table at dinner, begin a story, and suffer it to peter out, thanks to your inability to recollect the dénouement and the names of the persons of the narrative. This is especially effective when retailing scandal. Your faltering apology will be received with many polite noises of interest and commiseration and nobody will think you are tipsy. They will all know that your brain is not what it was, and that, in fine, you are In the Movement.

Extremes should of course be avoided; that is to say that "to forget your own name next" is only allowable when adducing instances of the lengths to which, in time, your feeble faculty may drive you. Actually it is not a plausible move. Nor, unless at bay for social success, should loss of identity be adopted, for this will get you no further than the newspapers and may lead to your having to spend a night at the police-station.

The best move of all is to give a dinner yourself and then leave the house at seven o'clock for a restaurant and theatre. Or, if you shy at so extreme a measure (though you need fear nothing, for arrogance and discourtesy are distinctly smart), you can descend to the drawing-room, betraying a charming surprise at finding it full of friends—and clad in complete skating-kit. Thus your guests will secure their dinner, no bad feelings will be harboured and you will become A Whimsical overnight.

Only remember one thing: Forget *something*—no matter what it is, and your May and June should be unusually brilliant.

RACHEL.

Celluloid Pudding.

"The new season of great silent films to be shown in the afternoon at the —— Cinema begins with an attractive programme which includes Fritz Lang's film of the Siegfield Sago, 'The Nabelings.' "—*Oxford Paper.*



THE LOST GLOVE.



Hostess. "I SUPPOSE YOU 'LL SOON BE GETTING READY FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY?"
The Genius (impressively). "WELL, *THEY* WILL SOON BE GETTING READY FOR *US*!"

A LONELY MORNING.

"I HOPE you won't be lonely?" said Frances for the third time as she opened the hall-door.

"No," I said wearily.

All this seemed rather unnecessary. True, the maid was suddenly being whisked off to the dentist with a tooth that had died in the night, and Frances had to be out anyway; but since I sit alone in my study every morning doing what I humorously call work I couldn't see that I should be any more lonely than usual. Except that Frances wouldn't be there to interrupt me by putting her head round the corner to say she *hopes* she's not disturbing me, *but* . . . Her hopes are never realised.

Frances was now hovering at the garden-gate. There was evidently something she just *had* to say. She said it: "Well, good-bye; and mind you're not lonely."

It was too much for me. I beckoned her back mysteriously. "Long hours will pass," I began in a hoarse whisper, "and when you return you will find in my study a mouldering skeleton, a decaying pen clutched between its bony digits, and on the grinning skull an expression of indelible loneliness. New readers begin here. 'Dorn't leave muh, Frances,' muttered the man—'dorn't——'"

"Fool!" said Frances, not in a hoarse whisper, and went.

Humming cheerfully I went to my study. I took up my pen. I began an article on "Crowds." The telephone-bell rang busily in the hall. After I had wondered subconsciously for a long while why someone didn't answer the infernal thing, the reason occurred to me. I went out to it. Before I could reach it it stopped ringing.

I swore and turned back. Then I had a poignant vision of an editor saying at that moment to his subordinate, "No reply? Very well, we'll get So-and-so to write it up for us." I flew to the phone. After some while a voice pulled the usual joke. It said sweetly, "Number, please?" I replied I wanted the party who had just been trying to get me. The girl—they must train them specially; it's almost incredible otherwise—said, "And what was their number?"

We went at it for a bit, till I got a cold in the ear but no luck. So-and-so will get the job. I hope worms breed in his fountain-pen.

I wrote a few lines. There was a knock at the front-door. There was another knock. I went. It was an old, old man. He plunged into a long story. A mutual friend, a gardener named Wallop, had told him I was a gentleman who liked lavender. So at great personal trouble, not to say expense, my visitor had come, bringing lavender. Sir, was it a gift, I might ask; no, he would not lie to me, he was an honest man. He was not one of those people (he continued involvedly) who went about giving gentlemen things, just like a beggar. . . . At this point I denied any knowledge of Gardener Wallop, or indeed any Wallop. "Strange," he replied; "Mr. Trollope had distinctly said he knew me: the pleasant gentleman at No. 14." I equally denied all Trollopes; I even hinted that if he was capable of making a mistake in Mr. Scallop's name he was capable of making one in my address. "Ah, well," he countered airily, "never mind; it must have been two other fellows." The point was that I liked lavender, didn't I? He produced four or five grubby rootlings of lavender from a pocket. "Now, weren't they worth sixpence?" I bought him off. A little later, by the way, I noticed that the lavender-bush near my garden-gate looked badly burgled round the roots.

I was able to finish nearly a page before the Laundry called. Young Mr. Laundry wanted a basket of washing. So I gave him a basket I found kicking about back-stage. I don't know yet what was in it, but it sent him away happy.

He was followed by a policeman selling tickets for some sort of beat-up in aid of the police orphans or widows or something. He was a large policeman in uniform and I went quiet. I bought two expensive green tickets. I don't suppose police functions ever have a financial loss.

At eleven-ten precisely a lady rang me up and asked me if I were Handley Page. I said I'd go and see; and I went and saw, and I wasn't, so I let her into the secret. I asked her to tell her friends, as we get this particluar query about six times a week. She was rather annoyed with me, her idea being that I *ought* to be Handley Page. When I pointed out that I was seven *four* double O, and she wanted seven *five* double O, she definitely accused me of deception. So we parted in anger. May the sawdust run out of her boots!

During my next paragraph someone called the Cleaners came, thrust a parcel at me, asked for my autograph and went. In the middle of this transaction the telephone began again. Frances in demand. "Sorry she's out." Well, would I take a message? I would. But it was very long and involved, and I lost step half-way. "One minute, while I get paper." Rush to study and return with sheet of paper and take it down, scribbling partly up against the wall and partly on my knee and partly in mid-air. I then left it by the phone for Frances to see.

I got back to the study, but before I could start work off went the telephone once more. This time it was a triumphant supervisor. She, backed by the whole Telephone Service, had traced the party who had called me earlier in the morning. "Good work!" I cried, taking back all I'd ever thought about inefficiency. With luck I'd get the job instead of So-and-so after all. Well, hardly, for the Supervisor then informed me that owing to a regrettable error it was not I who had been wanted, but Handley Page: serv'n *fife* double O, not *fo-er*. She was sorry I'd been troubled. So was I.

I stuffed a rag in the telephone-bell, wrote "Out of order" over the front-door bell-push, wired the door-knocker down immovably and put a notice on the back-door with "Psittacosis. Keep out." Then I went back to work, or rather to look for my MS. on "Crowds," which was now missing. Not finding it, I started an article called "A Lonely Morning," in which I set down a true and fair account of a poor anchorite's contacts with the outside world.

Frances came in shortly before lunch and found a nervous recluse in the last stages of agoraphobia, creeping from room to room in order to peer furtively out of windows at possible visitors.

"No," I said before she could speak, "I have not been lonely. I wouldn't let it grow on me. Whenever I felt it coming I rushed to the telephone and—and ordered you some lavender rootlets. There they are."

"Have you been doing your writing by the side of the telephone then? I see there's the beginning of an article on 'Crowds' lying there."

"*My* article!"

"Of course. I know your writing. I'm about the only person who could read it, I should think. It's an MS. with a very badly-drawn sketch-map or something on the back. Look."

She handed it to me. I gazed blankly at it. It seemed vaguely familiar, but funnily enough during my busy morning I couldn't recall having made a map of anything. A. A.



Old Lady (to driver of famous express). "WOULD YOU BE SO OBLIGING AS TO DRIVE A LITTLE SLOWER PAST THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN?"



"I THINK, YOUNG LADY, NO GREAT HARM WOULD HAVE BEEN DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN TAUGHT TO BEHAVE A LITTLE BETTER."

"TAUGHT! GRACIOUS! IT WOULD HAVE RUINED ME. WHY, I AM SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE MOST PERFECT, ABSOLUTELY NATURAL BAD MANNERS IN LONDON!"

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ ON NEO-GEORGIAN MANNERS.

JE vous écris, ma chère enfant, à la hâte. Je n'eus jamais le tems de relire mes lettres, présentement je suis encore plus pressée, comme tout le monde à Londres, les femmes également. On parle beaucoup des impôts. Alors je me souviens de ce pauvre M. Fouquet, si charmant, si gai, si distingué, qui donnoit des fêtes si ravissantes. Cependant je commence à croire qu'il avoit des fautes, et que Colbert, sévère, désagréable, vrai bourgeois du Nord, étoit plus digne de confiance.

C'est peut-être à cause de cette vie fatigante que les Angloises mangent souvent. Les grands repas ne sont pas plus beaux que notre bonne chère en Bretagne. Ah, ces tourterelles, ces cailles grasses, ces perdreaux, ces ortolans si exquis! Mais les Angloises ont tant de petits repas. Elles commencement, avant le lever, en buvant du thé, avec quelques tartines. Le déjeûner est un grand repas vers neuf heures. Vers ouze heures, de peur d'être affamées, elles mangent un petit gâteau et boivent du café. Elles dînent à une heure, ou à une heure et demie. C'est un autre grand repas, appelé le "lonche." Deux heures plus tard elles ont encore faim, et elles mangent beaucoup de gâteaux avec quelques tasses de thé. Malgré cela elles ont bon appetit pour le souper, qu'elles appellent le dîner, peut-être parce que, pour elles, le souper vient après la comédie ou pendant le bal. Et quelques-unes mangent encore un morceau avant que de se coucher. Elles mangent "furieusement bien," comme disoient les Précieuses Ridicules. Entre le repas elles boivent de petits verres d'une liqueur, nommée "coquetelle." On dit que cette mode passe. Alors elles seront forcées de boire les vins du pays, le "ouissequi" ou le "jinne." Nonobstant toute cette nourriture, les jeunes Angloises sont fort gracieuses, toujours sveltes et agiles. Elles dansent aussi bien que les Françoises de la cour de feu le roi Louis XIV.

Les Angloises ont un foible, la petite manie des conversations météorologiques. Ils parlent du tems qu'il fait aujourd'hui, qu'il faisoit hier, qu'il fera demain; tous les petits changemens d'un climat triste et brumeux. On comprend qu'un Napolitain parle d'une éruption du Vésuve, ou qu'un Athénien parle d'un tremblement de terre. Ce sont des événemens épouvantables. Les matelots et les bergers, qui passent leur vie en plein air, doivent s'occuper du tems, et peuvent vous donner quelquefois des prédictions, selon l'aspect du ciel. Mais qu'un bonhomme enfermé dans sa boutique, un barbier, un bottier, un bijoutier, vous donne toujours une conférence météorologique, en disant "Nice morning," et des phrases semblables—je les ai apprises—quand vous désirez parler de boucles, de bottines, ou de bijoux, cela m'agace. À force de répéter ces phrases, la nation angloise perd des journées entières par an, et des mois par siècle. La science moderne trouverait facilement un remède. Dans chaque ville, dans chaque arrondissement, il faut construire un haut-parleur énorme, qui diroit tous les jours, vers neuf heures du matin, "Nice morning," ou "Colder to-day," ou "Rotten weather," selon le tems.

Les citoyens, exempts de l'obligation de dire ces phrases, gagneroient des jours, et des mois, pour leurs affaires, pour gagner de l'argent, bien nécessaire afin qu'ils puissent payer les impôts.

H. B. D.



THE CLARION CALL.

"WHEN DUTY WHISPERS LOW 'THOU MUST,'
THE YOUTH REPLIES 'I CAN.'"—*Emerson's "Voluntaries."*



Assistant (to Manager). "MR. SHEDLOCK, WOULD YOU DYE FOR THIS LADY WITHIN AN HOUR?"

AN INTRACTABLE CASE.

"NORMAL," said the Physician, shaking the thermometer. "And now," he intoned in his best bedside manner, "we must begin to build up your strength. Let me see—I think to-day we might allow you a lightly-boiled egg."

"Thank you very much," I murmured, feeling faintly sick at the thought; "perhaps I will have one later on. I couldn't face it just now."

"You must fight against this post-influenzal depression," said the Physician in a tone of gentle reproof. "Come," he added with loathsome playfulness, "I should like to see you enjoying your egg before I go."

"You can't," I said thankfully; "Louisa is out and I'm alone in the flat."

"Then," said the Physician with a magnificent gesture, "I will boil one for you myself."

"Don't talk so big; you couldn't," I cried, startled out of my *rôle* of grateful patient. The Physician is also a Relation.

"Are you suggesting that a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians is incapable of conducting so simple a scientific experiment as that of boiling an egg?"

"Well, I only mean that it's a pity to bite off more—I mean there must come a moment in every life when one is up against something bigger than . . . I mean . . ."

My voice trailed away into nothing as the Physician strode out of the room.

"Go back to Harley Street while you still have a reputation to lose," I called after him.

For reply came a series of nerve-shattering crashes from the kitchen, and the Physician reappeared bearing in one hand an assorted array of saucepans and in the other an under-sized anæmic-looking egg.

"I see you have a gas-ring in here," he said kindly, "so you will be able to watch me at work."

"I think that's the fish-kettle," I suggested sweetly.

"I never allow myself to be hampered by inadequate instruments," said the Physician coldly; "but perhaps on second thoughts I shall decide upon this smaller utensil. Now, do you think I have selected a suitable subject for my demonstration?"

"It looks a fair specimen of a healthy young egg. What about some water to boil it in?"

"Don't be in such a hurry," snapped the Physician, taken off his guard for a moment; "I can't do everything at once."

My head swam giddily as I lay back on the sofa and watched him do everything at least twice; but finally the gas-ring was alight and the saucepan full of water balanced safely upon it.

"One small point arises," said the Physician hesitatingly. "Is it the accepted custom to boil the water with the egg in it, or to boil the water first and then insert the egg?"

"If you are calling *me* in consultation, I give it as my considered opinion that you boil the water first."

"Very good," said the Physician smoothly, "we will follow that line of treatment. Do you think the water is boiling yet?"

"Good heavens, man! Don't you even know when water is boiling?"

"When the tension of its vapours is equivalent to the super-incumbent atmospheric pressure, of course," rattled off the Physician; "but I cannot for the moment recall the method of measuring the tension."

"*I* generally go by the bubbles on the top," I began feebly; but a muffled exclamation from the Physician interrupted me.

"What have you done now?" I said wearily.

The Physician had the grace to look a trifle shamefaced. "Er—my thermometer appears to have broken itself."

"You don't mean to tell me that you were taking the water's temperature with that thing? Well, nothing will persuade me to eat that egg now. I *know* mercury is deadly poison, and so is ground glass."

"Don't be so neurotic. The egg hasn't been in yet. I can easily pour this water away."

"Haven't you got any other patients?" I asked spitefully. "You've been over half-an-hour on this job already."

"And I mean to see it through if I have to sit up all night," hissed the Physician through his clenched teeth.

"I can't bear it much longer. I shall have a relapse. I can feel my temperature going up," I protested tearfully; but the Physician had long since lost interest in *my* case.

Again the water was spilt on the hearthrug; again the gas blew out; again the matches were lost; again the Physician burnt his fingers; but at long last came the supreme moment when the egg was reverently lowered into the seething saucepan and the Physician stood over it watch in hand.

"Now we shan't be long," he cried, relaxing with practised skill into a heartening jocularity.

There was a sudden ominous crack and in a flash the eminent consultant was on hands and knees peering into the depths of the saucepan.

"The albumen appears to be protruding through a wound in the outer wall," he said with a faint note of anxiety creeping into his measured tones.

"Send for a surgeon," I cried hysterically. "It would be a breach of professional etiquette for you to carry on with the case."

There was a tense silence broken only by the hard breathing of the Physician as he bent over the sufferer.

"Prognosis unfavourable?" I ventured.

"But not necessarily fatal," he whispered, prodding cautiously.

"I like scrambled egg just as well, if it's going to be that," I said helpfully.

The strain was beginning to tell on the Physician. His face was grey as he tenderly lifted the saucepan for a closer examination. It was at this moment that the water chose to boil over.

Professional calm was shattered.

"Curse the thing, it's bewitched!" bellowed the apostle of science and reason, flinging the saucepan into the fireplace with a direful clatter.

I shut my eyes and trembled.

"Be careful with my best saucepan, if you please, Sir," said a reproachful voice from the door.

I opened my eyes to behold salvation. Louisa at last!

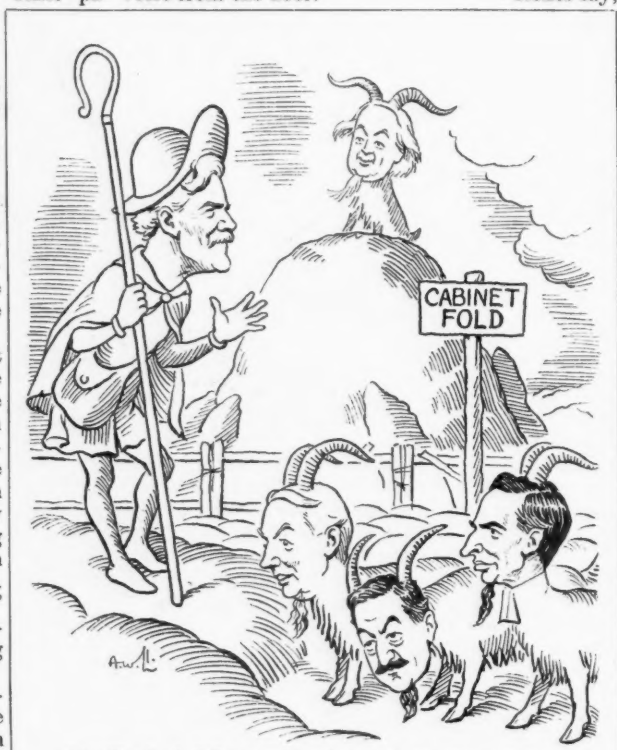
Blessed be the bedside manner that covereth a multitude of blunders! I could but admire the masterful ease with which the Physician recovered himself.

"Ah, Louisa," he beamed benignly. "I have just ordered the patient a lightly-boiled egg. The strength must be maintained now that the fever has subsided."

"I think I still have a little headache," I said truthfully. "Would it matter if I didn't have the egg just now?"

"This one's good for nothing, anyway," said Louisa disdainfully as she swept it out of sight.

"I am glad to have my opinion confirmed by a specialist," said the Physician as he turned majestically to take his leave. "I always suspected something inherently unsound in the constitution of that egg."



The Shepherd. "GOOD THING I DIDN'T SEPARATE THE GOATS FROM THE SHEEP. NOW PERHAPS I SHALL BE ABLE TO KEEP THE GOATS FROM THEIR OLD LEADER."—*After "The Shepheardes Calendar," 1579, by* SPENSER.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, SIR DONALD MACLEAN, SIR HERBERT SAMUEL AND SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR.

TALLIES.

"I DON'T give an 'oot what you blokes say, there's never no 'arm done in bein' perlite," said Able Seaman "Pincher" Martin by way of concluding a heated argument on the mess-deck.

"Oh, yes, Pincher," growled a mess-mate, "but we all knows as you're a proper choc-o-late merchant with yer 'Yes, Sir, No, Sir, Please, Sir, and 'ave I your permission to draw me blinkin' breath, Sir?'"

"I ain't nothin' o' the sort," said Pincher wrathfully. "I pays respect where respect is doo, that's all; an' if a bloke 'as a tally to 'is name I uses it to show I've got some education. I've made a bit of a study of it, I 'ave, an' all along of 'earin' two orficers talkin' on the quarter-deck one dog-watches, when I was doin' a spot of 'oly-stonin'."

"And a spot of Number Ten too, Pincher?"

"Now I don't want no sarcs from you—see! It's true I wasn't there fer me 'ealth, but as it turned out I got a good laugh out of it."

"'Ow was that, then?"

"Why, it was our Gunnery jack an' a spunyarn major of the Wavy Navy what was doin' 'is bit o' trainin' in us——"

"'Spunyarn Major!' 'Wavy Navy!' Pincher—Pincher, I'm surprised at you, that I am! If a bloke 'as a tally, use it—it's only perlite. I prezooms you means a Lootenant-Commander in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve?"

"Oh, stow it! I ain't talkin' to 'im; I'm spinnin' a yarn to you; but if you don't care to——"

"No, no; go on, Pincher. The protest was wrung from me automatic. These two was 'avin' a cag, was they?"

"Not 'alf! This R.N.V.R. orficer was a barrister when 'e was a civvy, an' Guns, 'e couldn't stand any sort of



WELL-KNOWN PHRASES VISUALISED.

"CEMENTING GOOD RELATIONS."

lawyer an' was always pokin' charley at 'em whenever 'e got the chance.

"'What I can't make out,' 'e was sayin' when they stops an' leans over the quarterdeck rail alongside where I was workin', 'is why you barristers call yourselves "learned." "Learned Counsel," "My LEARNED friend." Now why the 'ell because you've specialised in chawing your fat in a court of law you should go about chalked up as "learned" I'm sugared if I can see. You've specialised in law, I've specialised in gunnery. Why doesn't my Captain 'ave to refer to me as "My learned Gunnery Orficer"?'

"'Oh,' says the R.N.V.R. quiet-like, 'it's merely a courtesy title. It don't mean nothing. It's just the same as you bein' called a "gallant" orficer.'"

"My word, that was smart!"

"Yes, you've got to rouse an' shine pretty early to get to windward o' one o' them coves. But after that I always took an interest in these 'ere courtesy titles, though once I made a proper bloomer over one."

"You did?"

"Yes. Mark you, it was in the 'eat o' the moment, or rather the cold of it. I was in the ditch at the time."

"In the ditch? 'Ow? Tell us, Pincher."

"Well, our picquet-boat 'ad broke down an' we was lyin' some way out, an' the Owner 'ad a guest comin' orf to lunch; so we was sent in under sail in the whaler to fetch 'im. 'E was a dean."

"A what?"

"A dean."

"Never 'eard tell o' one."

"No, no more 'ad I. It's a 'igher ratin' of parson. Kind of executive orficer of a cathedral like. They ships gaiters instead o' trousis when they picks up the rank, an' that's 'ow you can tell 'em. Well, all the time we was beatin' in to the pier we was discussin' in the boat what was the proper way to address 'im. Our bowman reckoned 'e should be called 'Yer Grace,' but I knew that wasn't right, any more than 'Me Lord,' which is the tally of a bishop. We 'adn't got no forrader with it by the time we gets to the pier and finds 'im standin' there waitin' for us. So that was orl right—we didn't 'ave to call 'im nothin' because in 'e jumps and orf we shoves.

"Well, it was a nasty squally day, an' 'e weren't no lightweight in the stern-sheets neither. 'Ow it 'appened I don't know. 'E must 'ave got the main-sheet foul of 'is gaiters or summat when a squall 'it us, because afore we knew where we was we'd capshot."

"D' yer mean yer pushed the dean into the drink?"

"We did."

"Strewth! Could 'e swim?"

"That was the first thing I thought of. Luckily we 'ad some lifebelts in the boat an' one floats up just by me. I gets 'old of it, swims over to the old boy and shoves it at 'im. 'There you are, yer 'Oliness,' I says, 'wrap that round yer ruddy guts'—an' I see by the nasty look 'e give me as I'd given 'im the wrong title."

Ramblers All.

"On Sunday last the members of the Stockport group of the Holiday Fellowship had a strenuous but enjoyable ramble under the leadership of Miss D. Perkins."
Local Paper.

Our old friend.

"DUKE'S MARRIAGE
MAY TAKE PLACE IN NEW JERSEY."
Continental Paper.

New or old, he'll need one in this weather.

". . . the ballroom presented an enchanting picture with its many brilliant costumes, which were set off to advantage against a background of the Hunt colours, eau-de-ville and green."—*Welsh Paper.*

Which is often the colour of the town supply.

AT THE PICTURES.

HORROR AND GLOBE-TROTTING.

I HAVE to confess that I was neither thrilled nor shocked by *Frankenstein*. I wanted to know what was going to happen and how many people the *Monster* would kill before he was killed himself; but I never really shuddered once. Nor do I know if other members of the audience in my neighbourhood, who now and then went out, were overcome by a crisis of the macabre or whether, with them, the film had come full circle. This is a matter of cinema procedure that is always open to doubt.

But the fact that *Frankenstein* left me unmoved does not mean that it is not ghoulish. It is. The *Monster*, which is created during a thunderstorm by a judicious blend of resurrection work and electricity, in a laboratory fitted up in a deserted windmill on a blasted rock, is a very sinister thing, and its impersonator, a new film-actor named BORIS KARLOFF, misses no opportunity by gesture and gait of making it more inhuman and terrifying. (Mr. KARLOFF by the way, who is expected to be the new LON CHANEY, is, in spite of his name, an Englishman and, I understand, a scholar.) I think it was right to exclude children, although the spectacle of the *Monster's* quick way with the only one he met might be a useful warning to little girls to avoid making friends with strangers. As a matter of fact the child's lack of any fear in the presence of so malignant and hideous a creature seemed to me a mistake. STEVENSON had the right instinct when he made children run crying from *Mr. Hyde*.

Strange occurrences can be recorded on the films. Will it be believed that, after being half-strangled and dragged and carried to the top of the windmill by his *Monster*, *Herr Frankenstein* (who turns out to be that very English actor, COLIN CLIVE) is flung to the rock below, pausing for a revolution on one of the windmill's sails, and yet that the curtains are drawn on a joke by our friend FREDERICK KERR (as the paternal *Frankenstein*) on the eve of his son's marriage; which had previously been interrupted by the *Monster*, but now, when convalescence is complete, is to be celebrated? The *Monster* meanwhile had been burned to death in the mill by avenging villagers led by an implacable *Burgomaster* and a pack of bloodhounds.

Not a very successful effort, but useful in clearing up the old confusion between the Monster and the man who made it. No one who has been to the Tivoli will ever talk again about being burdened by one's own Frankenstein—as we too often used to do.



"WALK TO DADDY!"

Frankenstein . . . . MR. COLIN CLIVE.
The Monster . . . . MR. BORIS KARLOFF.

It was, by the way, funny to see among the preliminary matter on the screen the announcement that the story had been adapted "from the novel by Mrs. PERCY B. SHELLEY." How determinedly Transatlantic! "Mrs. P. B. SHELLEY" would have caused no surprise; nor would "Mrs. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY." But PERCY B.—no.



Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. "SAY, WORLD, YOU 'RE A REG'LAR FELLAR—ONE OF US!"

There is at the New Gallery a new kind of talkie which might lead to a very interesting revival. This is *Round the World in 80 Minutes*, in which DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, with unconquerable *brio*, describes his experiences with a camera in the Far East, chiefly in Honolulu, China, Cochin China and India. He is present in every picture and talks all the time: a mixture of topography, ethnography and jokes. The pictures are varied, the patter is lively in itself and made more attractive by the infectious vitality of the speaker, who, now that his leaps and bounds are over—or nearly so, for he is still the most active man of his age in the world—seems to be on the threshold of a new film career.

But what particularly interests me in this pictorial causerie, as it really is, is its reversion to an old and popular form of entertainment which delighted our grandfathers—the comic lecture, with magic-lantern slides, as delivered by ALBERT SMITH the English humorist, and ARTEMUS WARD the American. ALBERT SMITH'S go-as-you-please dissertation on Mont Blanc at the Egyptian Hall in the eighteen-fifties was one of the attractions of London year after year, followed by an illustrated lecture on China (Mr. FAIRBANKS' chief subject). ARTEMUS WARD was at the same hall in 1866, apologising for the dilatoriness of his moon and convulsing all who heard him; and incidentally becoming a contributor to Mr. Punch's pages.

The words of the FAIRBANKS talkie have been provided by Mr. ROBERT BENCHLEY, who is one of the supports of *The New Yorker* and the author of several books of irresistible nonsense. He has also won fame by public readings of his own work, notably a burlesque treasurer's report. Now, why should he not slip into the shoes of ALBERT SMITH and ARTEMUS WARD and revive the mock-serious lecture? DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS does it admirably, but almost too ambitiously. I should like something more intimate.

Among the many jokes in *Round the World in 80 Minutes* one that I retain is the story of the American who already had three sons and wanted another, but dared not have it because he had read in some statistics in the paper that every fourth child born into the world is a Chinaman.

One of the special satisfactions to me



"I'VE HEARD SO MUCH OF YOUR WONDERFUL OLD PLACE AT MELTONBURY, I SHOULD *ADORE* SEEING IT."
"HOW NICE OF YOU. I HAVE SOME EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF IT. I'LL SEND YOU ONE."

in this film is its use of the devices of the camera to produce the incredible. Thus everyone is at last able to see the famous Indian rope trick in action. The rope is thrown up into the air and the boy climbs it and vanishes into space—exactly as in the travellers' stories which we find it so difficult to believe. And when, in India, DOUG and his friends hear the Beverley Hills calling too insistently, they dispose themselves on a magic carpet and are borne gaily from Benares to Hollywood while MERCATOR'S projection slips away beneath them. There should be more magic on the films. E. V. L.

"CLEVEDON HOSPITAL BALL.

Prizes were awarded for fancy dress. The winners were:—Ladies: 'Whatto Lady' (Miss G. ——) . . ."—*Bristol Paper.*

There is a good deal of this hearty art at the French Exhibition.

"CHAPS, REDNESS, ROUGHNESS

Disappear as if by magic when the world-famed CRÈME —— is used daily."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

So now, girls, you know how to disperse those unwanted suitors.

EROSE.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Spectator* laments the fact that most people pronounce the name of the God of Love Eéross and not Erōse, as it should be pronounced, and also that the B.B.C. announcers, in their colossal ignorance, favour the former. Eros, pronounced Eeross, he says, means "belonging to Spring." Thus the little fellow who has commanded such acreage of Press lately will now find himself the centre of a controversy whether Erose by any other name would be as sweet. There is, of course, a connection between the two. The poet has told that a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of Erose in an Eeross time of the year.

It is not known yet whether the matter will be submitted to a Royal Commission or to a national plebiscite, or will merely be decided by the B.B.C. as usual. If the first of these is chosen, I suggest that the members of the Commission should include ST. JOHN ERVINE, Sir HARRY LAUDER, Mr. GERALD BARRY, Senator MARCONI, Sir E. ROSS, Mr. JACK HULBERT, Miss ETHEL M. DELL, ALDOUS HUXLEY and the editors of *The Hibbert Journal* and *The Sporting Times*; and of course Dean INGE, BERNARD SHAW and all that.

Personally I do not care two hoots about the matter. I can appreciate, however, the point of view of the don who would hate to hear the sweet god's name represented by a sound which might be made by a costermonger offering a lump of sugar to his trusty steed. I can also appreciate the point of view of the costermonger who, on hearing a Professor of Greek expatiate on the charm of Erose, might wonder whose silk stockings he was talking about. I can hear the don fulminating in Chestertonian verse:—

"They haven't got no gnosis,
The bally B.B.C.;
Even the word 'Erose' is
Not said as they supposes.
They suffer from cirrhosis
Of their mentality."

Rather than have a civil war about it, however, I suggest that the name should be pronounced Erose in the morning and Eeross in the evening. A third pronunciation, which may be permitted about or after midnight, is Eerosh. J. B. N.

A CALL TO EXCHANGE.

(On my telephone going automatic.)

MAIDEN of insincere regrets,
Slow to respond and hard of hearing,
Scarcely can I refrain from cheering,
Scarcely prevent myself careering
Round in unseemly pirouettes.
Never again shall I depress
Slowly that impotent receiver—
Slowly at first, till mounting fever
Goads my impatience to excess.

On Saturday next at half-past one
(Ring off the old—ring up the new !)
My telephone troubles will all be done
(Hark to the sound of the bells !),
For the Great Controller has written to me
From Cornwall House, Waterloo, S.E.
He knows no doubt that you've been a trial,
So he's switching me over on to the dial,
He's switching me over on to the dial
(Ring, little bells, like fun !).

Then will a scarce less human Thing,
Moved by my skilful digitation,
Pilot me to my destination
(Nor interrupt your conversation
As this, my valedictory ring).
Should a wrong number greet my ear
Then must I blame my own bad shooting—
Granted the Tracker's not "misrouting"
(This from a postal engineer).

On Saturday next at half-past one
(Ring off the old—ring up the new !)
The Golden Age will be well begun
(Hark to the sound of the bells !) ;
For the Great Controller has written to me
From Cornwall House, Waterloo, S.E.
He knows, no doubt, that you've been erratic,
So he's switching me on to the Automatic—
He's switching me on to the Automatic
(Ring, little bells, like fun !).

Nevertheless our lines have crossed
(Please to forgive the double saying);
Shall I not leave you words conveying
Hopes for your future, words allaying
Fears that your job may now be lost?
You, I am sure, will take your place
Safely behind some P.O. grating,
Able at will to keep us waiting—
Winner of any tortoise race!

On Saturday next at half-past one
(Ring off the old—ring up the new !)
I've promised myself no end of fun
(Hark to the sound of the bells !).
And the Great Controller will acquiesce,
The Great Controller of the L.T.S. ;
I'll make a dash for the telephone
And cock an ear for the Dialling Tone
And ring up every friend I own
On Saturday at half-past one.

AT THE MUSIC-HALLS.

(VICTORIA PALACE.)

THE management of the Victoria Palace enjoys and well deserves a reputation for providing a first-rate programme at a price appealing to the shrunken purse. There are no waits



TRANSFORMATION SCENE.
MISS ANN PENN IN IMPERSONATIONS.

between turns, there is the shortest possible intermission, and one notices a pleasant air of efficient organisation about this house. After a perfunctory



MR. SCOTT SANDERS "FULL OF WISE-CRACKS AND SAWS."

overture the Original Victoria Palace Girls offer nothing particularly original indeed, but dance, wheel, sway and kick in the now established manner, but with no sense of staleness, and are warmly admired and affectionately received. Whereupon FRANK and BETTY BOSTON, Juggling Humorists, do some startling things with Indian clubs, working up to a climax in which the pair keep six clubs shuttling back and forth between them at a malicious pace, which, as the saying is, must be seen to be believed. FRANK BOSTON seems to be able also to make common dinner-plates defy the ordinary laws of falling bodies.

The wooing of an immense policewoman by a diminutive policeman, as presented by Messrs. JONES and THOMAS, if it does not err on the side of undue subtlety or excessive refinement, being an affair mainly of loud cries and slappings, is lightened by some ingenious swift nonsense and the vision, much appreciated by the ladies present, of the well-nourished JONES in a backless gown of peacock blue.

Two of the KUBAN 3 gave evidence of being able to dance with grace and distinction, but, too soon for my taste, abandoned their delicate exercises to combine with their colleague in a series of grotesques in which many seemingly dangerous and definitely embarrassing things were done to the lady member of the trio, who survived, shaken indeed, but apparently undamaged, for our sincere plaudits.

Miss ANN PENN is an impersonator of more than ordinary skill and range of effect, and does not omit that touch of discerning malice which makes her caricatures into acute criticism of her victims—GRACIE FIELDS, NELLIE WALLACE, MAURICE CHEVALIER, BEATRICE LILLIE, GWEN FARRAR, NORAH BLANEY and two American ladies unknown to me.

The old-fashioned turn of the lightning caricaturist is given a new twist by an Italian gentleman with the most unlikely name of VAN DOCK, whose speed and violence of manipulation are things to wonder at, who has a pleasant turn of humour and whose commentary, presented in an engaging broken English, is well-invented.

SCOTT SANDERS, character comedian, with a remarkably attractive speaking voice, facial muscles of astonishing flexibility and a genial confidential and withal commanding eye, presents two portraits of an old actor and a needy knife-grinder. Good work this.

The programme description, "Sensational Acrobats," of the BONETTI BROTHERS is no exaggeration. They have contrived new ways of offering violence to each other without inflicting or sustaining permanent injury, and they seem to have taken the stock feats of balancing and somersaulting and complicated them all with some new

difficulty which, not without elaborate and plausible pretence of attempting the impossible, they triumphantly overcome.

Mr. JACK HYLTON'S band does its work with competence. Occasionally what was good in the best of the selected music was allowed to steal through, and the team certainly has a feeling for rhythm. I could have gladly spared the derivative drummer in "Tom Thumb's Drum." The rude rhymes with suppressed endings were the most tolerable part of a final frenzied effort of team clowning. No doubt the jazz band has been so long a standard entertainment that it must be constantly changing if it is to conceal its essential dullness. It is indeed a vast pity that this kind of music, which has its own virtues, even its own musical virtues, is ever divorced from dancing. This divorce is sufficient to account for the extravagances, the St. Vitus's contortions, the hopelessly perverse cacophonies of an art definitely in decadence. T.

(HOLBORN EMPIRE.)

It is comforting to a conservative to see that the Music Hall, in despite of the pessimist prophets, still manages to fight with courage and credit its rearguard action against the massed pursuing celluloid battalions. The very broad comedians seem indeed finally to have passed away, as a result of the formidable spread of surface refinement. Their modern successors, however, say quite as outrageous things in a more discreet way, and their sallies are now greeted with understanding laughter by the knowing of both sexes—which imparts a definitely matey atmosphere to the affair. I noticed with approval that no arch soprano swam out to sing to tatters over us a ballad of ineffable sentimentality, but, as that business has now been handed over to jazzling tenors with frogs in their throats, we are not perhaps much better off.

To describe the team of that energetic showman, Mr. JACK PAYNE, as a band is a signal feat of understatement. It is quite as definitely a circus, a glee-party, a harlequinade; and in my private opinion would succeed better in any one of these capacities if it abandoned the others. Yet I must in honour record that that was not the general opinion of the house, which accepted this as the star turn of the evening. Mr. PAYNE is a psychologist "of no mean order," as we say. For myself I liked nothing better in the protracted turn than the quite amazing somersault turned by an agile saxophonist, and, though I testify gladly that Mr. PAYNE'S "boys" heroically strove to conceal their embarrassments, they seemed aware that their extravagant



MR. JACK PAYNE IN ACTION.

feats wore a spurious alien air. Perhaps the sense of repression due to their being so continually heard and not seen has betrayed them into these excesses of extroversion.

I was much more agreeably entertained by Mr. NAUNTON WAYNE, a young comedian of engaging personality, who has the rare gift of swiftly and skilfully feeling his way into the confidence of his audience and holding it by well-invented patter admirably "timed," and can make an audacious jest without crudely underlining it.

The three shock-haired, comely and symmetrical young women, the DINKIE DENTON TRIO (I could wish them a better style and title), after some more than merely competent dancing, high-kicking and cart-wheeling, with a little incidental singing, definitely startled us into admiration by their mastery of the new sport of heaving the girl, and by the effortless ease with which the "strong woman" of the trio pirouetted with her two companions cantilevered from her neck, with no more untoward result to herself than turning a hair—which she gracefully patted into place. And this young lady, if you please, was no portent of bulging muscles and over-developed trunk and limbs, but as gracefully modelled as her two courageous colleagues. The three young women, in fact, were obviously able to sustain their rights, under Mr. Justice MCCARDIE'S new charter, against any rash partner, without resorting to the Courts. A pleasant sight.

HERMAN HYDE, a droll genial giant doing bizarre things with disintegrating fiddles, clarinets and double-basses, and SALLY BURRILL, a chic, trimly-made and vivacious blonde playing rough stuff with an elegant air, gave us something definitely new and good in knockabout. And with some five or six other turns to suit all tastes we had no reason to complain of short measure. T.



NOT MUCH THE MATTER.

MISS SALLY BURRILL AND MR. HERMAN HYDE IN "NOTHING SERIOUS."

"WHO IS BATA—WHAT IS HE?"

"... many times I have been asked what manner of man is this who, making ten million pounds in as many years, now proposes to challenge Britain on her own soil."
Northampton Paper.

In the first place, he must be getting a little Batavistic.

"N.B.—The School will be open on Tuesday, January 12th, from 10 A.M. till noon for reception of new pupils and payment of fees. The Headmaster is especially pleased to see parents at this time."
School Notice.

We bet he is.

"A man who was stated to have swallowed a dessert-spoon, an iron staple and an enamelled mug was sent to prison at Leeds to-day. Detective-Sergeant Thirkill said that —— was caught at Blackpool trying to dispose of a motor-car."
Leicester Paper.

There he evidently bit off more than he could swallow.

FINANCIAL CRISIS.

A DOMESTIC DIALOGUE.

He:

I WISH I'd never taken that watch to be mended;
I wish I'd never ordered those new plus-fours,
And never got the lease of the house extended
And put in central-heating and parquet floors;
I wish the car instalments were nearly ended;
I wish I'd resigned before that sub. fell due;
In fact, though all this economy 's perfectly splendid.
I wish we'd begun it a year ago—don't you?

She:

I wish I'd never gone in for expensive "thinnings"
When fewer and shorter meals would have done the trick,
Or paid for taxis out of my poker winnings
And had shampoos and manicure done on tick;
I wish I'd not given that hat-shop such an innings;
I wish I'd never increased the staff to three:
And if there were any such things as new beginnings
I'd like to get hold of a brace for you and me.

He:

But since there aren't, we'll jolly well have to whittle
Expenses down to a virtual vanishing-point—
To a thimbleful of beer and a single skittle
And a very small cut from an almost invisible joint.

She:

Who cares? It's fun to have plenty of drink and victual
As long as you can, and then eat sausage-and-mash;
And our affairs are the state of the world in little,
For we're only a splintered twig on a tree gone crash.

Both:

Besides, though we tighten our belts, sit light- and fireless,
Adding accounts up over and over again,
We've always got (until it's in pawn) the wireless,
And pleasure can still be ours for the price of PAYNE.

JAN.

HAWKING AS A SPORT.

WHEN one lives in a small old London house in a DICKENS terrace which has outlived several celebrities, friends dropping in for tea tell us how charming it all is and how much we must be enjoying ourselves. And they look at the room in which an eminent Victorian writer died, and at the stained-glass window put in by our predecessor, a famous modern "costume" novelist, and they point up the chimney and say how delicious a coal-fire is after the eternal gas of flats, and down the garden to our studio and say how wonderful it seems to be so near the roaring High Street, and then they take more cake and say what a paradise a servantless home must be, and add that Florence is Leaving Us on Tuesday and Servants Darken My Life, Dears. And then——

The front-door bell rings and I have to leave my tea to "answer" it because, although we only want to be At Home to the present lot of friends, it may be the postman, a telegram or a parcel.

I open the door. Outside stands the aged Scottish rascal who has got our name out of the telephone directory and has woven a tale of how we are old Scottish friends of his old Scottish family in old Scottish Scotland—and, in short, may he dig up the garden to-morrow? And as usual I say "No," and "I'm sorry," and "You can't see her" and "I'm very busy," and, shedding the Scottish accent, he curses me in the vernacular of old England and I close the door, shattered with indignation.

This is our secret canker, our worm i' the bud. The dweller in flats has every trouble under the moon but ours, for no hawker or beggar ventures flights of stairs willingly. We, on the other hand, have "soft little crib" written all over our approach, and our tin plaque on the back-entrance which says—

NO HAWKERS
NO CIRCULARS

was of course put there for fun.

To us enters the *jeune premier* who tries to sell us vacuum cleaners and who ere now has almost dazed me into submission and reduces me nearly to tears and to imploring him not to sell the machine to me. There is the man who appears to believe that my need of note-books at double the market price is chronic and insatiable. To us comes the lady with the thumbed booklet and handbag of weary leatherette collecting for an abstract cause called The Por Little Childun, and who, when gently told that we send our subscriptions direct to the hospitals, becomes very human indeed and accuses me of insulting her as she flounces off in a clatter of poplinette underskirt. Nor must I forget the hearty fellow who has always "just finished a job down the road," by which he has mysteriously become possessed of "a length of lino" that he thinks I might like. (N.B.—Why is it always linoleum?) And there is the party in a white coat with a basket of "country birds" well floured about the bosom who, if I say that I have bought one that morning from our poulterer, replies that his will "'ang for a week," and, if I say that I am not sure that I want one, tells me that he will give me the fowl for half-price as it is in prime condition for immediate use. (Here to-day and gone off to-morrow as it were.)

And all these rings at our bell must be attended to lest they be postman or telegram. And all our unwanted friends and relations must be admitted lest they be a parcel; and, short of once more employing two servants, there is no answer to the dilemma. To cope with the problem, not of how to avoid answering the door for nothing, for that is insuperable, but of how to dismiss vendors, cadgers and agents with maximum rapidity, I keep a stock of excuses by me; and what, thanks to some of them, our reputation now is in the underworld of itinerancy, the half-world of hawking, I hardly like to think:—

"We have no carpets or curtains"—(The vacuum-cleaner gentleman).

"We are vegetarians"—(The fowl-man).

"My mother has a nervous breakdown and could not endure spade-work under her bedroom window"—(The jobbing gardener); "Never pays more than sixpence an hour"—(The jobbing gardener); "Is leaving Town indefinitely"—(The jobbing gardener); "Types all her personal letters"—(The notebook man).

Callers of the linoleum and Por Little Childun calibre present a subtler dilemma, as the knowledge that one is thoroughly aware of their fraudulent errand must be conveyed mainly by one's expression if one does not wish a tableau in which a policeman shall be the central figure. The most effective facial play I have found to be scrutiny of the "piercing" brand and a sort of archly reminiscent glance for the bearer of lino tidings. But it is all very tiring. And when friends praise our home, we have to think coal-fire, dead eminent Victorian writer, celebrated window and garden studio very fixedly indeed before we become resigned to the hawking and circulars side of life.

RACHEL.

More Internal Trouble in Australia.

"DISSENSION IN GROCERS' BODY."—*Melbourne Paper.*



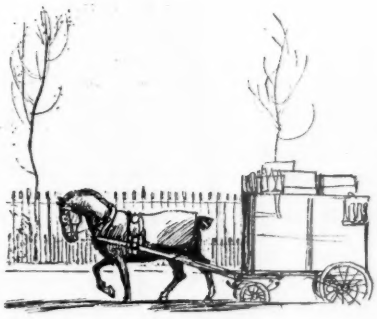


SYCAMORE SQUARE.

THE MILK-PONIES.

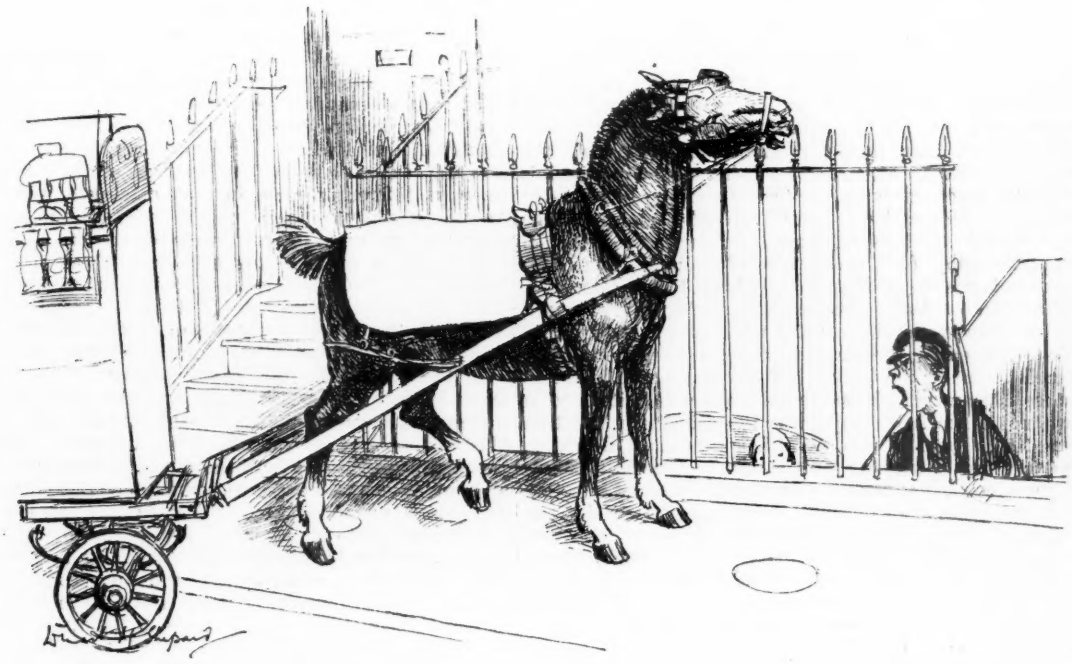
THEY have muzzles of velvet
And shoulders of silk,
The little brown ponies
That bring round the milk.
At six in the morning
They take great care
To come very quietly
Into the Square;
Their little black hoofs
So lightly tread
That no sound stirs us
Asleep in bed;
But at twelve o'clock
They paw and they stamp,
They rattle their harness
And whinny and champ:
"Here's cream for your puddings,
Here's butter from Devon,
Grade A for the baby
At Number Eleven;
And all the price
We want you to pay
Is best loaf sugar—
Three lumps a day."
(And that, I suspect,
Is probably why
Our grocer's book
Is extremely high.)

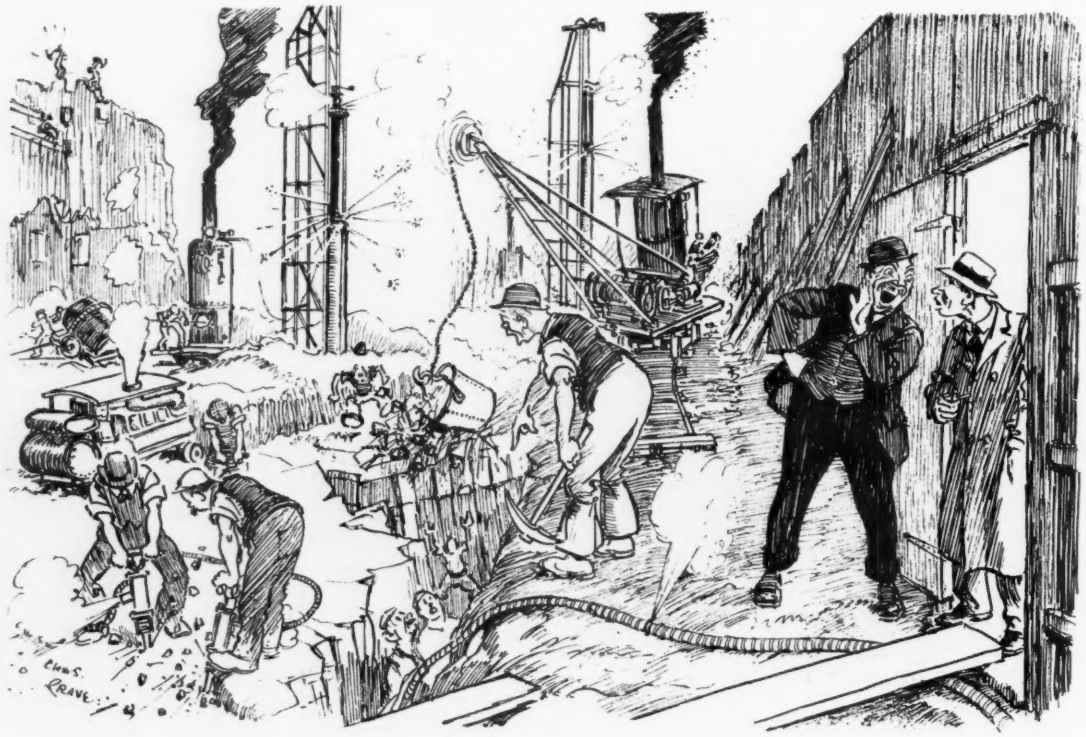
JAN











Friend. "WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?"
Facetious Foreman. "I AIN'T ALLOWED TO TELL YER, BOY. THIS IS A 'HUSH-HUSH' JOB."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Problem Novel.

MISS NETTA SYRETT strikes me as having explored a curious moral quagmire in her latest book, whose main contention is that the woman who has an illegitimate child with the best intentions is an admirable figure, while the woman who remains chaste from selfishness is a contemptible one. This, of course, was the current morality of 1914–18; and, as *The Manor House* (BLES, 7/6) deals mainly with the domestic side of the War, there is adequate precedent, if not justification, for the attitudes of *Ann Rolf* and *Stella Lennox*. *Ann* is the gardener's daughter at Prior's Beeching; *Richard*, the manor's degenerate heir; *Stella*, ex-chorus girl, wife of the next-of-kin, a minx whose extenuating antecedents are easily the cleverest thing in the book. *Stella* intends to marry *Richard* if her own partner is killed in France. Meanwhile she keeps the hook well baited. *Ann* is willing to take him on any terms, her ultimate justification being the paramount need of an heir for Prior's Beeching. The acid test, I suppose, of the novel's success is *Ann's* ability to command credulity for her motives and affection for herself, neither of which, in my case, supervened. *Ann* is distinctly recognisable as the type of leader too often evolved from the ranks in default of leadership from above. She is equally the "capable" woman called into being to coerce the inadequate male. It is distressing to see the graceful resources of a talent matured in happier times and on happier themes at issue with matter so unremunerative.

Background to Alice.

We have just passed the centenary of C. L. DODGSON'S birth, which event (of the liveliest importance to all right-thinking children, old or young) took place on January 27th, 1832. And I cannot help wondering what the retiring Christ Church don, who tried so hard to keep the LEWIS CARROLL identity distinct from the DODGSON that he actually sought to induce the Bodleian authorities to treat them as different persons in their catalogue, would have thought of this volume, issued by the OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS at two guineas, and devoted entirely to his life and work. *A Handbook of the Literature of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson* (*Lewis Carroll*) is its official and rather cumbrous title. Some little time ago Mr. S. H. WILLIAMS produced a bibliography of the various DODGSON publications, and this, originally intended for a second edition, undertaken with the aid of Mr. FALCONER MADAN, of Oxford, has expanded into the present handsome and portly work, in three parts, seven supplements, two indexes, and plenty of illustrations and notes. Mr. MADAN, who had some personal acquaintance with the author of the two *Alices*, gives us, as well as a pedigree, some interesting paragraphs on the life at Christ Church. Then follow Parts I. and II., a pretty complete bibliography of short pieces and various editions published in England and America before and after DODGSON'S death; and Part III., which has some interesting short pieces reprinted for the first time in book form, including the account of a short visit to TENNYSON in May, 1859, and various translations of the famous *Jabberwocky* poem into different languages. A good piece of work,

with bits of original matter here and there, that we are glad to see rescued from oblivion in time.

Artist Adventurers.

If H. DE VERE STACPOOLE's impressions
Are based upon things as they be,
Then down with all other professions—
The life of the artist for me;
For he 's written a tale which has in it
An artist (at 7/6 net),
With almost more thrills to the minute
Than any one man ought to get.

He tramps through Dalmatia and captures
A regular pearl for a wife;
But tragedy ruptures their raptures
And he has to fly for his life.
He joins and escapes from the Legion,
Wins thousands at Monte, and seeks
And discovers repose in the region
Of Bedouin, camels and sheikhs.

There is other stuff not less exciting,
But the cat must remain in the sack;
And moreover the style of the writing
Deserves a good pat on the back.
Indeed *The Lost Caravan*'s freighted
With charms wherein most thrillers fail,
For beauty with action is mated
(It's COLLINS who has it for sale).

Should a Villain Charm?

The Byronic hero, tracing his descent to our own day through the *Rochesters* and *Heathcliffs* of the BRONTË era, comes extravagantly to life in Miss CONSTANCE SITWELL'S *White Thorn* (PHAROS EDITIONS, 6/-). Perhaps "the glamour of a lawless life" is less evident than it used to be, and less attractive to a world where law and order have their backs to the wall and licence ruffles it on the pavement, than it was to the comparatively settled and comfortable nineteenth century. We could perhaps afford our endearing wastrels in those days. I doubt if we can foot their bill, either psychologically or materially, now. In any case I put this forward as a reason why Miss SITWELL'S graceful little account of a pretty prepossessing girl, who squanders her imagination on a romantic rake after bestowing her hand on his prosaic brother, left me not only unkindled but cold. Obviously *Laura* takes *Nick* as you might take a dram or a drug—as an escape from the daily round, an introduction to a world of fantasy. The fantasy, I should say, is the *raison d'être* of the theme; and how poorly this programme works out you may gather by comparing *Laura's* love-story with, say, *Guy and Pauline*, a romance in which imagination is part and parcel of a common human motive and the larger implications of life are never for a moment discounted. The happiest ornaments of Miss SITWELL'S book are its incidental accounts of Sinhalese travels and the vigorous hawthorn spray on its jacket—a delightful drawing and unsigned.



Wife (emerging delightedly from shop). "LOOK WHAT THEY GAVE ME FOR SPENDING TWO POUNDS!"

Aquarium Variety-Show.

One can always trust Mr. BOULENGER as a writer on natural history. I hate being instructed, but have no objection to information properly conveyed; and that is where he comes out strong. His book *Fishes* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) gives the reader both entertainment and wisdom, which is most satisfactory. Here are some facts that I know now and did not know before. The ling lays one-hundred-and-sixty million eggs. Fishes have been known to climb palm-trees. The black line that runs along most fishes is an elaborate nerve-centre. The hook that some salmon have on the under-jaw belongs to the male and is there for fighting. The lantern fish has a headlight, and a gulper has been found dead as a result of having swallowed a fish three times its length and ten times its weight. (Serve him right.) The theory that eels are developed from horse-hair is not correct. The female sword-tail, after producing several broods, can change sex and become an active male. The mud-skipper can turn one eye in the direction of a fly while the other keeps a look-out for an enemy, and its tail helps it to breathe. Most remarkable of all is the travels of the eel, a matter of recent discovery, but that, with many other

engaging details, may be left to the reader to whom *Fishes* is warmly recommended. This recommendation, by the way, is backed by a young person of thirteen, who has read the book and has the cheek to say that it is "very good."

London the Magnet.

One spring evening as the 6.33 was fussily bearing *James Hewland* towards the country there came to him a revelation of the idiocy of spending five-and-a-half days a week in the suffocation of an office, when he was young and active and above all a naturalist. As if the train were a symbol of the City and its grimy machinery, he got out of it disgustedly and tramped home through the night. *Jenny*, his wife, strengthened him in his resolution. They bought a caravan and began to wander, living on his nature writings. When they had amassed five children they took a cottage in Cornwall, put the caravan in the garden, and lived half in one and half in the other. Here the children grew up in a disorderly atmosphere of ragged intellectualism; and it is of their adult reactions to *James* and *Jenny* that Miss MARJORIE BOOTH makes her second novel, *Caps Over the Mill* (MURRAY, 7/6). Just as the parents had rebelled against town and convention, so the children in their turn revolt against the discomforts and social disadvantages of a peasant existence. It is difficult for *James* and *Jenny*, vague and absolutely happy, to appreciate the return swing of the pendulum. A nice plot, of which Miss BOOTH makes the most. She writes with charm and real humour, and I can recommend this book as pleasant reading and fair criticism of the so-called simple life. I have tried it myself.



"GOOD GRACIOUS! WHATEVER ARE YOU CHILDREN DOING WITH THE GRAMOPHONE RECORDS?"
"PLAYING SHROVE TUESDAYS, MUMMY. WE'RE TOSSING PANCAKES."

The A.B. Again.

Books dealing with the life of the Lower Deck from within are not perhaps quite so scarce as Mr. SIDNEY KNOCK, the author of *Clear Lower Deck* (PHILIP ALLAN, 10/6), would seem to suggest. I recall two or three excellent contributions to the literature of the subject which have appeared during recent years. At the same time the theme is by no means exhausted, and Mr. KNOCK's volume throws a good deal of new light upon it. He would hardly be a sailorman without his "grouch"—in fact he has several, one of these being the "comic sailor," a matter with regard to which he is perhaps unduly sensitive. Incidentally, his—or his publisher's—choice of a cover picture does not express very aptly his strong sense of the seaman's dignity. As regards another of his special bugbears—namely, the "Weston Rests"—I cannot help feeling that he has rather overstepped the bounds of a legitimate "grouch." There may be two opinions about the desirability of the tract and temperance element in social work among seamen—the various organisations working among merchant seamen have often come in for criticism on similar grounds—but Mr. KNOCK's animadversions, though they may be quite right in themselves, are unfortunately stated with a touch of bitterness which robs them of much of their effect. With these reservations, I hasten to add that the book is one which should undoubtedly be read by those who wish—as who does not?—to gain a real and intimate knowledge of the life of the fighting services.

Fictional Geometry.

In *A Hank of Hair* (CASSELL, 7/6) you will, so I am informed, find "the theme of the eternal triangle told from a new angle." Of which statement I will only say that it is quite easy to discover the triangle. *Venetia Hare* attracted the attention of two young men, the one was always poor but at first honest, the other was rich and his original intentions as regards *Venetia* were strictly dishonourable. Jealousy followed, and the poor young man, in his endeavour to keep pace with his rival, broke two or three laws and retired into penal servitude. So far the story runs on lines that are familiar enough; but after the convict is released from prison Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON has something really forcible and moving to say. My sympathy with *Venetia* is limited, but those who read of the man who sinned and suffered without being sorry for him must indeed have hearts of macadam.

Bulls and Bears.

The Stock Exchange, of which Mr. CLEMENT HANKEY writes with the knowledge of an expert, dominates *Shedoah Valley* (BENN, 7/6). The *Summerdews* were bulls of Shedoah Valley shares; *Dennis Strode*, backed by an astounding aunt, was a bear. And young *Summerdew* was in love with a girl whom *Dennis* coveted. Fluctuations in Shedoah Valleys and the machinations of the aunt, whose fingers were deeply embedded in some very peculiar pies, are the chief sources of interest in this history of the *Summerdews'* recovery from pecuniary misfortunes. But, although Mr. HANKEY's tale is by no means without merit, I think that it will appeal mainly, if not only, to those who concern themselves with financial speculation.

"Wanted, up-to-date Gas Cooker, suitable for bachelor girl with enamelled sides."—*Gas Company's Pamphlet.*

We only know the kind with the enamelled dial.

"Norwich canaries are so popular in the United States that about 10,000 are imported into that country every year. A pure-bred singing bird will fetch as much as fifty shillings."—*Weekly Paper.*

Jackdaws, on the other hand, will fetch anything.

CHARIVARIA.

QUEUEING by proxy, a practice which is now prohibited by certain theatres, has not yet been adopted by income-tax payers.

* * *

With reference to the bi-centenary of the birth of GEORGE WASHINGTON, which falls this year, regret is felt that it has not been found practicable to organise a special celebration for those who cannot tell a lie.

* * *

Foxes have been seen eating whortleberries. Still, this pretended vegetarianism deceives nobody.

* * *

Now that bandits in the suburbs have taken to ringing front-door bells with the object of gaining admission, it is anticipated that residents will affix to their gates the cautionary notice: "No Bandits."

* * *

An Italian criminal genius who was a poet, a drug-addict and a thief is reported cured. It is not quite clear, however, whether he has been cured of poetry.

* * *

The feeling among inmates of the Lisbon Zoo, where fighting occurred during a recent revolt, is that it is unsafe to allow these Portuguese to be at large.

* * *

Tablets of the time of NEBUCHADNEZZAR which have been excavated at Kish are to be brought to London to be deciphered; but we have no confirmation of the rumour that they are believed to include recipes for salads.

* * *

A woman gossip-writer thinks it would be a little exciting to belong to what is actually the oldest family in the country. We visualise the excitement of the family if anyone belonging to it was a gossip-writer.

* * *

A Vicar recommends biography to his parishioners for Lent reading. In our opinion autobiography would be even more penitential.

* * *

The report that supplies of English veal are far from satisfactory arouses fears that a difficult situation might be created by a rush of returning prodigals.

* * *

In America reformed burglars are trained to fit themselves for various professions. Many, we understand, are eager to become booty specialists.

* * *

Linseed-brown, we note, is a fashionable colour. Some smart poultices in this shade are of course being worn.

* * *

At Los Angeles clouds are photographed daily and stored for future use in pictures. The fog-effects in films are provided by the sub-title writers.

* * *

According to a critic, it is considered a crime for a film-actress to get fat. Well, Hollywood ought to know a crime when it sees one.

* * *

Now that a Viennese hostess has set the fashion in providing linen masks for poker-playing guests, bridge-muzzles should follow as a matter of course.

* * *

Despite the furore which Miss EVELYN LAYE has caused by her appearance as Helen of Troy, we hear that so far the Cunard Company have not derived any benefit.

* * *

At the rehearsal of a new revue, a social commentator tells us "the stalls were crowded." Apparently the collaborators had come to see how things were getting on.

A Chicago plumber's wife has sued for divorce on the ground that as his Union forbade him to work on Sundays, her husband allowed the house to be flooded by a burst water-pipe. This sets him free to fetch another mate.

* * *

Motorists are asked to exercise extra caution when nearing schools. Remembering always that little boys should be seen and not hurt.

* * *

A mangle fitted with two-speed gear is to be shown at the British Industries Fair. We can only regret this *penchant* of science for perfecting engines of destruction.

* * *

"Nowadays, nobody sits in the stalls and winks at chorus-girls," says a writer. We noticed the other evening a theatre-goer brazenly indulging in forty winks.

* * *

A circus manager says that contortionists are the happiest performers. No doubt, because they are able to follow their own bent.

* * *

A number of new yodelling songs were broadcast recently. It is feared that many milkmen listened-in intently.

* * *

Folk-dancing in the home is recommended. But not, it should be noted, to occupants of upstairs flats.

* * *

A London man who has gained first prize for several years for his shrubs is now threatened with defeat. He must look to his laurels.

* * *

The sufferings of a film-actress when playing a scene on a piece of floating ice within the Arctic Circle, which are recalled, would bear comparison with the experiences of those who have appeared on a London stage in a "frost."



Maid. "BEG PARDON, MA'AM, BUT COULD THE MASTER COME OUT IN THE KITCHEN, PLEASE? COOK'S TOSSED THE PANCAKES, BUT THEY HAVEN'T COME DOWN FROM THE CEILING YET."

NEW VERSION.

["Had women been in control of the Bank of England during the last three years there would have been no crisis."—The PRIME MINISTER.

IF the Queen had been in the counting-house
Counting out her money,
And the King had stayed in the parlour
Eating his bread and honey,
Things mightn't have turned so queer,
Things mightn't have been so funny,
And we might have had plenty to-day
Of bread and honey and money.

CONSEQUENCES À LA B.B.C.

I SUPPOSE we have all played "Consequences" in our time and laughed hysterically over such human documents as this: "The Chancellor of the Exchequer met Aunt Jane in a bathing machine. He said to her, 'Have a cocktail, sister?' She said to him, 'I don't mind if I do.' The consequences were two black eyes; and the world said, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' " The pastime is not so popular as it was, but I fancy that the B.B.C. questionnaire may cause a revival. It has in our family.

You see, everyone can take part in the fun; the B.B.C. are willing to accept information not only from husband and wife, but from "unmarried people for the families in which they are born." I was doubtful whether that let uncles in, but Pamela insisted on stretching a point. We gave the idea a try-out the other day, she and I, using an abbreviated form of our own which seemed to cover the main heads of inquiry.

Pamela set the ball rolling. Question 1 was: "Where did husband and wife meet?"

"Mummy and Daddy met in a tube," she wrote. "They were very shy until Mummy sat on Daddy's bowler and that broke the ice."

Pamela, you perceive, has a realistic unsentimental style, and this was her favourite version of her parents' romance.

"Now you," she said, handing me the pencil. Question 2 switched us rather abruptly from Love's first beginnings to the grimmer problems of domestic economy—how much a husband ought to allow his wife, and all that. I took up the tale.

"My husband makes me an allowance of twelve hundred pounds a year and pays all the household bills. On that he expects me to look nice and be a credit to him. Of course it simply can't be done, and no wonder I get into debt. The nice judge said that a prettily-dressed woman was a tonic for the times."

"You have written a lot," said Pamela, with a touch of contempt for my verbosity. "My turn now."

"What are the chief difficulties of family life?" I inquired.

Pamela sucked the pencil and looked rather mischievous. "I heard Daddy say the other day: 'Really, my dear, you're a little difficult.' And Mummy said: 'You're the difficulty, George. You always are.' Would that do?"

"It will do for a start," I said. "Can't you think of some more?"

Pamela searched her diabolically retentive memory. "Well, Mummy's always saying: 'Cook's very difficult this morning.' And she said to the new governess: 'I'm afraid you'll find Pamela rather a difficult child.' "

"That's enough," I said. "Write 'em down."

She wrote: "Mummy, Daddy, Me, Cook."

"And a pretty adequate list of family difficulties it is," I commented. "Next question, please. 'What are the forces that (*a*) strengthen, (*b*) loosen the family ties?'

"This looks like a teaser, Pamela; I shall want your help. The idea is that you think of all the things you do nowadays—the cinema, listening to the radio, dancing and so on, and then decide whether they lead to the Divorce Court or not. Take the cinema, for instance. Does your mother leave her home and child uncared for just to gaze on the *beaux yeux* of RONALD COLMAN?"

"She and Daddy go sometimes," said Pamela. "It makes them sloppy."

"Then that looks like a tie-strengthener, doesn't it?" and I made two columns and put at the head of the first: "Cinema (my husband and I have always held hands)."

Pamela was looking a little out of her depth, so I handed her the pencil and told her to write down all the things that make a home fit for a small girl to live in.

"Christmas," she wrote, "and birthdays and parties and picnics."

An old-fashioned lot but convincing. However, I fancied that the B.B.C. were after something a little more modern.

"What about the radio?" I asked.

I regret to say that Pamela made a face. "I don't like it very much now," she said; "nor does Mummy. But Daddy simply loves fiddling about with it."

I felt constrained to open the account of tie-looseners with "(1) Radio; keeps father happy but drives everybody else on the streets." To this I added out of my own bitter experience: "(2) Contract Bridge"; and finally "(3) Judicial utterances (see also above) about wives living their own lives and so forth.' "

"Now for the final question, Pamela," I said. "It's rather a mouthful. 'What was the cause of the ending of the union?' Or, in other words, why did the parties come unstuck?"

"But they haven't," objected Pamela.

"No, not yet; but let's pretend. Come along now, a snappy ending, please."

Pamela reflected and a gleam came into her eyes. "Fond Father's Fatal Infatuation," she gabbled with incredible glibness. "For Young Girl," she added.

I wrote it down. The saga was complete. You must admit that even as it stands it has a fine rich flavour about it; but it would have been much better if we had had the proper form. Then we should have pushed our inquiry into the lives and habits of parents-in-law, poor cousins and rich aunts; the thing would have had more atmosphere, more scope, more background. But I just wanted to give you the idea.

"Let's do another one," said Pamela. "Let's do one about you."

"Oh, no," I said hastily. "I'm not married."

"Let's pretend," said Pamela.

STRATEGY.

Mr. Badger sat one evening in his secret little house
With his faithful little wife beside his knee;
Said he, "My dear, it goes against the grain with me to grouse,
But things are just as bad as they can be.
I heard the Squire say
To the keeper t'other day,
'Badgers' bristles are the only thing for soap;'
That's why our life-blood gushes,
To supply men's shaving-brushes;
So long as we are hairy there's no hope.
Now, what do you advise?"
Mrs. B. looked very wise
And said, "My dear, don't get into a stew;
If you want to save your life
You must ask your little wife:
It's clear that we must take to shaving too.
My! won't it be a jest
When they look into our nest
And find that we have parted with our hairs?
I think it's pretty plain
They won't trouble us again;
If we've no bristles, they must stick to theirs."
Cried Mr. B., "Hooray!
'Nothing doing,' I shall say,
'But, if you want to gratify your whim,
Be off, you silly crocks,
To our neighbour, Mr. Fox;
He has brushes ready-made—apply to him.' "

A Big Noise in the Midlands.

"Congratulations were offered to Mr. W. —— on his election as President of the Northamptonshire Bawling Association."
Northampton Paper.

"COMING SHORTLY.
THE GREATEST SYNTHETIC SYNCOPATED ORCHESTRA EVER HEARD IN NEWCASTLE."
Cinema Advt. in Newcastle Paper.

We hope these robots are of all-British construction.



THIRTY YEARS ON.

THE FISCAL BOY TO THE WAR HAS GONE,
IN THE FORWARD RANKS YOU 'LL FIND HIM.
HIS FATHER'S SWORD HE HAS GIRDED ON
AND FLUNG FREE TRADE BEHIND HIM.



Girl (to infuriated Colonel who has had to go up bank to avoid a crash). "I SAY—YOU 'RE NOT CROSS WITH ME, ARE YOU?"

REALLY GOOD COPY.

WHEN, this last Spring, that attractive idiot John Tumbril finally chucked in the loofah and succumbed to the serpentine wiles of Irene Porringer, it was inevitable that the poor fellow would have to get away a good deal.

Amongst ourselves we wondered just how it was going to be worked, Irene being pretty adhesive and John a shy simple bird; and we were horribly afraid that in order to make his holidays definitely non-Irenic he might be forced to resort to big game or galleon gold or something crude of that sort.

It was therefore rather a relief to learn in July that while dining with his old regiment he had taken on a wager merely to walk from Gibraltar to Calais by the Atlantic coast-line, without lifts but in his own time, with the stipulation that he should not exceed an average of two pounds a week. This last clause ruled out Irene quite conclusively; it was in fact such a kindly thought on the part of the Mess that John was more than suspect of having asked for it, a common habit of his.

Grubby and illegible postcards, usually unstamped, have been marking his erratic course, the last point so honoured being one of those quaint Breton villages that begin with *Plou* and end with *ac*, and seem constantly to be asking pardon.

Then one evening last week Robinson Crusoe climbed unexpectedly out of a taxi and up to my flat, very hungry and having of course lost the wager. His allowance never had an outside chance of recovery from his passage through the Bordeaux country. I gave him a drink and a bath, and in return he removed his beard. After which I took him out to dinner. Irene was mercifully still in Scotland, waiting for enough snow to slide on.

"What fun, John," I said, "for a poor Londoner to entertain one of the Great Open Faces! I haven't met a soul for months who's done anything more exciting than have flu or stand in a queue for the MARX BROTHERS. And you—you must have had some terrific adventures?"

"One or two," said John modestly.

"Don't forget, my lad," I cried, "you swore you'd bring me back something worth writing about. This dinner's jolly well on you if you haven't."

"Well," said John. I love him, but I do wish someone would stop him prefacing his remarks in that silly way. Irene would, if she were any use. "As a matter of fact I went to a cabaret in Oporto and there was a fellow there, a Greek, who swallowed seventeen live trout, and——"

"You told me about that in the taxi," I said coldly. "There's nothing particularly funny in a man housing one of nature's aquariums instead of an ordinary inside. It's surgical, if not sordid. Tell me something else."

"Well," John murmured thoughtfully.

"But don't dare tell me that nothing notable occurred between Gibraltar and Calais. What about the usual misunderstandings with the *gendarmerie*?" I asked hopefully.

"Not really. I had a couple of sticky hours in Corunna when I ran out of money."

"No good to me," I said sadly. "The humour latent in financial distress has ebbed away long ago. The wolf yaps far too near the door for that. By the way, I suppose you know there's an economic crisis going on in this country?"

"I gathered things were a bit tricky. I'm not much good with foreign papers, you know; but a chap I met in San Sebastian told me that something had happened to the pound, but he couldn't remember what."

"The chap you met in San Sebastian didn't mention that there had been a General Election, too?" I sneered.

"Good lord! Has there? Who got in?"

"Nearly everybody," I said. . . . "Dear John, you *are* refreshing. I only wish RAMSAY could hear you. It'd be a better tonic than any amount of Lossiemouth."

"What's Lossiemouth?" asked John. "The latest stunt medicine?"

A waiter fortunately saved the situation by deflecting his attention with the high chassis of a small bird, on toast.

"Look here, John," I said—"you don't imagine that I've gone to the trouble and expense of giving you dinner in order to summarise world-events since you deserted the arena? Come on. I must have something to put in my article. You're a flop so far."

"Sorry, old man," said John, very humbly. Being brutal to him always makes me feel as if I had stepped on a crèche.

"Met anyone comic?" I prompted. "Queer cards, banditti, knights of the road, troubadours or anything like that?"

"There was an American journalist at Carnac——" he began.

"There are a good many in London," I said, "but dog doesn't eat dog." There was a long pause, during which the wanderer began to look slightly uncomfortable.

"Before we go and have coffee," I said, "has anything at all happened to you in the last eight months about which I could write?"

"Seven months," said John. "I'm trying to think," he murmured. "Well, I must say that Greek bloke in Oporto who swallowed the trout was dashed amusing."

"He really made you laugh?"

"I honestly cried."

"I can believe it," I hissed. "It's an odd thing, John, that you're easily the most absurd man I know, and yet it's impossible to write anything funny about you."

"Oh, I don't know," he said, terribly politely.

Well, I'm sure I don't. ERIC.

How the Guards Keep Fit.

"ZOO'S BUNGALOW RAIDERS.

. . . As dusk falls, the crabs climb to the top of a high shrub in their enclosure. They look like soldiers swarming up palm trees with sentry-boxes on their backs."
Daily Paper.

"While Mr. D. —— was lighting his pipe yesterday his luxurious beard caught alight and was destroyed."—*Daily Paper.*

None of our little extras are safe now.

"There are about 200 racing days in the year."—*Leeds Paper.*

The Ancients had their fast days too.



THE NEW CRITICS.

"THE *PIZZICATO* FOR THE DOUBLE BASSES IN THE CODA SEEMS TO ME TO WANT BODY, ALF."

TOO EASY.

["Women are responsible for most of our miseries because they make their husbands over-eat."—*Sir ARBUTHNOT LANE*].

I've often wondered, Alice dear,
And found the answer none too clear
Why Fate should always interfere
With all our plans and schemes—
Why Penury and Sickness stalk
Our footsteps on the daily walk
And why they always end in talk,
Our high ambitious dreams.

But now it seems ARBUTHNOT LANE,
Moved by the general plaint and pain,
Has taken up his voice again,
And claims that he has got
The explanation, for (sez he)
If we subdue our hunger, we
Shall be as right as right can be,
A brisk Imperial lot.

A diet suitably refined
Will mollify the daily grind,
Reduce the figure, clear the mind,
Shift Care from off our backs;
Will make our foreign exports rise
To untold heights beyond the skies
And soon reduce to decent size
The swollen income-tax.

When you purveyed good things to eat,
I gorged them, dear, until replete;
Henceforth I tread a different beat.
This cutting shows me how
I've always backed a losing horse;
And, once convinced, I shall of course
Procure a double quick divorce
And end the crisis now. E. P. W.

THE FUTURE OF GRAND OPERA.

A NEWSPAPER leader has recently referred to grand opera as "the Rip Van Winkle of the arts." Mr. GIBSON YOUNG has declared that he has never wanted to hear a British grand opera twice. Well, that's all rather terrible, is it not?

It is clear that we opera enthusiasts must dally no longer. We must face up to the facts previous to getting right down to it. That is how things are done nowadays. First you face right up and then you get right down. I propose that we start by tackling grand opera itself.

Let us ask ourselves: Has grand opera a *message* for the modern citizen and taxpayer? To be frank, the only sort of message I can discover is to the effect that life from the grand opera point of view is pretty rotten. A few moments of bliss and rapture and excitement and physical violence here and there perhaps, but, taking it all round, not much of a whoopee.

Scarcely good enough in these days when everyone is trying so hard to do something or other. All very well when men wore Dundreary whiskers and did not have to face up and get down to things so much, but the modern British public is not going to roll up for that sort of stuff.

We must appoint a Committee or a Commission or something to infuse a *message* into grand opera. People would flock to grand opera if only it had a good straight hard-hitting message for other people. If necessary, rigorous changes should be made. I have no doubt the music of many operas could be fitted quite easily into modern dramatic manifestations of satirical uplift. I call to mind the rather sound musical criticism put forward by my Uncle Henry, who used to play the ocarina quite passably when my aunt was out of the room. "Opera," he said, "would be all right if the plots weren't so damned irritating."

I am sure that even devotees such as Lady SNOWDEN will admit that the principal operatic characters would be more likely to grip the hearts of the great film public if they came out stronger in the final Act. Nearly all of us are film-fans these days; we like our heroes and our heroines to suffer like blazes, but we like them to come up smiling. In grand opera they go down like flies.

In *Aïda*, *Rhadames* and *Aïda* perish in a vault; in *La Bohème*, *Mimi*, after half-hearted attempts have been made to restore her, expires on a bed. *Carmen* is stabbed. *Turiddu*, in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, is slain in a duel; and so on alphabetically (with here and there a jocund exception) to *The Wreckers*, in which the lovers are left to await death in a damp cave.

If the tired taxpayer is to be roused to fight to get to Covent Garden opera, our Committee or Commission must institute a careful inquiry into these fatalities with a view to averting them.

After all, in these days medical science might quite reasonably be made to save *Mimi* from consumption, presuming, of course, too much time was not wasted and the girl was forbidden to sing so much. It always annoys me that dear little *Butterfly* should be driven to commit *hara-kiri*. I would far rather see *Pinkerton* pass out. A lieutenant in the U.S. Navy without a "Yep" or a "Ses you" in his whole vocabulary ought to have his hat bashed in. A man singing recitatives and things in a lounge-suit looks an ass anyway.

We must see if we cannot brighten grand opera by doing away with all this recitative and repetitive stuff. After all, as Uncle Henry used to complain, why the devil should they keep shouting the same thing over and over again as though they were all deaf?

And now our opera-singers must take a share of the blame. There always has been—and still is—a regrettable (shall I say?) aloofness on the part of operatic artists. For example, the only form of human contact existing between Mr. ——, the wonderful tenor, and Miss ——, the marvellous soprano, and myself lies in the fact that we appear to smoke the same brand of cigarette. They never, like our film-stars and our brilliant young novelists, tell me how to manage my wife and bring up my children, or even what they think of this, that and the other. They rarely, if ever, lend a hand in the daily round, the common task of the nation by kicking-off at a football match or christening a liner.

To producers of grand opera, therefore, I would say, "Make it snappy;" and to opera-singers, "Be matey." Such sweet slogans, don't you think? D. C.



Maid. "LOOK WHAT THE PLUMBER 'S FOUND IN THE BATH-PIPE—A PEARL NECKLACE!"

Extremely rich Lady. "PLEASE DON'T BRING SEWAGE IN HERE."

Things that might have been said a lot better.

"Upon the reasons why girls fall into crime there can be no authority of greater experience than Miss Lilian ——."
Provincial Paper.

"Mrs. —— highly recommends her children's Nurse to go abroad."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Some nurses are recommended to go much further.

"In their circular to the shareholders the directors of the Cunard Line reaffirm their conviction that the new liner is the right vessel to build as well in the interests of the company as of the nation. 'We have never lost fat,' they say. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Even in these days obesity does not always go by the Board.

It is understood that a man who has just learned to read at the age of sixty has nevertheless been a registered reader of one of our popular dailies for a number of years.

A correspondent asks whether there is any phrase which describes the decade following the "Naughty Nineties." We would suggest the "Nineteen Noughties."

EARLY SPRING SONG.

["SPRING: to bound, to leap, to jump." *Dictionary.*]

BENEDICK! be ware of Spring;
Wife now starteth polishing.
Hear the chimes at midnight sound
Ere thy foot be homeward bound.
Bachelor! take watchful keep;
Spinster knoweth year is Leap.
Hare and lass be off their chumps;
Lamb and lad do have the jumps.

J. B. N.

FELICIDE.

IT has recently come to light that a motorist may run over a cat. Other familiar animals, such as dogs, sheep, cattle, goats and *homo sapiens*, are forbidden to him, and if he makes impact with one he has to stop and see about it. But cats are specially excepted. To the cat-lover this may appear invidious; a little thought will show that it is all right really.

To begin with, cats are exceptional creatures. They acknowledge no more ownership than suits them and respect no law, which alone would be some excuse for the law not respecting them. They may be divided into two classes. There is the indoor variety, which passes its life in front of the fire or in the most comfortable chair it can find; this, dear to the heart of its mistress, is not going to be run over by anybody. And there is the outdoor type, a creature of nomadic instincts and independent views; it goes where it chooses, it does what it chooses; it roams unaccompanied, and, if it came to grief, there would probably be nobody by to claim it or, for that matter, identify it. It is on account of these habits that cats avoid being licensed. When they get out of doors they are apart from other animals.

Again, it is exceedingly doubtful if one *can* run over a cat. A good many years ago I was motoring down in Cornwall, and some way in front of us we saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road. Cars were noisy in those days, and ours was a spluttering, coughing hireling that left no question of its approach. This cat, though it must have heard us coming, took no notice till we were almost on it, when, from a sitting position, it gave a harlequin leap and apparently passed horizontally clean through a wall like a shell. Whether it burst on the far side I don't know. There seemed to be no hole in the wall either before or after its passage. Unless the animal was a familiar, and I grant that there are still witches to be found down West, its feat offers good evidence that a healthy cat is not likely to be caught by any mere car.

And, if a cat were run over, I doubt if it would come to any harm. It is a most elastic creature. Compare it in this respect with the dog. I know a man who, on going in to dinner at a party one night, drew out his chair and plumped about fifteen stone down on the home cat, who had selected that spot for repose. All that happened was a strangled yell under him, and when he rose the disappearance of a streak of fur through the window. But another friend of mine, when a last-joined subaltern, went to pay a first call on his colonel's wife. Being left alone to await the lady's entry, he sat down, and became aware of a foreign body under him. This he found was his hostess's peke, which he had inadvertently slain. At that moment he heard steps outside, and barely had time to cram the incriminating remains into his pocket before the door opened and his colonel's wife appeared.

It was worth money in later days to hear him describe that call, she wondering where her little darling had got to, and he, the murderer, with the corpse spoiling the shape of his jacket and threatening exposure. As a fact he got away with it and has since risen to high rank. He deserved to, for he was a cool hand.

On the whole, in excepting the cat, our lawgivers seem to have shown more sense than they generally do. They didn't think it necessary to put it in, so they left it out. And it is no bad compliment to the cat. DUM-DUM.



Stranded Sportsman (*in hope of refreshment for man and beast*). "WHO LIVES HERE, LITTLE GIRL?"
Lodge-Keeper's Daughter. "I DO."

A LAND OF PROMISE.

'Twas on a rainy Sunday
That, searching county maps
For fresher fields that one day
We might explore perhaps,
I chanced on just the thing, land
Of quiet hills and vales,
A little patch of England
That merges into Wales.

We'd take the road from Stokesay
By Clunbury and Clun
(The sleepiest, as folk say,
Of spots beneath the sun);
Up Titterhill we'd wander,
At Heartsease rest a spell,
Or walk to Wolfpits yonder,
Or Wain or Shepherd's Well.

And oh! I'm filled with yearnings
To tramp it down the slope
That takes you past Five Turnings
And leads to Lurkinghope;
Or, best of all, go roaming
Beside the tiny beck
To where it falls a-foaming
At Water-break-its-neck.

A country must be jolly
(On that I'd bet my shirt)
Where brooks are labelled Folly
And mounts are christened Flirt;
It looks, my fellow-rover,
The place for you and me;
So when the winter's over
We'll journey there and see.

THOSE WE KNOW AND LOVE.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON SKIN.

HIS skin is of iron, his voice and cheek of brass, and his hand-grip of chrome-steel. He has about as much perception as a mastodon and a little less tact. And not having any feelings himself, it has not dawned on him that anyone else has either. His only spark of genius is for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time in a powerful voice. He has never been known to be wanted; he never knows when he isn't.

"Hullo! You off already, old man?" he bellows across a roomful of guests when you are making an early and unobtrusive exit from one of Lady Pentathlon's scarifying receptions. He forges up to you like a battle-cruiser in Cowes Harbour and lowers his voice to a confidential shout: "Don't pretend you've got another engagement!"

You smile feebly and edge away. He follows roaring: "Never mind; I'll come with you." And then he wonders why you murmur something about staying a little longer after all.

He pursues you about the place for half-an-hour, now and then dropping a hand like a ham unexpectedly on your shoulder and bawling in your ear, "Well, what about beating it, laddie? Thought you were all ready." Subsequently he has a pathetic suspicion that you were a trifle short with him. It is only a suspicion; it soon wears off.

A hint to him is like using a pea-shooter on a rhinoceros. Not an ordinary rhinoceros—a rhinoceros with a case-hardened hide, a rhinoceros whose mother even thinks him thick-skinned.

"I hear you've moved your office, laddie," he roars one day. "Why for? Eh?"

This time it is in the club smoking-room, a place where you are particularly anxious not to have it known as yet that your business is expanding.

You mumble something and he bellows "What?"

You mutter, "Got to telephone," and fly. Which is perhaps unwise, because next morning at ten-thirty, just as you are getting well into your work in your office, his voice is heard outside dealing tank-like with your outer defences.

"No, I haven't got an appointment. What of it? Appointments between friends? Never heard of such a thing!" And your office-boy is crushed.

"What? Busy? Nonsense! *I* know the old horse. *He*'s never busy!" and a clerk falls back in disorder.

"He'll see *me* all right. Tell him it's old Steelside. . . . No, I'll go in. Which door is it? . . . Oh, sorry, my dear, I didn't know you were—— This one? Right-o! . . ." And he bursts in, almost over the prostrate corpse of your private secretary.

You frown, look busy and annoyed, and grunt a curt greeting. Short of saying, "Get to hell out of here!" you cannot do more. You ought to do that.

He roars, "Hullo, hullo, hullo! So this is the new place, eh?" puts his hat over the inkstand and sits on the corner of the desk all over a number of private papers.

"Glad to see you," you grind out between your teeth; "but I'm afraid that I'm terribly busy."

"Don't believe you, old boy." He aims a playful dig with his umbrella at your waistcoat and knocks your fountain-pen on the floor. He very kindly says it doesn't matter.

"Look here—what do you want?"

"What do I——?" His eyes fall on a business letter awaiting signature and he reads it with unblushing interest. "Good lord! you aren't half slipping it across those people. What have they done?"

"*Do* you want anything?" you snap.

"No; I just thought I'd look you up and see your new office. Just a friendly visit."

"Well, I'm very busy. Suppose we meet at the club?"

"No, it's all right; I don't mind chatting here. Though if I'm going to stay I might as well sit on a chair." He slides off the desk, distributing most of your papers on to the floor and knocking the telephone-receiver off.

He apologises for this, but adds: "Never mind, I'll use it as I've called them up." He does use it. Standing on your papers, he phones his bookmaker to put a quid each way on Politesse for the 3.30. He also remembers another call he has to make and puts it through. You are so far gone that you merely seize the opportunity to do a little work.

"Now I'm free," he says at last. "Fire away!"

Your secretary, in answer to a prearranged bell-signal, comes in and says you are urgently wanted. Before you can spring up and shake hands with him in farewell, he tells her it's all right, he won't be a minute.

He isn't. It is at least twelve minutes before he gets up to go, after a conversation consisting of nothing but curt and angry monosyllables on your part.

As he departs he says he'll drop in soon another morning and cheer you up. With the first wan smile for twenty minutes you say, "Be sure and let me know beforehand."

You hear next day in the club that he has been wondering to various friends in a confidential bellow whether your liver is all right; you don't seem as cheery as you used to be. . . .

No one has yet penetrated his hide, though some day with luck some exasperated acquaintance or friend will at last succeed—with a bullet. And they will get away with it as justifiable homicide.

A. A.

For Sermon Time.

"THE CHURCH GIRLS' BRIGADE is blessed with officers who give unstintingly of their time and energy, and whose object is to train the girls to grow up into good Christian women, pillows of their Church."
Parish Magazine.

"PAUL EINZIG'S
TRAGEDY OF THE POUND.
7*s.* 6*d.* net."
Sunday Paper.

Has it sunk as low as that?

"The jewels, which included a diamond and emerald ring, a diamond bracelet and a hope of graduated perils, were taken from a safe."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Some thieves love taking bigger and bigger risks.

"Lord Beaverbrook added: 'Mr. Baldwin has tinned milk on the brain. How I wish I had a can-opener.' (Laughter.)"
Daily Paper.

Some people consider that what Lord BEAVERBROOK needs most is a cork.



PROPORTION.

Lady (visiting Canterbury). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE CATHEDRAL, PLEASE?"
Constable. "YES, MISS. JUST KEEP STRAIGHT ON TILL YOU COME TO A POLICEMAN, AND IT'S JUST BEHIND 'IM."

HELEN!

A LADY OF INFINITE VARIETY.

IF I attempt herein to prove
That *Helen!* will or ought to move
Her witnesses to hail her as the triumph of the season,
You'll understand ere I begin
That I am poorly grounded in
The laws of Logic and the rules of Syllogistic Reason.

And similarly I confess
Acquaintance with the shallowness
Of many axioms in which we older ones were tutored;
I know that Relativists chat
Of EUCLID talking through his hat—
Assuming for the argument that he was thus accoutred.

But if a man accepts the view
That one and one amount to two,
The popular impression at my erstwhile Alma Mater,
Where great dramatic skill obtains
In each of several artists' brains
The skill of all combined will be proportionately greater.

If this correctly we premise,
To what vast heights a Show should rise
(A title more exact would be a probable misnomer)
Devised by MESSEL and MEILHAC,
HALÉVY, KORNGOLD, OFFENBACH,
MASSINE, MAX REINHARDT, "A. P. H.," by COCHRAN and by HOMER!

C. B.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

"MERIDIAN BLUE."

THE problem in this case was to induce a self-centred and complacent lady of great wealth to part with a few roots of a pretty blue flower—one of the anemone family—which was running wild beneath her trees. If you had ever met Mrs. Meridian you would understand why no one had the pluck to ask her for it direct.

The attacking party were the friends I was staying with and myself. Let me call my friends father and mother.

"What a charming plant!" said father. "I can't remember ever seeing it before. Is it difficult to grow?"

"It grows almost automatically," said Mrs. Meridian. "But then so many of my flowers do. I don't know what there is about me that shrubs and plants so love, but there must be something."

"I wonder how it would do with us?" said mother.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Meridian—"what is your soil? Clay, isn't it? I shouldn't think it would do at all. Mine is sandy loam. I doubt if there's a better soil in the country."

"It would be an interesting experiment," said father. "One never knows what a flower will do till you try. I remember . . . ."

"What do you think of my Japanese irises?" Mrs. Meridian asked.

"Very beautiful," said mother. "But about that blue anemone—did you say it was from a seed or a bulb?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Meridian; "all I know is that it follows me about. All I have to do with a flower is to smile at it."

"Wouldn't it be delightful, Henry," said mother to father, "to have a mass of colour like that just under the breakfast-room window?"

"Perfect," said father.

"Just where we need something most," said mother.

"Exactly," said father.

After a pause of dead silence I thought it was perhaps my turn.

"If you were to exhibit this anemone," I said to our hostess, "how would you deal with it? A small section of earth on a tray, I suppose? It would come away quite easily and not prejudice the rest."

"I have never exhibited it," she said. "It's unique here. I don't hold with tearing plants from their own environment. My gardener can exhibit apples and marrows if he likes. I put no obstacle in his way. But for my own part I think flower-shows vulgar."

"Yes, yes," said mother, too hastily I thought.

"Very vulgar," said father, who I am sure had never thought about them. "All the same there is something in the stimulus of rivalry, you know. Envy can play its beneficial part. For example, we envy you this profusion of blue, Mrs. Meridian; don't we, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed," said mother. "Intensely."

But even this frontal attack was futile.



Small Girl (*meeting French governess*). "WHO 'DUMPED' YOU?"

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Meridian. "Most people do. Strangers have come from long distances to see it. They ask at the lodge for permission."

"And you let them, of course," I said; "with your generosity."

"I couldn't refuse," said Mrs. Meridian graciously. "It wouldn't be right to. I consider myself not as an owner but as a trustee. How could I stand between nature-lovers and so fair a sight? No."

There was another dreadful pause.

"You have not told us its name," said father to Mrs. Meridian. "I should like to write to my nurseryman for it."

"We don't know it," said Mrs. Meridian. "It's peculiar to me. 'Meridian Blue' is our name for it. You'd have no chance with any nurseryman."

"Dear, dear," said father, "what a pity! I do indeed congratulate you, Mrs. Meridian, on your speciality."

The game was obviously up, but mother wouldn't give in.

"There are some straggling shoots of it behind the cedar there," she said. "Rather in the dark. Would it not be a good thing to lift a few corms and plant them in the light, to start, so to speak, a new colony, a new vision of joy?"

"Better leave them to work their own way," said Mrs. Meridian. "I dislike to interfere with the liberty of anyone, sentient or non-sentient. Although to speak of flowers—and especially such flowers as these—as non-sentient is grotesque."

"Of course," said mother. "They must think and feel and even perhaps know what we are talking about."

"They might even," I added, "be actually talking among themselves and wondering what kind of a garden these visitors have got, and saying they would love to see it, or even to try it as a home. What do you think, Sir?" I said, turning to father.

"Not inconceivable at all," he remarked. "In any case I don't see why flowers should be treated so inconsiderately as to be confined to one single spot, no matter how desirable, for all their lives."

"You seem to be suggesting that my anemones are not happy here," said Mrs. Meridian with some asperity. "I assure you they are. I don't know how I know it, but I do. And what is more, I wouldn't let one of them out of my sight for anything that could be offered me."

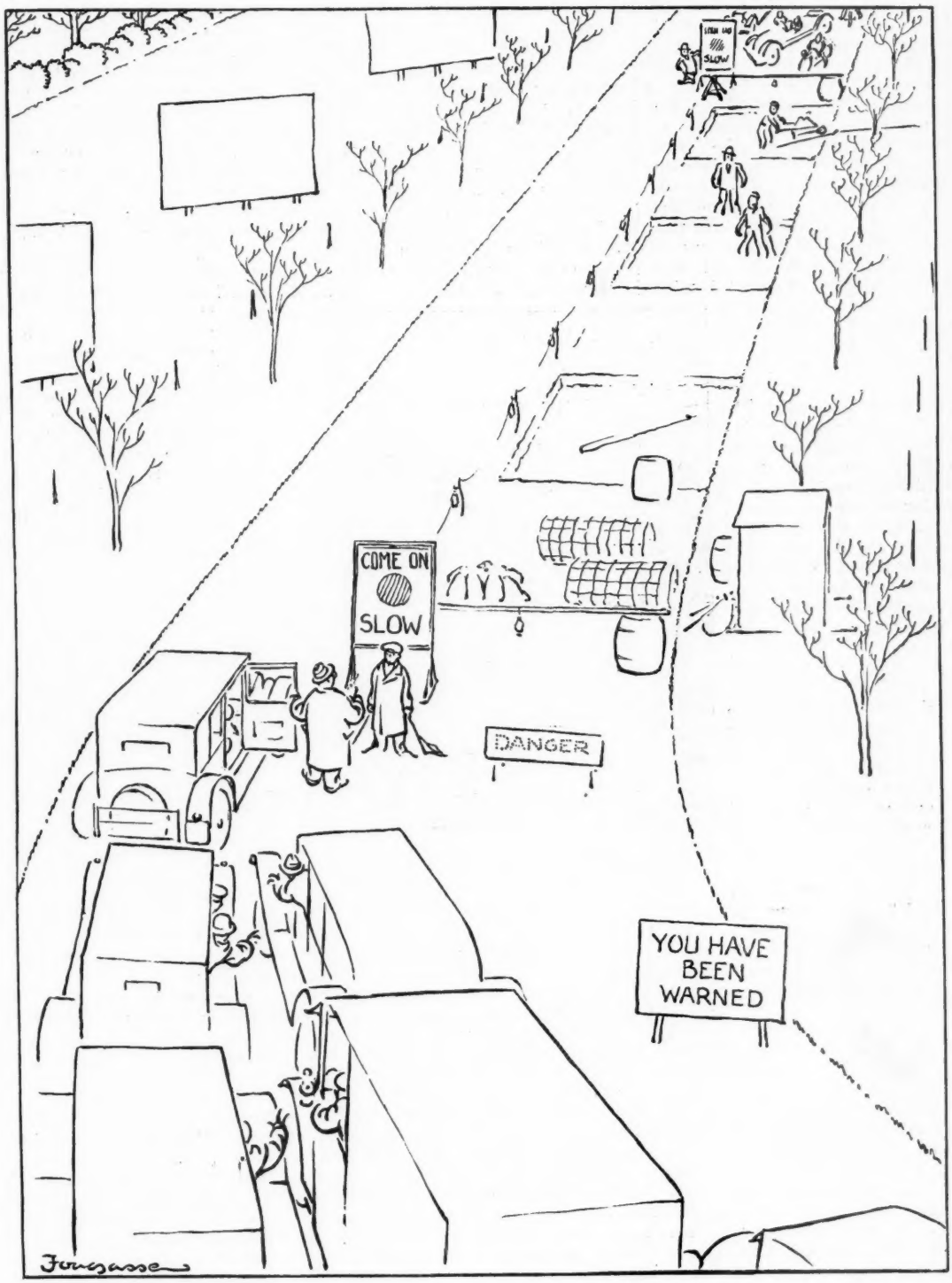
I looked at father, father looked at mother, mother passed the look on to me.

"Well," said mother briskly, "I'm sure Mrs. Meridian is tired. We must tear ourselves away."

And we tore.

"Nice people," I seemed to hear Mrs. Meridian saying to her companion at dinner that evening—"nice people, but with only one idea: to get me to break up the blue anemones. Very strange how revolutionary notions can penetrate even to such a haven of peace as this garden!"

E. V. L.



"EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR FELLOW, I TRUST YOU WON'T BE OFFENDED BY MY POINTING OUT THAT IT IS REALLY MUCH MORE CORRECT TO SAY 'SLOWLY.'"

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XII.—AN AMATEUR CONJURER.

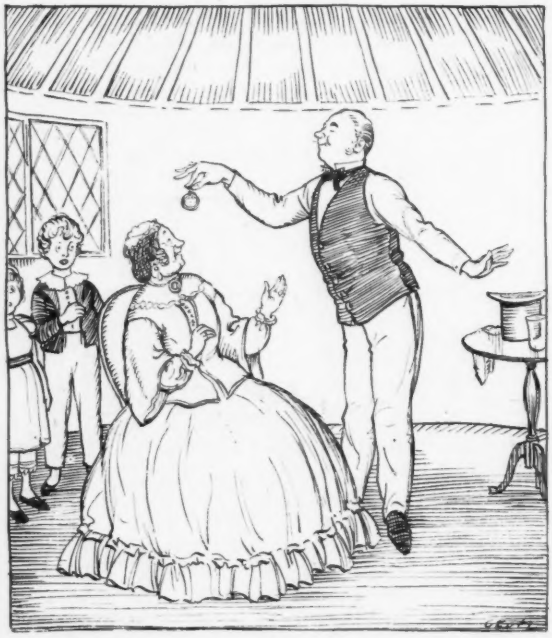
IT has been recounted how Mr. Birdikin's relative, Mrs. Purport, or Aunt Maria, had discomposed him by claiming acquaintanceship with a tradesman of the name of Clott, whose wife was an aunt of Miss Smith, the resident instructress of the young Birdikins. Mr. Birdikin's annoyance at having been forced into this contiguity was tempered by the consideration that to keep Aunt Maria in good humour would react favourably upon the terms of her last will and testament, but he felt that even this might be purchased at too dear a price when she requested that Mr. and Mrs. Clott should be invited to *dine* at Byron Grove.

"I beg you to consider," he said in dignified protest, "that my humble board has been graced by none except those of established position. It is true that on rare occasions I have bidden our excellent curate and his wife to partake of a repast here, for I hold that Mr. Guff's sacred office renders him a fit object for discriminating hospitality. But to receive an *ironmonger* and his wife at Byron Grove, this would be to turn my back upon all the principles which I have sought to uphold, not only for my own sake and that of my wife, whose maternal uncle, as you are aware, holds episcopal office and must be preserved from contamination by the vulgar herd, but of my innocent children, whom I have ever striven to bring up unsullied by contact with anything *low*."

To which Aunt Maria replied, "Hoity toity! Have you forgotten, Zephaniah Birdikin, that our grandfather began life with a pick and shovel?"

This statement caused Mr. Birdikin's cheek to blanch. It was true that the wealth that he had inherited had come from the successful enterprise of a contractor, who may or may not have commenced life in humble circumstances. Mr. Birdikin preferred to assume that he had *not*, and was well aware that Aunt Maria was only assuming the contrary for quizzical reasons. "Surely," he said, "for your *own* sake you could not wish such an idea to get abroad. You have been received with respect and affection into the bosom of my family, generous tokens of your own affection have been showered upon my children. Think well, I beseech you, before you blast their blameless lives with such a stigma."

"Blast my eye!" replied Aunt Maria, who, however, was not unmoved by this manly and earnest appeal. "'Twill do your children no harm to make friends with an obliging woman like Mrs. Clott, who is own mother's sister to your excellent Miss Smith. As for Mr. Clott, he is a man of merry humour, and if I have a fault to find with Byron Grove it is that life here is lacking in diversion. If you do not see your way to obliging me in this matter I shall cut short my visit and go to those who have a livelier sense of what is owing to me."



"... TRIUMPHANTLY PRODUCED THE WATCH."

Mr. Birdikin knew well that this was a reference to some relatives of the late Mr. Purport, whom he suspected of designs upon Aunt Maria's property. To save her from being imposed upon, therefore, he gave way. "I cannot consent," he said, "to receive Mr. and Mrs. Clott in person, but a visit from Mrs. Birdikin and myself to her uncle the Bishop is long since overdue. I will apprize his Lordship that we will drive over to Polchester on whatever day next week will be convenient to him, and on that day, which *we* shall spend in the most elevated society, *you* may engage yourself in entertaining a Mr. and Mrs. Clott."

"I shall prefer your room to your company," said Aunt Maria; and the matter was so arranged.

On the afternoon appointed Mr. and Mrs. Clott drove over from X. and partook of the hospitality offered them by Mrs. Purport at Mr. Birdikin's expense. The dinner provided for them was such as to do credit to his establishment, and he had himself produced from his cellar the wines which he thought suitable for the entertainment of Mr. Clott. They were not such as he would have put before a guest of a higher quality, but Mr. Clott was enlivened by them to the extent of producing for the company several little tricks of juggling with oranges, napkins, wine-glasses and the like, which caused infinite delight to Aunt Maria and to the Birdikin children, who with Miss Smith had been permitted to partake of the repast.

At five o'clock the ladies and the children arose from the table, and Mr. Clott was left to the degustation of a bottle of port-wine, with strict injunctions to join them in the garden in not later than an hour's time to partake of tea in the arbour and, if he was so minded, to give them further proof of his ingenuity as an amateur conjurer.

With this request he willingly complied. He demanded a hat, a rabbit, three silk handkerchiefs of different colours, a watch, half-a-dozen eggs and some other properties. These were produced for him by the children and he proceeded to perform the most prodigious feats with them. One that was much admired was to wrap up the gold repeater watch which Fanny had obligingly procured from her father's dressing-table in the three handkerchiefs, and with a flick of the fingers to produce these tied together, the watch having disappeared.

At this moment a chariot drove up to the door, in view of the little company assembled in the arbour, from which alighted the Earl and Countess of Bellacre and their children, who had come to pay a visit to their neighbours at Byron Grove. It was explained to them by Charles, who very properly took the place of his father in this emergency, that the return of his parents was momentarily expected, and on his invitation the high-born visitors condescendingly made themselves part of the audience of Mr. Clott's final exploit.

This was to break the six eggs into Mr. Birdikin's hat, to stir them with a silver spoon and to produce an omelette

of the kind which Mr. Clott assured his audience they had never seen before.

He had broken three of the eggs when another chariot drove up, and the trick was interrupted for Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin to be notified of the honour conferred upon them by their aristocratic neighbours and to adapt themselves as far as possible to the awkward situation that had arisen in consequence of their finding themselves obliged to share the hospitality of Byron Grove with Mr. and Mrs. Clott. In reply to his explanations the Earl affably intimated that he was quite satisfied with his company and begged that the trick that had been interrupted should now proceed.

The interruption, however, had withdrawn Mr. Clott's attention from his apparatus, and the Viscount Firebolt had taken advantage of it to break the three remaining eggs into the hat. Instead of proceeding triumphantly to the consummation of his ingenious feat, Mr. Clott was forced to explain that he himself had only *appeared* to break eggs into the hat, and that the subsequent interference had spoilt not only the hat but the trick. "What my magic was designed to produce," he said, "from the beating up of these eggs was the watch which disappeared from your sight a short while ago. But I suspect that the watch itself has been abstracted by one of the company, and I must request you all to keep your seats while I bring the culprit to light."

He then proceeded to feel the pockets not only of the children but of the Earl and of Mr. Birdikin, who could scarcely contain his annoyance at this further mark of disrespect from a man whom he would have expected to be covered with confusion at the situation in which he found himself.

But Mr. Clott had recovered his self-possession. "I should hardly have expected," he said, "that a *lady* would have so far forgotten herself as to conceal about her person a valuable watch that does not belong to her, but I must at all costs restore it to its rightful owner."

He then affected to search the children and Miss Smith. If he had essayed to lay hands upon the Countess or upon Mrs. Birdikin, Mr. Birdikin could scarcely have restrained himself from bringing the indecent buffoonery to an end. But he proceeded to experiment upon the person of Aunt Maria, and triumphantly produced the watch as it were from under her cap.

Aunt Maria shrieked with laughter at this result, especially when Mr. Clott restored the watch to Mr. Birdikin and invited him as a magistrate to charge Mrs. Purport with its theft. The Earl and Countess also showed themselves amused, and invited Mr. Clott to exhibit his tricks at Bellacre Castle on the occasion of a village fête which was to be held there in the following week.

It was to invite Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin and their children to participate in this entertainment that they had come to Byron Grove, and they graciously included Mrs. Purport in the invitation before taking their leave.

Mr. Birdikin was therefore somewhat consoled for the untoward circumstances in which he had been involved. Fanny was chastised for taking the watch from his room, and Charles for producing the hat, which could not be worn again; and Mr. Birdikin expressed himself strongly to Miss Smith over the indecorous behaviour of her relative. But to his surprise Miss Smith did not take his strictures in the submissive spirit to which he had been accustomed from her. The reason for this change of attitude on her part will be explained in a further chapter. A. M.



MANNERS AND MODES.

Wife (sporting the latest coiffure). "WOULD YOU MIND CLOSING THE WINDOW, HENRY? I'VE JUST HAD MY HAIR WIND-SWEPT AND I'M AFRAID THE DRAUGHT WILL SPOIL IT."



Scene—BURLINGTON HOUSE.

"JUST COMING OUT? WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT?"
"WELL, IT 'S VERY INSTRUCTIVE, AND SO FORTH. OF COURSE SOME OF THE PICTURES ARE DECIDEDLY—ER—*FRENCH*."

AN AUTHOR IN SEARCH OF ONE CHARACTER.

THERE is a man I should dearly love to meet. Can anyone help me? He is tall and lean, and he looks about forty years old, though he has looked about forty for so long that he must be nearing seventy by now. He is the greatest of travellers. He seems to be always in a ship of some sort—usually a sumptuously-appointed liner, occasionally a rolling tramp carrying copra or smuggling arms. In liners he smokes cigars, in tramps he smokes a pipe; and as you come up on deck in the evening he is standing there, leaning upon the rails, looking across at the twinkling lights of Fudugu or Gumboyla or some place. A whiff of music comes across the water on the breeze. He throws the end of his cigar into the sea (or knocks his pipe out).

"The last time I was there," he says in his deep musical voice, waving his hand towards the shore, "quite inadvertently I saved a soul alive . . .," or "I gave all for love, and considered the world well lost; only it was another man's love . . ." Then he goes on to say, "You know Bombola who keeps the café on the quay? But who does not?" And there follows a thrilling tale of devilish deeds and heroic rescues and lips that meet as the rising sun peeps up over the sand-hills.

There, you must long ago have recognised him. He has told almost every story of the East or of the South in almost every magazine almost every month this many a year. And what I wish to know is, can anyone put me on to him? I mean, apart from the interest of the man, with his sad eyes and his assumed cynicism, think of his actual monetary value! Why he doesn't write the stories down himself and pocket the guineas I simply can't understand. But he doesn't; he tells them to the various authors; and I really don't see why I shouldn't join in. Only where exactly is one to drop on to him? I took a trip to Madeira last year, but no one the least like him was in that particular ship. Can *nobody* help me? A. W. B.

IF.

IF all the beer were sea, dear,
And all the sea were beer,
This life would be more pleasant
For monarch, prelate, peasant,
For fish and flesh and pheasant,
For publican and peer.

If all the dross were gold, dear,
And all the gold were dross,
Then I would leave the City
And write a little ditty,
Undignified and witty,
To show how glad I wos.

If I were only you, dear,
And you were only me,
Then you would earn the money
And Life would all be honey;
It really would be funny—
Especially for me.

But as we're as we are, dear,
And always like to be,
What use is it to holler
Or show unseemly choler?
The task of hunt-the-dollar
Will still devolve on me.



A WORD FROM THE WEST.

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM (*to Japan*). "WHILE ADMITTING THAT THE PROVOCATION TO HONOURABLE FEELINGS MAY HAVE BEEN ALMOST UNBEARABLE, WE VENTURE TO SUBMIT THAT HONOURABLE RETALIATION HAS SHOCKED WESTERN HUMANITY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 2nd.—Those who regard Parliament chiefly as a stamping-ground for interesting political personalities are likely to find the present session dull.

The Labour Opposition, a handful of mediocrities; the Clydeside contingent, still good for a certain liveliness, but having more in common at the moment with the Government than with the official Opposition; the LLOYD-GEORGE Liberals—none of these can be expected to stage any sort of show. Meanwhile the two brightest stars in the House's rhetorical firmament are still absent, though it is hoped that the twain, returning respectively from East and West, will shortly meet.

As for the Government, all hopes that the rift in the Cabinet lute would cause it to disintegrate in an orgy of discordant jangling have been dashed by the decision of the Cabinet, unconstitutional perhaps, but otherwise meritorious, that with all their faults they will go on loving one another still.

If men are not to bulk so large in the current session, the same cannot be said of affairs. Tariffs, the Far Eastern upheaval, Disarmament, Debts and Reparations, the Dartmoor incident, the unsatisfactory working of the Coal Mines Act, 1930, the failure of the Soviet Government to settle the debt claims of British nationals (one of the conditions on which Anglo-Russian diplomatic relations were resumed in 1929)—all these matters cropped up in one form or another to-day and will help to keep the House busy in the intervals of pushing on with the Government's legislative proposals.

On the question of the Russian debts Sir JOHN SIMON explained that there would be no more negotiations by the Goschen Committee, as the Russians obviously never intended to pay anything. Sir JOHN also made a statement about Shanghai, whereupon Mr. LANSBURY bobbed up, like the good pacifist he is, for the purpose of referring to the action of the Japanese as "international piracy." Though not quite able to stifle the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION'S biased bray, the SPEAKER rejected his plea for leave to raise the matter as one of urgent and definite national importance by pointing out that, urgent and important as it certainly was, the Shanghai embroilment could not by any stretch of the imagination be called definite. Mr. MAXTON intervened to point out that the House might reasonably discuss what the Foreign Office had or had not done to prevent the present crisis at Shanghai from maturing, to which Mr. MACDONALD replied that, while there could be no objection to a debate of that sort, it was clearly not what Mr. LANSBURY had in his mind.



THE STRANGLING OF THE BUNGALOID SERPENTS.

THE FIRST LABOUR OF THE HILTON-YOUNG HERCULES

(*After a bronze figure in the Naples Museum*).



SIR J. GILMOUR, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, AT A CONFERENCE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF MANY LARGE CATERING ESTABLISHMENTS, EMPHASIZED THE IMPORTANCE OF A LEAD BEING GIVEN IN THE GREATER USE OF HOME-GROWN SUPPLIES.

Sir HILTON YOUNG'S Bill for improving the landscape is really, as he explained, his predecessor's Bill, though the subject is said to have been burning in Sir HILTON'S brain ever since one fatal occasion when, having been unexpectedly favoured by the luck of the ballot, he had to cast hastily about for something to make a Motion about.

We are all for keeping England's green and pleasant land as green and pleasant as industrial and other circumstances permit, and have no doubt that this Bill will go a long way towards doing it. At the same time the nation—and the House—are frankly more interested in Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S scheme for making a lot of dirty black factory-chimneys smoke again. Sir HILTON referred to his measure as uncontentious, so, just to show him that it wasn't, Sir J. WALKER SMITH, Unionist Member for Barrow-in-Furness, one of the places where they like to see chimneys smoking, opposed the Second Reading, the Marquis of HARTINGTON seconded his motion for rejection, and Mr. BEAUMONT, Captain WATERHOUSE and Mr. G. BALFOUR backed him up.

It is early in the day to draw conclusions, but it does look as if this business of agreeing to differ is going to become epidemic.

Wednesday, February 3rd.—It fell to Mr. BALDWIN to move that Government business should have precedence at every sitting of the present session.

No old Parliamentary hand can steal private Members' time so gracefully as the LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, or urge with such a show of sincerity that it is the members of the Government, robbed by their sense of duty of their only chance of an afternoon off, who suffer most from the theft. Mr. LANSBURY opposed, but made no secret of his belief that if Mr. MAXTON were Prime Minister he would find much more drastic methods of speeding up legislation.

Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON modestly likened himself to *Cassandra*. The LEADER OF THE HOUSE always ignored his prophecies, but he was always right. Mr. LOVAT-FRASER, Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, Mr. MAXTON and Mr. BOOTHBY became knit in a somewhat barren discussion as to whether the time of the House was more successfully wasted by Private Members or by Governments. A few more soothing words from Mr. BALDWIN convinced, or at any rate silenced, those who wished to grant

only a part of what was sought, and the House thereupon voted it all.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA's Motion seeking approval for the third list of anti-dumping duties imposed by the Board of Trade gave him an admirable opportunity of acting as advance agent for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's impending show. Brief as had been the operation of these duties, they had already reduced imports by over £5,000,000, unemployment had shrunk by over 80,000, British mills formerly closed were opening again and others working overtime, and no fewer than two hundred inquiries had come from foreign firms seeking to set up factories in this country, while in twenty-one cases production had actually begun. On the other hand, the dismal forebodings of the Opposition had not been fulfilled. Exports had not decreased: they had increased. So had re-exports. The cost of living had not increased and prices had not risen.

That the imposition of these duties had not all been plain sailing the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE admitted. There was, for example, the case of the duty on "men's and boys' trousers." How was a hard-working Customs officer to know that this or that consignment of trousers might not, in fact, be intended for feminine wear? All these difficulties fortunately had been overcome. The results of these emergency duties were before the House, and it would do well to bear in mind, when on the following day the Government's Tariff proposals would be advanced, that an ounce of practice was worth a ton of principle.

A lugubrious speech by Mr. TOM WILLIAMS did not convince the House that it was far too soon to discount Free Trade forebodings, or even that the duty on illuminating glassware was a blow struck at the amenities of working-class life.

Thursday, February 4th.—A super-crowded House and a Gallery packed with interested eminences assisted to-day at what is rather inadequately to be described as an Historic Occasion. They came to see the emaciated spirit of Mr. COBDEN steal dejectedly from the arena which it has dominated for a matter of eighty-five years. They came to see the ardent soul of JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN that for so many years has gone marching on, undaunted alike by superior forces in front and a certain reticence in the ranks behind, sweeping to belated victory—to see the hand of a younger CHAMBERLAIN unfurling the battle-flag of Protection above the stricken fortress of Free Trade.

It was a spectacular rather than a thrilling moment. The Cobdenite hosts were routed in October; the first-fruits of victory, in the shape of the anti-dumping measures, were plucked before Christmas. The Trade Bill, whose provisions the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER outlined this afternoon, represented the victors' triumphal procession through the captured citadel.

Momentous as was the occasion—and it marked a change in British economic policy as vital to the world at large and to the British Empire as to our own people—the CHANCELLOR's speech was just the plain, straightforward and businesslike statement that we are accustomed to have from him. Commenting on the general situation, he reminded the House that the corner of trade depression was not yet turned. Restrictions on foreign trade were multiplying; the war debts problem was still unsettled; unemployment was still colossal and the basic industries were still stagnant. Our trade balance was still adverse, the unpegging of sterling had been countered by foreign economic action and taxation remained at a crippling level. Against these things must be set the noble unselfishness of the taxpayer, the gratifying stability of sterling and the fact that the cost of living had not yet risen.



"THIS IS THE COCK THAT CROWED IN THE MORN."
MR. AMERY.

Having expounded his Seven Pillars of Protective Wisdom, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN outlined the Government's New Economic Policy—Imperial Preference to the fullest extent acceptable to the Dominions, and unilateral exemption from the general tariff until such time as the Imperial Economic Conference should carry the matter further; an all-round ten-per-cent tariff on foreign imports other than certain basic raw materials and staple foodstuffs, the Government taking power to raise the duty up to one hundred per cent against countries that discriminated against us; a Tariff Commission to examine the protective machinery as it worked, and recommend, if need be, additional duties on luxury imports that could well be made in this country.

It was a fine speech and no part of it was so telling as the brief peroration in which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER paid filial tribute to the work of his great father, work that had not been done in vain, albeit JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN had never lived to see the fruit of his labours.

Mr. ATTLEE did his best for the Labour Opposition, but he is an academic rather than a fanatical Free Trader and contented himself with academic arguments. It remained for Sir HERBERT SAMUEL to give the House its little surprise. It was understood that he would express regret at the demise of Free Trade, but his keenings rang through the precincts with what one can only describe, in view of the delicate situation engendered by a Cabinet divided against itself, as embarrassing vigour. To follow him through the whole litany of gloomy and disgusted prophecy would be superfluous, the more so as he has said it all before on many occasions. Enough to say that the Trojan women were a troupe of merry optimists by comparison.

The House listened with surprise, but remained unmoved. Mr. AMERY had already voiced the approval of the extreme Protectionists—a much more important segment of the Parliamentary community, and for the time being was prepared to let it go at that.

"Perfect manicure make perfect features."
Article in Jeweller's Catalogue.

All the same we refuse to have our nose stained and polished.



UNDER A MINISTRY OF PUBLIC TASTE.

C.I.D. MEN COLLECTING EVIDENCE AGAINST AN ARTIST SUSPECTED OF HOLDING HETERODOX VIEWS ON THE PLASTIC ARTS.

"AUTHOR!"

IF there is still anyone who has fallen a victim to the tune and who has not yet been able to find out its name—the tune I mean, of course, is—

"Tum tum, tum-tum-tum, tum tum tum tum tum-wump,"

let me disclose at once that it is HEYKENS'S *Serenade*, so called to distinguish it from SCHUBERT'S *Serenade*, TCHAIKOWSKY'S *Serenade* and my own *Serenade*, which unfortunately has not yet achieved publication owing, I am given to understand, to the present overcrowded state of the Serenade market.

Now all that remains to be discovered is who HEYKENS is, or was, and how he managed to set the whole world beating time and saying, "What *is* that thing called?" without, as far as one can gather, having written another note of music before or since.

There are three possible explanations of this phenomenon which have at one time or another engaged the attention of the critics.

The first is that the composer also fell a victim to what must have been his first composition and that he was utterly unable to write anything further, as he could never get the "Tum tum, tum-tum-tum" business out of his mind. It is thought, for instance, that whenever he sat down to write a cantata to brighten the English Sunday afternoon the irreverent "tum" crept in with the irrelevant importunity of King Charles's head in the case of the unfortunate *Mr. Dick*.

The critics have also examined the theory that HEYKENS may have written many other works, including symphonies, concertos and overtures. But if this is so why are they never performed? To my mind the chief weakness of this theory is the unlikelihood of the idea that a really sympathetic composer, who could get in that immortal "tum-wump" at the end of the first line (or "phrase" as we call it) would lower himself to acquaintance with such things as *Poco maestosos* or *Allegro ma non troppos*. It is not the sort of thing that we should expect from JOHNNIE HEYKENS (for so he was once described on the wireless), but rather what we should look for from such men as LUDDIE BEETHOVEN or JOEY HAYDN.

The third explanation, which has found a good deal of favour in some quarters, is that HEYKENS is merely the *nom de tune* adopted by somebody like Sir EDWARD ELGAR or Sir LANDON RONALD—someone of a retiring nature who was just a little frightened of the tremendous success which he knew that his creation must achieve among the lowbrows, but who could not bring himself to strangle the pleasant infant at the moment of its birth.

This last theory, by the way, is most strenuously opposed by the Society for the Promotion of a HEYKENS Festival, a body to which I am not ashamed to own that I have contributed. The S.P.H.F. propose to run a Festival in Holland, which they hope may be as big a thing as the Bayreuth Festival in time, although at first it will be a little awkward having only one of the composer's works to perform. Holland has been chosen because HEYKENS sounds Dutch, and the *Serenade* itself is really called *Ständchen*, which is obviously the masculine form of Gretchen.

And there we shall sit in the fields of tulips as they sway their graceful heads to the repeated rendering of the *maestro's* one superb inspiration—

"Tum tum, tum-tum-tum, tum tum tum tum tum-wump."

Triumph of Unfair Competition.

"WALKING VICTORY THREE TIMES RUNNING."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

Julius Cæsar on the Bench.

"DEFICIENT IN FAT.
Exminster Farmer Fined at Exeter."
Local Paper.

"NEW TIGRIS BRIDGE.
BRITISH BRAINS AND STEEL TO BE EMPLOYED."—*Newcastle Paper.*

The second sounds the more durable component.

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LO PIN-WANG.

IN the days of the great Han Yuan Ti, Son of Heaven, the district of Che-kiang was visited by a plague of tigers, which ate up both the people and their substance to such an extent that Lo Pin-wang, who held the office of Tax-Collector in those parts, despaired of obtaining his dues.

For, although he hastened in the name of the August One to levy distraint upon such cattle as escaped the first onslaught, yet the tigers paid no heed to this ban and continued to take what they would, devouring without hesitation even the Imperial Bailiffs. And when Lo Pin-wang sent to certain rich farmers who had been accustomed to make payment in silver taels, his messenger returned with the tidings that many had already perished, while the remainder prayed to be excused, since they dared not venture forth to gather in their crops.

Now the heart of Lo Pin-wang was ever inclined towards mercy, and he proposed in his next report to the Sacred City that the district of Che-kiang should be freed from taxation for the space of one year. "For this," he wrote, "can cause no further loss to the August One, since even my zeal is incapable of extracting revenue from the stomachs of tigers. And an act of clemency may well, by endearing the ruler to the hearts of his people, bring about a future gain, besides being virtuous in itself."

When Ma Twan-lin, the Chief Minister, read these words he was much enraged and gave the post of tax-collector forthwith to a mandarin named Yang, who set out for Che-kiang on the next auspicious day. Thus it happened that Lo Pin-wang found himself homeless and without means, wandering sadly in search of employment. For his office having been of a nature displeasing to all men, none of his acquaintance seemed inclined to assist him, but on the contrary he detected a certain satisfaction upon the countenances of those to whom he related his misfortunes.

One day as he sat lost in melancholy by the river Cheng he observed the approach of a venerable person, who led a large white mule to water at the ford. And after the mule had drunk his fill this person folded him to a convenient size and bestowed him in a wallet such as travellers carry.

Then Lo Pin-wang said to himself with awe, "This can be no other than the sage Chang Kwoh, for he alone is able to achieve such wonders." And he hastened to perform the ceremony of greeting and implore the assistance of Wisdom.

"Of what do you complain?" inquired Chang Kwoh with severity when he had heard the story of Lo Pin-wang. "It is the duty of tax-collectors to collect taxes, not to concern themselves with the condition of the people, however wretched. Your misfortune is the consequence of your own behaviour. Moreover, you have merited still further punishment by disregarding the advice of Heaven."

Then Lo Pin-wang exclaimed earnestly, "O Reverend Sir, until this moment the voice of Heaven has never entered these unworthy ears."

And Chang Kwoh replied, "Do you not know that the attributes of a tiger are precisely those which appertain to a tax-collector also? Undoubtedly the plague was visited upon your district that you might profit by example to purge yourself of the fault of excessive leniency."

At these words Lo Pin-wang perceived his error and beat his forehead upon the ground.

"It is not too late, however," the sage continued. "You may yet attain proficiency in your duties and fit yourself for reinstatement upon the disgrace of Yang, which is bound to occur before long. I advise you to seek out instantly the nearest tigers. Cultivate their society; study their methods. Subject to certain slight modifications, these only are required for the achievement of success in your profession."

"This wretched bosom overflows with gratitude," declared Lo Pin-wang, "yet the waters of thankfulness are mingled with the salt of apprehension lest the undeserving recipient of your honoured counsel may chance to be devoured before he has profited thereby."

"It is possible," replied the sage; "and in that case your troubles would be over. However, such an incident appears unlikely, for you are extremely thin."

Then Lo Pin-wang wept, remembering the corpulence of his prosperity. And after he had performed the ceremony of farewell he sought out a small cave near a thicket that was inhabited by many tigers, and there he took up his residence.

Henceforward, when the tigers went in search of sustenance Lo Pin-wang followed them at a distance; and he was filled with admiration and astonishment by their sagacity. For they varied their procedure according to the needs of the occasion, outwitting the strong and intimidating the feeble; sometimes creeping quietly to gather in their dues by stealth and at others demanding openly with terrible roarings the tribute which they levied on the villages. Their ferocity was tempered by prudence without suffering the enslavements of pity, and although in course of time they became accustomed to the unobtrusive attendance of Lo Pin-wang and allowed him to satisfy his hunger with such meat as they did not require, yet he dared not partake too freely, for he knew that his life depended solely upon the unappetising state of his person.

From the month of plum-blossom until the month of lotuses Lo Pin-wang dwelt with the tigers. He pondered their many devices, adapted them to the nature of mankind and the needs of government and embodied them in a writing which he entitled *The Scroll of Happy Extortion*, the same that enlightens to this day the understandings of all Imperial tax-collectors.



Lady (to prospective Cook). "ARE YOU ECONOMICAL?"
Cook. "OH, YES, MA'AM. I ALWAYS ROLLS ME OWN CIGARETTES."



Huntsman (to troublesome novice). "SORRY TO 'AVE GOT IN YOUR WAY, MA'AM! I 'OPE IT 'ASN'T PREVENTED YOU CATCHIN' THE FOX."

Now Yang had failed to garner the revenues of Che-kiang by reason of the contumacy of the people, who concealed from his inquisition the remnant of their substance. He said to himself with exasperation, "If the district remains impoverished I shall certainly lose my employment. It is necessary, therefore, to destroy these tigers." So, having armed himself, he gathered together a few of the bravest of the soldiery and made an ambush in a grove where three slain horses lay, supposing that the tigers would return to feast there.

On this day Lo Pin-wang remarked that his companions did not go immediately to the place of their repast, but approached it cautiously in a circuitous manner. He followed them with amazement through the denser thickets until they paused in attitudes of anger and expectancy, and his glances lit upon the hinder parts of a person wearing a mandarin's robe, who waited with others in a covert of tall reeds, gazing steadfastly in the direction of the carcases.

Then Lo Pin-wang rejoiced, for he divined what had taken place, and anticipated that the post of tax-collector in Che-kiang was about to become vacant. He observed with complacency how the tigers crouched and lashed their tails as they debated among themselves the nature of the take-off and the appropriate distance for a spring. While they stealthily advanced toward their quarry he reflected that he had reached the termination of his misfortunes and would shortly enter upon a career made glorious by the knowledge he had acquired in his researches. Yet the heart of Lo Pin-wang was fated after all to encompass his ruin. For at the very moment of onslaught he was overcome by an access of undue tenderness and cried to Yang in a loud voice, saying, "Beware, beware, O Elder Brother! They are behind you!"

Then Yang arose with a shout and turned himself towards the thicket, and the tigers fled, subduing their fury to discretion. Nevertheless they smote with their paws at Lo Pin-wang in passing, and so slew him.

When Yang had examined the traces in the thicket he was much surprised. And he took up the scroll that was lying near the body of Lo Pin-wang and brought it to the city, where he might peruse it at leisure. Thereby he attained proficiency in his duties, augmenting very considerably the revenues of Che-kiang. And in due course he was exalted by the August One to the dignity of the Amber Button.

Moreover, his severity produced a beneficent result, for the people became so emaciated that the tigers left the neighbourhood, being unable any longer to obtain sufficient nourishment therein.

Desdemona Avenged.

"HIKERS AND WORKLESS COMB MOOR WITH FORKS."
Daily Paper Headline.

"CHEAM HALL DANCE.— . . . music was provided by the —— dance orchestra, whose speciality of using stings only, with piano accompaniment, for waltzes, is much appreciated."—*Surrey Paper.*

It would become irritating in time.

THE SECOND READING.

WHEN influenza seized me
I was, I hope, resigned;
The bedroom fire quite pleased me
And everyone was kind;
So when they came and said to me,
Well, what would I have read to me?
I murmured, "That's the paper there
—just see what you can find."

Of course it was delightful
Of Celia and Joan
To risk attrapping frightful
'Fluenzas of their own,
And when they'd read for hours on end
Of When Will Export Trade Amend?
I only gave one very little courteous
sort of groan.

Myself, when I am poorly
And feeble in the chest
(And you are with me, surely?).
I always think it best
To let the graver issues wait
The paramount affairs of State,
Our fiscal policy and such, until I'm
up and dressed.

So I shall tell my nieces—
Unless, of course, I die—
Only to read the pieces
That any practised eye
Can cull from any printed page,
How Mrs. Brown's extreme old age
Is due, she holds, to having always
favoured apple-pie.

Read me to-day's bird story
Of how some swallow thinks
Dulce pro patria mori
And winters up in Lincs.;
Read me how oysters ought to
thrive
At least four years or even five
Before they are mature enough for
Colchester high jinks.

These are the things that matter
When coughing gives you pain.
These help to get you fatter
And build you up again;
These make your head not quite
so bad
And keep the spirits bright and
glad—
But dare I mention it to Joan if
she should come again?

An Impending Apology.

"New silk frocks for the hot weather expected at Nassau will be tried out by the fashionable passengers on the Duchess of Richmond."—*Daily Paper.*

A Glimpse of the Vaster Verities.

"Whenever one visits a branch of any of our big banks, customers will be seen either paying in money or drawing it out."—*Sunday Paper.*

AT THE OPERA.

"HELEN!" (ADELPHI).

AN entrancing affair this, beyond cavil. Let no one again lightly quote the proverb, "Too many cooks . . ." Yet who but our irrepressible C. B. C. would have had the courage to assemble



THE SACRIFICE—NO FLOWERS BY REQUEST.

Calchas . . . MR. W. H. BERRY.

the contributions of such an international galaxy of all the talents—OFFENBACH, re-scored and conducted by E. W. KORNGOLD; MEILHAC and HALÉVY, translated and re-interpreted with characteristic additions by A. P. HERBERT; with LEONIDE MASSINE as choreographer, OLIVER MESSEL, suddenly enlarged in stature by his opportunity, to provide the imaginative and witty *décor*, and MAX REINHARDT, with consummate mastery of his craft, to dictate the strategy and ordered movement of the brilliant whole?

The MEILHAC-HALÉVY version carries us to the end of the Second Act with the union of *Paris* and *Helen*. A. P. H., having already imported some highly characteristic touches, adds a Third Act, which suffers nothing by comparison, and is, needless to say, full of Herbertian quips and jibes against Dora and the Puritans. He transports us to Troy, shows us the lovers a little bored with each other—'tis the tenth year of the long war "for *Helen's* honour"—and gives us, in a brilliant scene which triumphantly crowns the whole, the embattled Greeks and Trojans before the high towers of Ilium, with *Helen* taking ship, reconciled (after her fashion) with the ill-used and permanently dispirited *Menelaus* (Mr. GEORGE ROBEY), and, while hardly across the gangway, casting esurient eyes upon the personable galley-master.

His long record of success has not staled Herr REINHARDT or narrowed the scope of his invention. How skilfully he works up to the riotous climax of the superb Bacchanalian orgy which ends the "Conference to end Conferences," with its brilliantly-grouped tableau as Epilogue! Our English stage-crowds so often betray an inability to release themselves and be swept wholeheartedly into a concerted movement in which each contributes his share. The perfection with which this native disability has been here exorcised is the measure of this great pageant-master's success.

Mr. OLIVER MESSEL has already done excellent work, but the imaginative quality of his *décor* was something for which I was not prepared. The white Temple of Jupiter, before which the Augur *Calchas* (Mr. W. H. BERRY) performed his fraudulent rites, with the graceful harmonies of chalk-pinks, powder-blues and smoke-greys in the dresses of the crowd, which would have been a peak achievement in many a brave show, was here but an appetising prelude. On a soft-lighted Mount Ida, its little crowning temple touching the clouds, the lovely *Venus* (YETTA) unscrupulously perverting the judgment of *Paris* (Mr. BRUCE CARFAX) by her revealing gauzes—whereas *Minerva* (Miss SHIRLEY



EVELYN AND EVE.

THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY—TO HAVE YOUR BATH WHILE SOMEONE ELSE DOES YOUR PHYSICAL JERKS FOR YOU.

Helen . . . . . MISS EVELYN LAYE.
The Foreign Dancer . EVE.

DALE) was in armour dight and *Juno* (Miss WINIFRED DAVIS), full-habited after a portrait by Sir PETER LELY—graciously accepted the golden apple brought by a white-clad *Mercury* (Mr. HAY PETRIE) and rewarded the arbiter with the promise of the love of the most beautiful of mortal women—an enchanting scene. Golden-ringleted *Helen* (Miss EVELYN LAYE) languidly performed the rites of her bath in a great shell before a background on which the courtship of her parents was tactfully pictured. (And here too the incredibly supple *Eve* danced for our delight her strange contorted dance.) The great bedchamber of *Helen*, the mansion of *Paris* in Troy, the battlements and quay were no less effective and followed no glib formula. A very fine achievement, not merely relatively, for an artist who is still a young man, but absolutely and without qualification.

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY'S *Menelaus* was also a surprise. Not because he made us laugh (for no other comedian can do that so easily), but because he fitted himself so well into the frame of the part and did not merely perform gravity-removing turns at stated intervals. He did not jettison his eye-brows; no doubt he perverted the ceremony of anointing his face with *Helen's* cream into a meal off the unexpectedly d e l e c t a b l e compound, and imported such happy "business" as the chalking of his javelin point before engaging *Paris* in mortal combat; but he was a genuinely woe-begone, unlucky, put-upon person, not merely the Mr. GEORGE ROBEY of our old acquaintance.

Mr. VICTOR DILL'S *Hector*—the part was an excellent A. P. H. invention—was well done, as was Mr. HAY PETRIE'S quiet humorous *Mercury*. Mr. BRUCE CARFAX (*Paris*) sang admirably and was altogether a proper hero. If Miss EVELYN LAYE'S beauty is not quite of that kind which we have imagined to be the possession of the fatal HELEN, it is a very lovely embodiment of its own type, and Mr. COCHRAN'S choice of her for the pivot of his great adventure was justified. Miss DÉSIRÉE ELLINGER made her effective spirited contribution as *Orestes*.

But it was not so much individual talent and achievement, however brilliant, which gave this show unique distinction. The whole was so much greater than the sum of the parts—and such an effect deserves the title of imaginative creation in the first degree. T.

EXPERTS—WHITE AND BLACK.

EXPERTS fall into two classes—those whom I dislike and those that I can tolerate. I do not mind those who tell us that the fans who frequented Stamford Bridge last year consumed six million "hot dogs" and seventeen million bottles of stout; or that twelve million people travel on the Underground every week between Hounslow and Barking. The curiosity of the public must be satisfied on these points, and there is provided a congenial and, I hope, remunerative occupation for several deserving persons.

Nor do I object to those who write in our more learned journals showing that, as the profits of the Jig, Gauge and Tool industry are up three per cent on last year, lawn-mowers must be cheaper. Experts of this type are my bosom-friends in spirit. With the aid of their statistics I can crush the club pessimist. I merely trip their figures off my tongue, he wilts, the surrounding members suggest that I ought to have been a captain of industry and I begin to wonder why I am not.

The expert whom I abhor is the one who knows a great deal about a subject of which I know a little. For instance, I have a few scraps of information about old glass—not much, but enough to fill those who hear me on the subject with a great awe of my vast erudition and myself with a pleasing sense of my own importance. Sometimes I go out to a dinner-party and, after we have fed, my hostess produces a piece of glass which looks as if it had come straight from the fivepenny bazaar and says, "Oh, Mr. Snodgrass, you know something about old glass; do tell me if this is genuine Bootle."

I take it with the somewhat faded air of a connoisseur and handle it negligently as if I juggled twice nightly with genuine Bootle. After examining it minutely with eye and finger and perhaps a pocket magnifying-glass, I set it down carelessly on the table and say, "I am afraid, Mrs. Hedderwicke, you've been deceived. This is a fake—a clever fake, I'll admit, but quite worthless. It is a copy of the celebrated Beetleware."

Then I take out my gold pencil and indicate the technical evidence. "You see, this piece has two knops too few, and the fluted neck should be bevelled."

At once some woman who dislikes me will draw up a little rat with bleary eyes and thick spectacles and say, "Mr. Entwhistle is in charge of the glass section of the Wapping Museum" (looking at me as if I came merely from the jug-and-bottle department); "*do* let him see it."

The wretched animal will take the object and immediately say, "Oh, no; this is genuine Bootle right enough. It was made by Ezekiel Smuts in 1799, and after May the First, because on that day one of his twin sons died and after that all his glass was made with one knop instead of two. Bevelled necks were worn without flutes during the French Revolution."

Then everybody is pleased again and looks at me as if I had tried to steal the thing or had pretended that it was a fake so as to be able to buy it on the cheap.

The same thing is bound to happen if I venture an opinion on furniture or animals. The host's son has caught some unfortunate bird, will I tell him what it is? I handle it with the touch of a leading surgeon, open its beak, scratch its feathers and say that it is a Lesser Pink-billed Cocklethroat. Up comes the expert and demonstrates with a wealth of detail that it is a Chuck-clawed Gobbletit. Again I retire discredited.

I think I must take up horse-racing as a study. Forecasting the future seems easier than knowing the past or the present, and experts at this occupation are permitted to disagree.

"Samaian ware was originally made in the Isle of Samoa in the Ægean Sea."
Local Paper.

Transferred later to the Pacific Ocean, owing to the efforts of R. L. STEVENSON.



LA VIE PARISIENNE.

Menelaus . . . . . MR. GEORGE ROBEY.
Helen (his wife) . . . . . MISS EVELYN LAYE.
Paris . . . . . MR. BRUCE CARFAX.

DUMMY MUSES.

ENTERED the King of Spades followed swiftly by the Queen of Hearts; the following conversation then took place between the two.

"My dear, thank God we have both got into the same hand at last; I have been in that snout-faced man's hand for three consecutive hands now. He is preposterous, breathing so heavily all the time makes it so horribly damp. If he hadn't played me in the third trick I know I should have caught my death of cold."

"Yes, horrid man," said the Queen gently; "such pig-like eyes and so very heavy-fingered. Last time he had me he kept me right up to the end and then threw me on the table in such a horrid way, he thought I was bound to lose——"

"No, can't count," muttered the King.

"——and then of course I did win. I thought for one awful moment that he would kiss me. My dear, I was never so worried in all my life, and I know my husband of Hearts would have done nothing about it."

The King made indignant noises.

They had both got into the pretty woman's hand. She had nice hands and smelt of lilac, at least so the King said; he also remarked that it made him feel young again.

The bidding started and the snout man went two Hearts; the Queen smiled, for she was well guarded. The Two, the Seven and the Eight, all came and said they would defend her to the last. She let them kiss her hand and they went away.

The nice man—husband to the nice woman who smelt of lilac, or so the King said—went three Spades and the King looked quite pleased, for he was all alone; the Queen squeezed his hand and remarked that she had always liked the Ace of Spades. The horsey woman playing with Snout-nose went four Hearts and blew tobacco all over the Jack of Spades, who was rather particular about his appearance. The nice woman, who had been watching the King and Queen, or so the King said, looked very worried and made little disturbed noises. The King and Queen were very sorry for her; she said "Oh, dear," twice and looked at her husband, the nice man; he, being a good man, just smiled pleasantly but enigmatically. She said, "Oh, well, no bid," and left the thing to the snout-faced man, who began to breathe rather hard as he waited for the lead.

The King of Spades said: "My dear, we had better hurry up; he is bound to lead the Ace of Spades, and then I shall have to go, as I have no one to send instead."

The Queen came a little closer and the King bent over a little and said, "Do you love me, dear, for I am very much in love with you?" The Queen said: "Reginald"—for that was the King's name—"I adore you!" which was perhaps a little forward for a Queen, but you must remember that they were in a hurry. The King said "Dearest!" and kissed her. The nice man led the Ace of Diamonds, who was a singleton. The King and Queen were very pleased and hurriedly went on chattering. The Queen said, "But what will you do with Her Majesty of Spades? We can't get married as things are at present."

"My dear," said the King, "I have thought of that, and, seeing the brazen way Her Majesty has been carrying on with the Jack of Diamonds, I am sure I shall be able to get a dispensation from the Pope of Hearts (who of course never plays bridge with the others)."

"Good," said the Queen with emphasis, although she was a very gentle woman; but the Queen of Spades was certainly rather outrageous.

"And what of His Majesty of Hearts?" said the King, "he is rather an obstacle too."

"I know," said the Queen; "I have thought and thought about him, but I can't imagine what to do with him, he is so respectable really. He says the Queen of Diamonds is too flashy and the Queen of Clubs too dowdy; but I believe all the same that he has a sneaking regard for Her Majesty of Clubs, so I'll do my best to foster it; but really he is so much fonder of his food than anything else, and I don't think the Pope would allow that as grounds. . . ."

"Very awkward," said the King.

Meanwhile the nice man had made his Ace of Diamonds, and then, not knowing where the King of Spades was, thought he would not lead his Ace and led a Club instead. This trick Snout-face took. He then led the Ace of Hearts and took a long pleased suck at his cigar, was seized by a fit of coughing and dropped all his cards on the floor. The King of Hearts got rather away from the others and was abducted by the horsey woman's Airedale, and when recovered had been so badly mauled that the nice man committed him to the fire, thinking that no doubt the more humane course, or so the King of Spades said. The Queen of Hearts had gone very pale, for, although she did not love her husband and her marriage to him had been one of *convenance* and not love, still he was her husband, as she quietly remarked to the King of Spades.

He being quite a good man said he was very sorry.

Snout-face said every one had seen his cards and so he could not continue to play them, so they all agreed; although only the horsey woman had looked at the cards on the floor, and she didn't matter. They all threw in their hands, the King of Spades still gently supporting Her Majesty of Hearts and they were all put back in the box, where the King and Queen met the Pope, who was already there, clothed all in white, as he always was. They put their case to him, and he said he would settle it for them, and put it all down with a big red seal at the bottom so that no one could make a fuss. Everyone, even the Queen of Spades, was pleased to hear of the match, and the card-table drawer had much junketing on the occasion of the wedding of Her Majesty of Hearts with His Majesty of Spades. They have lived quite happily in the drawer ever since, and quite quietly, as, since the decease of the King of Hearts, no one has ever thought of playing with them again.

THE LITERARY BURGLAR.

[A thief who broke into the Ancient House Bookshop at Reigate recently took complete sets of works by HARDY, KIPLING and BARRIE and a number of expensive volumes.]

I've read of many a scholar
Who in his thirst for lore
Would burst his bottom dollar
To drain one droplet more;
Of sages grown so heady
That, heedless of their wives
And offspring, they've been ready
To pawn their very lives.

But you, O *Mr. Raffles*,
The heights sublime who seek,
Your prank one's senses baffles;
You are, in fact, unique;
You had no wish to wreak ill,
Yet proved on closer view
A high-browed *Hyde-cum-Jekyll*,
Scholar and scoundrel too.

Still, hear this frank admission:
Often I've hitched myself
To pinch a rare edition
From some luxurious shelf;
When bookshops I inhabit,
Longed to essay my luck,
To play at smash-and-grab-it,
But always lacked the pluck.

While then your misdemeanour
I'm bound of course to blame,
Save that your urge was keener,
I might have done the same.
Sternly opposed to stealing,
To one who's so refined
A bookworm's fellow-feeling
Has made me wondrous kind.

A. K.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

EROS (REJUVENATED) DOES A LITTLE SNIPING.



Inveterate Borrower (to literary friend). "I SAY, HAVE YOU GOT A WHEELBARROW?"
Friend. "I BELIEVE SO. WHY?"
Inveterate Borrower. "I WISH YOU'D LEND ME YOUR FIFTEEN-VOLUME ENCYCLOPÆDIA."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Grim Future.

BABIES matured in bottles, graded and scientifically conditioned for their pre-ordained place in the world, whether they are to be administrative Alphas or menial Epsilons; children educated by reiterated suggestion in their sleep; adults going happily about the jobs for which they have been so carefully prepared and spending their leisure at the "feelies," in playing electro-magnetic golf or in other approved activities—of such is the *Brave New World* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) as it will be in the heyday of the Fordian era. Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY has relentlessly pursued the tendencies of his own time (as he sees them) to their logical conclusion and bodied forth their consummation in a synthetic Utopia. But it is a Utopia of which a devastating criticism is implied in its author's urbane detachment. Mr. HUXLEY, peering into the future, would seem to endorse the contention of old-fashioned STEVENSON that there is no satisfying goal to the pilgrimage of man—"his soul is in the journey." There are chinks in the armour of Fordian complacency. A slight accident in the bottling department and divine discontent or an inferiority complex may perturb the ranks of Alphadom; or a Noble Savage may be not only a fêted prodigy but a fateful portent. We witness no catastrophe, but we are left with the question: Has Fordianity forded all its rivers? Never has Mr. HUXLEY's intelligence been more lucid, his wit more mordant or his style more competent than in this remarkable book; against which, however, a *caveat* should be entered: the morals of the Fordians are not as ours.

A Good Mixed Bag.

Not all the short stories in *Pandora's Box* (WARD, LOCK, 7/6) are on the entertaining level of the first two, the seventh and the last two; and one at least—the sixth—is as cruel a piece of bluff as a reader hot on the trail of an absorbing mystery can be called on to endure. Yet I would still recommend Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA's batch of fourteen for their geniality, address and knowledge of human nature; though perhaps he ought to be cautioned against counting on these qualities to redeem more structural insecurities than the short story can lightly tolerate. That it need not tolerate them in Mr. MCKENNA's case is obvious when you consider how admirably proportioned and well-knit his work at its best can be. Take the titular story of the young business couple on a Riviera holiday suddenly called upon to play up to a supposedly austere director. Take "Blackmail," with its wholly unpredictable catastrophe. Take "The Truth about George Doxley," which is so obviously the truth and so obviously would not occur to *George Doxley's* circle. These, with "The Ghost of Marston Dale" and "In Exile," are as good of their kind as I could wish.

There is, I feel, a certain perversity in exhibiting the heroine of the last tale as struck by the provincialism, rather than the raciness, of the Northumbrian society to which after twenty years she returns. But this is a debatable point, and similar challenges to standards of taste or ethics are not the least stimulating of the story-teller's incidental merits.

Ill-Assorted Couples.

Th' Unequal Conflict (DUCKWORTH) shows
How marriage is the sheerest gamble;
You stretch a hand to pluck the rose
And find you're caught up on a bramble
(Or will be ere the story's close).

Three pairs or more—I never knew
Couples so steadily ill-fated—
Lœlia, *Judith*, *Charles* and *Hugh*,
All unsymmetrically mated.
(*Elizabeth* and *Harold* too.)

Thus do the gods our pudding mix.
Nor can the second generation
Contrive their love affairs to fix
Without no end of hesitation.
(Still—all the more for seven-and-six!)

Although we get beneath the skin
Of *Judith*, *Charles* is such a blighter
And all the men so weak and thin
I ask, "Is this a woman writer?"
(But no! it's Mr. GODFREY WINN.)

Lunatic, Lover and Poet.

Out of the fevered throes of madness the Citizen of Geneva snatched the inspiration for passages that have been reckoned among the treasured wonders of literature. Much of the still lingering conception of genius as something necessarily wild and irresponsible has its origin with the author of the *Social Contract* and the *Confessions*; and Mr. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, in a long volume—*Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (GOLLANCZ, 18/-)—that is filled with amazing sequences of sex-storms, religious conversions, tear-swept morbidities and persecution manias, does justice to the abnormality no less than to the inspiration. Tramp, vagabond, lackey, ungrateful squire of dames, unnatural father, ROUSSEAU, after half a lifetime of failure, yet became the idol of his day and lived to inaugurate, through whatever exaggerations and absurdities, a return towards the simplicities of harmonious nature after weary centuries of pompous and spendthrift artificiality that has not yet spent its force. That the return should bring in its train the violent overthrow of Kings and Governments was a consequence that he neither foresaw nor particularly desired. On the whole ROUSSEAU was beyond denial an extremely unpleasant person, and his unpleasantness is reflected all too plainly and, as I cannot but think, at too great a length in the earlier half of this volume. But fortunately his greatness is truly imaged here also, and the final vivid impression one receives is touched with human kindness and pathos; while it is Mr. JOSEPHSON'S great achievement that the insanity is made as nearly intelligible, as nearly even excusable and acceptable, as perhaps insanity can ever appear.



The Skipper. "WE CAN'T MAKE ROTTERDAM, JOE. I'VE JUST HAD A LOOK AT CHART AN' THE RUDDY RATS 'AVE EATEN 'OLLAND."

Characters in the Round.

Up to the moment of going to Press—for who knows what a novelist may have on the stocks and ready to launch in these hard-working times?—I am inclined to give *David's Day* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON 7/6) top marks as the most characteristic and entertaining of Mr. DENIS MACKAIL'S delightful novels. That *David* makes no appearance before his rosily successful début in the final chapter does not prevent him from being the pivot of the plot. A near

relation, one *Mrs. Bowker*, starts the ball rolling by omitting to put in an appearance as scheduled at the suburban residence of *Mr. Albert Coffin*. And long before you are within measurable distance of wearying of *Mr. Coffin*—an unassuming masterpiece in the best early-WELLS manner—he has introduced you (involuntarily) to *Gladys*, who introduces you (involuntarily) to *Lord Midhurst*, who—but you must tackle the epic for yourself and refrain (as I am proud to say I refrained) from anticipating the end. *David*, even more unconsciously than *Pippa*, influences in a day the destiny of half-a-hundred fellow-mortals. Each encounter has something of the coherence of a short story; and as short stories my suffrages go to the trio mentioned and to the tales of *Mr. Bill Somerset* and his squalid little studio, *Miss Micklethwaite* and her lost airman, and the *Golden Bride* and her Cotswold bridegroom. The book's ultimate distinction is due, I think, to its well-meditated, kindly and unobtrusive criticism of modern life and to the unfailing humour and grace with which the criticism is conveyed.

Local Dynamics.

It is always gratifying and reassuring to the general public when one of the critics who dictates its drama and its reading contrives a piece of sound creation for himself. It is also comforting to the critics, and on that account they should be grateful to Mr. IVOR BROWN for *Marine Parade* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), which is a considerable addition to their fortifications. If I describe it as the most readable novel I have come across lately, I mean this in the most complimentary sense, for it is compounded of joyous encounter, sober wisdom and entertaining criticism of this England in which democracy is sparring with hereditary caste, industrial expansion with scenic beauty, and the idiot whims of patriarchal government with a freedom traditionally spoken of but only illegally enjoyed. *Robert Tarrant*, a young American architect, comes to Cheynton to visit the little stretch of South Coast country from which his great-grandfather had emigrated as a labourer. He finds a Cheynton which is still a small Georgian watering-place, but which stands in deadly peril of a Philistine town council and a horde of bijou-minded contractors. He also finds a *Crichel* still living at the great house on the Down, going bankrupt as feudally as possible. Of his adventures with *Professor Shepley*, the froth-blowing archæologist, and *Hugh Chilmark*, pathetic victim of the War, and of the *imbroglio* in which they land him, you must read for yourself. And also of *Mrs. Ormiston Tusher*. You can hardly fail to enjoy the individuality of the characters and the sparkling commentary on our new England.



Shipwrecked but still perfect butler. "SOME GENTLEMEN TO SEE YOU, SIR, I THINK."

Revenge.

After being engaged in some shady transactions in New York, *Reuben Argals*, by a dirty trick, saved his own skin and left one of his partners to serve a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude. New York being too hot to hold him, *Reuben* lost no time in removing himself to London; but, although in a sense a free man, you will scarcely have begun *Moran Chambers Smiled* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) before you will discover that he had very sound reason to be thoroughly scared. For the skill with which Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM works out the plans of those who were intent upon *Reuben* paying in full for his turpitude, I have nothing save praise; but the tale as a whole disappointed me, because I could find neither a man nor a woman in it for whom I could feel an iota of sympathy. None the less, those who enjoy a story in which rival gamblers try by countless hooks and crooks to ruin each other will thank Mr. OPPENHEIM for providing them with a feast of good things.

A Cornish Jacobite.

Mr. MAURICE PETHERICK, in *Captain Culverin* (BENN, 7/6), cuts no literary capers, but very straightforwardly relates the adventures of a young Cornishman who at the beginning of the eighteenth century devoted himself to the cause of the STUARTS. In days when novel-readers are almost inundated by psychology a story of so simple and invigorating a type should find a ready welcome. But an additional reason for recommending this romance exists, and Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH draws attention to it in his preface. "I write," he states, "as one weary of the squatter or bungalow-novelist who, having discovered the Duchy as 'romantic,' uses it for a background of his exotic emotions, while the ways of our race continue to be simple, primitive and always behind the fashion." Such weariness is by no means rare, and the more such writers as, for example, Mr. PETHERICK and Miss C. C. ROGERS describe Cornwall and Cornish people, the oftener will the "bungalese" novelists recognize how vapid and vain are their imaginings.

In Memoriam.

GEORGE CRABBE.

SUCCESSORS of the Oxford Philistine
Who asked, "Pray, what are KEATS?" in '79,
May question, in their zeal to make life brighter,
"Who is this CRABBE, this centenarian blighter?"
Reluctant, with good reason, to exhume
One far beyond the reach of boost or boom.
Few read his tales, yet they might well repay
Study by singers of a rhymeless day;
For, though his couplets often echo POPE,
These fetters never cramped his style or scope,
Who sought, mid Suffolk's villages and fields,
To paint "the simple life that Nature yields";
Who summed in one illuminating page
The miseries and magic of the stage;
Who wrote the poor man's annals, drear and drab,
In words that sear the heart, that sting and stab,
Immortal and uncompromising CRABBE.

CHARIVARIA.

JOINT banking accounts of husbands and wives are said to be common. In our opinion a man can pay a woman no higher compliment than to ask her to share his overdraft.

***

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S recent assertion of the superiority of Scotsmen confirms an opinion already held north of the Tweed.

***

A professor predicts that in the future the weather will be controlled by radio. Heaven help the sailors on a night like that!

***

A Colchester lady reports that she found hundreds of spiders running about in an airing-cupboard which had not been opened since November. Now we know where flies don't go in the winter-time.

***

"Chaperones bristled at last night's entertainment," says a woman gossip-writer. In these days of face-treatment there is no excuse for bristling.

***

The authoritative statement that the atmosphere of London is liable to have a corrosive effect on statuary supports the claim that there is something to be said, after all, in favour of the atmosphere of London.

***

A well-known actress is criticised for seeming to be interested in the audience. She should set a better example to playgoers.

***

We are authorised to contradict the rumour that the reported proposal to manufacture eau-de-Cologne in this country is the outcome of unsuccessful efforts to arrange a wider application of Colognial Preference.

***

It is anticipated that a *Times*' reader's claim to have heard a cuckoo near Reading will be allowed by the special committee of the Cuckoo-Hearers' Association.

***

A chemist has invented solidified whisky, which may be consumed in that form. It is thought that a magistrate's ruling would be necessary to decide whether it constitutes a meal.

***

An elephant-seal is estimated to have cost the Berlin Zoo two thousand pounds a year in herrings and whitebait. Reparations experts incline to the view that Germany can't afford elephant-seals.

***

A gossip-writer complains that there is too little facility for ice-rink patrons who wish to sit out. On the other hand there is every facility for those who wish to sit down.

***

"We are all of us waited on hand and foot by thousands of other people," says a statistician. We suppose it is because they get in each other's way that the soup so often arrives cold.

It took three attendants to remove one of the audience from his seat at a London theatre. Can he have been suffering from pole-squatter's cramp?

***

No credence should be attached to the rumour that *The Daily Mail* is endeavouring to gain new readers by giving free copies of *The Daily Express* to all subscribers.

***

A film-actor admits that he has already received nine proposals of marriage this year. Leap-year hog!

***

Explorers say that the Eskimos are inveterate gamblers, even going so far as to put up their wives as wagers. The explorers also say that for the most part the Eskimos are very good losers.

***

A famous naturalist points out that sharks are dangerous only when attacked. We make a point of never attacking one.

***

"The banks strike a balance twice a year," we are told. Ours must be struck oftener than that, judging by its battered condition.

***

A scientist declares that fish are the only living creatures never troubled with influenza. This is because of the ample opportunities they have for gargling.

***

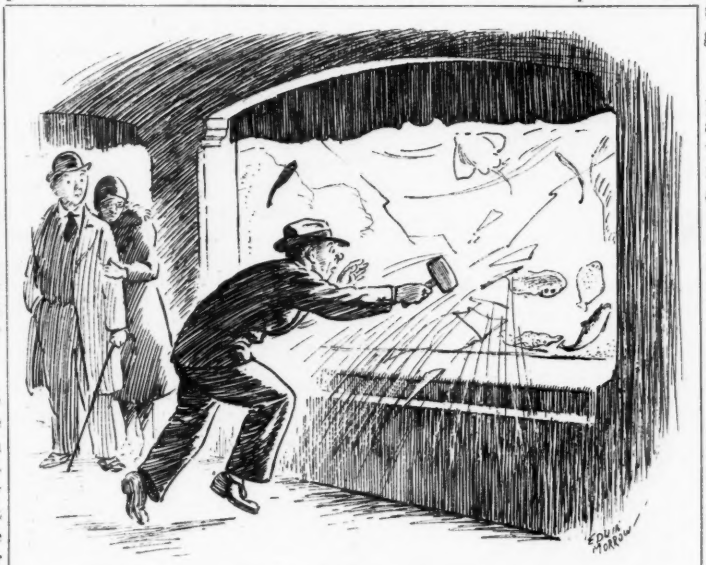
"The appendix is the only part of the human body that is of no use," says a writer. For the medical profession, however, it is a very profitable side-line.

***

Fourteen toast-racks were among the gifts given to a newly-married couple. The grateful pair state that they hope these presents will still be in their possession when they celebrate their electro-plated wedding.

***

Lord BEAVERBROOK has advised the potato-growers of New Brunswick to raise heck. If you have difficulty in obtaining heck from your greengrocer write to Shoe Lane about it.



SMASH-AND-GRAB RAIDER VISITS AN AQUARIUM AND DECIDES ON A NICE PIECE OF PLAICE FOR SUPPER.

A New Brunswick centenarian attributes his longevity to his habit of chewing tobacco. This should check depreciation of the quid.

***

In conducting an oranges-and-lemons campaign against influenza with the *Bow Bells* Company, Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE was of course acting in concert with those associated with the bells of St. Clement's.

***

It is said that the giraffe is the only animal that utters no sound. A resourceful Hollywood producer now at work on an African travel talkie is expected to alter this.

***

Playing-cards are now used in Harley Street oculists' sight-tests; but not of course in a manner in which the quickness of the hand deceives the eye.

"Another time a technician was setting a microphone in a tree at night when a leopard investigated and the technician was saved only by the prompt shooting of —— —— the director."—*Cinema Programme.*

Hard luck, but he was only a director.

THE HOMING PATRIOT TO HIS LOVE.

FROM travelling in a foreign part
(For health, I needn't say, not pleasure)
Let it not peeve you, dearest heart,
Nor count it as my love's true measure
If to your feet I bring
No gift; no gawd or fabric; not a thing.

My thoughts were with you all the while.
On desert sands you seemed to be the
Sun that caressed me; even Nile
(Thrice filtered) had no taste of Lethe;
Your radiance pierced the gloom,
Just like a torch, in TUT-ANKH-AMUN'S tomb.

At Philæ, where the rising dam
Hopes to submerge the shrine of Isis,
Beside my boat your body swam;
Your breath, resembling that of spices,
Fanned me in sudden whiffs
When faint with sampling stuffy hieroglyphs.

Ever your face on me impinged,
A beauteous dream, a dazzling figment.
Eyes of the East, with black kohl fringed,
Lips smeared with henna, luscious pigment,
Guessed through the yashmak's fold,
Left me, yours faithfully, aloof and cold.

But where the merchant set his snares—
Those beads of lucent alabaster,
Those houri-trousers, lovely pairs—
Making my generous pulse beat faster,
The slogan, trumpet-clear,
"BUY BRITISH!" smote upon my patriot ear.

(I grant a tendency to gloze
The naked truth among these Arabs,
And what they shove beneath your nose,
Alleged to be authentic scarabs,
May prove a modern fake
Of Brummagem's or other British make;

Still, they might figure on the lists,
By Mr. RUNCIMAN assorted,
Of things taboo, which he insists
Ought strictly not to be imported;
And no right-minded man
Would privily evade his tariff's ban).

So my economy was such
As you too must admire (if mutely);
I could not love you, dear, so much,
Loved I not England more acutely;
No gift shall soil my hand
Tainted by purchase on an alien strand. O. S.

Buoyant Markets, or the Stockbroker's Dream.

"Mr. —— was to see that the shares were introduced on the New Kork kerb market."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

"Mrs. —— has been presented with a clock by the Forty-foot members of the Mothers' Union. She was their enrolling member."
Peterborough Paper.

Did she use a ladder or a telephone?

"In accordance with their annual custom the Mayor and Councillors of Bunbury will attend Evensong at the Cathedral to-morrow. The sermon will be preached by Archdeacon ——, semi-unconscious."—*Australian Paper.*

It is hoped that this slight irregularity attracted a large congregation.

TAPPET TALK.

WHY is it that the possession of a motor-car affects some people so strangely that they cannot resist constant reference to the hideous disorders which afflict their machines? I only know that more and more the nauseating jargon of the inspection-pit passes for social currency.

I used to have a friend named Gerald Hubb, an amusing and companionable man. After a gap of several years I met him again in a bus. Of what do you think he talked? Of the good old days? Of our walking-tour in Finistère, when his beard was mistaken for that of an absconding financier and he was locked in a cellar by a posse of zealous fishermen? No. Of his steering.

"I'm rather worried about it," he told me; "it's not sufficiently damped."

"Try cutting a hole in the roof," I said—for I was very angry—"and leaving the blasted thing out all night." And I got off the bus.

The other night I was dining out, and the girl on my left had the indelicacy to tell me that she had had a shattering attack of piston-slap that morning in Oxford Street. I was wondering how to sympathise when the man opposite broke in with the news that he had been suffering from wheel-shimmy for three days. So just to keep the ball rolling I said that my doctor was anxious to remove my gudgeon-pins at the earliest opportunity, but neither of them smiled, and the girl said what a joy it was to have a Silent Third. The man agreed. . . . Before turning away, for good, to a nice woman who spoke Pre-petrol English, I told them I had tried out a Silent Third and a Harmonic Fifth, but had scrapped them both for a Submerged Tenth.

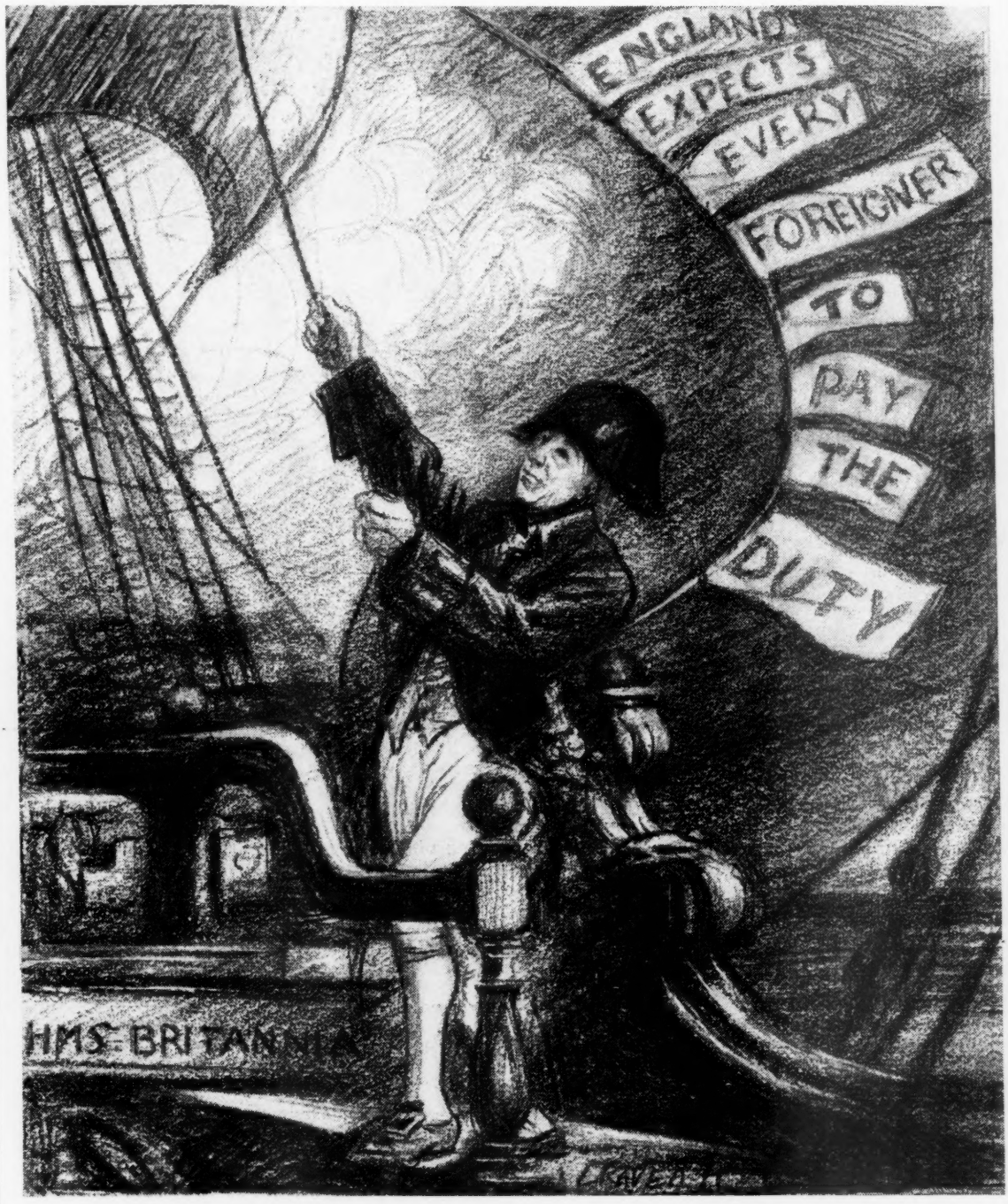
That is the sort of thing Society is up against. Can nothing be done to save us from these people whose conversation is slimy with chat of big ends and superchargers and valves and sprockets and all the other anatomical indecencies of the modern motor-car? Can nothing be done to shame them into reserving their more intimate diagnoses for the privacy of the garage?

You may say I have a bee in my bonnet. Very likely. I have never unscrewed it, so I do not know. Besides that they say it contains tappets and gaskets and all manner of revolting mechanisms. But I have sufficient natural modesty, thank goodness, to refrain from uncovering the things, and when one of them dies and the car stops I hand it over immediately to the nearest experts and leave them to mop up, which they soon do, for as a rule garages are very efficient.

I do not think I am alone in my theory of machinery, which is simply that it is sheer magic while it works and utterly contemptible when it breaks down. One can respect and even feel affection for the pleasant exterior of a car and for its familiar controls, but let something go wrong inside and what can be more squalid than a conglomeration of inert and greasy metal? The wise trust their cars and are properly angry when they let them down, and so their cars learn to behave. Any garage-mechanic will tell you that the engine which is dissected most often expires soonest.

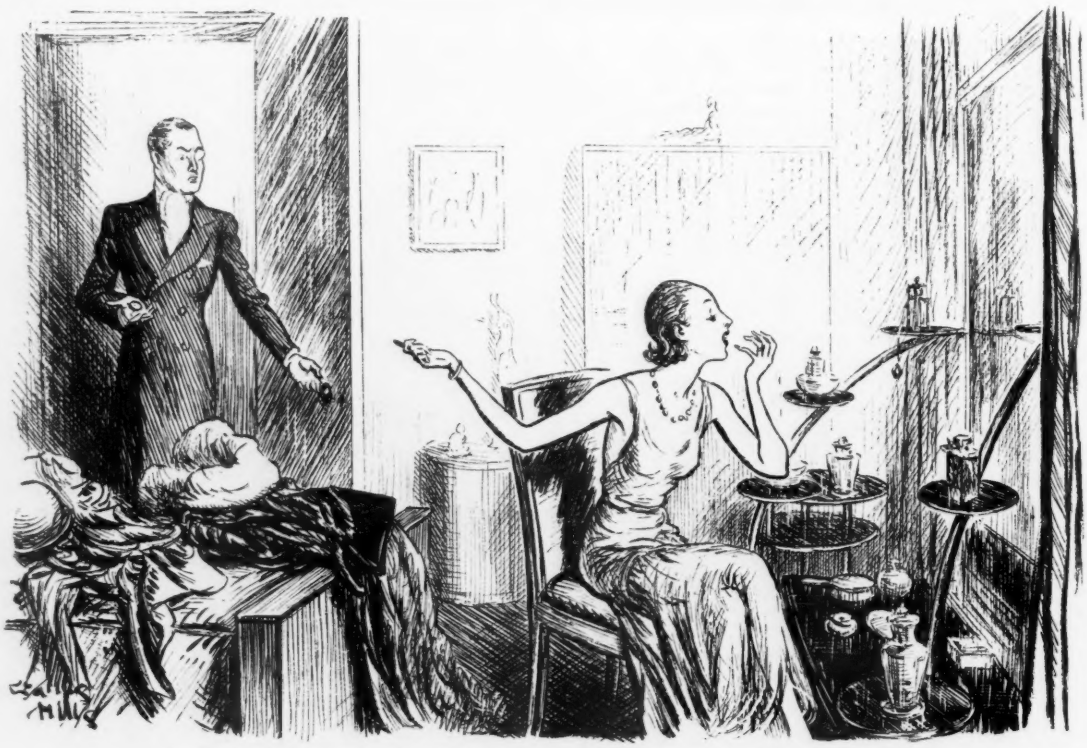
But, whatever the Tappeteers may do in the asphyxiating gloom of their own workshops, do you think, if we all made a firm stand, that we could stop them talking about it in public? I believe we could. And I think that at all costs we should. For it is not as if the pioneers of engineering have blazed a trail of poetry in the nomenclature they have left behind. The component parts of the motor-car must surely boast the hundred ugliest words in English.

So do let us take a strong line. Whenever a Man of Oil begins one of those interminable de-coking monologues, give a great cry of "Tappets" and leave him. ERIC.



THE NELSON TOUCH.

MR. RUNCIMAN GOES INTO ACTION.



Husband. "I SAY, FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE *do* COME ON; WE'RE FRIGHTFULLY LATE!"
Wife. "ALL RIGHT, DEAR; BUSTLE ALONG AND PUT YOUR FOOT ON THE SELF-STARTER."

SEACLUESION.

A STUDY IN CONVALESCENCE.

THE peace was broken by an elderly man who, rustling his paper, made some remark about the Sino-Japanese War. He was quite obviously a new-comer.

I coughed. I was doing that well. In a company of coughers, where deep called to deep, I was the acknowledged ace.

No one else did anything. We were not interested in the Sino-Japanese War. A Chinese province had crept in a few days earlier (fourteen across, I think it was), but we had forgotten about it. Our present concern lay with the remarkable statement that "*a professional, looking backwards, might seek auguries from this limb.*"

There was a nervous tension in the lounge, for it was felt that one lady, who was feeling much better this morning and had just sharpened her pencil, was about to write it in.

Outside the window there was a fog like thin cottonwool; but in an hour perhaps it would be possible to detect the promenade of Balmville-on-Mist, and then we should all (poor wretches) have to go for our constitutionals. ("*If nothing is added walks become political too.*") In the meantime the room presented to some degree the appearance of a shepherd's plaid, so many copies of *The Times* were open at the cross-word-puzzle page.

An archdeacon stirred lightly, barked once, and wrote. But he occasioned no alarm. He was only doing a little one in the south-east corner. It was up in the north-west that our great problems lay.

And that reminds me. The wind was also in the south-east. There was no sun. A few of the older residents remembered having seen it on the morning when the rather recondite clue of "*rose on a starred night*" had been given for "Lucifer." There had been a mild indignation meeting about it, and a ray of sunshine, they said, had burst into the room during the conference. But more recent arrivals were doubtful whether or no to believe them.

Would it not be a better plan if seaside hotels openly stated on their bills the average amount of local sunshine for each week calculated over a period of twenty or thirty years, and made an extra charge for every hour above the normal and a corresponding deduction for every hour below? We are all gamblers, I hope, and this would surely add a new yet not disturbing thrill to the life of the invalid ("*useless, no doubt, to emphasise sickness in a different place*").

But perhaps I am being avaricious. The proposal I have just made would have saved me several pounds at Balmville-on-Mist. There was one morning on which a watery gleam penetrated for a brief half-hour the curtain of uncompromising haze, but I was attending to "*the end of this horse seems to be striped after all* (*shortened*)." When I had put on my thick overcoat and muffler and got as far as the cliff top the transient gleam was gone.

Twelve o'clock, or slightly after twelve o'clock, became the usual hour for the ghostly promenade; and I soon found that it was better to take *The Times* along with me and steal a march on the others by finishing the north-west corner *en route*. The words across, I discovered, were most easily elucidated by keeping to the cliff top, east or west; the words down by descending in the cliff-lift to the sea promenade. Sometimes the air of the cliff-lift itself seemed beneficial to the words down. But there was one terrible day when the cliff-lift stuck, the electricity supply

not being bracing enough, I suppose, and I was forced to leave "*I am here and thirsty with an indefinite article*" until the late afternoon. But I attribute my success with "*astronomers are not interested in their funerals*," which nobody else in the lounge was able to do, to the fact that on one of my luckier mornings I got as far as the end of the pier. The band was playing. There was a man at the end busily catching smelts ("*this fish certainly did*"), and as I watched him with haggard eyes the solution suddenly leapt like Pallas Athene from my brain.

Opinion was divided as to whether it was necessary to take an afternoon constitutional or not, many feeling that there was not time to finish the north-east corner before tea if one did so, especially if an hour's helpful sleep was to be got in after lunch. But I myself compromised with gentle carriage exercise in a motor-car during the post-meridian fog.

In the course of several expeditions I penetrated, still carrying *The Times*, as far as "*the ruin that suggests bronchitis*," where EDWARD THE MARTYR was killed by his stepmother, so the guide-books say, and "*this rock must be red*," where WILLIAM THE SECOND had a fatal accident in the hunting-field, probably owing to the white haze, which caused Sir WALTER TYRRELL to mistake him for a deer.

Refreshed by my journeyings, I found I could fall upon the two bottom corners with an added zest in the later portions of the day. There was a danger, I know, that the brain might be rendered too active at night, but I took the advice of a very old resident and, having finished the last word, read a short portion of a detective novel, the only sure anodyne, in his opinion, for intellectual fatigue.

At about eleven P.M. the good-night cough resounded through the corridors, passing from room to room, and died away. The long day's toil was accomplished and the hotel was wrapped in stillness ("*A headland follows this spirit's home*").

So fared it in Avilion.

Only I find it a little difficult to come back to common life again out of the white haze and discover what has been doing in the actual rough world, across and down. A rumour did reach me even at Balmville-on-Mist that "*trams aid men (anag.)*" and "*a politician mixed is not quite a donkey and not quite a horse*," but I have toiled in vain so far to master the details of these distant happenings.

Happenings—"*A pine misspelt hangs here.*"

Not good. EVOE.



Weary Coach. "WELL, I'VE SHOWED YOU ALL I KNOW, AND YOU'VE SHOWED ME THINGS I DIDN'T THINK WERE POSSIBLE."

MY EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

[At the east end of the lake in St. James's Park is a small island known as Duck Island, of which CHARLES II., on one occasion at least, appointed a Governor (ST. EVREMOND) with a salary.]

OF all employ on British soil
From Sussex Downs to Scottish Highlands
For peace amidst the mortal coil
Give me the Governor of Duck Island's,
To hold where seagulls dip and glide
My court in pleasant willow arbours
And hear the news from Scilly's tide
Or gossip from the seaboard harbours.

Released from cares that now engage
My faculties until they addle
I'd launch Duck Island's golden age
For all its fowl that fly or paddle;
Each several bird I would befriend,
Coot, sheldrake, pelican or widgeon,
As long as somebody would send
My pay-cheque by some punctual pigeon.

Amid my airy people set
Where human woes would leave me scathless—
The toil, the fever and the fret,
The slights of beauty cold and faithless—
Duck Island should be all my care
And any other ties I'd sever,
Content to live and lord it there
And draw my salary for ever.

MY SOVEREIGN.

YES, here is my sovereign, lying, as I thought, in my little stud-box. There she lies—no, there *he* lies—among the odd links and broken back-studs, half-hidden under my numerous (three) war-medals, one spare safety-razor-blade and all those confounded little useless imitation studs which laundries *will* put into my shirts and someone in the house *will* store away, as if they were diamonds, in my little stud-box.

Here, as I have said, is my sovereign; and I finger it with some affection and considerable doubt. I have just read in the papers that somebody called a "bullion-broker" will give me twenty-seven shillings and sixpence for my sovereign; he will then export it, and it will be melted down, to turn up again, I presume, as a French or American coin, or perhaps a Czecho-Slovakian wedding-ring.

Well, twenty-seven shillings and sixpence is a lot of money for a sovereign. Seven-and-sixpence in the pound is a good deal, even to an income-tax payer. My instinct is to rush to the nearest "bullion-broker" (there are, I have no doubt, quite a number of them in Hammersmith) and sell my sovereign at a profit. With seven-and-sixpence one can almost buy a beer in these days.

But would this action be quite patriotic?

The frightful thing, the absolutely *carking* thing, is that I really don't know. That is the large bone I have to pick with the Lordly Ones (as the author of *The Immortal Hour* might call them) to-day; the Lordly Ones, financiers, bullion-brokers, economists, publicists *et hoc genus omne*, have worked us into such a muddled state of mind that *nobody* really knows what is the patriotic thing to do from one day to another. Especially about gold.

No doubt events move swiftly; no doubt the minds of the Lordly Ones are subject to movements and changes still more swift and incalculable; but my mind (in relation to gold) is, frankly, sluggish, opaque and sterile. While we were on the Gold Standard my mind was definitely hazy about gold; and now that we have gone off the Gold Standard my mind is a vast fog about gold. And, little as I think of my mind, I do *not* believe that I am quite alone in this condition.

Suppose that I were to walk down Piccadilly at five o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon and stopped the first five hundred people I met; suppose I put to them the simple question: "Fellow-citizens, is it patriotic or not at this grave time to sell my sovereign to a bullion-broker for twenty-seven shillings and sixpence?" Many of them would strike me, some would go mad, most of them would move hastily away without framing a reply; and I do not believe that more than one of them would be able to give a firm intelligible answer (with reasons). I know that not so long ago I should have talked of exporting my sovereign at my peril; not so long ago men were blackballed at night-clubs for less than that. Some years ago, I remember, when we were still on the Gold Standard, I mischievously *bought* a sovereign. I made a special journey to the Bank of England and boldly asked for a sovereign. (I wanted company for the sovereign that was in my stud-box.) I forget what the price of a sovereign was at that time, they let me have one. And what a look the Bank gentleman gave me! It could not have been a nastier look if I had asked for a black parrot or a blue machine-gun. I rashly stammered that the transaction was a joke, that I did not really want a sovereign—I wanted to assure myself that the Bank *had* a sovereign and so on. This made things no better. I hastily handed my sovereign back and left the Bank of England under a cloud. And, believe me, it is not a laughing matter to be snubbed by the Bank of England. I had a strong impression that I was *followed* to my home.



Policeman. "IS THIS ONE OF THE BURGLARS, MA'AM?"
Lady. "NO, THAT'S MY HUSBAND. YOU TOLD ME ON THE PHONE TO LEAVE EVERYTHING AS I FOUND IT."

In those days at least things were fairly clear. The traffic in sovereigns was not to be lightly undertaken by the ordinary citizen; indeed, it was much less trouble to buy a revolver. It was unpatriotic to ask for sovereigns or to keep sovereigns. The sovereign, in fact, was scarcely legal tender—though then, of course, we were on the Gold Standard.

But now, what is clear? Nothing. And, really, brothers, it is not our fault. Heaven knows we read the papers enough. We swallow everything the Lordly Ones put before us. But, like the clients of a vaguely-conducted restaurant, we never know which dish exactly is "on" and which is "off." There should be a simple notice at every post-office issued daily for the benefit of the mere mutt, thus:—

IT IS PATRIOTIC TO-DAY TO—

Buy sovereigns | Sell gold | Hoard silver | Export capital | Realise War Loan | Melt pennies | Travel abroad | Pick primroses | Eat new potatoes! and so on.

The postmaster could scratch out the forbidden items every morning as the situation changed, and we should know where we are.

But now, I repeat, where are we? Positively the last official bit of gossip about gold that I heard was that too much gold was going out of the country. And now I am being tempted in the public sheets to sell my last surviving fragment of gold in order that it may be exported. Exported whither? Presumably abroad. Russia? America? Shanghai? Nobody lets on. What do I know about these "bullion-brokers"—even the Hammersmith ones? For



Friend. "WOT'S UP, BILL?"
Pavement Artist (*during sudden snowstorm*). "UP! LUMME, I'VE GOT RAMSAY AND BALDWIN AND A SUNSET AND A SALMON 'IDIN' THEIRSELVES UNDER THAT BLINKIN' MUCK!"

all I know they may be unpatriotic. They may be in league with Japan (or China). My sovereign may be melted down and turned into munitions for use against the innocent Chinese.

Why is the Treasury dumb upon this matter? Why no lead from the Bank of England?

Patriotism apart, there is the question of taste. I cannot forget that my sovereign bears the image and superscription of the Sovereign. It would be one thing to surrender this honoured coin to the gentlemen of the Bank of England, who no doubt would handle it with proper respect, even if they had to melt it; but am I the man to hand my sovereign over to a dirty foreigner to melt, perhaps with indignity? It is against the law for an Englishman to deface my sovereign with a single scratch; and shall some Russian be allowed to boil the whole thing down? Not, I swear, brothers, through any act of mine.

On the other hand, the history of this particular sovereign is a queer one. I acquired it in New Zealand six or seven years ago. And it was minted by the Australians out of American gold. Or so the story ran. At any rate the American Fleet was then in Wellington Harbour, looking very fine; and all the American sailors, looking very fine also, had lots of bright new sovereigns in their pockets. And I, a mere Briton, had not seen a golden sovereign since 1914. So I purchased this one from a nice American officer, who told me that the Americans had taken their own gold to Melbourne, where the Australian Government kindly made it into sovereigns for the convenience of the sailors during their visit. And a very pretty piece of hospitality too.

Well, a sailor will tell you anything; but if it was a true story you will agree that this is rather a special sort of sovereign; and a strange new light is thrown upon the moral problem. It can hardly be unpatriotic to sell an American sovereign; to make seven-and-sixpence out of it may even be a service to the State; and to export it to America would surely be a cousinly gesture. Yes, on the whole I think I shall go to one of these bullion-brokers and tell him to earmark my sovereign for the United States, with my love.

* * * * *

I went. And, as generally happens when I decide to do business, the business-man had gone away for the week-end. However, I had a jolly evening in Town, blueing my seven-and-sixpence; and, returning home rather late at night, I generously tipped the taxi-driver. I pulled out what I thought was a shilling and showered it on the good fellow. And I hope the good fellow knows of a really nice bullion-broker. A. P. H.

Protracted Revelry at the G.P.O.?

"WOLMER'S OLD BOYS SIT TO DINNER FOR TWENTY SEVENTH YEAR: FINE FUNCTION."
Jamaican Paper.

PIPES IN THE STY.

(A man in Georgia has taught his pig to smoke.)

THERE lives a pig in Georgia's far land,
A simple pig, of ordinary type
In no way different from the common brand,
Except for his affection for a pipe.
His owner taught him; why,
Is not apparent to the naked eye.

He may have lived apart, a lonely soul
Remote from man, who felt the urgent need
Of one to play the fellow-smoker's *rôle*
At evening, a companion of the weed;
And, by some happy grace,
Fixed on the hog, from something in his face.

And they have smoked together, this queer pair;
The silent man at peace, no more alone,
The hog reclining with seraphic air,
And each engaged in musings of his own,
United, pig and man;
A charmful fancy; beat it if you can.

Or has the blacker dream possessed his heart
That, as the hog is fated at his end
To suffer smoking, it were well to start
In life, and cure his unsuspecting friend,
Adding, perhaps, to that
That in excess tobacco makes for fat?

No. That would rank him lower than the dog.
O hog, by every pipe your lord has filled
You are immune; O happy, happy hog,
Still shall you breathe, for all your portly build;
For other hogs, the knife;
For you, long smokings and an unslit life.

DUM-DUM.

FAMILY CONVERSATION.

WHEN I go to a play I am struck by the intelligent and connected way in which the members of a family converse with one another.

Family conversation on the stage is always about something. It has point and continuity; it leads somewhere. Every remark fits on to the one that has preceded it. When one person talks the others listen. When he has finished, somebody makes a sensible reply. Nobody interrupts. Nobody misunderstands a perfectly clear statement. Nobody says "What, dear?" in the middle of a well-balanced sentence. Nobody treads on the cat. Nobody coughs or drops things or gets up to poke the fire. Nobody starts talking to somebody about GRETA GARBO when somebody else is describing a curious hand picked up at Contract. Nobody . . .

Well, suppose it was a scene written by Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE. The conversation at my breakfast-table would go something like this:—

Myself (*entering, to my wife*). Here is a letter from Tom, Mabel.

My wife. Dear boy! I adore him. How much does he want?

Myself (*helping myself to bacon from the buffet*). About a couple of hundred will be enough for him this time, he says. He's pulled up wonderfully since he ran off with the bank-manager's wife. I always said he'd be a credit to her.

My son Charles (*already seated*). It's a wonder he hasn't been returned dishonoured. Can I pass you the mustard, Sir?

Myself. Thank you, Charles. You have the perfect manners of your reprobate Uncle Percy. He could never pass a pretty ankle, but he invariably passed the mustard. (*Opening the paper*) I see the Government's likely to split over the new Reparations proposals.

My Aunt Phœbe. My dear James, that is impossible. There are no new Reparations proposals.

Myself (*turning a page*). The Manchurian situation seems rather unpleasant.

Charles. Thanks for the tip, Sir. I shan't apply for it. Is that a good book you're reading with your egg, Gladys?

My daughter Gladys. Excellent. It's an enthralling tale of passion, crime and revenge among the English upper classes.

Charles. These romances of an extinct race are always fascinating. I shall read it when you have gone to the office.

My servant Jane (*entering quietly*). Did you ring, Madam?

My wife. Yes, Jane. Some more hot water, please. And, Jane, I don't mind your learning the saxophone, but would you mind not playing it after ten-thirty?

Jane. Certainly, Madam. I am sorry. I will remember to play the ukelele after ten-thirty in future.

But the actual conversation at my breakfast-table goes something like this:—

Myself (*entering, to my wife*). Here is a letter from Tom, Mabel. He says——

My wife. Tea or coffee, Aunt Phœbe? Yes, dear, what does he say?

Myself. He says——

My daughter Gladys. This egg's underdone, Mother. I do wish you'd ask Jane to give it four minutes.

Myself. He says——

My Aunt Phœbe. Coffee, please, dear.

[*Brief interlude devoted to pouring out coffee, rattling plates, passing salt, asking* Aunt Phœbe *how she slept, and not listening to the answer, which nobody wants to know.*

Myself (*resigned, opening the paper*). I see the Government's likely to split over the new Reparations proposals.

My wife. Really, dear? Sugar, Aunt Phœbe? Oh, Gladys, did you remember to ask Mrs. Wilkins if that was her umbrella?

Gladys. Yes, and she says it isn't. But it's all right about Wednesday.

My wife. I'm glad of that. What did you say, dear? Oh, yes, how tiresome! Will that mean a General Election, do you think?

Myself (*very patient*). It depends on circumstances. Of course, if the Government resigns——

My son Charles (*entering late, yawning*). What on earth's that row in the kitchen?

Aunt Phœbe (*anxiously*). Good gracious! He hasn't come back, has he?

Myself (*irritated*). Who hasn't come back?

My wife. But I think he has.

Gladys. When?

Myself (*exasperated*). What on earth's all this about?

Gladys. Oh, I say, where's my book? I shall miss my train.

Charles. Bacon's cold as usual. Mustard, please, Pate.

Myself (*with admirable restraint*). Look here, my boy. Just because you're out of a job—I'm not blaming you for that, plenty of young men are in your position to-day through no fault of their own—there's no reason why you shouldn't come down in time for breakfast, like everybody else. Naturally, if you are ten minutes late the bacon——

[*My servant* Jane *enters, dropping the hot-water jug with a crash.*

My wife. Oh *dear*, Jane. That's the third time.

Jane. Sorry, Mum. The handle come off in my hand, Mum.

[*Defeated, I bury myself in the financial page.*

And then they say that the stage holds up the mirror to life!

"WALKER CUP GOLF
U.S.A. and Britain Wait for Each Other
To Move."—*Weekly Paper.*

We deprecate the intrusion of chess tactics into golf.



Old Lady (having asked her visitor how to pronounce "Chauffeur"). "THANK YOU, MY DEAR. YOU SEE, WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL WE HAD ONLY A SPLUTTERING OF FRENCH."

THE BRIDGE-BREAKERS.

[The London County Council, fortified by the promise of a sixty per cent grant from the Government, are apparently resolved to act on the recommendation of their Improvements Committee, of which Sir PERCY SIMMONS is chairman, and pull down Waterloo Bridge, erecting in its place a new structure carrying six lines of traffic.]

THOUGH they dwelt at Boar's Hill on contiguous ridges
Like DAVID and JONATHAN, MASEFIELD and BRIDGES,
The latter, by virtue at least of his name,
Was endowed with a strong preferential claim
To cope with that burning and intricate question—
The problem of cis- and trans-pontine congestion;
While the Muse of the former is far more at home
In singing the praise of the salt-water foam.
When laureates are dumb or remain in seclusion
The doggerel bard might refrain from intrusion;
Yet *Punch*, though unwilling to join in a strife
Where Commerce and Art are at war to the knife,
Feels free to express his profoundest regret
That the burden of London's municipal debt
Should just now be increased by so pretty a penny
Through scrapping the elegant structure of RENNIE,
And trebling the traffic whose cross currents meet
At the critical corner of Wellington Street.
Though backed by the Treasury's liberal grant
In the manner of CANNING, great SIMMONS may chant,
"*Nous frapperons l'Art* with our sixty per cent,"
Punch, fitly inspired by Horatian *afflatus*,
Disapproves of these new *Persicos apparatus*. C. L. G.

THOSE WE KNOW AND LOVE.

THAT KNOWING CHAP.

HE always seems to know a special way of doing something. There is nothing objectionable in this by itself, but the annoying part is that he always seems to know a way of doing something better than you are doing it yourself and inexorably insists on putting you right. He will even—if you have no weapon about you—attempt to make you do it his way.

"My dear old chap," he will protest loftily, "*that*'s not the way to help yourself to Stilton."

"It's the way I usually do it," you reply.

"But you want to scoop out the *centre*."

"I always take the *outer* portion," you retort stiffly. To be accurate, you previously did not give a curse; now of course you are going to hate the centre for the rest of your life. He affects people like that; indeed he is an unconscious force in the world. Many easy-going fellows have developed and held almost fanatical convictions as a result of his having urged a contrary creed.

"Nonsense!" he says briskly, seizes the cheese-scoop and deposits upon your plate a couple of shovel-loads of what is now to you mere rotting blue slush.

You have nothing but your cheese-knife, and the room is too full of witnesses—even though some of them might allow that it was justifiable homicide—so he survives, and ten minutes later is telling you that white coffee sugar is no earthly good, it isn't even sweet; you should always take brown. Gritting your teeth, you help yourself liberally to white unmindful even of the fact that you usually don't take sugar at all.

His knowledge is generally combined with devastating suspicion, as though he had won his experience in the teeth of a hostile world determined to batten on ignorance. "They" (as he calls the hostile world) are always out to do mugs down. But he knows what "they" are after; "they" don't catch him. "Now what you ought to do is this . . ." he continues, thus amiably implying that he considers you as one of the mugs on whom "they" prey.

The part of "they" is widely cast. The Government, trade-unions, the Army, income-tax inspectors, servants—all have supported the *rôle*; even theatrical managements are included.

"Humph!" he says on seeing you enter the club after the theatre one night; "what do you want to dress up like that for?"

"Because it's usual in the stalls."

"Rot! It's a put-up job on the part of the management—they feel prosperous when they see the shirt-fronted stalls stretching away to the back rows."

He pauses and suddenly looks at you in the amused and superior way of a Londoner who sees a country bumpkin handing his watch over to a complete stranger. Then he adds, "I suppose you were in the back rows?"

"As it happens," you admit stiffly, "the house was pretty full and I——"

He laughs. "I wonder if you realise that quite possibly the seat you occupied was part of the pit the previous night? If there's a run on the stalls 'they' just move thé pit-barrier back one or two rows. Result: the very same seat for which the night before they only got three-and-six can be sold to some mug for twelve-and-six." He has hardly, you must admit, the most charming way of putting things. "But I know these fellows. I know just how to baffle them."

"How?" you have to ask, while you clench and unclench your hands.

"Always go to a theatre where you can *book* pit seats and ask for seats in the middle of the front row."

You detect an obvious fallacy, and to try to catch this fellow out is held a sacred duty by you and your friends. "Suppose they haven't got them for the night you want?"

He smiles tolerantly at you, as you would at a blundering insect climbing laboriously up a blade of grass and down the other side, instead of going round it.

"The night I want, my dear man, is the first night on which they *have* seats in the middle of the front row."

You feel a fool; but you have an idea you would not lack a subject of mutual agreement with several box-office managers who have no doubt received the same retort.

"It may be some months ahead," you object feebly.

"Well, what's wrong with that? Instead of tying myself down to see a show on a fixed night, as the majority so unintelligently do, I aim at seeing it on what-ever night I can get the best seats possible for my money—probably, as I pointed out, stalls for pit prices. Then I keep the tickets in chronological order in my pocket. For instance"—he pulls out a pocket-book with the air of a bored uncle showing a backward child his pretty tick-tock—"my next show will be *The Idle Hour*. I'm just waiting till the date comes——"

He stops abruptly, staring at the ticket and forgetting to shut his mouth. Something has shaken him.

You have a sudden suspicion, a gloriously exhilarating hope; but no, it is almost too wonderful to be true.

"When are you going to see it?" you ask, your voice trembling with strong emotion.

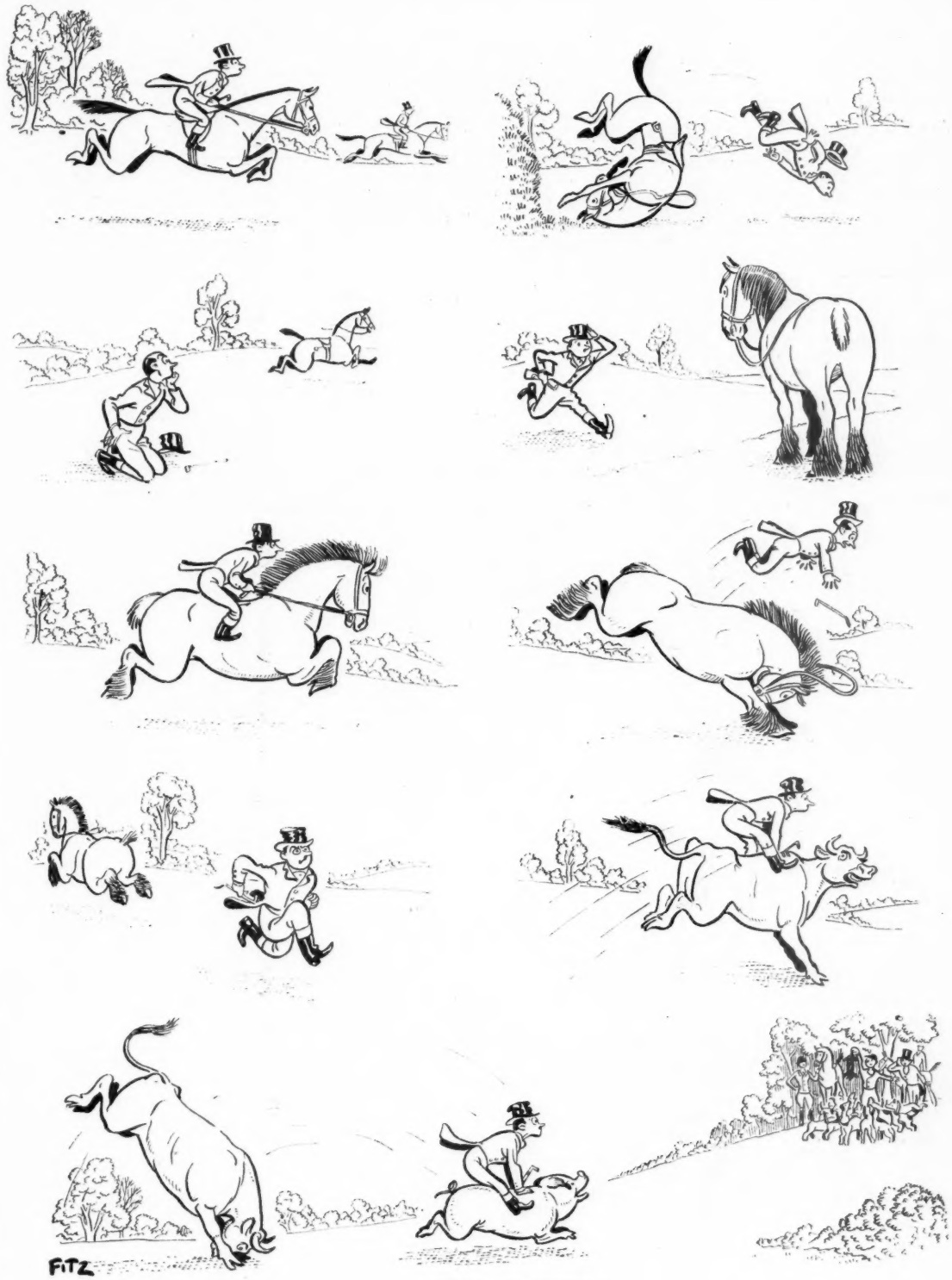
"Well, I—that is——" He bustles the ticket away with great nonchalance. "I may not go after all," he concludes loftily. "If one has only spent three-and-six one doesn't much mind not going after all if one finds something better to do."

"Exactly," you say, looking fearlessly at him for the first time for many months.

He makes a final attempt to re-establish himself. "Far better than



Difficult Customer (referring to the hat in his hand). "SO THIS IS THE LIGHT-WEIGHT. NOW LET ME TRY ON THE FEATHER-WEIGHT."
Assistant. "THAT, SIR, IS ALREADY ON YOUR HEAD."



"THE STICKER."

paying twelve-and-six, like you did to-night, eh?"

"Well, frankly I didn't," you retort. "I got complimentary seats. Cheaper than pit seats even, and one sees the play—which," you add meaningly, "one sometimes forgets to do from the pit."

"I know a good way to get free seats for concerts," he mumbles; but you have him beaten.

"Another time," you say rudely and get up. You now know for a wonderful certainty that never again will he try to tell you, at any rate, of a better way of doing things. A. A.

Things Which Could Scarcely Have Been More Beautifully Expressed.

"Members of the Manchester Centre of the British Undertakers' Association and their friends met last night . . . Rev. W. —— said that if all undertakers were of one mind —and in this respect the association had done a good deal of spadework,—he thought Government registration, or whatever they might call it, would be within reach."

Manchester Paper.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ ON OUR MANNERS.

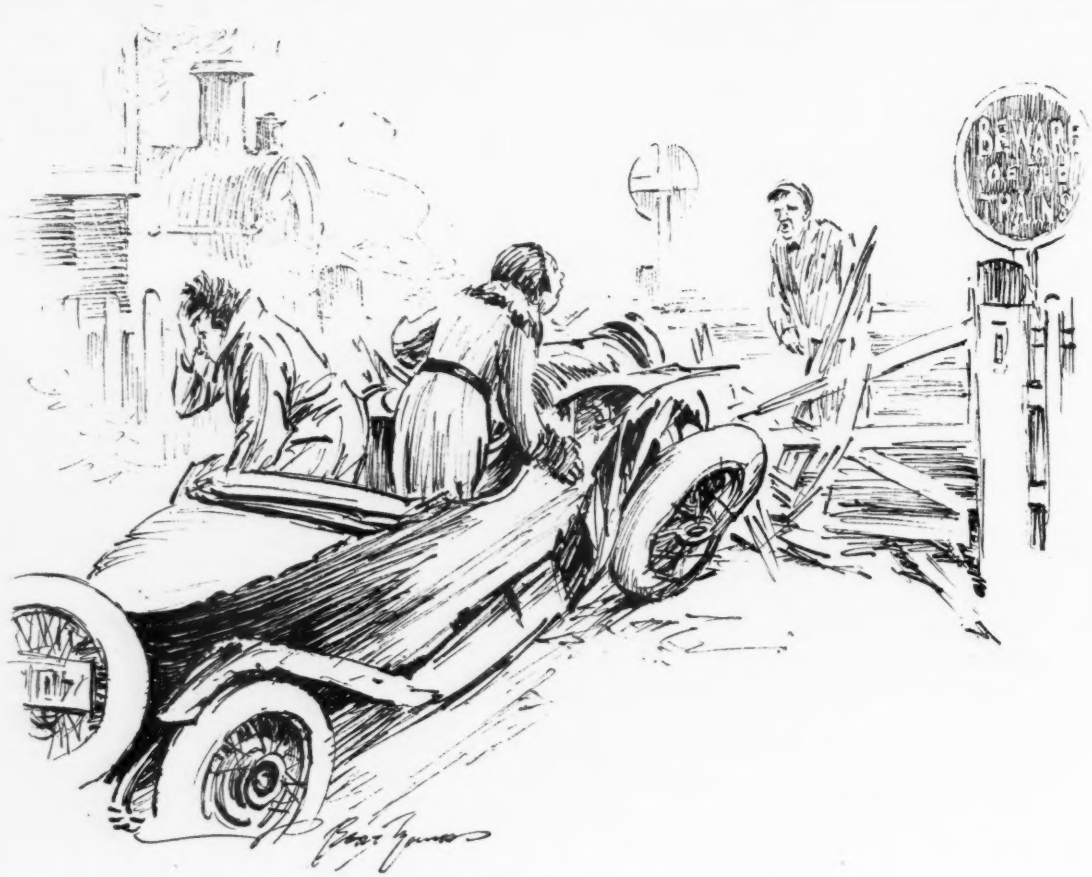
VOUS vous souvenez, ma chère fille, lorsque vous fûtes à Paris, que le Roi Louis XIV. aimoit beaucoup la chasse. Quelle énergie, quelle adresse! Tous les gentilshommes aimoient l'exercice au grand air, et moi j'aimois les promenades; j'étois ravie de m'en aller dans mes bois aux Rochers.

Les Anglois aiment beaucoup les exercices du corps, surtout le "criquett" et le "foutbol." Le criquett est assez compliqué; je ne l'ai point vu. On le joue entre l'Angleterre et l'Australie. Les joueurs courent en Australie, on télégraphie à Londres; les joueurs courent en Angleterre, on télégraphie à Melbourne; et ainsi de suite pendant des journées entières. Finalement les joueurs d'un pays ont couru plus loin que ceux de l'autre, et ils gagnent.

Le foutbol, plus simple et moins scientifique, est un jeu fort périlleux, à se rompre le cou, et les enthousiastes qui le jouent luttent avec une férocité incroyable. Ils s'écrasent, ils se jettent par terre, il se foulent les uns les autres, en sautant dessus. Et finalement, leurs costumes fort exigus en lambeaux, les combattants, toujours bons amis, serrent cordialement les mains momentanément ennemies. Pour cette étrange façon de s'amuser il faut une race du Nord, énergique et vigoureuse, et il faut aussi des siècles d'entraînement. Pendant l'hiver des centaines de jeunes Anglois jouent au vrai foutbol. Pour eux c'est la plus plaisante chose du monde.

Mais il y a des foutbols moins périlleux. Il y a le "foutbol assis." On s'assied sur un banc, il se peut dans un bon pavillon, à l'abri du vent, on voit les combattants, on crie, on hurle, on applaudit. Finalement on sort tranquillement, sans aucune blessure. Il n'y a presque pas de danger. On risque seulement de s'enrhumer dans un pré humide, enveloppé de brouillard. Pendant l'hiver des milliers et des milliers, peut-être un million, d'Anglois jouent au "foutbol assis."

Il y a aussi le "foutbol sans-fil,"



"SO SORRY. I TOOK IT TO BE AN *ORDINARY* GATE."

absolument sans danger. Au coin du feu on se met dans un bon fauteuil, ou, encore mieux, sur une chaise longue, on ouvre l'appareil, on entend les cris, les hurlemens, tous les bruits de la foule, et finalement le résultat. C'est le foutbol des fainéants.

Il y a d'autres jeux que je voudrais que j'eusse vus. On m'a parlé du "polo" et du "pitchuntosse." Le premier est le plus dangereux des deux.

Les étrangers admirent le commerce si étendu et l'industrie si merveilleuse de la nation angloise. Les Anglois sont taciturnes, et ne parlent point de leurs affaires. Il sont peut-être fiers de ces choses là, mais l'important pour eux c'est le criquett et le foutbol. Lorsqu'ils ont gagné une partie ils ont des transports de joie. Il y a un Ministre des Transports, qui dirige les réjouissances publiques. H. B. D.

MUCH-NEEDED REFORMS.

THE RAILWAYS.

IN this connection I want:—

(*a*) An indicator in every first-class carriage showing the movements of the Guard from moment to moment, to allow third-class ticket-holders ample time to get away. Also one second-class compartment on every train, mainly to see what kind of people would get into it.

(*b*) More room for my feet. This would be possible, without any reduction in seating accommodation, if the seats were arranged in tiers, as at the circus. Additional advantages of this arrangement would be (1) All seats facing the engine; (2) The removal of the Face Opposite and consequently of the difficulty of Where to Look; (3) The possibility of unfolding the newspaper without seriously inconveniencing more than two persons; (4) Any other advantages.

(*c*) More men with five pounds to spare and enough courage to pull the communication cord to find out what happens.

(*d*) A central terminus for all railways, circular in shape and extending from Trafalgar Square to Marble Arch, with an aerodrome on the roof, palm-trees in the middle and a rest-room for firemen and drivers underneath. (Look out for imaginative sketch specially drawn for *The Sphere* by Anton Gillespie, Advisory Architect to the Yarrow and Barnstaple Light Railway Company, and designer of the new Rotating Goods Yard at Birmingham (Snow Hill).)

(*e*) A stop put to the ridiculous and dangerous practice indulged in by Guards of boarding their trains at the last possible moment. One of them will do it once too often one of these fine days, and then we shall see. You mark my words.

(*f*) The opening of the doors of the old railway-carriage at Waterloo, so that the public may wait for its friends *inside* the thing, not merely at it.

(*g*) A portrait in oils of "The Lady Seen at Vauxhall" by TENNYSON to be placed in all waiting-rooms on the Southern Railway to encourage passengers to alight at that incomparably depressing station.

(*h*) A great Annual Athletic Competition for all employees of all Companies, to include—

(1) Newspaper Race. (For porters only.)

(2) Track-laying Trials.

(3) Trunk-shifting Competition. (Hurlingham style—distance from throw to pitch. No bounces.)

(4) Station Race. (Competitors to announce list of stations from Charing Cross to Maidstone. Results on time and clearness of rendition. London Bridge porters must not compete. *N.B.*—For the purposes of this competition the "h" in Knockholt may be regarded as silent and the second syllable of Orpington elided.)

(5) Visitors' Race. (Open to season-ticket-holders only. To be run in full business costume, with bag, over a distance of not less than 250 yards.)

(*i*) Less of it from that porter at Willesden (or was it Clapham Junction?).



"WELL, PERKINS, WE MUST ALL DO OUR BEST NOW TO HELP ENGLAND."
"YOU BE RIGHT, MUM. US MUST ALL PUT OUR SPOKES IN THE WHEEL."



Hostess. "NO, I SUPPOSE WE *oughtn't* TO BE DINING OUT NOWADAYS, BUT ONE CAN'T BE *quite* A HERMIT. ANYHOW, MY HUSBAND ALWAYS MAKES A POINT OF WEARING A BLACK TIE."

(*j*) Frequent excursions to Thanet, The Mill on the Floss, Witney (for the blankets), Penge East and the Dunmow Flitch; a special Crack Express to Golders Green (non-stop from Tottenham Court Road in six minutes dead); and a through train from Land's End to John o' Groats (approx.), stopping at all intermediate stations to see what *Bradshaw* would do about it.

(*k*) More "labelled" carriages. We still need special compartments for Men Only, Cigar Smokers (Men), Ditto (Ladies), Card-Players, Passengers Intending to Eat Cake and Sandwiches out of Paper Bags, Sniffers, Persistent Talkers, and, in particular, a travelling crèche for babies at the rear of every train.

(*l*) A stop put to the practice of exporting old buffers to Belgium for demolition.

And that, I think, is about all, except that I wish they would sometimes leave the door open at the front end of big engines. The public naturally wants to see inside.

A Big Gun Converted.

"Cannon —— will give an address on 'Disarmament and the Younger Generation.'"
Notice of lecture in Midlands.

DÉGRINGOLADE.

["There are only three hundred-and-eighty-five millionaires left in England."
Sunday Press.]

COME, Sorrow, with the cypress crown!
Come, leaden-eyed Despair!
And weep with me for William Brown
The one-time millionaire.

You knew him by the form and face
And partly by the spats,
A member of the dwindling race
Of hyper-plutocrats.

You knew him by the nose and eyes,
The length of the cigar;
He was most lovely and most wise,
His stud was like a star.

You knew him by the house and grounds,
Too large for any man
Not blessed by fifty thousand pounds
(Or more, maybe) per ann.

And now, by want and famine urged,
He needs must face the plight
Of demi-Crœsuses submerged
In London's awful night.

The marble steps he dare not mount
Nor press the bells for shame
Of erstwhile friends who still can count
Six 0's behind their name.

Their wives have cut him in the street,
Too surely they were told
That several of his lordly fleet
Of limousines were sold.

The second yacht is laid aside
(As usual with the poor);
Who knows how much it means to pride
To have to let one's moor?

'Tis hateful to be unemployed,
But worse by far their woe
Who contemplate the dreadful void
When several footmen go.

Return, Prosperity, return!
Return, Britannia's trade!
Lest other Midases should yearn,
Like William, in the shade.

Dawn, dawn the day, with roses twined,
When William Brown shall dare
To raise his head amongst his kind,
Once more the millionaire! EVOE.

"Cattle, wild or domesticated, sleep in shifts."—*Gloucestershire Paper.*

We wondered how they keep warm.

"'THREE WHO LOVED.'—Puts a new angle in the eternal triangle."
Film Review in Evening Paper.

That should leave it all square.



THE WORLD'S WORST WORKER.

POISON-GAS ALCHEMIST. "I AM ON THE POINT OF PERFECTING MY ELIXIR OF DEATH."

MARS. "THAT'S A PITY, BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO CUT DOWN MY STAFF—AND YOU'LL BE ONE OF THE FIRST TO GO."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 8th.—On an Order Paper containing no fewer than fifty-two Questions to the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA—a burden that the House recognised by giving Sir SAMUEL HOARE an anticipatory cheer—the brightest item was certainly Sir CHARLES CAYZER'S request to the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE that he would impress on English cheese-makers the desirability of manufacturing some of the popular soft cheeses hitherto imported from the Continent. The MINISTER in reply pointed out that cheeses are, so to speak, racy of the soil from which they spring, some being more apt to spring than others. One gathered that, like MILTON'S *Adam* and *Eve*, hard and soft cheeses have their appointed places in the scheme of things:—

"For contemplation he and valour formed;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

It never occurred to MILTON, of course, that the female of the species could be deadlier than the male. It must occur to Sir CHARLES CAYZER that a Wensleyburger is beyond contemplation and a Stiltonbert however soft would be void of attractive grace.

The best way to prove that a House divided against itself *can* stand is to invite some hostile force to give it a push. The National Government is not exactly an immovable body, but then neither is Mr. LANSBURY an irresistible force. The impact punctually occurred this afternoon, but the edifice remained *in situ*.

The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, to do him justice, is too sagacious to have expected to play the great earth-shaking beast on this occasion. His missiles were not so much bullets aimed at the adversary's heart as snowballs aimed at his top-hat. It was his privilege to paint the Government as a pantomime donkey—that mirth-provoking animal whose rough-hewn ends are presided over by competing destinies—and gild it as the unsynchronised centipede, and Mr. LANSBURY would have done well to stick to airy persiflage.

Mr. BALDWIN, in pleasant historical vein, disposed of the constitutional aspect of Cabinet responsibility by pointing out that the real beauty of British constitutional precedent was that it bound nobody. The National Government was an experiment, and since there were no precedents for behaviour why not make them?

Why not? echoed Sir DONALD MACLEAN. He might have added that his colleague, Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, *had* made one "and then some," but it remained for Earl WINTERTON to point that out, adding that while Sir HERBERT'S forcible method of agreeing to differ was quite justifiable it proved



THE LESSON IN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.
MR. JACK JONES.

conclusively that the experiment would not work.

Previously Mr. BUCHANAN, in novel and graceful terms, had congratulated Mr. ANSTRUTHER-GRAY, the Conservative Member for North Lanark,



MAJOR GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE FOLLOWS IN HIS FATHER DAVID'S FOOTSTEPS.

on his maiden speech. Subsequently Mr. JACK JONES made a speech setting out the constitutional objections to the Government's departure from precedent in unexpectedly lucid terms.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL contented himself with the briefest reply on the Government's behalf before the Motion went to inevitable defeat in the Lobbies.

Tuesday, February 9th.—To-day was Mr. RUNCIMAN'S Big Day. If Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is the father of the Trade Bill, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE is its benevolent uncle-by-marriage. He, better than anyone else, better even than the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, understands the way in which economic theories are translated into business results and how the sterling hen has been groomed into an adequate substitute for the golden goose. A Free Trader by tradition, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE explained to the House the hard facts of the situation that had made him a Protectionist by necessity. "It is easy," he observed with a certain Rochefoucauldian dryness, "to be a doctrinaire if you have not to take action." But Britain had to take action to save sterling, to balance the Budget, to redress the balance of trade, to help British industry and to bring some relief to the taxpayer, and the only possible action was a tariff—not a tariff *in terrorem* that the foreigner would treat as so much bluff, but a tariff in being.

Dealing with the anti-dumping measures, Mr. RUNCIMAN pointed out that they had had some far-reaching and unexpected effects. They had, for example, increased the cost of funerals on the Gold Coast, for which it appeared that a second-hand frockcoat (imported from the U.S.A. to the East End of London, refaced and exported again) was *de rigueur*.

These Abnormal Imports Orders the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE likened to a surgical operation. The Ten-per-cent General Tariff was a mere slimming operation. At the same time it would raise some much-needed revenue without increasing the cost of living. In conclusion Mr. RUNCIMAN warned the House against optimism and pleaded for commonsense. "These are matters," he said, cocking a dubious eye at Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, "which do not call for a parade of conscience, but for the exercise of a well-balanced intelligence."

Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT having given the proposals the blessing of the whole-hog Protectionists, Major LLOYD GEORGE, speaking from the Opposition Front Bench, delivered the family challenge. The HOME SECRETARY had delivered an able defence of Free Trade, but it would have been more effective if it had been delivered from the Opposition Front Bench, and most effective of all if it had been delivered

before the Election, in which case they might not have had the pleasure of seeing the right hon. gentleman in their midst. Really the right hon. gentleman must recognise that he could not keep his porridge *and* throw it in the faces of his warders.

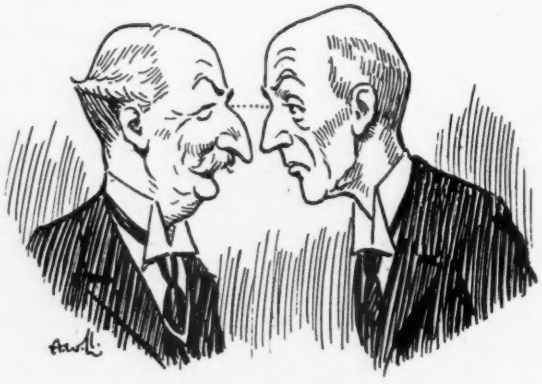
The House cheered this apt and refreshing simile, a chunk of old Welsh limestone—one might almost say Limehouse stone—fresh from the Criccieth ammunition-dump. The voice was the voice of GWILYM, but the hand was surely the hand of DAVID! Anyway the speech was Major LLOYD GEORGE'S and well deserved the handsome tribute subsequently paid to it by the LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

Wednesday, February 10th.—The House of Lords has no lack of trenchant speakers; but it got a distinct fillip from the devastating and occasionally acid periods of the LORD PRIVY SEAL'S maiden speech.

It was appropriate that the Motion regretting the Government's abandonment of Cabinet Responsibility should emanate from Lord BANBURY, that sturdy "troglodyte in a topper," even if it left him for once in the strange bedfellowship of Lord PONSONBY. Lord SNOWDEN swept aside with a contemptuous word all talk of precedents. They left him cold. If they had always followed precedent they would still be living in caves and subsisting on shell-fish and wild berries. It was obvious that in Lord SNOWDEN'S idea that is just about how Lord BANBURY *does* live, but he is far too polite to say so.

The Commons made progress with the Report Stage of the Customs Duties Resolution, whereafter, amid loud Ministerial cheers, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN brought in the Import Duties Bill itself. During the debate Sir P. HARRIS of Bethnal Green, metaphorically holding his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes, wept like anything to see the Government taxing the working-classes' food. It was very moving, but unfortunately Major ELLIOT spoiled the effect by promptly reminding Sir P. HARRIS that every Party in turn had wrung large chunks of revenue out of the people's food. The late Government had got £15,000,000 that way. The part of the Government's programme that involved taxes on foodstuffs and the part that promoted employment could not be considered separately.

Thursday, February 11th.—This was hardly an auspicious moment for Lord LOVAT to be asking what was the estimated cost of the Palace of the Nations at Geneva and to what extent British firms were to participate in the erection of its cloud-capped towers. It did not appear from Lord HAILSHAM'S reply that British firms were participating at all, but that may be, as Lord CECIL soothingly suggested, due to geographical conditions. Lord HAILSHAM admitted that the British Empire's share of the total cost was a very large proportion of the total, but deprecated the idea that the results should be assessed in terms of what British contractors got out of League of Nations contracts. He did not, however, mention an alternative basis of assessment.



SEEING EYE-TO-EYE.

ON THE QUESTION OF AGREEING TO DIFFER, LORDS BANBURY AND PONSONBY AGREE NOT TO DIFFER.

What with Sir JOHN GILMOUR'S statement on the Government's Agricultural Policy and the details of the Import Duties Bill, the Commons found themselves supplied with more than enough economic pabulum for the week-end. Sir JOHN'S announcement, given in reply to a private notice Question by Sir D. NEWTON, was necessarily brief, but had more substance in it than any similar announcement within living memory. Even at that it will hardly satisfy the farmers, who are to pay more for their fertilisers and food-stuffs, while the "live quadruped animals," as the Import Duties Bill puts it, of the foreigner, and most of their deceased carcases continue to enter the country free of charge.

À propos of quadruped animals, another serious anomaly calls for mention. Old *Punch* readers will remember the railway-guard who allowed a tortoise to be carried free because it was "a inseck." Now it seems that stick-insects will be dutiable unless the Zoo can wangle them in under the classification of tortoises.

The House agreed to the SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S motion for the appointment of a new King's Bench Division judge, but not before the age of judges, the pervasiveness of judicial humour, the inadequacy of judicial salaries and kindred topics had been respectfully ventilated.



THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T HAVE ANY SOUP.

"O take the nasty soup away!
I *won't* have any soup to-day."—*Struwwelpeter.*

LORD SNOWDEN.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Prettily.

"Finally the Committee would like to take the opportunity of recording its gratitude to the Musical Society and to Mr. and Mrs. —— for the last-minute postponement of their concert."—*School Magazine.*

"BERLIN ORCHESTRA FILLS THE ALBERT HALL."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Surely they should have left some room for the public.

"I sat through the play on a couple of sandwiches."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

We could never have refrained from eating them in the first interval.



PICTURESQUE ASPECTS OF OUR LEGAL SYSTEM.

A SOLICITOR BEING STRUCK OFF THE ROLLS.

A PUBLIC LOSS.

WITH EDGAR WALLACE cut off in his creative prime, the excitement of nations may be said to be eclipsed; for no one had worked more continuously than he during the past few years to keep readers and playgoers on the *qui vive*.

How many stories and plays EDGAR WALLACE had to his name must be left to the statistician to compute; but there was once such an outpouring of new books from his pen that one of Mr. Punch's artists depicted a customer at a bookstall being asked if he had "seen the Mid-day Wallace." Again, when the novelist-dramatist announced his intention of standing as Candidate for the Aylesbury Division, another of Mr. Punch's artists seized on the event as the subject of a cartoon. As a matter of fact, EDGAR WALLACE did stand as a Liberal for a Northern constituency in the last Election, but was beaten.

He was one of those writers who never talked about his work. Having completed the day's duties, chiefly by dictation, he turned to the real business of life, which was living, not uncomplicated by racing. The Turf was his ruling passion, and he would rather have succeeded in placing Nos. 1, 2 and 3 in the Derby or the Cesarewitch than in having three plays running in London at the same time. If he gave to horses much of what was meant for mankind, no one has the right to blame him, for if any man ever deserved his relaxations it was he.

His first book to be popular, *The Four Just Men*, remains, in the opinion of many, his best in the criminal *genre*, but the African series, of which *Sanders of the River* is the central figure, has a quality all its own, and may endure longer than the thrillers. In *People* he narrates many of his own experiences as a poor orphan boy on his way, so to speak, from Log Cabin to White House. Few people have seen his volume of ballads of the Boer War—*Writ in Barracks*—published in 1900, one poem in which expresses very poignantly the feelings of an exile from Fleet Street. "When London Calls" is the title, and seldom has the glamour of the City that the writer knew so well and made the background of so much of his work been better suggested.

It sometimes happens that the first word to come to mind is also the best, and there can be none of the poets that extolled this master-craftsman's virtues who was not gratified to find that the only rhyme to "Wallace" was "solace."

MODERN ENGLISH USAGE.

A MEMORY OF THE SILLY SEASON.

IT was one of those wet blustery Saturday afternoons to which we strove all last summer to accustom ourselves, and with a week's work behind me and the better part of a steak-and-kidney pudding inside me, I sat down with a book and a pipe and the prospect of a happy hour or two before tea.

My new book was FOWLER'S *Modern English Usage*, and as I opened it I was looking forward to some interesting and perhaps slightly controversial matter and to the off-chance of picking up a wrinkle or two which might go to enrich my own literary style. I am a free-lance journalist by profession, and at that moment I was a particularly complacent one, for I had just got off two rather snappy articles which I was satisfied would find favour each in its own sphere: a dissertation on some of the more rarefied aspects of Free Love, for *Helen and Hibernia*, and a pleasantly futile little thing for *The Daily Blunder* on that holiday-season evergreen, the Sea-Serpent.

It was with a sense of well-being, therefore, that I opened FOWLER at *a, an* (1); *Abandon, n.*; *abattoir*, see FRENCH WORDS; *Adverbs, position*

of.... But, as I read on, my absorption became tinged with uneasiness and I began to turn the pages with a sort of feverish haste. I read: "*Connexion -ection* (1) The first is the right spelling. *In connexion with* . . ., a formula that everyone who prefers vigorous to flabby English will have as little to do with as possible. . . ." *Flabby?* Was my style *flabby?* It had always struck me as rather virile in character. . . . "*Character* . . . . if the writer realises that at the same moment as he degrades the word he is making his sentence feeble and turgid. . . . ." Then my eye was caught by the page headings: SOBRIQUETS, POPULARISED TECHNICALITIES, POLYSYLLABIC HUMOUR, GENTEELISMS, JINGLES, FRENCH WORDS, ELEGANT VARIATIONS, VOGUE WORDS and BATTERED ORNAMENTS. With a sickening sense of foreboding I turned up these lists. I found there whole nests of my favourite expressions summarised curtly as "weaknesses incidental to youth" or "incurable vice of minor novelists and reporters." Why had I not realised that by the substitution of *stomach* for *belly* I was committing a GENTEELISM? JINGLES I somehow appeared to have avoided, but in so doing who knows what ELEGANT VARIATIONS I had not perpetrated? And had not "the herd spirit" been leading me day after day into VOGUE WORDS—I called to mind "snappy comeback," "fruity" and a dozen other atrocities—when all the time I thought I was displaying "an alert mind"?

I had studied some six of these lists, examined and found myself guilty on five counts, and was scanning BATTERED ORNAMENTS with a tear-dimmed eye when my landlady knocked at the door.

"A Mr. Fowler to see you, Sir."

I rose. "Show him in," I said uncomprehendingly.

"*Step* this way if you please, Sir." My senses reeled and I nearly dropped the book, for I could swear I had heard my guest mutter "GENTEELISM!"

"You will no doubt be surprised to see me, Sir" (Not 'arf I was!), "but perhaps you will forgive my intrusion when I explain that my visit is in connexion with your work." (I distinctly caught the *x* in *connexion*.) "I have been hearing of your literary promise and I thought that I might possibly be able to help you a little."

A guilty blush suffused my gills; but this kindly and dignified scholar would surely judge me leniently, and the rhythmic flow of my prose would be certain to sweep him on past offending details. "I am indeed honoured," I said; "won't you sit down? The couch is——"

"GENTEELISM," murmured my guest again. "Is not the old word *sofa* good enough for the youth of to-day?"

The question was plainly rhetorical, so I made no comment.

"Have you anything of your own here that you could read to me?"

Trembling with gratification I admitted that I *had* a copy of an article for *The Daily Blunder*, and if he cared——"

"That will do quite well," he said briefly.

I fetched my carbon-copy, sat down and cleared my throat: "*The Sea Serpent Again.*"

"With a hyphen, I trust; see *hyphens*, 3, B," interpolated Mr. Fowler.

I hastily repaired the omission and went on: "In days gone by this was the time of year when we liked to picture the wave-girt shores of Albion frequented by happy sunburnt holiday-makers, but nowadays, alas, King Sol decrees otherwise, and. . . ."

"Sobriquet-ridden" was my guest's terse comment.

Of course I knew that the tone of my article was a trifle facetious, but not more so than the season and the public demanded.

". . . . and so to-day we loiter dismally at the windows of our lodgings, gazing perhaps over the—" (*silver streak* I had written, but I hastily substituted *English Channel*), "looking out hopelessly for some excitement which might counteract the effect of the monotonous grey rain or endeavouring——"

"A GENTEELISM. Why not *trying*?"

"Yes, why not *trying*?" I echoed, a bitter irony behind my words. This constant interruption was getting on my nerves and spoiling the flow of my prose.

". . . it was in just such a mood that I stood yesterday gazing out of my hotel window on to Sunnybeach's wind-swept shore. Suddenly I caught sight of something out to sea which thrilled my hitherto disgruntled soul. Was it—could it be? It surely was—that fabulous monster of ancient marine lore—the Sea-Serpent. And no common-or-garden specimen either, for it appeared to have two ships in tow—a brace of ocean greyhounds in the slips.

"I raced down to the seaboard, disturbing in my hectic rush the osculatory *tête-à-têtes* of sundry hardy couples. Here at last was the chance to make my name. The psychological moment for action had arrived——"

A hoarse choking sound made me look up. Mr. Fowler was nearly purple in the face.

"Dreadful, dreadful!" he spluttered. "No, no; no more! Do you not realise that your article is one long outrage against literary taste? Can you not hear SOBRIQUET upon SOBRIQUET? POPULARISED TECHNICALITIES struggling for breath among a host of BATTERED ORNAMENTS?"

"Won't you be more explicit?" I asked in a level tone.

"With pleasure. Now take *disgruntled*—WORN-OUT HUMOUR, my dear Sir. Then again *common-or-garden*, a POPULARISED TECHNICALITY and stale—very stale. And after that came *ocean greyhounds*. I know you are a journalist, but is that sort of thing *really* necessary to your calling? Going from bad to worse, we get *osculatory*—POLYSYLLABIC HUMOUR of the grossest kind; *tête-à-têtes*—*see* FRENCH



Outraged Lady (to Editor of country newspaper). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY PUTTING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF MY DAUGHTER'S ENGAGEMENT UNDER 'ANGLING NOTES'?"



Student of Character. "IN YOUR OUTDOOR LIFE AS A SHEPHERD YOU MUST HAVE HAD MANY HOURS FOR QUIET MEDITATION. HAVE YOU REACHED ANY INTERESTING CONCLUSIONS ON LIFE AND NATURE?"

The Shepherd. "NO, SIR, BUT I AIN'T DONE THINKING YET."

WORDS; and then *hectic rush*. Possibly as you ran there might have been a hectic flush on your face; you do not look robust" (I winced); "but *hectic rush!* And lastly *the psychological moment*. My dear young man, do you not realise that in dragging in that threadbare expression, originally a mis-translation from the German, you are being guilty of a POPULARISED TECHNICALITY, a HACKNEYED PHRASE, a BATTERED ORNA——"

I saw red. Snatching up his accursed book, I was just bringing it down with a crash on its author's shapely head when I awoke with a morbid craving for tea. And thus was I timely saved from adding to the volume's list of BATTERED ORNAMENTS.

Sherbert Samuel.

"The Home Secretary simply effervesced with hostility to the Tariff proposals of the Government."—*East Anglian Paper.*

". . . on the 600 yards of road over which Mussolini and his suite will travel on Vatican State territory gangs of workmen and steam-rollers are at present continuously engaged in smoothing the way."—*Daily Paper.*

The new diplomacy?

OUR CULTURED CRABS.

[We learn from *The Daily Mail* that a crab belonging to the Zoological Gardens recently entered a bungalow and made off with a toothbrush and a photograph of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.]

IT's a habit of us humans to be hasty
When considering a creature like the crab;
Though admitting that when tinned he may be tasty
And agreeing that when dressed he's far from drab;
We're apt to think of crabs in terms of STACPOOLE,
Of fearsome fellows with gigantic jaws;
We're apt to think of crabs that bit at Blackpool
Or clung at Clacton with unkindly claws.

But now we know from Mr. L. R. BRIGHTWELL,
Who tells *The Daily Mail* about the Zoo
And knows the habits of the inmates right well,
That crabs can have their nicer thoughts, and do;
Else why should one have recently made off with
A booty that it cannot mean to gorge—
To wit (and what it must have looked a toff with)
A toothbrush and a photo of LLOYD GEORGE?

O splendid crab, your deed defies our diction;
A cultured soul must hide beneath your shell,
That while you pinch an aid to dentifriction
You pouch a portrait of LLOYD GEORGE as well.

More Press Generosity.

"LET OUR EXPERTS SOLVE YOUR TROUBLES."
Sunday Paper.

"GENERAL OFFENSIVE AT SHANGHAI."
Headline in Daily Paper.

That's probably what he's there for.

"'La Belle Hèlenè' Selection."
Gramophone Record List.

Visiting Paris doesn't seem to have improved her French.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN" (DUCHESS).

MR. CLIFFORD BAX continues his romantic embroideries of historical themes, and his skill and sureness of touch grow with exercise. He has here triumphantly succeeded in making an interesting, credible and, what is more to the immediate point, dramatically effective portrait of the ill-fated KATHERYN HOWARD and of that most baffling of historical characters, the eighth HENRY. For both he claims and wins a great measure of our sympathy. In the *King* we see not the mere victim of unbridled desires and uncontrolled revengefulness, but a man of real sensibility trying to recapture the lost dreams of his youth, to wipe out the bitter memory of ANNE'S disillusioning betrayal, in the new love of this fragrant, gracious, high-hearted and supposedly innocent young Englishwoman; we see him, after the disclosure of her premarital indiscretions and the discovery of her later infidelity (which discovery Mr. BAX, for his own purpose of enlarging the excuses for the *King's* swift vengeance, dates before the trial and execution), not merely raging with the fury of the flouted egotistic male, but agonising under the pain of the destruction of his rebuilt belief in women, whom he so pathetically recognises as necessary to bring out the best and temper the worst in him. And after the axe has fallen we are shown the terrible *King*, his wild paroxysm of fury spent on his huddled courtiers, sitting alone, broken and abject with the misery of his loss.

Here was clearly offered a great opportunity to the actor, and it is due to Mr. FRANK VOSPER to say that, despite the really severe handicap of a formidable cold, he filled out the part in a most convincing way. There were clever hints of the "bluff KING HAL" of the more favourable tradition, of the stark TUDOR pride defending forthright and pitiless punishment as a necessary instrument of policy in a dangerous age, of a generosity not altogether clouded. Nor did the forcefulness and plausibility of Mr. VOSPER'S portrait depend on the more easily contrived fits of nail-biting rage. There were subtlety and depth in it. A remarkably effective make-up added to our conviction. A very fine piece of work, for which author and actor must share the credit.

Mr. BAX'S *Katheryn* again is no wanton, but rather the victim of her youthful ignorance and hampering environment, and of a native generosity prone to give without calculation. Tempted not merely by the bait of a crown but by the pathetic needs of her royal suitor, she throws over the young man of her heart's choice and turns again to him rather in pity than at the call of hot young blood. She has a high courage to delight a *King* accustomed to the cringing of his browbeaten servants and in particular of that "draught of vinegar," the poor-spirited ANNE OF CLEVES. She can look her doom in the face without flinching. A very gracious and lovable creature Miss ANGELA BADDELEY made of her; and I feel sure that those of us who are not burdened with a too detailed historical knowledge will find it difficult not to accept this imaginative reconstruction of a misjudged heroine. So dangerous is the new historical school!

Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY might well go straight to a painter's studio to sit for a canvas to be forthwith accepted as an authentic portrait of CRANMER for the National Portrait Gallery; and there was more technical skill in the repose of his careful acting, with its great value as a contrast to the more violent movement of the piece, than the uninstructed playgoer might guess.



Henry VIII. (*to Cranmer*). "MEET MY FIFTH—KATHERYN, THE THORNLESS WONDER!"

Cranmer . . . . . MR. LAWRENCE HANRAY.
Henry VIII. . . . . MR. FRANK VOSPER.
Katheryn Howard . . . MISS ANGELA BADDELEY.

Mr. JOHN GARSIDE'S bitter ultra-sensitive *Chancellor* was an effective study, as was also Miss MARGARET SWALLOW'S gentle maid-of-honour. Nor did the others of a competent cast fail in support. I do most warmly commend this distinguished piece to intelligent playgoers. T.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

The pretty but unlikely legend industriously circulated about a northern plutocrat deciding to finance an all-star performance of *Julius Cæsar* just to show his ignorant offspring what SHAKESPEARE was like turns out to be baseless. It would appear that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE thought it would be an appropriate gesture to bring back the Bard to His Majesty's for our delectation and that of the happy ghost of Sir BEERBOHM TREE, whom he pictured to us haunting the wings with manifest approval of the efforts of his old associates and subordinates. And certainly Mr. ASCHE has carried out his task with wholehearted respect for the flamboyant tradition of his old chief. Yet I think that perhaps even that bold pageanteer might (on reflection) be a little grieved at the way in which his successor's crowds were allowed, indeed positively encouraged, to get out of hand. I doubt if he would have submitted himself to the ordeal by clamour and continuous interruption of the swift rhythm of his passionate oration which were imposed upon Mr. GODFREY TEARLE'S *Antony*. He might have been disposed to remind the players that there was some important difference between the movements of SHAKESPEARE'S verse and SHAKESPEARE'S prose; and to recall to a few of the subordinate senators and soldiers *Prince Hamlet's* homily on the inconveniences of the very grand manner.

Let us not, however, look a welcome and unexpected gift-horse in the mouth. There was much to delight the eye and the discerning mind. The dark arch in the centre of which the producer set the rich detail of many of his scenes was effective. And there was a fine splendour about the armoured generals in the later scenes. (We had thought the senators a little dowdy, if the truth is to be frankly confessed.)

Outstanding both in popular and critical estimation was the perform-

ance of Mr. GODFREY TEARLE. Here was a rich personality, fiery, subtle, commanding, generous, marked for a great tempestuous career. If the crowd in the forum could be re-drilled and restrained he would be enabled to give its full value to the craftily-ordered oration, which should have been his greatest moment. He did indeed to an astonishing degree surmount the handicap of the clamour and restlessness of the general movement, and by superb elocution contrive to be heard. But it is inconceivable that he should sustain this physical ordeal for long without damage to his vocal chords. Mr. LYN HARDING gave us, thoughtfully, a sick and somewhat apprehensive *Cæsar*, contriving also, rather surprisingly, a most plausible facial likeness to the great man. An interesting performance. Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY spat out the venom of *Cassius* from a wry mouth and was magnificently splenetic and unreasonable in the great quarrel scene. But did he, I wonder, ever suggest any of those qualities for which the grave *Brutus* may be supposed to have loved him? Mr. BASIL GILL presented to us a lovable *Brutus* purged from a dulness to which the supreme worthiness of that noble Roman makes the character somewhat subject; Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON was a vehement and vivid *Octavius*; and Mr. OSCAR ASCHE'S grim *Casca* was there to prove to *Cæsar* that generous proportions are no assurance of an amiable and safe disposition.

To Miss LILY BRAYTON, affectionately welcomed, and Miss DOROTHY GREEN fell the overshadowed parts of *Portia* and *Calpurnia*, and to Mr. H. R. HIGNETT the mere dozen words of the *Soothsayer*—by way of proof, we suppose, that there was rich talent to spare.

A venture to be commended on principle and apt, I think, to convince the legendary plutocrat's young and others of their generation that our great poet is not yet dead, that he can still make the heart glow and quicken the spirit. For which welcome exposition, Mr. ASCHE, accept our grateful thanks. T.

"THE GREEN PACK" (WYNDHAM'S).

The tragic death of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE removes untimely one who has given the theatre-goer much honest and lively entertainment. After his first stage venture, *The Ringer*, which was a popular rather than an artistic success, he at once invented a completely satisfying technique for his particular form of romantic crime confections. *On the Spot*, *The Squeaker*, and *The Case of the Frightened Lady* are in their category masterpieces of construction, fertile invention of detail and vivid characterisation, and no one has found so skilful a formula for the artful blending of humour and horror.

In *The Green Pack* the author, still preoccupied with killing, but in more serious vein, presents us by implication with the defence of a thesis that it is no murder if the victim be of the definitely better-dead class, and the omission to remove him involves serious inconveniences, financial and other, to worthy impecunious heroes. The setting is Portuguese West Africa. We don't so much as catch sight of a policeman, and we are well into the Second Act before anybody so much as shows a threatening gun.



JACK AND THE KNAVE.

Jacqueline Thurston ("*Jack*") . MISS JOAN MAUDE.
Louis Creet . . . . . MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.

Three adventurous Englishmen, "*Tubby*" (Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE), extremely Harrow-on-the-Hillish and all that, *Mark* (Mr. ALAN NAPIER), rather contemptuous of all that "all that" implies, and *Larry* (Sir GERALD DU MAURIER), very resolute, imperturbable and quixotic—all three players present us with neat portraits of the contrasted types—have discovered an unbelievably rich alluvial deposit of gold. Their expedition has been financed by a *Mr. Louis Creet* (Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL) on a gentleman's agreement of share-and-share alike. But no documents have been signed. And while "*Tubby*" is characteristically sure that a gentleman's word is as good as his bond and *Mark* isn't quite so certain, *Larry* has no doubt whatever that *Louis* hasn't a share-and-share alike type of mind. That doubt we endorse when the financier appears—one of Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL'S most unpleasant portraits of thoroughly nasty types—sly, lecherous, bibulous, hypochondriacal, cowardly and definitely indoctrinated with the view (in its extremest form) that business and friendship have nothing whatever to do with each other.

Quite clearly too he has seduced—if we may use so demoded a term—the pretty *Jacqueline* (Miss JOAN MAUDE), the daughter of his doctor (Mr. J. H. ROBERTS) and the *fiancée* of his old friend *Larry*, by the familiar methods of payment of her gambling debts and bestowal of jewelled wrist-watches. And the first thing he does on arrival is to take his pretty mistress to an obscene native dance.



THE KILLING CARD.

(All over bar the Shooting.)

Mark Elliot . . . . . MR. ALAN NAPIER.
"*Tubby*" *Storman* . . . . MR. DAVID HAWTHORNE.
Larry Deans . . . . . SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.

Fortified or fuddled by much mixed drinking, he refuses to sign the agreement starkly presented by the three friends, even after *Larry*, in ugly mood, has shown him an automatic pistol by way of inducement. Shrewd men of business don't give away millions to stranded remittance-men. So the Green Pack is produced and the three friends draw for the Ace of Spades. And we are left to guess which of the three (if any) is responsible for the removal of the inconvenient obstruction, a problem ingeniously complicated by the author and left deliberately unsolved at the curtain's fall.

The setting and the problem give less scope than usual for the author's happy talent of mixing blood and laughter. He seems, indeed, to have wanted to convey a serious message to the ultra-sophisticated untrammelled young woman of to-day. To his *Jacqueline* he gives two bitter speeches, which Miss JOAN MAUDE renders with conviction. Yet we were not able to believe that a young woman capable of a *liaison* with such a paragon of all the vices as the ineffable *Louis* (she actually *liked* the man) could have been also capable of such swift conversion or reconversion into the tender and generous heroine so happily reunited to her stalwart hero. To take her or her message seriously we should have had to take more seriously than we were, in fact, persuaded to do the general situation. Miss MAUDE, however, interpreted her varying moods (which were, *ex hypothesi*, beyond complete reconciliation) with much emotional power. And Mr. J. H. ROBERTS gave us one of those quiet whimsical portraits of which he is a past-master.

T.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—You remember how we used to play at dividing the world into two? Well, I've found a new form of distribution: those who say "Cavalcade" and those who say "Calvacade." You would be astonished at the numerical strength of the second group.

During a conversation the other day on conscience and its vagaries I chanced upon an amusing instance of feminine non-morality. A pretty little woman, married, rich and not without distinction, admitted that whenever she stayed in a hotel where the face-towels were soft she always took one away with her.

I expressed astonishment.

"But don't you?" she asked.

I said that I didn't. I might be lax about some things, but I drew the line at theft.

"Oh, but it's probably not theft at all," she said. "It's adjustment. You're sure to have been overcharged on something."

"What must the laundry think of you?" I asked. "For the towels are all marked with the hotels' names, aren't they?"

"I don't mind about that," she said. "Besides, everyone does it; at any rate, lots of women I know do. But of course only if the towels are soft. So often they aren't."

This is a new idea to me and must be investigated. Meanwhile I am wondering if the reason why so many hotels—English chiefly—give one such rough face-towels is that my friend and her friends have to be guarded against.

She couldn't believe at all in my old-fashioned respect for other people's property.

"Do you mean to say you never take anything?" she inquired.

"I don't think I do."

"But you smuggle?"

"No, not any more. Not since I was caught."

"How bewildering!" she said, with a pitying look. "I should be ashamed if I didn't smuggle something."

From your wonderful Africa—but this time it is West Africa—comes another new thing, the most confusing account of a very odd kind of football-match I have ever read. It was contributed to the *Nigerian Weekly Despatch* by "M.O.O." and purports to describe a contest between Onitsha and Enugu White teams. So far as I can gather neither side had scored until nearly the end. But now you must read for yourself:—

> ". . . But what a surprising event at last, when the match was in neighbourhood to expiration, after which all the lookers-on had given a birth to the ideas of the match to be unfailing drawn!
>
> At the final supposed rush of the team, the Enugu team, more or less, fell in tedium and thus gave way to a fifth toss of the ball right off over the goal. Enugu now got maddened, made all they could, their senewy efforts to revenge, but the Onitsha fearless team was as firm as a rock and could not stir to give way even for half an inch.
>
> The rush of Enugu to give goal on revenge was effortless and the Onitsha team was smartly to receive the ball, made parallel drivings of it, and gave another goal, thus given two consecutive goals by the Onitsha team totally to cihper."

The extraordinary thing about broken English is not that it is written but that it is printed. The rest of the paper from which I take it is all right. We must suppose that "M.O.O." is a person of influence.

Yours, E. V. L.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

UNTIL last week the postman's knock,
As certain as a striking clock,
At half-past eight and ten to four
Went rat-tat-tat upon my door,
And when I heard the letters fall
Like flurry of feathers in the hall
I kept my seat and felt no need
To run and pick them up and read
What news the post had brought
my way;
It never changed from day to day—
The usual wretched batch of bills;
Leaflets on bulbs and books and pills;
An invitation out to lunch;
A manuscript returned from *Punch*,
Nothing exciting, not a thing
To make me laugh or cry or sing. . . .

Until last week. Now, pity me;
At eight o'clock and half-past three
I pace the room and cock my head,
Waiting for that familiar tread,
And try to work, and fail, and start
At the loud pattering of my heart.
And when I hear the garden-gate
It's all that I can do to wait.
Sometimes I'm at the open door,
Holding my hand out, long before
The postman's there. And then I say,
"Er—anything for me to-day?"
Gruffly and quickly, trying to hide
The way my heart goes thump inside.
Oh, has she written? (Queer to think
That a sheet of paper, a spot of ink
Could make my heart do this!) But oh!
That is *her* envelope, I know,
"There's one for you, Sir." "Thanks.
Good-day."
The postman smiles and turns away,
Stops at the gate to touch his hat.
He's short, moustached and rather fat,
Red in the face and lame and old
(His nose gets purple when it's cold),
Yet, as I hold your letter tight,
Somehow he changes in my sight
And swiftly my enlightened eyes
See through his tubby dull disguise.
He *may* be old and fat and slow,
But sure as sun's in heaven I know
He's hot-foot Mercury, whom you sent
(Knowing my mortal discontent,
Dear Venus!) over land and sea,
Bringing your gracious word to me.

"Between Almondbank and Campsie Linn, the cream of the spring fishing, all of which is let, only one fish has been landed, It was got on Lower Stanley on Monday by Mr. Randall. Sir Harry Lauder's bag was four kilts got by spinning."—*Scots Paper.*

Not a single sporran, you observe. Sporrans are never spun.

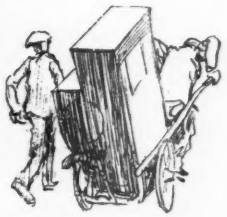


SYCAMORE SQUARE.

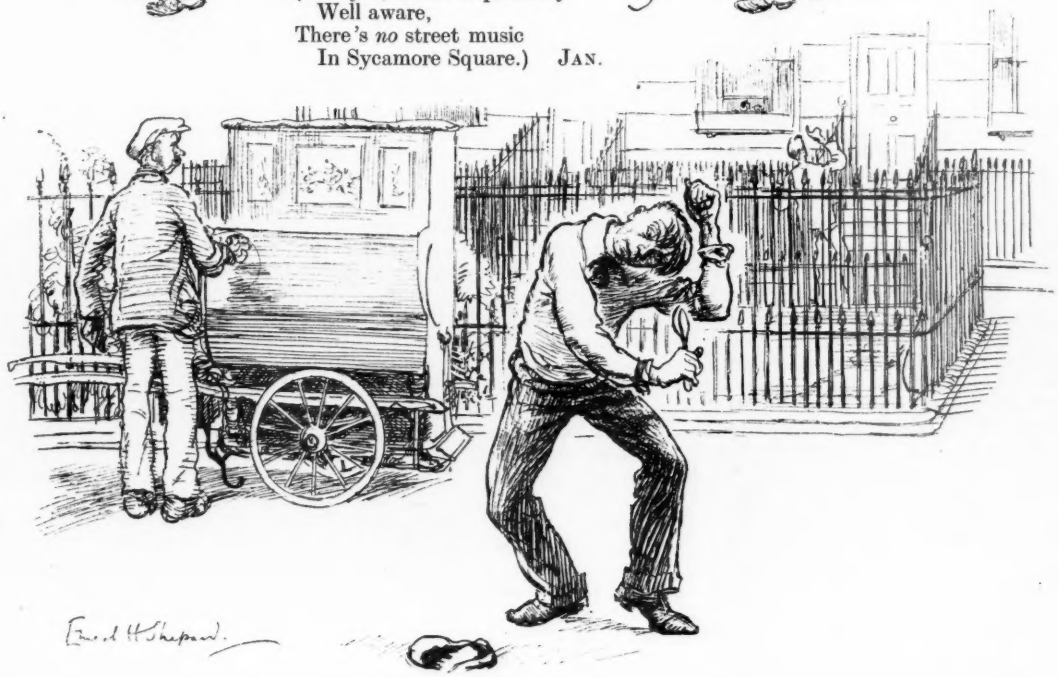
THE MUSICIANS.

"No street music
In Sycamore Square."
So runs the notice—
But who's to care?
On Monday morning
The lame men come
With the saxophone, banjo
And big jazz drum;
The barrel-organ
Is Tuesday's treat,
Trilling and thrilling
And cracked and sweet;
Wednesday's and Thursday's
Excitements are
The fiddle-and-harp
And the steel guitar;
On Friday evening
We always get
A very old man
With a flageolet;
And oh! on Saturday
Afternoons
There's the wizard who plays
On two tin spoons.
(And yet, as we're perfectly
Well aware,
There's *no* street music
In Sycamore Square.) JAN.











Assistant. "SUÈDE GLOVES, MADAM? CERTAINLY. WHAT COLOUR?"
Customer. "OH—ER—COFFEE."
Assistant (ex-waitress). "BLACK OR WHITE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

From Strength to Strength.

IT would be inaccurate to say that in *The Fountain* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) Mr. CHARLES MORGAN fulfils the promise of *Portrait in a Mirror*. For that book did more than promise: it was the perfected expression of a mind and a sense of beauty already mature. But in *The Fountain* there is an even greater spiritual depth, a more explicit idealism. *Lewis Alison*, publisher by profession but philosopher by nature and choice, finds himself, as a member of the naval expedition to Antwerp, interned in Holland; and he welcomes the enforced isolation from exterior activities as an opportunity to pursue in study and thought his quest of the secret of the contemplative life. But in the fort where he is first immured the plans of his fellow-prisoners for escape, in which he is compelled by *esprit de corps* to participate, disturb his meditations; and when, released on parole, he moves to the castle of Enkendaal, he there meets *Julie*, the half Dutch, half English step-daughter of a noble house, who was once his pupil and is now the wife of a Prussian officer. The relations between *Lewis* and *Julie* develop along lines both sublimated and passionate to a climax which is arrested by the return of *Julie's* husband to die; and *Lewis* finds in *Rupert von Narwitz* no rival, but one who, made percipient by suffering, understands his aspirations more clearly than himself. The eternal triangle is traced with extraordinary delicacy on the spiritual plane; and the jarring jealousies of the *van Leydens*, the thwarting currents of circumstance, though they give body and diversity to the story, hardly disturb the grave harmony which is its essence.

Art and Humanity.

Those turbulently meeting waters of pre-War and War-time prejudice, which make such a noisy show of incompatibility before settling down into a common stream, are given a particularly vivid and subtle showing in Mr. RICHARD PRYCE'S new novel. *Morgan's Yard* (COLLINS, 7/6) describes a Mayfair mews characteristically "converted" into a garage or two, several flats and a studio. Of its ten inhabitants, only one boasts a house; and this is the recluse, *Mrs. Chesson*, who lost a husband, we gather, to infidelity and a son to Armageddon. She survives, it seems, only to make a cult of her grief and to surround herself with impenetrable reserve. The rest of the Yard is sympathetically concerned. Was there something over and above young *Nicholas Chesson's* death that embittered his mother's pride in him? *John Cletheroe*, the portrait-painter who has declined *viâ* still-life to posters, gets to know *Mrs. Chesson*—is even given the chance to paint her. But it is *Teddy*

Abinger, the playwright, whose belated triumph at "The Georgians" with *Nineveh* finally secures the clue to the riddle. A simple enough plot, and conventional to the point of audacity in its dénouement, but to me exceptionally interesting in that it deals with artists who cherish a sense of human integrity and realise that if art is to remain the one thing needful the outlook is distinctly unpromising for art. I am not going to say that I enjoyed all Mr. PRYCE'S reverie in caption. His narrative style is a thought too dramatic for my personal taste, though its resourcefulness and animation are undeniable.

A Straight-cut Virginian.

Had Lord HOWE taken upon himself to scoop up the colonial levies entrenched on Brooklyn Heights in August, 1776, which by common consent he could easily have done, then the greatest of Americans must have been known to history, says Mr. NORWOOD YOUNG, only as the general who led his troops into the lion's mouth. But HOWE, like every other English leader except the King, had only half his heart in the task of coercion and history was written with a difference. This first full-length portrait of the famous Virginian to be presented by an Englishman—*George Washington* (DUCKWORTH, 15/-)—is neither very subtle in its analysis nor very striking in its dramatisation, being in fact a perfectly plain and straightforward account of one who found diligence the key to understanding and honesty the pathway to wealth. WASHINGTON did indeed seem born to embody copy-book maxims for, cherry-tree or no cherry-tree, he visibly owed his success to old-fashioned virtues such as courtesy, patience and dignity. He scorned to accept a crown, but died a millionaire; kept a nation fighting for an abstract conception of liberty, but owned a colony of slaves; became the idol of a democracy while remaining the complete aristocrat. In England we have erected statues to his memory; and Mr. YOUNG'S volume re-asserts that the War of Independence was civil rather than national, social rather than political, with so little fundamentally at stake that one might almost wonder, even in this bi-centenary year, whether the verdict might not yet be reversed.



IN THE FAMILY.

Visitor. "IF YOU DON'T BUZZ OFF I'LL CALL THAT POLICEMAN."
The Pest. "HA! HA! DAT PLEECEMAN NO DAM GOOD. 'E MY BRUDDER."

The Home Front.

If there are to be War-books at all—and undoubtedly a well-stocked "keeper's larder" of atrocities should serve as an example to deter—the women should be allowed to say their say. *We That Were Young* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) has from this angle considerable documentary value. It is obviously the record and comment of a woman who knows her material; but being cast in novel form the experience strikes me as too narrowly and imperfectly individualised to move young readers or illuminate old situations. The three heroines portrayed by Miss IRENE RATHBONE pass from similar homes to canteen, rest-hut, hospital and munition factory. A common fervour for suffrage distinguishes them from the average upper-class V.A.D. or W.A.A.C.; and this acute feminism is a disability in a novel whose pathos largely hinges on the frustration of natural happiness. *Joan* keeps her *Colin* dangling from 1915 to 1920 and loses him after the War. *Betty* postpones decisive relations with *Guy* and *Guy* consoles himself elsewhere. *Pamela* alone has no hand in the thwarting of her own felicity. Her *fiancé* is killed in action and she turns to munitions for consolation. The tale of horrors in which women-volunteers bore their gallant part is graphically described, as are also the squalors and meannesses which

for sensitive spirits were perhaps more revolting than horrors. In this connection the author's bias against professional nurses appears curiously illogical. To a thoroughgoing feminist, the competent expert, as opposed to the ministering angel, should, I feel, be congenial.

Plausible Detection.

Genius in Murder is one of BENN'S thin paper novels (7/6), and in it Mr. E. R. PUNSHON once more presents *Inspector Carter* and *Detective-Sergeant Bell*, the one a *persona grata* at headquarters and the other the same shy, retiring, almost pathetically humble inquirer who is always trying to get leave from his superiors to do a little "poking about" on the scene of a mysterious happening, and somehow always contrives at the end to show that he possesses the best brains of the lot. Mr. PUNSHON has put plenty of material into this story, for he contrives to link together about half-a-dozen apparently unconnected crimes with the remarkable murder which *Sergeant Bell* discovers (not perhaps so accidentally as the author would have us think) at the close of the second chapter. Of its class it is excellent with plenty of ingenuity, a pleasant touch of humour and a Scotland Yard that looks to the outsider something like the real thing.

Rose-Tinted Revolution.

Many old admirers of *Sir Percy Blakeney* will be disappointed because, though he plays an important part in Baroness ORCZY'S new novel, *A Child of the Revolution* (CASSELL, 7/6), he plays it so slickly that we do not catch even a glimpse of him. All we have is one of those little notes signed with "the device of a small five-petalled flower roughly tinted scarlet" (Ah, how they thrilled us years ago!) and the satisfaction of knowing that *Sir Percy* told "His Royal Highness" the whole story. It is that of a peasant boy, *André Vallon*, whose high spirits lead him to the whipping-post and whose cleverness and hatred of the upper classes bring him success under *Danton*. Presently *M. le Duc de Marigny* has a couple of cottages burnt down as a lesson to his recalcitrant villagers, *André's* mother is killed and he leads the mob against the château. But it is rather a nice mob and he rather a nice revolutionary, and *Monseigneur's* life is spared on condition that his daughter weds *André*. This is not Baroness ORCZY'S most thrilling story, but, as ever, France in the Reign of Terror is a charming place to visit in her company.

Sleuthing with a Paint-Brush.

Mr. DONALD MAXWELL, in *A Detective in Sussex* (LANE, 6/-), continues the amusing game, which he invented in Kent, of pseudo-scientific reconstruction of the past from the present ground contours, hedges, bridges, water-courses, ruins and variant spellings of place-names in Domesday Book and other documents. He takes round with him a witless "*Watson*" named *Brown*, who, seeing a dried-up dew-pond or a hammer-pot, may be safely reckoned on to exclaim brightly, "Ah! an amphitheatre." Mr. MAXWELL is not too solemn about it all, and having perhaps rather easily deduced that Fowlbrook is a corruption of Foulbrook, is quite ready to tell you of a learned professor who has traced a Fleming, FUGEL by name, and to accept Fugelbrook as the correct solution. The pleasures of tramping are, he claims, immensely heightened by these exercises. But the reader who lacks the skill with brush and pencil here so happily displayed in some thirty charming little topographical sketches will naturally miss something of the ingenious author's well-founded satisfaction.



THE 'CELLIST CHASTISES HIS SON.

An Island Story.

The *Festuberts* were the hereditary princes of Syrilla, which, so Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE tells me in *A Prince of Romance* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is an island in the Mediterranean. The Syrillians had always been a slack and pleasure-loving race until *Braemar Whalen* appeared and, helped by the follies of the reigning prince, succeeded in becoming the dictator of the island. But although the Syrillians became rich and prosperous under *Braemar's* rule, they found life very drear and drab when controlled by a man so sternly-minded that the only decorations in his room "were engravings of Henry Ford, Rockefeller, Mussolini and H. G. Wells." Cramped in style and compelled to work, they longed more and more as the years passed by for the return of a *Festubert*; and at last a youthful prince arrived who absolutely filled the bill. All of which Mr. PERTWEE tells with a humour that is most attractive. An impossible story, but delightfully joyous and jolly.

Alibis.

Mr. CHRISTOPHER BUSH has a mind so ingenious that in the writing of detective fiction it almost becomes a snare. The only flaw that I found in *Dead Man's Music* was that the solution of its mystery was too elaborate, and the same fault seems to be present in his gorily-named *Cut Throat* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). The search for *Sir William Griffiths'* murderer, a remarkably gruesome individual, presented the greatest difficulties because all those who could reasonably be suspected of the crime had apparently provided themselves with perfect alibis. As a student of sensational novels I have lost faith in alibis, but in this case I did not see how Mr. BUSH would contrive to destroy yet another of them. He, however, succeeds in doing it, though I wish that he had given his readers a better chance to assist in the operation.

CHARIVARIA.

"I WAS not present when the French Government failed and resigned," says the Paris correspondent of a morning paper. There is some talk of asking M. LAVAL to do it over again.

***

A Sittingbourne resident says he has three chairs which go back to GEORGE THE THIRD. Lots of people have whole suites which go back to their vendors if the instalments aren't kept up.

***

With reference to the Hampshire tramp who was found to be in possession of five hundred pounds in notes, one theory is that he was saving up to be a taxpayer.

***

The new *Daily Express* building in glass is understood in Fleet Street to be the latest move in the competitive production of early-ripened journalists.

***

We are reminded that it was WILLIAM OF ORANGE who introduced Dutch bulbs into England. It seems only fair to assume that he didn't foresee the catalogues.

***

A man found guilty of burglary said he was a song-writer for the music-halls. The Judge, however, was merciful enough not to take this into consideration when passing sentence.

***

A lecturer says that NAPOLEON ate oysters before every battle. It is significant that the Battle of Waterloo was fought in a month that has no "r" in it.

***

A young author states that he has been writing novels ever since he could spell. Too many novelists begin before that.

***

Last Monday week the jubilee of the frozen meat industry was celebrated in New Zealand; but it was noted that carnivores in this country kept their rejoicings well within the bounds of decorum.

***

Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS's declaration that Bognor is to him what Scotland was to Dr. JOHNSON will have revived local interest in the fact that Mr. NICHOLS is his own BOSWELL.

Amateur gardeners are advised that in using the spade they should conserve energy. Our professional's style is notable for its restraint.

***

It is suggested that, if two hefty men, instead of a girl, were sent with bags of wage-money, the bag-snatchers would think twice. Once for each hefty man.

***

In his exhibited illustrations to the Old Testament Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN neglected to give EVE a face. We wonder if EVE would have complained of this omission?

***

On reading that burglars at a flat in Rome, who found a creditor's ultimatum lying on a desk, were moved by pity to leave money to pay the bill, we have decided to lay our tailor's latest in a conspicuous place at night.

***

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, ex-M.P., has been spending some time in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. It is just as well that M.P.'s, present or past, should have some idea what reporters have to put up with.

An American firm turns out 50,000 bottles of hair-restorer a week. This is known as moss-production.

***

A Stirlingshire man who has been a bell-ringer for forty-two years has been succeeded by his son. The son's son should have an inherited taste for "Grandsire Triples."

***

According to a political writer, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will not ask again for three-quarters of our income-tax to be paid on January 1st. Good. As a matter of fact we heard him the first time.

***

"Few cocktail-mixers drink cocktails." They haven't the courage of their own concoctions.

***

London has nine hundred dentists. If all their waiting-room periodicals could be laid out in a row it would be found that some were even older than others.

***

A Tasmanian aged forty-six who had lived all his life in the bush is said never to have heard of beer. This throws light on the saying: "Good bush needs no beer."

***

A journal of modes reports that cork-screw curls are becoming fashionable again in America. So much for Prohibition.

***

When a door-key is hung outside a house in Sweden it is a sign that the family is not at home. If this is done in England it is a sign that the family is not all there.

***

It is said that suicide is less prevalent in Mexico than anywhere else. What with revolutions and things, nobody has time to get tired of life.

***

A well-dressed man who knocked at the door of a house, explained that he was the son of the landlord, made an extensive list of necessary repairs, and collected a month's rent has been found to be an impostor. The fact of his taking an interest in repairs should have aroused suspicion.

"A STRONGER £ IN THE SPRING."
Evening Paper.

What we really look for is a stronger spring in the £.



AT THE SALES.

Fussy old Soul. "THIS SEEMS A RATHER SMALL FIVE-O'CLOCK TEACLOTH."

Assistant (from another department). "YOU MAY BE RIGHT, MADAM. POSSIBLY IT'S A HALF-PAST FOUR ONE GOT IN BY MISTAKE."

APPLES OF GOLD.

[Being reflections, provoked by the performance of *Helen!* at the Adelphi, on the fact that, whether awarded as a prize or otherwise secured, the apple of Greek mythology (as distinguished from Biblical history) served no practical purpose as an article of food. *Note.*—In this connection the coincidence by which *Venus* and "EVE" both appear in the play, though interesting, has no significance.]

WHEN Eris at the love-feast did a crash,
Not being asked to join the other goddesses,
And introduced, by way of bitter jest,
An apple labelled "For the loveliest,"
And rival beauties broke into a rash,
Their bosoms panting hard inside their bodices;*

And then on Ida of the fleecy ewes
Paris (from Troy), a typical Levanter,
Invited to adjudicate the prize,
Fancied the look of Venus' lips and eyes,
Also her bribe, which seemed the one to choose.
So Venus won the verdict in a canter;—

In all such cases (as when Hercules
Contrived to pierce the Hesperids' defences
And pinched the apples) we are always told
The fruit they got was made of solid gold,
Impotent to promote the stomach's ease
And obviate their medical expenses.

Honour (I hope) was what they sought, and not,
Like Atalanta when she checked her sprinting,
Mere bullion; yet perhaps they had in mind
The thought that, if the currency declined,
These golden ingots would be worth a lot
When offered to the Bank of Greece for minting.

'Twas otherwise with Eve (in Scriptural lore).
Ulterior motives? True, she may have had 'em;
She may, no doubt, have wished to know too much,
But anyhow she used the fruit as such
And munched it—which is what an apple's for—
And found it edible, and so did ADAM. O. S.

* An artistic anachronism, like many of the costumes in *Helen!*

HERE'S RICHNESS.

[An extract from one of the less meticulous passages in Section 5, Chapter III., Book One, of that rich crowded novel, "Acacia Grove, S.W.87." With acknowledgments to Mr. LOUIS GOLDING.]

. . . But now three people we haven't met enter this history. It is strange that we haven't met them, for they live at Number a Hundred and One Acacia Grove, between the Ayes, whose pretty daughter Gladys (known as "Glad" for short) ran away so surprisingly with young Fred Bee of Ninety-Seven, and the Kays, the queer reserved pair (not forgetting Grandad) about whom no one, not even Mrs. Alpha of Number Sixty-Two on the fashionable side of Acacia Grove, could find out anything.

These people, the fact remains, we haven't met. They are the Jays: Mr. and Mrs. Jay and their son William. At the time we are speaking of they had not been long in Acacia Grove. Mr. Jay's father, William's grandfather—a huge old man with a fine roaring voice who had had the reputation in his early days as a railway-porter in South Shields of being able to make himself heard a mile away—had made an unexpected second marriage with a girl in the slipper-making factory which he had been running. Wishing to be free to enjoy the delights of matrimony undisturbed by those of commerce, he sold the factory; and his son George (young William's father), who had been a director, had to look round for something else to do.

He found it in London, where he became "something in the City." Mrs. Jay did not like it half so well as the old days at Nottingham; for one thing there was only half as much money; and she came of a family—her father had been a restaurant-proprietor in Wales, and she grew up with a taste for caviar she would never have had otherwise—that could do a great deal with a lot of money but nothing at all with a little. Mr. Jay was eventually goaded into telling her so, and this it was that caused the quarrel after which she ran off with Charles Jee to Holland five years later and left young William to be neglected while his father took to drink. . . .

But no hint of this was as yet visible. The Jays had been in Acacia Grove only a few months and, though bills were beginning to come in, Mrs. Jay, never having tried to do so, was confident that she could pay them all and never feel it.

William was nine and was just beginning to show a taste for reading. Already he would spend some of his Saturday three-pence at Mrs. Zed's shop at the other end of Acacia Grove. He would pick out a book from the penny box outside and then he would go in.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Zed," he would say; "I'll have this one."

"Right, Master William," Mrs. Zed would reply, wiping her hands on her apron before she took his penny, for like as not she had been washing something. A very clean person, Mrs. Zed; and, besides, did not her son Ben send all his laundry home to her from Leicester every week? If you were in a bank at Leicester you had to be well-turned-out, and, besides, it was cheaper. "Right, Master William! What is it this time? SHAKESPEARE again! Well, you're a great one for reading! And SHAKESPEARE too! I never could read SHAKESPEARE myself!"

"He's wonderful, Mrs. Zed!"

"I daresay, I daresay."

"But he is!"

"Perhaps you're right!"

"I am right, Mrs. Zed."

"Very well, Master William."

"Good afternoon."

"Afternoon, Master William. My best regards to your dear mother."

Out he would go from the dusty little shop, for however Mrs. Zed washed she could not wash her books, much as she would, no doubt, have liked to. And William, with *Timon of Athens* perhaps under his arm, would go and disappear, disappear utterly, sink without trace in the metaphorical waters of Acacia Grove, until he had read it. . . .

Sometimes, it is true, his father would stumble on him in some other house—perhaps Number Seventy-Four, where any of the Jays were always welcome. At Seventy-Four the Owes lived, and had lived for years. Old Isaac Owe had come from America in 1901 with his family of fifteen. It was a wonder how they all managed to get into the house, but they did. The eldest, Joe, a tall handsome youth . . .

His sister, Dorothy . . .

The next two boys, Walter and Howard, oddly contrasted in every way . . .

Sam, the poet of the family . . .

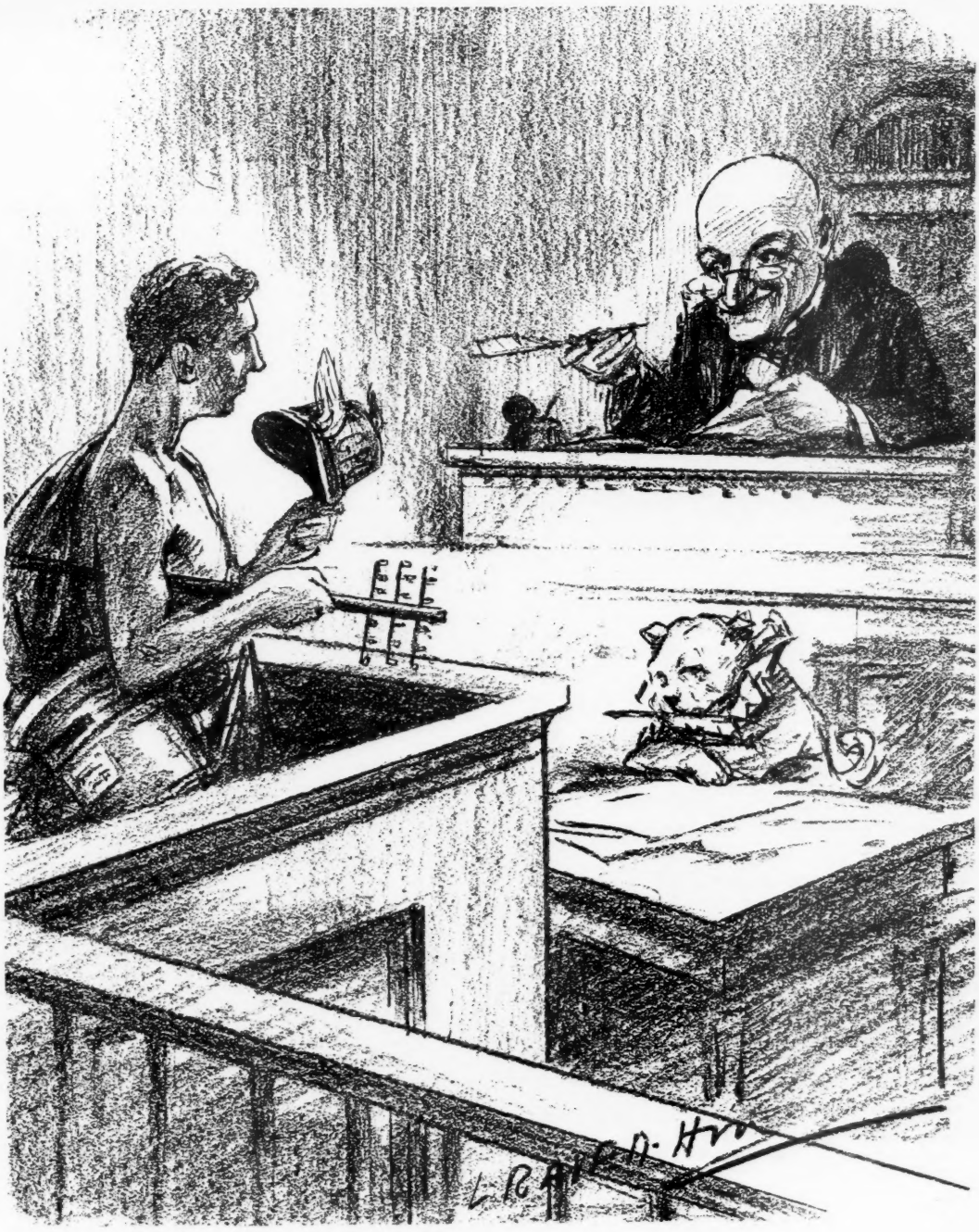
Arthur . . . Jane . . . Oswald . . . Wilhelmina, named after that strange old aunt . . .

Percy . . .

"DRINK SUMMONSES.

"Eight members of the Home Bone Club were summoned as 'consumers.' "—*Daily Paper.*

The nearer the bone the sweeter the mead.



AN OLD OFFENDER.

MR. PUNCH (*to Mercury*). "THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME YOU HAVE APPEARED BEFORE ME FOR DEFRAUDING THE PUBLIC OF A HALFPENNY ON EVERY LETTER. IF YOU WILL GIVE AN UNDERTAKING TO DESIST FROM THESE ACTS OF PETTY LARCENY I WILL DEAL LENIENTLY WITH THE OTHER CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST YOU."

[An enquiry is to be held into the methods of the G.P.O. Meanwhile the P.M.G. has promised to restore Penny Postage before he leaves office.]



Charity Organiser (*trying to persuade Duchess to help*). "WE 'D ASKED THAT *MARVELLOUS* WOMAN, URSULA BUTTONI—YOU KNOW—THE FAMOUS FILM STAR VAMP, TO OPEN OUR SHOW; BUT THE WRETCHED CREATURE 'S THROWN US OVER AT THE LAST MOMENT. SO *I* SAID, THERE 'S ONLY *ONE* WOMAN WHO *COULD* TAKE HER PLACE, AND THAT 'S THE *DEAR* DUCHESS."

THE PIG.

(*Being one of my noted talks on Agriculture.*)

WHENEVER I think of England before the present abominable tyranny of urban civilisation began I see its fair face dotted over with herds of dark beautiful pigs. And now that we desire—or some of us desire—to rehabilitate agriculture, it seems to me that the very least that we can do is to start upon pigs.

> The stately hogs of England,
> How beautiful they stood!
> They wallowed underneath the trees
> In each convenient wood.

How nobly does not *Ivanhoe* open, with *Gurth* the swineherd tending his beautiful charges and talking to *Wamba* the fool.

At the present day forty million pounds' worth of pig-meat, so I gather, is imported into this country every year from abroad. Yet there is scarcely an Englishman who does not depend hourly on the patient pig to nestle underneath his eggs at breakfast-time, to lie beside the bones of his chicken, to intern itself between the slices of his bread.

Doubtless the pigs of old England were not the best pigs as we count pigs to-day. They lacked lard. The cultivation of the rich rounded domestic pig, like that of most agreeable things, began in China, and I suppose that is why LAMB put the story of the pork crackling into the Celestial land. But, tended by rare skill, the pig has flowered and rioted all over Christendom, shedding its fragrant blooms amongst the Teutonic countries in particular, until who can see a Yorkshire White or a Middle White or think of a Westphalian ham without grateful tears?

Why then must England allow this noble cult not indeed to die but to become so insufficient for its bodily and spiritual needs? I say spiritual because I will wager that nowadays no great poem is written, no sermon preached, no fine adventure adumbrated until its author has eaten heartily of pig.

You may urge, if you like, that the Napoleonic wars, by stripping us almost bare of oak-trees, reduced one of the natural food-supplies of the British hog. But did not COBBETT on his rural rides scatter acorns wherever he went? And why have not others carried out what he began?

The language and place-names of this country are redolent of the pig—East Ham, West Ham, Ham Common, Swinstead, Swinford, Sowerby, Hogmanay, JAMES HOGGE, picnic (originally "pig-nook"), pig-a-back, SWINE, the father of the great KING CANUTE, FRIAR BACON, BACON the dramatist (the writer of *Julius Cæsar*)—these and a thousand more. Even the very word literature! But perhaps I go too far.... How many signs, let me rather say, of the "Boar's Head" flap in the north-east wind! I was ever a Yorkist and an admirer, for all his cruelties, of RICHARD THE HOG. The Yorkists would never have let the Great Pig Tradition die.

It is not enough to put a tariff upon foreign pig-meat. It is necessary to found a great Pig-Rearing Movement amongst the private citizens of this realm. Many are precluded from sharing in it by the regulations which prevail in urban areas. Myself, I could not

bring a pig through my front-door nor cherish it in my little garden because the L.C.C. would interfere. I have had experience already of their tiresome ways, and, though I would willingly bed it out amongst my hyacinths and tulips, I should be forbidden. But, when I think of the vast number of persons living in rural idleness who give to gardening, to golfing, to motoring, to hunting, the time that should by rights be spent on porciculture, my blood boils.

The pig is not hard to fatten. Fattening it, you shall perceive your capital growing rapidly and visibly every day under your hand instead of earning the miserable interest which the banks allow to their patrons. I am told that nearly twice as many pet dogs are fattened in England as were fattened a few years ago. To whose advantage? The dog in Belgium may grind coffee or pull carts about, but in England he simply grins and runs about the city or makes unnecessary holes in the fields. How many owners of motor-cars might not a thousand times more profitably cherish a hog instead of a two-seater! And how far fewer fatal accidents there would be! The concrete by-passes and arterial roads might well be pulled up and turned into airy and elegant styes in the garden of every neo-Tudor residence.

For the pig, properly kept, is not only cleanly but lovable. Make no mistake about that. All the authorities insist upon it. Artiodactyle and ungulate, with a face moderately prolonged yet definitely truncated, he is a companion of whom any man may be proud. A delighter in humid and shadowy places, he shares all the foibles of our island breed. Every poet, every novelist should keep a pig. No retired colonel or rear-admiral should be without one. How ill does it become us to render lip-service to the cause of food-production while we forgo this simple and agreeable task!

I doubt whether Lord BEAVERBROOK himself keeps a pig. I challenge him to produce the photograph of one single Tamworth Red, reared by his own hand and coming from his own pen. Believe me, the organised supply of pig-meat from a million producers would do far more for England to-day than Community-Singing or Beauty Contests, or the cry for tariffs and more tariffs on foreign foods, when there is as yet no adequate food-supply at home. I doubt if Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS keeps a pig. The pig is to my knowledge the only thing essentially of England and bound up with English life on whose sanctity and beauty he has yet written no diatribe.



"I NEVER THREATENED 'IM, GOVERNOR. ALL I SAID WAS 'ANYONE WANTIN' A MOUTHFUL OF LOOSE TEETH CAN 'AVE IT.'"

However that may be, it is the plain duty of every Englishman who has a place in his garden sufficiently far from the house to plant and grow this exquisite and fragrant mammal for England's sake. Nor need the Englishwoman refrain. To spray a rose, to walk a puppy, may be more elegant, but it is not so patriotic as to encourage the burgeoning of a pig.

I once won a pig in a raffle, and to my eternal shame I forbore to take it home. Now, if I can be assured that a million fellow-citizens are ready to do the same, I pledge myself to take an olde cottage on the rim of the outer suburbs and embark at once on a career of hyotrophy.

In any case I look to the Board of Agriculture to appoint immediately a Committee for the Encouragement and Stimulation of Amateur Pig-Owners willing to rescue England from her long shame. Let it be a small committee, understanding bacon, wise in the ways of hogs. We might call it the Pig Four.

EVOE.

Smith Minor is Examined.

"In India the people wear very few clothes, so are called coolies."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

Statements Which Defy Comment.

"Among the thousands of women who keep autograph books I wonder if there is one who has thought of an autograph book."

Daily Paper.

THOSE WE KNOW AND LOVE.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

HE knows Paris intimately, which is to say he has lived there for a month or so, actually in rooms, not in an hotel, and has found his way to all the newer *boites* of Montparnasse with the help of a guide. On his visits now he studiously frequents Montparnasse rather than Montmartre, which he classes as Early Anglo-Saxon, and always asks for the *carte* and not the *menu*. He knows just how to talk about the *Rive Gauche* and the *Boul' Miche*—and does.

He has been to Dinard, "not in the season, old boy, when it's full of English," but in the winter, when, incidentally, it's half-full of retired British colonels. He has had a week at Nice, but might have been there only half a day for all he knew about it afterwards; he has had half a day (Côte d'Azur Autobus) at Grasse, but might have been there a week from the way he talked about it afterwards. He has of course been to Monte Carlo; he despises it loudly as being modern and second-rate, yet while he was there he did not bother to walk across to the old streets and gardens of Monaco.

He knows the rest of Europe just as well. He has been to Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Venice, ending up with four days at "lovely Lucerne" (motor-excursions inclusive, but afternoon tea and gratuities extra). He raves about Rothenburg—"absolutely untouched—what?" He has visited Athens during a Mediterranean cruise. He also knows Asia and "the charm of the mystic Orient," for the boat lay off Smyrna for a day; and he can talk a lot about Africa. Algiers, the little Paris, is in Africa.

He cannot speak the language of all the countries he knows so well, but "good French carries you through anywhere." In the same breath he tells you of the "Ersatzhof—the best little eating-place in Berlin, and only Germans go there. The proprietor and I are great friends." Whenever he arrives at Boulogne on any trip he invariably stands in an impressively bored attitude by the side of the Rome de Luxe up till a few minutes before his own train (probably for Etretat) is due out.

He is of course, like all cosmopolitans, an authority on wine. He knows St. Emilion is a *commune*, not a *château*, and thinks nobody else does. He is very superior in a high-pitched voice towards any stay-at-home who says he has heard the 1923 Nuits is excellent. He asks witheringly: "*Which* Nuits? Don't you know Nuits is as large as an English county?" He never misses this one.

He knows a little place in the heart of the Burgundy country where the wine is far better than the best any of his listeners has ever tasted; "but of course it doesn't *travel*, you know." He practically discovered the place himself—at least it's just a short tram-ride outside Dijon, at which place he once missed a train and had to wait for twelve hours.

Unfortunately he hasn't been to America—"at least not yet, old boy; but I know Americans." He has met them travelling. He says you can invariably pick them out in a restaurant because they have such loud penetrating voices. That there are innumerable travelling Americans whose voices are not loud and penetrating, and therefore are *not* heard in a restaurant, has not yet occurred to him. Doubtless his mind is too broadened by travel to take heed of the small points.

Nevertheless he states emphatically that he is not prejudiced against Americans. He has often met "top-hole chaps, not a bit boastful or exuberant—in fact you'd hardly know they *were* American, old boy; I must say I really couldn't help liking them." Some day he is going to cross the Atlantic and see New York, because travelling is in his blood and he likes going to strange places.

In the meantime—except for his annual cosmopolitan holiday, now transferred to Torquay owing to the pound—he lives at Surbiton. His walls are hung with enlarged snapshots of "Feeding pigeons in the Piazza, Venice," "Self at Schönbrunn," "Self and Joe bargaining with Arab in Algeria" (Algiers being in Algeria), "Smyrna from the Sea," and of course "Self on Franco-Italian frontier—Mentone."

It is all very impressive. A. A.



Policeman. "DID I HEAR A CUCKOO?"
Burglar. "YES, YOU DID. I'M JUST RUNNING HOME TO WRITE TO THE PAPERS ABOUT IT."

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(*With apologies to "The Times."*)

IN considering the changes wrought in the last fifty years, one's mind reverts to the essential difference between now and then. Neither in London, nor yet at Oxford, nor, so far as I am aware, at Cambridge did men in the 'eighties talk much of the economic consequences of Reparations, nor yet of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL'S position in relation to the views of his Cabinet colleagues. We were, I think, less subtle, although not, I trust, less intelligent.

We had our differences, of course, even then. Those of us in the Old Kent Road who were Conservatives did not entirely agree with our Liberal friends about fiscal matters, and those who backed Cambridge for the Boat-race were often at issue with the supporters of Oxford. But there was in those days of the early 'eighties rather less heard about the financial crisis, or perhaps I should say it was not the same financial crisis. Matters moved if not exactly more slowly at any rate not quite so fast. Before the coming of aerial transport and prior to the advent of the internal combustion engine there was much less going from place to place and generally less speed in transit. That much one can, I think, confidently assert. And with less going from place to place there would not be nearly so much intercourse, whether social,

political or financial, between people living in different parts of the country.

To put it more clearly, there was less incentive to go, let us say, from Bolton to Lostwithiel than there is in these tearing speedy times, when it is but necessary to enter a motor-car at one end and step out again at the other.

In the absence of anything to be compared with a modern motor-car, recourse was had, if one needed to go from place to place and either eschewed the railway-train or was unwilling to walk or "cycle," to some form of conveyance drawn by a horse. These horses were essentially the same animals as may be encountered to-day in any part of England. There were many varieties, from the stout-limbed cart-horse to the stocky little Shetland pony, but the form of these creatures was essentially the same in every material respect. There were black horses, brown horses, grey horses, chestnut horses and piebald horses, and all of them were familiar to us in the Old Kent Road. Not of course that we would see them all at once. If I have seemed to recall a seething mass of multicoloured horses in the Old Kent Road I have given a misleading impression of the condition of things in 1882. But certain it is that with average good luck each and every one of these horses might have been encountered in the course of a year. Let me add that they were associated in the childish mind with a variety of superstitions. To meet four coal-black horses betokened I forget precisely what, but I distinctly remember that to look on a piebald was good fortune provided one did not see its tail.

The days in which we lived, while not in all respects precisely akin to those through which the world is now passing, were not so entirely different as some previous ages had been. Knights-errant no longer rode armed through enchanted forests to do battle with fiery dragons, even if they had ever done so. Such a picture would give an altogether false conception of the life we led in the Old Kent Road in 1882. On the other hand there was assuredly no Regal Cinema, nor had the Bush building yet raised skyward its imposing structure of steel-framed concrete and stone. Such things were not for us. It was enough to view the smoky pile of the Langham Hotel or to contemplate the stately form of the Albert Hall. Those were already there, and they were spectacles that I remember so clearly down to the smallest detail that it is quite unnecessary for me to look at them again in order to assist my memory.

It is otherwise, I fear, with the great personalities of the time. If Mr. GLADSTONE ever came across me I have no recollection of the fact; nor can I recall a single conversation with ROBERT BROWNING or JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER. One heard their names, of course, and one saw them from time to time in print, but one was not actively conscious that they directly influenced the home-life of a boy of twelve residing in the Old Kent Road.

In conclusion, we were in many respects similar to our successors of to-day; but one cannot insist too strongly nor too often that people did not move about so quickly when they had no motor-cars.



"I SAY, OLD BOY, COULD YOU LEND ME THE PRICE OF A—A FINAL DEMAND?"

Things We Could Have Said More Prettily.

"The Tweed salmon netting operations opened for the season at midnight yesterday. At Norham-on-Tweed the customary service of blessing the waters was carried out by the Vicar of Norham (Canon Roberson). . . . It is anticipated that the catches at most of the stations will be light for the next few days."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

True to her Name.

"Lecture on 'Milk and its Uses,' by Mrs. Bull."—*Programme of Women's Institute.*

"Cork lady's marriage in Bath."
Dublin Paper.

We hope it will not prove a floater.

THE VICTIM.

No matter what I do
I cannot catch the flu
Though I pursue
Its germs anew
Each day, in bus and tube and queue,
And everyone I know, or knew,
Lies warm in bed the whole week through,
And may do till the skies are blue—
Ah, me! till skies are blue.

Like hibernating bees,
My fellows take their ease;
They quaff the lees
Of their beef-teas.
Ah, would that I who cannot sneeze,
Or make my lissom bellows wheeze,
Were warm in bed, like one of these—
Ah, me! like one of these.

I have done all I know
To catch the flu, but, though
I daily go
Where east winds blow
And have walked slowly through the snow,
And sat in draughts, it is no go;
No pitying germ will lay me low—
Ah! would I were laid low.

I pick some half-clad bone
Of beef (the cook is prone);
Sometimes I phone
To friends who groan,
Yet, since the fickle flu has flown
Past me and left me well alone,
I surely have more right to moan—
Ah, me! to moan and moan.

Here is a thought to try
A better man than I,
Who sigh and sigh
And almost cry
To think that all my friends who lie
In bed have temperatures that fly
Up, up, until they're nice and high—
Ah! would that mine were high.

DUSTBINS.

LATELY, through the medium of dustbins, I have discovered some interesting facts concerning Corporation clerks. It must be fun being one of these clerks. Instead of sitting idly in their offices twiddling their thumbs they concoct ingenious schemes to pass the time. A favourite dodge is to remove the number of a certain department—that of dustbins, say—from the telephone-book so that would-be communicants from the outer world can be bandied about from one department to another until the clerks concerned tire of their amusement. Definite rules are laid down for this game, designed to prevent the telephone-subscriber from smelling a rat. For instance, you must never refer an inquirer for the Borough Architect to the Water Department (Night Service); that would be too blatant. Delicately managed, however, the innocent subscriber can be played for hours on end before being finally put through to his goal. If two inquirers for the same department can be "run" at the same time there is royal sport.

Forewarned is forearmed; so for the benefit of future innocent victims I append a detailed account of this delightful pastime, in which I recently took part.

Self. Is that All-Departments Municipal Offices?

Girl Clerk (*languidly*). Ye-es.

Self. Well, can I chat to you about dustbins?

G. C. (*scenting game*). What?

Self. Dustbins. Ours haven't been emptied——

G. C. What do you say?

Self (*violently*). DUSTBINS!

G. C. (*thinking I have had enough*). Oh, you want the Sanitation Department.

Self. It isn't in the book.

G. C. (*surprised*). Oh! I'll give you the number. (*Long pause.*) Ring 101.

G. C. (*to friend in Waterworks Dept.*). I say, have you had an old geyser after Dustbins? Told her she wanted the Sanitation Department. (*They laugh loudly, knowing it is not there.*) But, my dear, it's better than that; I've given her the wrong number. (*Renewed bouts of mirth.*)

Friend (*appreciatively*). Oh, Gladys, you *are* a one!

G. C. 'Sh! She's ringing me again.

Self (*beginning to feel the strain*). Look here—are you having a game with me or something? I've tried 101 three times and it's engaged.

G. C. (*righteously*). I said "2101." (*Rings off.*)

Self (*taking a deep breath*). Is that the Sanitation Department?

Male Voice. Yes.

Self. Thank the Lord for that! Well, look here—it's about our dustbins. They haven't been——

Male Voice. One minute; I'll get the foreman. (*He rings through to* Sally, *his sweetheart, in the Education Department, and they enjoy the joke.*)

Self (*getting impatient*). Hello!

New Female Voice (*also impatient*). Hello!

Both together. Is that the foreman? (*Surprised pause.*)

Self (*timidly*). Who are you?

N. F. V. I'm trying to complain about my dustbins.

Self (*excitedly*). So am I.

N. F. V. Where are we now?

Self. I don't know. The Sanitation Department, I think. Where have you been?

N. F. V. The Mayor's parlour, the Medical Officer of Health, the Public Library—they said the lines had got crossed then——

Self. Hello! Hello! Have you gone?

Foreman (*soothingly*). Now, Ma'am, what is it you want?

Self (*almost in tears*). P-please it's about my dustbins. They want emptying.

Foreman (*evidently a fatherly old man*). Now I'll tell you what it is, Ma'am. You see this 'ere department isn't working no longer—it's been condemned. You shouldn't 'a' bin put on to it at all. What's that you say, Ma'am?

Self (*with control*). Nothing.

Foreman. So, you see, Ma'am, what you *reely* want is the Health Department. I'll just look up the number. (*Does so.*)

Self. Thank you. (*Another pause.*) Is that the Health Department?

A Brisk Polite Voice. Yes, Madam.

Self. Well, it's about our dustbins. They haven't been emptied for a fortnight.

B. P. V. The matter shall be attended to immediately, Madam. What address, please?

Self. Acacia Lodge—oh!

B. P. V. What is it, Madam?

Self (*falteringly*). It's—it's all right after all. I see they're emptying the dustbins now.

That is just to show you how it works. After all, our Corporation underlings must employ their time somehow.

THE PROGRESS OF PROSE.

THERE was once a war-correspondent named HOMER, who lived in ancient times. He made popular a certain style of descriptive writing which held the field for a long time. He wrote in verse, but a pair of learned fellows named BUTCHER and LANG translated his copy into English prose. It went something like this:—

> "Just as when a wave, issuing straight from the caves of Poseidon, climbs the violet summits of the sea, what time the rosy-fingered dawn dyes the mountains with a purple deeper than the Tyrian, then indeed thrusts forward with infinite surge and rally of white ensigns, fronting the implacable rock and overbearing the shingle with gigantic force, thus and thus Sarpedon smote the descendant of Eumenes with a tremor of clanging brass until his spirit fled to far Tartarean shores."

Don't trouble to read it through again. I will explain it for you. It means in modern English, "S. did E. in." You can see for yourselves faults



Little Girl (to her Mother, who is interviewing prospective servant). "DON'T HAVE HER, MUMMY. SHE LISTENS WITH HER MOUTH."

in the style which in our superior elegance we are able to correct.

But when HOMER had passed away there were still persons who wrote like this:—

"'I hope,' she replied with a complacent demeanour, 'I am only too ready to give weight to any propositions which are obtruded upon my notice, however fantastic or ridiculous those propositions may, on the face of them, appear. Any suggestion is likely to commend itself to me provided only that it arises from a clear mind and a good conscience. To pass this mental and moral test should surely require no superhuman nobility, no leaping above the barriers which confine human beings to the area of human potentialities. But your proposal derives from such a degenerate stratum of thought and is prompted by a cerebration which, if existent, is so truly demoniac in essence that every fibre of my being compels me to reject it with every negative word and gesture at my command.'"

I don't suppose you get the hang of this. Well, she means "No."

After enjoying these two specimens I can hear you saying, "There is little progress noticeable as yet."

Now we take a leap down to the present. The following is the sort of thing we are faced with—part of a love-scene:—

"'I am trodden by black-oxen years!' exclaimed Jasper.

Jasper was a moss-resisting roller; his life had been a too-many-cooks' broth. And now the camel-back-breaking straw!

'With my babe-and-suckling knowledge,' replied Joan of the butter-congealing mouth, 'I conceive you to be no honey-dew feeder or paradise-milk drinker.'

Occurred a pin-drop silence. Joan's lips were horn-bone-or-powder dry. It was a muckle-making mickle.

'My anvil heart is Cyclops-hammer-beaten,' continued Jasper. He spoke with a to-morrow and a to-morrow and a to-morrow dolour.

Joan remained grave-silent; it was a sleeping-dog lie. Her objections were sand-numerous, but it was a moment of bivalve succulence, of propinquity-to-bone sweet meat.

'I ask your all-understanding pardon,' he went on, 'but I had hell-road-paving intention.'

She was wave-restless, aspen-trembling. Removed from his her charity-cold but multitudinous-seas-incarnadining-hand."

So it goes on, "the stream proceeding level with its fount" of type, except for an overflow of hyphens.

You can see that this is, as claimed, richly allusive writing, presenting each thought as a composite picture. But to the careless it may appear rather a welter steeplechase for similes and metaphors which have already won races.

Anyhow, this is what we have to endure in the immediate future. Some assert that the movement had its dim beginnings with MEREDITH. It might with equal justice be ascribed to MALACHI. Others proclaim that it is original. It is in fact almost aboriginal; the Chinese have employed this method for thousands of years. E. P. W.

BETTER AND BIGGER BRIDGES.

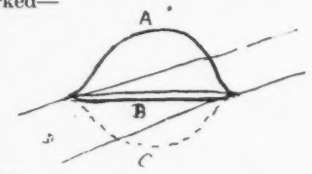
OF the many strange designs for a new Waterloo Bridge which were received by the Improvements Committee of the L.C.C. before they decided to let Sir GILES GILBERT SCOTT have a go at it, I am now privileged to reveal a few of the most colossal, ingenious and magnificent.

One architect favoured a bridge somewhat on the lines of the Pont du Gard near Avignon. It was to be built in two tiers, the lower, at the level of the street, carrying simple vehicular traffic, whilst pedestrians, ascending by a lift, crawled through a low covered viaduct at the top. Motor-lorries were to be thrown into the water and compelled to swim. Still more noble was the plan of a bridge rather more like the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, but larger, lovelier and more up-to-date. This was to be a gigantic structure, with a line of luxury flats, large hotels and mammoth stores on either parapet, with twelve lines of traffic perpetually running, and parking, in between. Not the least charming part of the design was the certainty that it would cost nothing to the ratepayer, who would in fact profit from the enormous rents. Restaurants it was thought would be specially popular because their patrons would have the privilege of dropping oyster-shells and cigar-ends on the lightermen and down the funnels of steamers as they passed.

Another proposal which secured a certain amount of favour was known as the Symplegades Scheme.

This was to have no bridge at all, but to convey traffic and foot-passengers across by means of two enormous electrically-driven ferries working at top speed, rivercraft passing between them as best they could, just as Jason in the *Argo* steered his course between the clashing rocks. Only when it was found that the wash from these ferries would probably sweep away Somerset House and Waterloo Station was this happy thought eventually abandoned.

I pass on to the Circular or Rotary Bridge Scheme invented by myself, and rejected, for some reason or other, unanimously, although it was the most mechanically perfect of all the designs submitted, and occasioned the least possible loss of light and air. The rough diagram which is subjoined illustrates clearly the way in which it would have worked—



where

A = the overhead one-way route for south-bound vehicular traffic.

C = the under-water ditto for north-bound ditto.

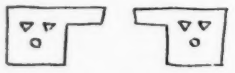
B = the moving double foot-track for pedestrians, working round steel rollers at either end.

D = the river Thames.

The overhead track was to be carried out, possibly with a few graceful supports, in aluminium or some other light metal, and the under-water way either in molybdenum, uranium or thummim. For the rotary pedestrian thoroughfare I suggested sections of holm-oak or some similar patriotic timber, bordered by clamps of Sheffield steel or, failing this, alternate panels of cherrywood and isinglass. There was to be a low parapet on either side to prevent accidents and carry advertisements of toilet cream.

Mine, in fact, was a scheme which RENNIE himself, if not the Duke of WELLINGTON, would probably have admired, if they had been faced by the conditions of modern life and the aspirations of modern architecture. The police would have loved it. More shame that the Improvements Committee turned it down!

It remains only to discuss Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN's bridge, which, alas! was likewise rejected. It was straightforward, simple and bold. I reproduce as nearly as possible its outline:—



It was pointed out at once that there was a gap in the main thoroughfare of this bridge which would cause the utmost inconvenience both to pedestrian and vehicular traffic, although it would be convenient for the passage of tall-masted ships.

Interviewed on the subject, Mr. EPSTEIN merely replied that Art was Art, and that those who understood it did, and those who didn't didn't. He was not interested in any criticism of his work.

Sir GILES GILBERT SCOTT may have in his head a finer and lordlier bridge than any of these. If so, let him to it. If not, the old bridge may just as well stay put. EVOE.

ROUGH ON HATS.

["I buy no hats."—*Mr. GERALD GOULD in the "Week-End Review" on "Talking Through It."*]

WEEP, head-gear-makers of all brands
In Britain and in foreign lands—
Topper and Trilby, bowler, cap
Exported by the industrious Jap,
By enterprising Slav or Teuton,
And "boater" once the pride of Luton—
Weep, for the dire pronouncement made,
Designed to paralyse your trade,
By GOULD, chameleonic GERALD
(Once leader-writer on the *Herald*
And now enlisted in the crew
That man the gay *Week-End Review*),
Who says in accents firm and flat
He never, never buys a hat.
Hatters, we know, are deemed insane,
And GOULD, grown gentle and urbane,
May as a bland and normal scribe
Desire to shun this dangerous tribe;
Yet in this attitude (or pose?)
Strange inconsistency he shows;
Nothing will make him buy a tile
And yet he wears one all the while
Pinched from a friend four years ago,
And fit (he owns) to scare a crow,
Thus helping those who would taboo, it.
Yet loth to cease from talking through it.

"TABLE TENNIS TIE."
Daily Paper Headline.

More useful than a Lonsdale belt.

"SUGGESTED FREE PORT AREAS.
LIVERPOOL SHIPOWNERS' VIEWS."
Daily Paper.

In Fleet Street there is a general feeling in favour of Free Port Areas.

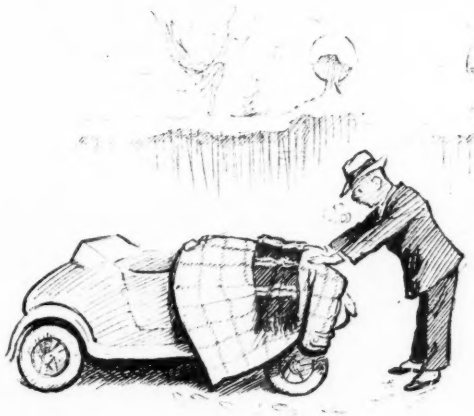
COLD-WEATHER MOTORING.



CALLING ON THE DE SMYTHES—



IS SUCH A LENGTHY AFFAIR—



AND ONCE THE ENGINE GETS COLD—



SHE'S SO TERRIBLY HARD TO START—



THAT SHE MUST BE KEPT WARM—



AT ALL COSTS.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XIII.—MISS SMITH GIVES NOTICE.

Miss Smith, though a competent and conscientious instructress of youth, was unfitted by a constitutional delicacy of frame to control the unruliness or turbulence to which children are sometimes addicted. She was not, however, subjected to much of this at Byron Grove, for she had succeeded in gaining the *affection* of her young charges, and if at any time Charles or Fanny, the one by a natural exuberance of spirit, the other by some innate hostility to authority, showed an inclination towards impropriety of conduct they could usually be curbed by the threat of reporting their conduct to their father. For Mr. Birdikin kept in his own hands the *chastisement* of his children, and as his hand was heavy and his wrist supple, they preferred not to submit themselves to the risk of his displeasure. Clara's tractability of disposition and Henry's strong sense of what was required of him as a future clerical overseer of morals rendered them less liable to these outbreaks of insubordination, but there was still something of the old Adam not yet eradicated from Henry's nature, and it happened sometimes that he set himself to annoy Miss Smith in the exercise of her duties out of a contrariety of spirit which he would have been the first to deplore in others.

One morning Miss Smith arose with a headache which made it necessary for her to call up all her sense of duty in order to fulfil the tasks of the morning. She set the children to their copy-books and sat herself in a chair by the open window, hoping that the interval of rest and the fresh air would ease her headache and enable her to carry out the rest of her duties with less distress to herself. She closed her eyes for a few minutes, and when she arose to overlook the work done by her pupils she was already feeling better.

It was Miss Smith's custom to allow the children to choose their own sentences for the exercise of calligraphy. She then wrote them out in a fair hand and they copied them. This morning Henry had chosen the inspiring words of Admiral Viscount NELSON: "England expects every man to do his duty;" but when she came to overlook his copy she found that he had changed this to "England expects Miss Smith to do her duty," with the iteration of which he was filling a page of his book.

Miss Smith's indisposition had induced in her an irritability which was alien to her usual disposition. "You are a saucy shameless boy," she said indignantly, "and you will come at once with me to your father, who will deal with you as you deserve."

Mr. Birdikin had dined the evening before with a party of gentlemen who had met in the neighbouring town to celebrate the recent defeatof NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, and, although his potations had not been carried to the extent of actual insobriety, he had somewhat relinquished his habitual moderation in honour of so auspicious an occasion. He was feeling disinclined for mental effort this morning, and was not best pleased at the invasion of his privacy by Miss Smith, who found him stretched on a couch with a cushion under his head and a bottle of soothing waters at his elbow. His strong sense of duty, however, caused him to rise from his recumbent position to receive the complaint of the governess; and, if he had judged it well-founded, he was in such a mood that Henry would not have been able to adopt a sitting posture without discomfort for some time to come.



"YOU WILL GO BACK AND WRITE OUT THE SENTENCE."

Henry, however, when asked to justify his conduct, said that Miss Smith had set him and his brothers and sisters to a task and gone to sleep while they were pursuing it. He had intended no impertinence towards her, but had thought it incumbent upon him to bring her to a sense of the duty she was neglecting by the exercise of a gentle irony, which he had not expected her to take so amiss as to disturb his father by recounting it.

Mr. Birdikin, who exercised such stern control over his own actions, could hardly be expected to overlook the lapse thus brought to his notice of one who was actually receiving money from him, as well as warmth, food and lodging, and the most exquisite consideration from those in a *far* superior station to her own, for the services which she was now shown to have neglected. Miss Smith declared that she had not slept, but merely closed her eyes for a few minutes to relieve the pain in her head; but Mr. Birdikin waved this excuse aside. "It is your duty," he said to Henry, "to bring any delinquency you may observe in those about you to *my* notice, and I will not permit you to take upon yourself the duties of correction or reprimand, which are the prerogative of your elders. You will go back and write out the sentence which you were set to copy twenty times, and inform your brother and sisters that they are at liberty to disport themselves in the garden until they are summoned indoors again. Miss Smith, if you will kindly indulge me by taking a seat, I have certain observations to make which I do not wish to undermine the authority given to you by delivering in the presence of one of your pupils."

This delicate recognition of the position accorded to her in Mr. Birdikin's family would, but a short time before, have received nothing but grateful acknowledgment from Miss Smith. It has already been stated, however, that she had begun to show herself less submissive to his strictures than heretofore, and the reason for this must shortly be told.

Mrs. Clott, Miss Smith's maternal aunt, was desirous that her niece should pay her a long visit at the seaside town of X., in order that a respite from duties which, however congenial to her, had already affected her health should restore her for another period of usefulness. When Miss Smith had said that she was treated with such consideration at Byron Grove that she was unwilling to incommode her generous patrons

by leaving their service, Mrs. Clott had replied, with a directness of speech that had shocked her at the time, that Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin were taking advantage of her tractability to work her to death, and if she could not stand up to them she had better leave them altogether. After further conversation with her aunt, Miss Smith had promised that she would not permit herself to be "put upon," as Mrs. Clott expressed it, any further; and she was now prepared to resist the censure that Mr. Birdikin was evidently preparing for her, while treating him with the respect to which he was entitled as her employer.

"I opine," said Mr. Birdikin, when Henry had left the room, "that the time has come to talk plainly, Miss Smith. I have observed in you of late a distinct deterioration both in behaviour and in morals, the former showing itself by your lately acquired habit of *answering back* when I have had occasion to address you in reprimand, the latter by such an example as has just been brought to light of a reprehensible laxity in the performance of the duties with which you are entrusted. I should not be fulfilling my *own* duty if I did not warn you in unmistakable terms that this cannot go on. This warning will be the last. If you do not mend your ways, Miss Smith, you can no longer remain at Byron Grove as a member of my household."

Though aware of a trembling of her lower limbs, Miss Smith steeled herself against the severity of a man to whom she had always looked up with respect and even veneration. "I think, Sir," she said, "that you do me an injustice. But if you consider that I am no longer worthy of your confidence I should prefer to relinquish my position here."

"And pray, Miss Smith," inquired Mr. Birdikin, "what do you propose to do to earn your living if you leave my employ under the cloud of my displeasure? Let me tell you that you would have small chance of gaining employment elsewhere, and none whatever in a family of such distinction as this."

Miss Smith informed him of the offer made to her by her aunt. He heard her out with the courtesy he was accustomed to exercise towards his inferiors, but, when she had finished, could not forbear from expressing the indignation which her recital had aroused. "And it is for *this*, Miss Smith," he exclaimed, "that you so lightly throw aside the patronage that has been so generously accorded to you? Can it be that under the protection of a Mrs. *Clott* you will not bitterly rue the cessation of the benefits showered upon you here, in which no account has been taken of your indifferent birth and your family connection with a retail tradesman? Out upon such ingratitude, I say! It makes me well-nigh despair of human nature."

This address reduced Miss Smith to tears, but she was unable to feel it wholly deserved, and a streak of obstinacy in her otherwise pliant disposition led her to leave Mr. Birdikin's presence with her departure from Byron Grove decided upon.

A happier turn, however, was to be given to this disturbance on the morrow, as will be recounted in the following chapter. A. M.



"AND WHEN HE PROPOSED TO ME I FAINTED RIGHT AWAY."

Justifiable Hilarity among the Molluscs.

"Peals came from oysters, but a woman's diamonds come from some other poor fish."
Egyptian Paper.

"No fiscal lemon has ever been squeezed as the British taxpayer is being squeezed to-day, but the pips have not squeaked."
Evening Paper.

Nor has Wilfred wilted.



Policeman (making survey to investigate burglary). "IT'S EASY TO SEE THERE'S BEEN OLD HANDS AT WORK HERE, LADY."
Householder. "OH, THEY DIDN'T COME IN HERE. THIS IS MY DAUGHTER'S ROOM; SHE'S BEEN DRESSING FOR A DANCE."

AN HONEST MAN.

HE stopped me in the street and said
His wife was lying ill in bed,
The humble roof above her head
  Was in immediate danger
Due to his having paid no rent;
And, as his money all was spent,
He mentioned this predicament
  To me, a perfect stranger.

He begged a loan. A bitter stroke,
He owned, for he was proud, though
    broke;
But something in my visage spoke
  Of one whose heart might soften;
He had some money coming in,
When promptly he'd return the tin;
A yarn that seemed a trifle thin;
  I had been had so often.

And yet my heart-strings gave a tug,
And, though the world might call me
    mug,
I "parted" with a casual shrug;
  He took the offering coolly
And even, flushed with his success,
Made careful note of my address
Where in a week, he said, or less,
  He would requite me duly.

When I got home I said, "My lad,
You are an idiot; you've been had;
No doubt the fellow thought you mad,
  You and that face he'd spotted."
I wondered if the world had seen
A juggins so intensely green,
And why on earth I'd ever been
  So weak and so besotted.

That was a week ago. To-day
He came, an honest man, to pay
His debt, and begged the maid to say
  He'd have been done without it;
She, thinking this was not at all
Our customary kind of call,
Came up, and left him in the hall,
  To ask me what about it.

"Bless him," I cried, and up I sprang;
"Now let the sceptic world go hang,
The cynic perish with a bang
  In his own idle folly."
And down I bolted to restore
My gift, but he had "gone before,"
And with him passed for evermore
  Two salvers and a brolly.

DUM-DUM.

Umbrage in Cumberland.

"Superintendent Stewart said prisoner was a native of Aspatria. Nothing else was known against him."—*North-country Paper.*

"The historic 1565 came, when, by the Great Siege, not only Malta but the whole of Europe was relieved from the joke of the Turks."—*Malta Paper.*

It must have been that one about Plucked Turkey.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Corporation Gallery, Harrogate, March 5 to April 2; at Leeds, April 16 to May 12; at Derby, May 26 to June 23; and at Aberdeen, July 7 to August 4.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

"KASHMIR SITUATION.
LAWLESSNESS SPREADING TO PUNCH."
Karachi Paper.

Mr. Punch repudiates this statement as a malicious lie.

"Mr. Arthur Goodiff, secretary of Our Dumb Friends' League, writes: May I also appeal to drivers of horses, ponies and donkeys to keep their loins covered while they are standing in the cold windy weather."
Evening Paper.

At the same time they oughtn't to coddle themselves.



THE THIN END OF THE CORNUCOPIA.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 15th.—The merciful M.P. is merciful to his chauffeur, but Sir W. DAVISON'S appeal for a room in the vicinity of Palace Yard for the accommodation of the latter was met by Mr. ORMSBY-GORE with the assertion that, short of turning some Minister out of his room, none was available. The ideal solution to the problem—to make the chauffeurs honorary members of the St. Stephen's Club—does not seem to have suggested itself.

Even Tariff debates cannot go on for ever, and, though this was the first day of the Second Reading debate on the Import Duties Bill, a certain sense of tedium, an absence of sparkle, informed the proceedings. The FINANCIAL SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY'S exposition of the Government's case was lucid rather than lively, but a subsequent reference to the HOME SECRETARY'S inaccurate summary of the range of duties embodied in the Bill wrung a sharp rejoinder from Sir HERBERT, and for a moment it looked as if the House was going to assist at a Ministerial tiff. Fortunately the cloud rolled by. Mr. LANSBURY, who opened the attack, made a very remarkable speech, but not a very cogent one, for his argument was that a tariff would never prove a remedy for all Britain's or the world's social or economic ills, which is possibly quite true. Unfortunately he tried to prove his point by quoting Sir BASIL BLACKETT, only to find himself informing the House (when compelled to continue the quotation at the point, as it were, of the FINANCIAL SECRETARY'S bayonet) that "tariffs had at last won the day, not because the nation had been converted to Protectionism but because tariffs might well be a useful instrument in a consciously controlled reconstruction of our economic life."

Embarrassing cheers—embarrassing because they came from the Government benches—greeted these sentiments, and Mr. LANSBURY reverted to his main theme, the necessity, to wit, of replanning our economic life in such a way that over-production and want do not go hand-in-hand. Government supporters were almost too astonished to cheer when Mr. LANSBURY, pursuing this train of thought with logical pertinacity, proceeded to hand a bouquet—a real bouquet, not one of those with a bomb in it—to Signor MUSSOLINI. Italy and Russia, he said, were the only two great nations that were attempting to plan their own industry and their own life. He did not hold with dictatorships, but if you could not do it except by a dictatorship he, GEORGE LANSBURY, was going to hold up his hand for a dictatorship.



FRONT BENCH DIFFERENCES.
MAJOR WALTER ELLIOT AND SIR HERBERT SAMUEL.

Mr. LIDDALL in a maiden speech discoursed at some length upon the needs, the hopes and the attractions of Lincoln; Major NATHAN discussed trade balances; Mr. LAMBERT urged that there could be no prosperity, however promoted, with the bold peasantry, their country's pride, etc., reduced to seven per cent of the total population and still growing beautifully less. Which meant that they never got away from their work. "We have a National Government," mourned the hon. Member for South Molton; "I wish we could invent a national cow that would not require milking on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings." He might have added, "and a national taxpayer."

Mr. HOROBIN lightened an even longer maiden speech than Mr. LIDDALL'S by quoting DRYDEN on Sir HENRY PAGE-CROFT; Mr. MALLALIEU'S maiden meditation was by no means fancy free, and Mr. ROBINSON'S, like Mr. LIDDALL'S, took the form of a dissertation on the advantages of the city of his choice. "*Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes angulus ridet*," he almost warbled; would have, perhaps, only the cosy corner happens to be Widnes, the spiritual home of sulphuretted hydrogen. Lord DUNGLASS, Dr. WILLIAM MCLEAN and Captain WATT rounded off the vestal procession, and in each case there was some Parliamentary veteran to interpose a well-earned meed of congratulation. The last of these, Mr. NEIL MACLEAN, was instrumental in wringing from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER his one brief but classic contribution to the proceedings. The Bill, said the hon. Member for Govan, intended to make tariffs permanent.

"Nothing," interposed Mr. CHAMBERLAIN oracularly, "is permanent."



"THE ECHOING HORNE."
(A sequel to "The Cock's Shrill Clarion." *See* "Punch," February 10.)
SIR ROBERT HORNE STRIKES A HIGH NOTE ON THE IMPERIAL TRUMPET.

Tuesday, February 16th.—Their Lordships, on the motion of Lord LUGARD, discussed the status of Lo, the poor African (Kenya variety), whom the tax-collector—or so one gathered from Lord OLIVIER—leaves all bare behind, thus compelling him to leave his native mealie-patch untilled in order to go and supply the labour the white settler needs. Lord ELIBANK would not admit that there was much amiss, but there was general agreement that Lord MOYNE was just the man to go out and give the situation a look over.

Mr. DINGLE FOOT wished to know the reasons for putting imported precious stones in the Free List. Was the Government afraid that some of its supporters would raise the cry, "Your tiaras will cost you more"? Doubtless the CHANCELLOR, though he did not reply to that effect, feels that any taxpayer who can buy his wife a tiara after the Treasury has done with him should have some sort of reward for his optimism.

You have only to watch Mr. ORMSBY-

GORE in action in the House to realise that he would make a perfect *maître d'hôtel*. It was Mr. BUCHANAN who raised the question of the allocation of rooms in the House. He appeared to have some grievance, though its import was by no means clear. Other Members, male and female, joined in—coveting one's neighbour's rooms does not enter into the Parliamentary decalogue—but the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was blandly firm. *Parfaitement!* he allotted rooms of the most excellent; but, name of a pipe! one could not concern oneself with the use to which one's eminent and well-conducted patrons put their suites. Mr. BUCHANAN, unable to get satisfaction from the *maître d'hôtel*, threatened to call in the authorities in the shape of Mr. SPEAKER. And so, later on, he did. The SPEAKER soothingly observed that if Mr. BUCHANAN would see him privately he would see what could be done for him.

The Import Duties Bill Second Reading debate moved to its inevitable conclusion. Sir ROBERT HORNE, speaking as a convinced Protectionist, approved the Bill and congratulated the HOME SECRETARY on being a philosophic writer of singular verve and clarity, especially on the topics of "The Relativity of Free Will" and "The Dual Standard of Conduct," upon which essays had recently flowed from his pen. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR'S speech was not only as good as a Free Trade speech can be, but it was delivered with a disarming courtesy that contrasted sharply with the feverish polemics of the HOME SECRETARY. It must be added that time has somewhat accustomed the House to these Ministerial confessions of unMinisterial faith. Another prophet in the wilderness was Mr. MCGOVERN, who twitted the Labour Party with being too keen to come forward as the champions of Free Trade, instead of putting forward the alternative scheme of Socialism. So the matter progressed, and when the time came for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to wind up the debate there was nothing new to add and little left that called for a reply.

Wednesday, February 17th.—There are occasions to which even Sir JOHN SIMON'S diplomatic utterance is not quite equal. Was the MINISTER satisfied, asked Mr. MAXTON, *à propos* of the Far Eastern dispute, that the League of Nations was doing anything effective in the matter? "I am quite sure it is doing its best," replied Sir JOHN non-committally. He did not add "Don't shoot," but his manner implied it.

A question of some importance was raised by Mr. T. WILLIAMS when he asked how it came that a telegram handed in to the Bombay post-office by Miss SLADE on January 7th had been returned to her and the money refunded. Sir S. HOARE replied that he was making inquiries and had not yet received a reply. He did not know if it appeared on the face of the telegram that it was addressed to a Member of



"VICTRIX CAUSA DEIS PLACUIT SED VICTA CATONI."

SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR MOURNS THE LOST CAUSE OF COBDENISM.

Parliament, and anyway the Government would be more concerned with what was in the cable than with whom it was addressed to.

This last part of the answer brought Colonel WEDGWOOD and Mr. MAXTON on the war-path. Was not a Member of Parliament entitled to receive his correspondence from any part of the Empire untampered with in any circumstances? The SPEAKER was loth to give a general ruling, especially in a case where he did not know the details. Sir SAMUEL HOARE said he would communicate with Mr. WILLIAMS when he heard from the Government of India. There the matter rests.



THE FAR-EASTERN EGG-DANCE.

LORD HAILSHAM SKILFULLY AVOIDS PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN having secured the passage of his Time-table Resolution for the Import Duties Bill, the House turned rather wearily to the Labour Vote of Censure debate on unemployment, coupled with the name of Mr. LAWSON of Chester-le-Street.

Thursday, February 18th.—Shanghai plagued both our Houses to-day, Lord HAILSHAM'S statement, preceded by a speech from Lord PONSONBY that could hardly be called non-committal, being the longer, and Sir JOHN SIMON'S, made in answer to a number of questions, being the more informative. The gist of both was that strenuous though not yet successful efforts were still being made by Sir MILES LAMPSON and others to bring the combatants to terms, or at any rate to get them to go and fight somewhere else. As for the League of Nations, it appeared that Japan has raised certain legal points in connection with the Chinese request that the dispute be referred from the Council of the League to the Assembly. These had been submitted to a Committee of jurists, whose report would be considered by the Council without delay.

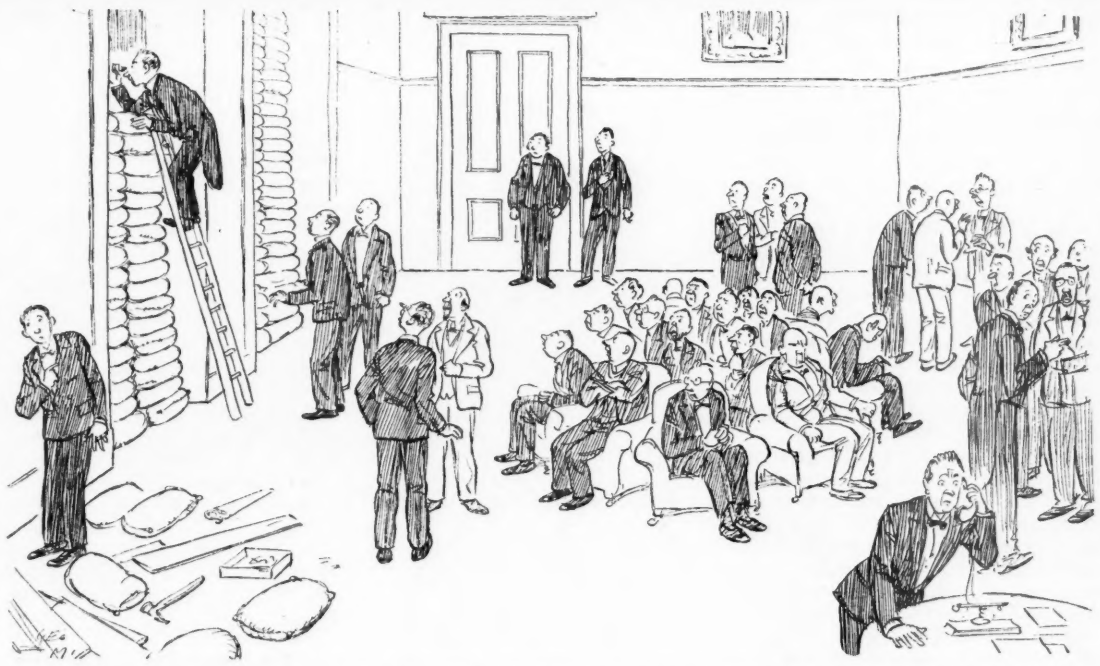
It must have been this part of the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S reply that wrung from Mr. MANDER the *cri de cœur*, "Is not the best thing to do to stop the war?" Sir JOHN will doubtless communicate this happy thought to Geneva.

"Let the sky rain potatoes," exclaimed *Sir John Falstaff* on a memorable occasion. Sir JOHN GILMOUR does not quite go that far, but he is prepared, he told Sir A. KNOX, to appoint the Potato Commission as soon as he is satisfied that the growers want it.

The first instalment of the Import Duties Bill in Committee provided the pretty spectacle of CHAMBERLAIN minor accepting the substance of a Labour Amendment at the instance of CHAMBERLAIN major. The spirit of the former had already been somewhat chastened by the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES ruling out of order the CHANCELLOR'S Amendments seeking to give the Treasury power to remove articles from as well as to add them to the Free List.

"Lindrum took an unfinished break of 25 to 115 by means of red ball play, the white having been lost on the previous evening."
Daily Paper.

They might have bought him another.



ELEVEN-THIRTY P.M. ON THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF FEBRUARY AT THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

BURR-BURR.

"Two elephants, two camels and one llama," said the lady in front of me to the man in the booking-office next-door to the lion-house who sold tickets for rides.

When her requirements had been satisfied, "Can you oblige me with change for sixpence?" I said; adding, "I want to telephone; where is the nearest call-box?"

"In the lion-house," said the man laconically, jerking his thumb over his left shoulder.

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"In the lion-house," he repeated.

I entered the lion-house and was greeted with a deafening roar. The time was 2.45 P.M.

I sauntered from cage to cage, searching for any sign of a call-box. Of course there was none.

As I emerged I met a keeper.

"Where is the nearest telephone call-box?" I asked.

"In the lion-house," he replied, ushering me back into pandemonium. "There!" he said, pointing to a gloomy corner in a bay opposite to Rajah's cage; and there sure enough it was.

The number I wanted had to be repeated several times, but otherwise the intrepid girl at the exchange kept her head and sustained her celebrated character for coolness and detachment in emergency.

She asked me to put no more than two pennies in the box, remembered to say "Please" and trilled, "You're thr-r-rough."

"Is that the Sumptuous Hotel?" I said. "Will you kindly deliver a message for me at the office?"

"Sorry, Madam, I can't hear you," I heard once or twice during brief lulls.

"I'm at the Zoo," I said.

"I'm sorry, Madam, I'm afraid there's something the matter with the lines."

"They're hungry," I said. "It's feeding-time. I'm speaking from the lion-house."

"Hold the lion, Madam," I heard faintly above a terrific crescendo from the cages. "I will ask the exchange to clear it."

"They'll quiet down directly," I said. "Dinner is served. That continuous low-pitched burr-rr-rr which you hear is not the dialling-tone."

"I beg your pardon, Madam?"

"Allow the ringing-tone 'Burr-Burr—Burr-Burr' to continue for at least half-a-minute," I quoted from the instructions in the Telephone Directory, "before abandoning call."

"Sorry, Madam, I cannot hear you."

I abandoned the call and fled into the open air. I put as much distance between me and the lion-house as I could without breaking the confines of the Zoological Gardens, and, waylaying another keeper, I said, "I want to telephone. Where is the nearest call-box?"

He indicated the parrot-house close by.

There it stood four-square in the porch of Pandemonium II.

I might have guessed it.

TO THE LORDS OF HOLLYWOOD

(*where snow has just fallen for the first time in fifty years*).

SIRS, though it may be true that snow
Your path till now has never crossed,
My film experience serves to show
You often have a frost.

Another Impending Apology.

"LIVERPOOL SIGN A CENTRE.
BELIEVED TO BE MISSING LINK."
Liverpool Paper.

Commercial Cynicism.

"I have been to the Cemetery and have seen the Memorial and wish to state that I am very satisfied indeed with the result and that I have already strongly recommended your firm to many, who, I sincerely hope will avail themselves of your services in the near future."

Testimonial in Mason's Catalogue.

"Unless costs of production in the Lancashire Cotton industry can be reduced . . . a steadily increasing loss of trade will have to be faced, according to the annual report of the Federation of Master Cotton Sinners, issued yesterday."—*Daily Paper.*

But does the boy know what he is talking about?

AT THE PICTURES.

RENÉ CLAIR AGAIN.

THE new film at the Rialto, which everyone interested in the art and nuances of the screen ought to see, is a blend of everything that the cinema can do, animated by the twin spirits of song and vagabondage. We always connect gaiety with M. CLAIR, and in *A Nous la Liberté* it has full play; but technically its predecessor, *Le Million*, has not been surpassed. The same resources have been at M. CLAIR'S command—the perfect photography, the vivacious music, the most sympathetic acting—but the plot is not so compact or so holding, and there has been a tendency to yield to the temptation to dally by the way.

The story opens in a gaol, where the prisoners are engaged in the mass-production of nursery toys. Our attention is quickly directed to the two amid this busy crowd of convicts who are going to matter—to *Louis*, a superman with a roguish look and a heavy wink, played by RAYMOND CORDY, and to *Emile*, his friend, a less forceful and indeed pathetic personality, played by HENRI MARCHAND. It is with these good companions that the story is concerned, and it begins at once when *Louis* succeeds in escaping and *Emile* is left behind. *Louis*, avoiding identification by the police, quickly rises to commercial eminence, and we see him, in horn-rimmed spectacles, at the head of a gigantic factory of gramophones, where prison discipline prevails. How *Emile*, who meanwhile has been completing his sentence, and *Louis* again meet, and what happens, shall not be divulged; let me merely say that a wealth of comic invention has gone to the making of their adventures, the last of which, on which the curtain falls, is, I am sure, nearest and dearest to M. CLAIR'S heart. But how his frugal countrymen will view the deliberate burning of all those thousand-franc notes I tremble to think.

There is a slender love-interest in the background, but it remains there. M. CLAIR is always more concerned with his heroes than his heroines. The outstanding figure of the piece, *Louis*, RAYMOND CORDY—and a more attractive scamp I for one do not wish to see—has but two controlling ideas, one being power and the other, not dissociated from it, freedom, and the only moment in this merry fantasy in which he is shown in relation to women is when he learns with supreme satisfaction that his wife has run off with another man.

One of the smaller parts—that of a white-bearded orator—struck me as being a little masterpiece, and I was not therefore surprised, when it was possible to consult the programme, to find that the actor is the famous *chansonnier*, VINCENT HYSPA, who has just been enrolled in the Legion of Honour and by his friends and colleagues fêted accordingly.



OLD CONVICTS' ESPRIT DE CORPS.
Louis . . . M. RAYMOND CORDY.
Emile . . . M. HENRI MARCHAND.

Among new film reputations that are being built up I should like to draw attention to a young American actor of engaging boyishness and charm named EDDIE QUILLAN, whom I have now seen in two parts and shall look for again. His latest appearance was at the Leicester Square Theatre in a very human and amusing and, towards the end, almost unbearably exciting, comedy of American small-town life, called *The Optimist*, noteworthy both for its interest and the all-round excellence of the acting. EDDIE QUILLAN, whose great assets are his youth and his simple candour and, above all, his sudden smile, is the star performer; but large print might with equal justice go, for instance, to ARTHUR STONE in a CHURDLES ASH character-sketch most admirably handled, without whom the play could not be. What becomes of the secondary films, of which *The Optimist* is an example, after their one week at a leading London cinema-house I have no idea; in the welter of over-production they seem to be lost for ever; but if on a hoarding the title *The Optimist*, starring EDDIE QUILLAN, should catch the eye of an enthusiast, I recommend him to follow it up.

E. V. L.



AN EXPERT IN THE WAYS OF WOMEN.
Old-Timer . . MR. ARTHUR STONE.
Ray . . . . MR. EDDIE QUILLAN.

. . . PERCHANCE TO DREAM.

THIS month witnesses the overthrow of yet another of my illusions.

Nightmares, I read, aren't the result of lobster salad, whisky and late nights, or even of overwork, domestic anxiety and dyspepsia. Thus we are robbed of complacent pleasure in a relatively light penance incurred by our gentlemanly scale of living or, alternatively, of nocturnal woe brought on by noble selfless sorrow.

No, nightmares are in league with FREUD and, to put it bluffly, are the direct result of the inherent lowness of our thoughts and natures.

IT ISN'T WHAT YOU EAT; IT'S WHAT YOU ARE.

Here we have the coming slogan. It will possibly serve to explain why a supper of chicken mince, a rye biscuit and a glass of barley-water leads us women just as inexorably in the small hours into dalliance (conducted on our part in raiment which would startle the Lido in August) with the sentry outside Buckingham Palace as if it were the result of a too convivial scale of diet.

And this I take very hard, as it gives us two burdens to bear simultaneously: the nightmare itself and the knowledge that after all one isn't such a pleasant person as all these years one had imagined. Nor in the future will it be possible to obtain any more sympathy at the breakfast-table in respect of one's appalling dream, lest the family

(or, if one is week-ending, the hostess) remarks coldly, "I am afraid you have been thinking low thoughts again, dear," or, facetiously, "Gross pet! *That*'s right."

Or, should the pallid confessor to nightmare be a man, "I am sorry, Mr. Bellfield, you have—ah—slept so poorly and I *think* there is a very convenient train to Town at eleven;" and, assembling her daughters, the hostess will shepherd them for ever out of his reach, just as he was making honourable headway in the affections of Clara.

In short, a time is coming when, if we go down with nightmare, we shall become suspect.

Admitting, then, that we are morally, spiritually and psychically C.3, that our every ambition, hope and aim are Rude and Naughty, it remains for the author of this sinister theory to explain why, when we entertain in our waking hours no tender feelings for the sentry, our nightmare should dwell upon him with obstinacy and not, for instance, upon our bank manager or the Lord Chief Justice, whom we at least have seen and respect most highly and who at least are never in a constant state of being changed, like our unidentified soldier?

And another point. There are nightmares of many types. Roughly one might classify them as:—

(1) THE HENRY JAMES TYPE,

in which unguessed horror draws near, preceded by a thin undulating wind that sweeps round one's bed.

(2) THE LYCEUM TYPE,

in which one goes in a train through an endless hellish tunnel at top speed towards some ancient dread; or in which ghastly sulphur lights flash in the basement of one's house and a demented man rushes to the window and leers at one in a yellow glare.

(3) THE ELLIOTT O'DONNELL TYPE,

in which crowds of disgusting little goblins are *suddenly there* without having arrived, and prod one. Add to this the conviction that they know the worst of one and will act upon that knowledge at any minute.

(4) THE SOCIAL AGONY TYPE,

in which one is taken bilious at a dinner attended by Royalty and is borne out in a pair of boots and a bathing-dress (though, somehow, one retains one's tiara); or in which one takes tea in Kensington Gardens in nothing at all, the horror, oddly enough, consisting not in arrest by the police but in the fact that one is only behaving in very bad taste. . . .

(5) THE IMMINENCE TYPE,

which consists exclusively in a positive prescience of evil-to-come, and in which events inexplicably but unmistakably begin to "trend," and one knows that one is for it.

(6) THE BYRONIC TYPE.

Somewhat akin to the "Imminence" type with the more fearful difference that, once let in for a Byronic nightmare, you deliberately advance towards terror. Is there a haunted house in a beech-grove? You go towards it, and something in you perversely hopes that utter fright will result. . . .

* * * * *

Now, nearly all of us have had all of these nightmares at least once in our lives and the question therefore arises as to which of them damns us the most?

Does it betray a lower nature to specialise in nightmares of the Lyceum and Social Agony calibre than to confess the HENRY JAMES and Imminence types?

Personally I am strongly disposed to forget the Freudian side of disagreeable dreams and to return to my crustacean convictions. I shall continue to lay my troubles at the lobster's door.

RACHEL.



Plumber. "WELL, 'AVE YOU GOT THEM SMALL PLIERS?"
Promising Apprentice. "I AIN'T BIN BACK YET—'AD TO RETURN 'ERE FOR ME FAGS."

AT THE PLAY.

"SENTENCED" (COMEDY).

FOR those who prefer to see their melodramatic romances in the round rather than to read them, Mr. HAROLD SIMPSON has provided in *Sentenced* an excellent entertainment. He shows great ingenuity in sustaining our interest in his well-contrived plot, cleverly double-crossing us now and again and resolving quite fairly apparent contradictions which we think we have been so acute in discovering. And he carries us backward and forward in time to suit the chosen method of his narrative without unduly confusing us. He is clearly more satisfactory as a maker of puzzles than of epigrams and jokes.

Mr. Justice Hatton (Mr. FRANK CELLIER), upon whom at the unripe age of forty a judgeship has been thrust; has to undergo a most unhappy experience—to condemn a man to death whom, for the best of reasons (which I may not here give away), he quite definitely knows to be innocent. To declare his knowledge will mean the wrecking of his own career. He keeps silence, therefore, salving his uneasy conscience with the consideration that the prisoner, being obviously demented, will not be hanged, and that as he must naturally be placed under control it may as well be in Broadmoor as anywhere else. The fact, too, that the prisoner had frankly admitted that he meant to kill the unfortunate *Leonora* (Miss SUNDAY WILSHIN) was a further easement of conscience.

Hatton has incidentally made a loveless marriage with the daughter of the semi-imbecile *Marquis of Lockton* (Mr. CLIFFORD MARQUAND), who apparently has judgeships in his pocket—which, we may candidly say, is not made to appear to us as in the least likely.

What with the one thing and the other, *Hatton's* success is as dust and ashes in the mouth; so that when the still demented prisoner, ten years or so later, escapes from Broadmoor, the disillusioned judge is quite ready to suffer expiation at the hands of the man he has wronged, and indeed goes out of his way to provide him with the opportunity for revenge. Here the author gives us an exciting and most skilfully-written scene in which again and again, just as we are saying, "But how absurd!" or "How definitely out of key!" he gives an ingenious twist to the affair and confounds us.

It should be said that two consecutive scenes in the last Act—this of the lunatic bent on revenge, and that which follows of the death of the unfortunate blonde, *Leonora*—are, in form, dramatic visualisations of the confession which *Lord Hatton* makes to the *Prime Minister* (Mr. ERIC STANLEY), who has come to insist upon his accepting the Lord Chancellorship. "Is this the sort of man you ought to make Lord Chancellor?" says *Hatton*. "All things considered, yes!" says the *P.M.* How far this decision was influenced by the fact that he had had no dinner beyond the whisky positively forced upon him by the judge we cannot of course say. *Hatton*, however, in expiation of his fault nobly pushes the Woolsack from him.



Robert Hatton, K.C. (*Mr. FRANK CELLIER*) *to Leonora* (*Miss SUNDAY WILSHIN*). "DON'T SHOOT! YOU'LL SPOIL MY CAREER."



Mr. Justice Hatton (*ten years and twenty minutes later*) *to Richard Adderley* (*Mr. ION SWINLEY*). "CARRY ON—I'M USED TO IT."

Perhaps it is a little hypercritical to suggest that the realistic and sophisticated way in which the piece was played did not quite suit the rather crudely conventional situations and characterisation; for I suppose we should have resented its being played in the transpontine manner. And certainly I gladly confess that, frankly entertained by the ingenious construction of the puzzle, I was almost persuaded by the skill of Mr. FRANK CELLIER, Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT, Mr. ION SWINLEY and Miss SUNDAY WILSHIN to believe in these four principals at least.

It is difficult to be more specific in commendation without betraying the author's secrets and spoiling the playgoer's enjoyment. Mr. CLIFFORD BARTLETT, a young actor new to me, gave a meritorious performance of a gauche modern young man.

And I must not omit to say that the happy ending—the understanding between the judge and his wife, whom we and he had supposed to be a climber who would be vastly disappointed by his decision—proves our author to be a man of sensibility, and suggests, as I mean it to suggest, that when less hampered by the complexities of his plot he may well contrive to make his characterisation more persuasive. T.

"KING, QUEEN, KNAVE" (PLAYHOUSE).

The chief attraction of this neo-Ruritanian exercise by H. M. HARWOOD and R. GORE BROWNE is the engaging hero, *David Maclean*, a queer abrupt Highland Scot, who has since the Great War fought wherever there was fighting to be had, always for the lost cause of kingship, speaks seventeen European languages, and is at the moment a journalist at two guineas per thousand. I think we may safely assume that R. G. B. took his play already made to H. M. H. to be made over, for the unsatisfactory construction and interrupted movement do not suggest the latter's experienced technique. And plays can't be really saved that way.

Stephan IX. of Carmania (Mr. ED-

MOND BREON), bibliophile and gynophile, has been thrust forth from his kingdom. *Sir Ferdinand Gordon Kolb* (Mr. FRANK HARVEY), very rich and sinister, sees money in a restoration. But *Stephan* would much prefer to pursue his oddly-yoked hobbies on the Riviera and retire on an allowance from the Carmanian Bolshevist Government, guaranteed on condition of his formal abdication. His daughter *Narcissa* (Miss GLADYS COOPER), taking fire a little, at any rate for the moment, from the loyalism of the ingenuous *Maclean* (Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE), who has drifted into *Kolb's* antique shop to buy a claymore of PRINCE CHARLIE'S, declares herself ready to take over her father's job on condition that the romantic condottiere, *Maclean*, is given command of the expedition. "Better to serve a living than collect relics of a dead sovereign," says the *Princess*, and, giving her hand to her shabby gallant knight-errant to kiss, gives also her heart—though that wasn't quite clear at the moment, and I hoped for and expected a quite different development of the affair.

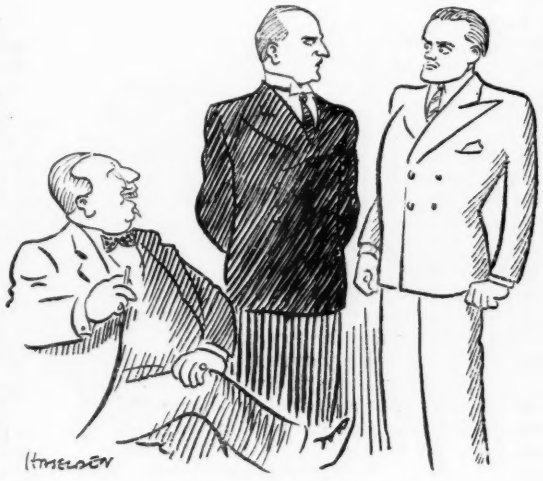
However, R. G. B. (H. M. H. consenting) took us to the happy ending (new style): the expedition betrayed by *Kolb*, the jailing of *Maclean*, the voluntary surrender and abdication of the *Princess* as the price of her General's life, and her declaration to *Maclean*, not less astonished than I was, that she proposed cooking his porridge and mending his socks for ever after. It was not as if Miss GLADYS COOPER had at all prepared us for this shock. She presented her *Narcissa* as a hard bright young woman with no nonsense about her.

I found much less difficulty in understanding *Maclean's* side of the business. His Highland bonnet was obviously much too full of bees to leave any room for commonsense, though the author arbitrarily endowed him with a faculty of detailed organisation quite alien to his charming temperament. Give him a legitimate king or queen to die for and a braw fight against fearful odds, and that is all he ever wanted. I think we all in our hearts envy such inspired lunatics, or if we don't we ought to! And it was pleasant to see Mr. QUARTERMAINE at a job so well suited to his admirable talent for filling out a romantic part on a reasonable hint from his author.

Pleasant also to watch Mr. EDMOND BREON'S *Stephan*, embarrassed by the company that an ex-King with expensive tastes and a shrunken purse may be compelled to keep—*Kolb* was not a pleasant fellow, truly—and so evidently the *viveur*. We found it not quite so easy to believe in his passion for expensive books.

Mr. ANTONY HOLLES gave us an amusing portrait of a Bolshevist Minister of Finance, and Mr. FRANK COCHRANE was most entertaining as the Glaswegian *Stranowitz*, imported as general manager of the Carmanian revolution, with his stark belief in personal autocracy masquerading as dictatorship of the proletariat.

I don't suppose this play was meant to be the vehicle of serious political ideas, but if anything here emerges it is the now fashionable hope in the Strong Man, whether True Blue or Red, and disbelief in democracy, against which many shafts, not too acutely pointed, I thought, were aimed. T.



KING, KNAVE, ACE.

Stephan IX . . . . . MR. EDMOND BREON.
Sir Ferdinand Gordon Kolb MR. FRANK HARVEY.
David Maclean . . . . MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.

"RUTH."

"CONFOUND the woman!" the Publicity Man might say. "Monday evening: the times bad: a large theatre in the suburbs—but the large theatre is crammed from floor to ceiling. And there has been no publicity—no interviews in the newspapers, no biographical details, no photographs of beautiful girls, no ingenious advertising stunts, no illuminated electric signs, not one poster on omnibus or hoarding — only a few small paragraphs in small type to say that Miss RUTH DRAPER will apear for one week at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. Politicians and publicists and publicity men may go on shouting their frantic messages for years before they are heard. But this small whisper of a paragraph goes round the town like wild-fire, and all the town appears at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, too. . . ."

"Confound the woman!" the Producer might say. "Am I not persuaded, and have I not persuaded the people, that the only hope for the theatre to-day lies in Spectacle and Bigness, in dancers by battalions and lingerie by the mile, in



Stranowitz (*Mr.* FRANK COCHRANE), *to David Maclean* (*Mr.* LEON QUARTERMAINE). "I SAY—AS ONE HIGH CARD TO ANOTHER—WHY NOT JOIN OUR COMMUNIST PACK?"

dazzling maidens and expensive scenery, in cunning lights and crashing orchestras, in stages which revolve or slide, collapse or go up and down? Do I not have to spend months and years in planning a single show? Do I not spend weeks in rehearsing my armies of actors and singers and dancers? Do I not spend fortunes on frocks and frills, on back-cloths and bands—and even then cannot be sure of luring the ungrateful public into my theatre? And yet this confounded woman walks coolly on to the stage, sits all by herself in an ordinary light before some velvet curtains, with one shawl and one sofa for costume, furniture and 'props,' and the public come and eat out of her hand; and, what is more, they stay on eating until such time as she chooses to send them away; *and* what is more, confound her! they keep on coming back for a second or twenty-second helping."

"Confound the woman!" the Actor might say. "With all my training, experience and power I should not like to be asked to hold an audience with a monologue lasting as long as ten minutes. And, if I made the attempt, I should expect the ground to be carefully prepared for me—a strong situation from the dramatist, a sense of suspense in the audience, lighting, costume, poetry, music, clutching hands, faces at the window, and aids of that sort. But this confounded woman holds the stage *for more than two hours* with no aids of that sort! To say nothing of anything else, my manly voice would hardly stand the strain for a single performance. I should have laryngitis on the second night. But this frail confounded female gives eight performances a week—which, twice a week, means two performances a day. We are all tired at the end of a matinée-day, however small our parts; but what must a matinée-day be like when you are the sole performer? Confound the woman! She breaks all the rules. Here I stand at the back of the Dress Circle in this large house. And I know very well that if I were down there on the stage talking as softly as that to an imaginary person (or even a real person) in an arm-chair, nobody up here would hear me; and what is more, nobody would try for very long. A storm of coughing would fill the Dress Circle and the gentlemen standing up here would sidle out into the bar. I cannot, as a matter of fact, hear every word that she is saying just now, for *Mrs. Mallory* is very softly soothing poor *Mr. Clifford*, and the house is really too large for such intimacies. Nevertheless, I feel that I know exactly what she is saying. And I do not sidle out into the bar, for I am fascinated. Not an actress, of course—not really; but—— Oh, confound the woman!"

"Confound the woman!" the Dramatist might say. "Is there nothing she can leave alone? Isn't it enough to be her own Producer, Star, Company, Chorus, Stage-manager and Scene-Designer? Must she write the play as well? And not one play, but six or seven! Confound the woman! That three-piece sketch about *Mr. Clifford* has as much meat in it as a Shakespearean tragedy. Mr. EUGENE O'NEILL might have made a seven-hour drama of it. Men have composed protracted trilogies out of much less solid material. Yet she throws it off lightly and calls it a 'Character Sketch'! Confound the woman! She knows too much—too much about women and far too much about men. In a few jerky sentences she can show us all up more thoroughly and truthfully than a shelf of psycho-analytical novels. And yet we don't mind. Indeed we love it. Confound the woman! And then, what right has she to do such queer things to an audience? She can make them stop coughing, listen, chuckle, smile, roar with laughter—and weep. They do what she wants—exactly when she wants it. There is never a fumble, never a false note. Not a *real* dramatist, of course, but—— Oh, confound the woman! The art of the theatre is firstly, I suppose, to create an illusion. And we poor mutts, with all the resources of the theatre to help us, may labour and strain for years without creating an illusion for more than five minutes. We might fill the stage with Florentines all talking real Florentine before an exact replica of a corner of Florence; and still the audience would refuse to think of Florence. But this confounded woman has only to walk about and mumble in front of her confounded velvet curtains and we are in some Florence cathedral which we have never seen. And all the nations of the world are pattering and chattering round that cathedral as well. She says, 'Now, children . . .' and the stage is full of children; if she said 'Form fours' you would see a regiment of soldiers. Confound her!"

"Confound the woman!" the Stage-door-keeper might say. "Seems funny—house full—show going well—and all these passages and dressing-rooms empty. Don't seem like a theatre, somehow—no call-boy—nobody to call—no young ladies bouncing about in tights—no young gentlemen waiting to take them out—no noise—no rumpuses—no rehearsals—nothing. Only one little lady in one small dressing-room. And, really, to talk to her, you wouldn't think she was anything so wonderful. No side—nothing. Uncanny, isn't it?"

"Confound the woman!" all these gentlemen *might* say. But they all say "Bless her!" and bow down in wonder.

A. P. H.

THE TIGERS OF ST. BOGEY'S.

THE tigers of St. Bogey's
Are golfing super-stars,
And roll up to their matches
In lordly motor-cars;
But Robinson, old Robinson
(A chap I rather like),
Comes pedalling to our club-house
Upon an old push-bike.

The tigers of St. Bogey's
Wear elegant plus-fours;
Their caddies toil behind them
With clubs you'd count in scores;
But Robinson, old Robinson
(Who's rather short of pelf),
Wears crumpled flannel trousers
And bears his bag himself.

The tigers of St. Bogey's
Drive several hundred yards
And view with consternation
A six upon their cards;
But Robinson, old Robinson
(Who's made of happier stuff),
Goes topping into bunkers
And hacking through the rough.

The tigers of St. Bogey's
Land somewhere near the pin,
Nor feel surprise if sometimes
Approaches trickle in;
But Robinson, old Robinson,
Once, aiming at the flag,
Holed neatly out in seven
Down his opponent's bag.

The tigers of St. Bogey's
Go round in seventy-two,
And even so consider
They might have saved a few;
But Robinson, old Robinson,
Was filled with joy divine
The day he did his record—
Nine holes in fifty-nine.

The tigers of St. Bogey's
May swagger round their links
And play their fourball foursomes
For money and for drinks;
But Robinson, old Robinson,
When all is said and done,
He envies not the tigers—
Just plays the game for fun.

"No aircraft is allowed to pass into the hands of a private owner in this country unless it complies with the strict statutory requirements of the authorities as regards strength and safety in flight. Hence any aircraft may be bought with the knowledge that it will not let the pilot down."

Aeroplane Agent's Pamphlet.

With everybody staying up, the sky will soon be congested.



"THERE'S NO ONE LIKE YOU ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, GERTRUDE."



Artist. "I HOPE YOU'RE WARM ENOUGH. ANYHOW, TRY AND LOOK AS IF YOU ARE, BECAUSE THIS IS FOR A SUMMER NUMBER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Swerve of Adventure.

IT is not often that we are offered a feast so diverse or so entertaining as that set out by Miss HELEN SIMPSON, beneath a picturesque canopy by Mr. REX WHISTLER, in *Boomerang* (HEINEMANN, 8/6). In size and scope this novel is another of our vigorous throwbacks to the eighteenth century; with good reason, for it opens in 1789 with the emigration of a French nobleman as Governor of an island in the West Indies. His Australian great-granddaughter, *Clotilde Boissy*, who was not born until 1875 and page 233, tells the story in the first person, reconstructing the century of family history prior to her birth. Few heroines have been endowed by their kindly authors with riper or more romantic ancestors or with a more penetrating wit with which to portray them. After 1875 the book becomes *Clotilde's* autobiography; she lives loyally up to the family tradition of adventure, marrying a Governor-General of Australia, and finally, in France during the War, discovering herself in dramatic proximity to the Château of Mortemart-en-Artois, the original *Boissy* seat. And so the boomerang flew home. Although her own experiences make excellent reading, on the whole I found the actualities of the present less satisfactory than the glorious legends of the past, a danger inherent in a book which falls so distinctly into two divisions. Also I think it a pity that Miss SIMPSON devoted her concluding chapters to the improbable smuggling of *Clotilde* into the English trenches, for they cannot be accepted as a contribution to War literature, and as fiction they fall below her high standard. But it would be ungrateful to quarrel with work which shows such many-sided talent and such unusual strength of imagination.

Another Novel without a Hero.

FREDERICK NIVEN has written a book,
And its hero is most unheroic;
He draws the long bow and he loves a long purse,
And here I would say, *The Rich Wife* that he took,
Although she contracted for better or worse,
Is more than a bit of a stoic
To bear with his meanness and bear with the way
He boasts of the prices his editors pay.

Now *Byron*, this bounder who bounces so much
You'd almost believe him pneumatic,
Has a daughter, and she, though the publishers think
He's a winner because of his sure "human touch."
Has little respect for his spilling of ink,
And her mode of expression's emphatic;
And so she provides, with her devil-me-care
Opinions, the humour that's lacking elsewhere.

The character-drawing is all pretty good:
The daughter is gay and romantic,
As full of kind thoughts as her father is *not*;
The wife is a gem, though I doubt if she would
Have married a cad, save for sake of a plot.
You'll read how he drives himself frantic,
And the piteous tale of his low-dealing tricks
In a book sold by COLLINS for seven-and-six.

Between Cotswolds and Wye.

No one can "refrain from comment" more scathingly than Mr. EDWARD HUTTON. The "modern barbarism" and the "filthy industrialism" of the twentieth century, as contrasted with those superior amenities of the early fourteenth, which unfortunately culminated in the Black Death, rouse in him a disdainful distaste that he maintains with almost effortless consistency. In *Highways and Byways in Gloucestershire* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) he brings a wealth of antiquarian learning to explore the hundred-and-one little old churches of this lovely county of our middle west, and one could be wholly content in wandering with him from village to village if only he would not bemoan so much. The pretensions of the Lancastrians or the usurpation of DUTCH WILLIAM, no less than the "unmitigated curse" of restoration, worry him so sorely that again and again I would fain drag him out to the still unspoilt flowers and skies and hillsides. Fortunately Mr. HUGH THOMSON saw things beautiful without perpetual vain regrets, and, though it did not occur to him to depict Sir WALTER RALEIGH sailing round the world on a voyage for which I believe Mr. HUTTON is the sole authority, yet enough of his exquisitely delicate drawings, in the softer manner of his later work, have still been found available to glorify this newest volume in a most desirable series.

New Light from Old Lamps.

Both Europe and America are entitled to chuckle over *Swiss Family Manhattan* (FABER AND FABER, 6/-), and, speaking in all modesty for Europe, I must own that I was entertained myself. The Old World provides this amusing extravaganza's chief characters—our old friends the *Swiss Family Robinson*, now located at Geneva. *Papa*, once a pastor and still apt to recall his option on the Deity in times of stress, is a filing-clerk to the League of Nations. *Mamma* has also a post among the *dossiers*. Both officials, with *Fritz* and *Otto*, their offspring, undertake an ill-fated voyage in a Transatlantic airship that strands them, the sole survivors, on the summit of an unfinished skyscraper in New York. Their bearings are hopelessly lost, and a meagre supply of biscuits and brandy, with a card-index, a copy of *La Vie Parisienne* and the sales-book of a defunct American traveller are their sole salvage from the wreck. However, everything but the card-index comes in characteristically useful when, cautiously descending the Giant Tree, the family begins to explore Manhattan. A certain breadth of humour distinguishes the relation of *Mamma's* dealings with the anthropoids encountered halfway down; but *Papa's* association with a pleasing flapper on the ground-level is more gracefully indicated. His adventures as lecturer and author provide his creator, Mr. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, with admirable opportunities for satire; and while it has obviously been difficult to combine the simple humours of the parody with a shrewd pinking of the American hide considerable if intermittent success has been obtained in both departments.



Shipwrecked Optimist. "YE KNOW, BOYS, THE WAY THINGS IS GOIN' IN THE WORLD JUST NOW I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF WE DON'T LOOK BACK ON THIS AS THE 'APPIEST TIME OF OUR LIVES."

Progressive Agony-piling.

The hero of *The Forlorn Years* (COLLINS, 7/6) strikes me as a worthy if unconscious heir of the old Scots Nonconformists—the kind that held out, as STEVENSON said, in a peat-bog with a "speerit of prayer" in its heart. Only on the hypothesis of some sort of carry-over from a doughtier age can I explain the moral courage which (with utterly inadequate inspiration) faces the fate dealt out by Mr. JOHN MORRISON to the hero of his first novel. A sensitive small boy in the days of the War, *David Lorne* sees the death of his mother, his father, his friend and the

genial doctor who seemed the one permanent figure in his fortunes. A Lowland fishing-village and an aunt's grim home in Glasgow are subsequently relinquished for an office in Leadenhall Street; and from this three years of arduous service see him jettisoned at one-and-twenty. Still resolute under the bludgeonings of chance, *David* turns journalist; and his adventures with a bankrupt paper and a professional "trainer" of literary aspirants leave him richer by an experience that is not without its humours. They do not, however, prevent his succumbing to starvation and being rescued, like DE QUINCEY and FRANCIS THOMPSON, by a disinterested prostitute. The narrative, which piles on the early agonies with a certain gauche morbidity, gains in discernment as it progresses; and I for one am not inclined to quarrel with Mr. MORRISON'S chosen slice of life or with his interpretation of it. Both, I admit, are strikingly incomplete, but both are original and interesting.

Racy of the Soil.

Just as you can enjoy the *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* without ever having crossed a saddle, so, and for the same reason, you can enjoy *Farmer's Glory* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) even if you have never set hand to plough. For Mr. A. G. STREET shares with Mr. SASSOON the gift of evoking that scent which is most grateful to all good English nostrils—the scent of English earth. And this he owes not to any special cunning in the pastoral mode, but to the fact that, having spent a quarter of a century in the hard practice of agriculture, he has related his experiences with the simple sufficiency of a man who knows his job and is also articulate. His book is a triptych, and the central panel, "A Canadian Interlude," is a record of such labour as makes one marvel at man's endurance and yet does not preclude enjoyment. The titles of the flanking pieces, "The Spacious Days" and "The Waning of the Glory," tell their own story of a disaster which is at the moment harassing our legislators. But, though Mr. STREET is of necessity *laudator temporis acti*, "Ichabod" is not his final word. He holds that England's day for wheat-growing is definitely over and that if, as he is most reluctant to admit, the farmer must be helped by the Government, he should be helped to turn, as Mr. STREET himself has turned, his plough-lands into pasture.



Wife (adapting herself to breakfast-table atmosphere). "WHO DO YOU THINK WILL LOSE THE BOATRACE THIS YEAR, DEAR?"

The Persecution of the Pound.

Mr. PAUL EINZIG, in narrating *The Tragedy of the Pound* (KEGAN PAUL, 7/6), spares us none of the horrors which accompany the decline of Great Britain. He castigates the popular Press for its display of easy optimism in September last, when sterling descended from her golden throne and joined the mad dance of figures which was once conducted mainly by the currencies of Germany and Austria. He shows how our Government through sheer honesty committed every possible financial mistake in 1931 and how during the same period the wicked French persecuted the pound to their own advantage. He holds that France committed a grievous sin in stabilising the franc at 124 instead of at about 100, its world-value. This cheapness induced you and me to take our gold to the Bank of France *viâ* the Riviera and the Rue de la Paix. France gave us cheap food and trinkets, but it was all a trick. In future she will make us pay for them more than they were worth. During the cheap period the French caterers and producers were sacrificed to the welfare of the French State. Now, of course, to even matters up we must sacrifice our "thousands of idle rich and millions of idle poor." In these national affairs there is no quarter for the individual. Altogether a sad book, emitting only a faint flicker of hope.

A Débutante Abroad.

Nance Abbott, a young and attractive journalist of San Francisco, inherited a legacy and decided to visit Indo-China, but her holiday was more adventurous than restful, because for various sound reasons troublesome people mistook her for another girl of less unblemished character. In fact no sooner had *Nance* arrived in Saigon than the attentions and intentions of persons who seemed quite undesirable became unpleasantly pronounced. Among this motley crowd was a man known as *Jim Graves*, and he plays a leading part in *Cambodian Quest* (ELKIN MATHEWS AND MARROT, 7/6). On first acquaintance I was not disposed to like *J. Graves*—his manners, for instance, were simply deplorable—but eventually he turns out to be the flower of Mr. ROBERT J. CASEY'S flock. Generally speaking they were tough fellows with whom *Nance* had to deal, but they are far more interesting than the ordinary profligates of sensational fiction, because Mr. CASEY envelopes both them and their surroundings in an atmosphere of mystery that is peculiarly attractive.

The Grip of Gangdom.

On the jacket of *Muscling In* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) I was glad to find an explanation of the book's title. "The gangster racketeer," we are informed, "has a strong foothold in American business to-day, and is 'muscling in'—forcing his way—into more and more trades. Bootlegging was only the beginning; over a hundred major industries in the largest cities in the States . . . now find themselves in gangdom's grip." Readers of *Al Capone* will not require to be told that Mr. F. D. PASLEY is a fearless and explicit writer, and in this second book of revelations he has an amazing story of lawlessness to tell. But I am doubtful whether this kind of gangster *Who's Who* can be of any great interest except to Americans and criminologists. For my own part, with the best will to be entertained I found it none too easy to digest.

CHARIVARIA.

A COLONEL writes to a daily paper pointing out that the way to treat Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN is to ignore him. Yet we doubt whether Mr. EPSTEIN would allow the thought that a Colonel is ignoring him to cramp his style.

***

A rumour is being spread that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is contemplating writing a novel. We deplore these attempts to shake confidence in the PRIME MINISTER.

***

Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY is an advocate of breakfast in bed; but it does not yet appear that "Breakfast in Bed for All" is one of the slogans of the Labour Party.

***

A Harvard scientist says that Mars is inhabited by intelligent beings and that they are continually trying to get in touch with the earth. Surely these two statements can't *both* be right!

***

The words "Way Out" have been substituted for "Exit" on the Underground system. The Traffic Combine has, however, no remedy to offer for the non-classical man's difficulty with regard to "Omnibus."

***

"Saxophone players are born not made," writes a musical critic. Another argument for birth-control.

***

It has been observed that the American now demands much drier wines than he did formerly. This is, of course, his concession to Prohibitionist susceptibilities.

***

An eminent musician is described as looking like a prosperous farmer. His appearance should deceive nobody as to the state of agriculture.

***

We read that an eighty-year-old man near Salford has not been outside his house for twenty-seven years. Somebody ought to tell him that it has stopped raining.

***

In Mexico there are over a hundred public holidays every year. The idea is to shame office-boys out of the habit of asking for a day off to attend a revolution.

***

Publicity has been given to the appearance of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY'S son as counsel; but the opinion in legal circles is that this does not affect the distinction between a Court of Law and a place of entertainment.

***

A sports-writer recalls an English footballer who could dribble round a threepenny-piece. We doubt whether a Scottish footballer could do this.

***

The Newfoundland nonagenarian who claims to be the oldest golfer in the British Empire would no doubt confirm the belief that at this game the first seventy years or so are the most difficult.



WIFE OF KEEN FISHERMAN HANGS OUT THE WASHING.

Golf-widows are advised to follow their husbands round as a slimming exercise. Our thoughts are with the husbands.

***

For explanatory purposes Shanghai has been described in terms of London. We have always understood that part of it was very like Chinatown.

***

The man who ceases to grumble is advised to consult a doctor. Country practitioners observe that this disquieting symptom is comparatively rare among farmers.

***

An aged German has bequeathed fifteen thousand pounds to the Chinese people to "assist them in their struggle against Europe." In Tokio satisfaction is felt that the terms of the will preclude the use of this money in the struggle against Japan.

***

At a recent mannequin parade an evening frock was shown which appeared to be dripping with water. This suggests a novel effect for bathing-costumes where immersion is not desired.

***

An angler hooked a set of bagpipes while fishing near Glasgow. We can only suppose that he was using haggis as bait.

***

A pair of sparrows have started to build on one of London's statues. No doubt the birds think there must have been some reason for putting it there.

***

A newspaper is conducting a discussion on "Finding the Ideal Mate." In these days of memory-training this is becoming a perplexing problem for our plumbers.

***

A correspondent has written to a contemporary to say that we can all help the trade revival by paying our tailors' bills at once. The present depression seems to be driving some men to desperate remedies.

***

A musician has boasted that he could play three pianos at once. We can only appeal to his better nature.

***

It has been remarked that our buildings, as distinguished from those in America, are constructed to last too long. No blame attaches to our jerry-builders.

***

"There are already signs of spring," says a writer. We understand that several pairs of mating white spats have been seen in Bond Street.

***

An international contest in the cooking of shell-fish is to be held in America. A gathering of the clams.

***

An expert remarks that indoor sports can be very strenuous. Yet we have never heard of anybody suffering from halma elbow.

***

Ten thousand gallons of water were recently used in making a film. We cannot help feeling that there is a tendency nowadays to overdo the sob-stuff.

A THREATENED RUPTURE OF THE PEACE.

THERE was a thought I tried to think—
It came from Tokio way—
That this affair of Jap and Chink
Was just a street affray;

A matter for a few police
Waving a wooden sword,
Whereon the row was sure to cease
And order be restored.

Or, if it came to actual blows
Which raised a nasty bump,
Or someone got a bleeding nose
That made Geneva jump,

Never, I hoped, would they reveal
So crude a want of tact
As to ignore the League's appeal
And Mr. KELLOGG'S Pact.

But I suspect these little scraps.
If much more blood is shed,
If, say, another myriad Japs
Should take to seeing red,

The present fracas may exceed
(Which we should all deplore)
The limits of a Peace and lead
To something like a War. O. S.

MORE TROUBLE WITH CHARLES.

Charles blew in and complained that as a mere reader of the papers he was being defrauded by the opening accounts of the war in the Far East, because the whole phraseology was borrowed from the war of 1914 to 1918, whereas everybody knew that the Chinese Army consisted of gangs of bandits carrying nothing but umbrellas and, in the case of the Christian General, probably only sunshades, so that they were wholly incapable of stopping the mildest push by the Japanese, who probably had every detail of modern organisation at their command, including poison-gas and W.A.A.C.'s in kimonos, with plum-blossom in their hair.

I said I could not help him, because I only knew the East as far as Persia, where my cousin Frederick lived and hunted gazelle. My knowledge of China was confined to the works of the late Mr. EDGAR WALLACE, and *San Toy*.

"It stands to reason," said Charles, "that the whole description of these battles must be entirely incorrect. To begin with, Chinese armies usually change sides in the middle of a battle, if not sooner, and go home when it begins to rain; and according to the papers it has been raining hard in China. Besides, in one paper I read: 'The ill-equipped Chinese answered shell for shell.' What does that mean? Hadn't they got any shells themselves? And if so, how did they do it?"

"It doesn't say what kind of shells," I said. "Perhaps they were sea-shells and the Chinese picked them up and threw them back again."

Charles said bilge to that, and he suspected a deliberate mystification or downright deception of the public in the matter of this war, both by the newspapers and the B.B.C. People who saw anything of the trouble on the Western Front fifteen years ago had a right to know a little more about the management of a great military campaign than we were being told at present. How much wire had the Chinese got, if any, and what kind? And did they know how to use it? What sort of trenches do you dig in a wet paddy-field? Were there parapets and traverses? What about the berm and the batter? And how many machine-guns per horde did a Chinese army of marauders use? Were the noodles and the chop suey regularly brought up the line? And how often did one battalion of bandits relieve another? Why had we heard nothing about the rest-billets and the entomological stations and the concert-parties behind the line?

I said that I thought that a Chinese play took about seven months to perform, so that we should have to wait a good time before we heard about that.

And Charles said that there were other and deeper issues involved. For instance, no real statement seemed to have been made on either side as to why they were unsheathing the sword, or whether this was a war to end war; or whether it was being fought for the sake of democracy or banditry or Manchuria or Shintoism or what.

"According to the latest reports," I said, "a Japanese lady has already committed charivari—I mean *hara-kiri*—in order that her husband might be relieved of responsibility and devote his full attention to bayonet drill. But she was an exception. There are probably geisha songs in Tokio about keeping the home lanterns swinging until the boys come home."

But Charles would not be content. It was the Chinese attitude, he said, which puzzled him. There was no government in China. There was no anything in China. There could hardly be a Supreme War Council to decide whether the honourable offensive of the enemy was to be resisted by the contemptible Chinese troops, or whether these wretched persons ought to capture any high-minded prisoners during night patrols. In fact he doubted whether there was any phrase in Chinese for flattening out a salient or even for rectifying a line and consolidating a position slightly to the west of that previously occupied. He thought that the Chinese probably simply called that running away and leaving their umbrellas behind.

He understood also that many dialects of Chinese were strange to other Chinese, so that they probably had to talk in pidgin-English to each other, and even issue Army Orders in some such form as:—

"General velly much likee spilit of troops, and hopes all will be samee for velly big push to-morrow."

Besides it was well known that in a Chinese army a man entered as a General and ended up as a lance-corporal, because a lance-corporal had to know so much more than a General, and this was bound to cause still further confusion, because the rapid promotion of Generals to the ranks which would be bound to occur on active service would be constantly altering the personnel of the Higher Command.

"There's one point you forget," I told him. "The Chinese armies must contain a number of veterans from the late war. Working as they did behind the lines in France, they probably got a tremendous grip on strategy and tactics and scrounging other people's stores. Coolies employed by us in 1917 and 1918 and entering the Chinese Army as Field-Marshals in 1920 or 1921 may easily be directing operations at the present moment as Company-Sergeant-Majors at Chapei."

"All the same," grumbled Charles, "it beats me how they do it. Have they a Dora? Is there any Provost-Marshal? When I think of the bully-yak tins being brought up on broken rickshaws by the A.S.C., and the fellows drilling with bows-and-arrows at the base because they haven't enough rifles served out to them, and half the shells loaded with caravan-tea instead of high explosives, and the opium ration for sending them over the top running short——"

"Perhaps we shall never know the truth," I said, "until the Chinese Generals begin to write their war-books, blaming their abominable selves and praising their magnificent rivals for the result. Indeed, I expect many of them have begun to write already, because it takes a long time to write Chinese, and you have to do it backwards and begin the book at the end of the last word. Far-sighted publishers ought to get in touch with them at once." EVOE.

There is unfortunately no truth in the rumour that Mr. SHAW, on being approached by an American who asked, "Say, are you SHAW?" merely replied "Certain," and walked on.



ENTRY OF THE MARCH LION;

OR, WHAT OUR LAMBSBURIES HAVE TO LIE DOWN WITH.

[March 1st, St. David's Day, was chosen by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for his first appearance on a platform since his illness.]



Jeweller. "I CAN GIVE YOU TWENTY POUNDS FOR THIS LOT."
North Briton. "THA'S FINE! CAN I HAE IT IN SOVEREIGNS?"

CROOKED CAUSERIES.

I HAD been dozing in my study, and it was with something of a shock that I realised I was no longer alone. My visitor eyed me coldly as he sprawled in the chair opposite to mine.

"I suppose you wonder who I am and how I got here," he remarked as he lifted a cigarette from the box on my desk.

I shook my head.

"You're the villain out of my last thriller, *Bloodsplash*," I replied calmly, "and you are not really here at all. You are a figment of my imagination. You are the kind of hallucination which happens to all the best authors."

He frowned at me and threw his match-end negligently on to the carpet.

"I wish," I said irritably, "that you'd use the ash-tray. It was that very same untidy habit of yours which proved your undoing in *Bloodsplash*."

"Only because you made me use some infernal green matches decorated with red spots," he growled. "After you'd made it quite clear that no one else ever used them, even a fool of a detective like yours was bound to connect me with the crime."

"I think you're rather ungrateful," I rejoined sharply, for it seemed to me that the man was getting a bit out of hand. "You must remember that I allowed you to escape in the end."

"Merely in order that you could write more tripe about me," he retorted. "And that is what I've come to see you about. Either you make the game more worth the candle or I don't perform in the sequel to *Bloodsplash*."

"My dear man," I protested, "you got away with your life and loot worth fifty thousand pounds. What more do you want?"

"I want a living wage," he shouted. "How much profit do you imagine that I made out of that fifty thousand pounds? Look at my expenses. I had to buy a flat in Park Lane and a country mansion in Surrey. There was the large factory on the bank of the Thames which I had to run at a loss in order to calm the suspicions of the police. In the cellars of the factory I had to maintain an expensive apartment containing an electric furnace and a flooding device with which to drown my victims. Hang it! by the time I'd finished I lost money on the job."

"You lived in a very extravagant way yourself," I reminded him coldly. "There was, for example, no necessity for your very lavish gifts to Lola, your charming accomplice."

"Accomplice my foot!" he snapped vulgarly. "Lola might have been some use to me if you'd left her alone, but you would insist on converting her. I left her in my flat drinking neat gin and sniffing cocaine, and when I came back with a job of work for her to do I found her sipping orangeade and crying penitently on the detective's shoulder."

I was amazed at the fellow's unreasonable attitude. "I had to do it," I explained, "because as I wrote the book I became quite fond of Lola and simply couldn't leave her in your hands. I knew, you must remember, how dishonourable your intentions were. You are not at all a nice man."

"I am what you made me," he muttered sulkily.

"Look how you treated the heroine," I continued, paying no heed to his interruption. "No gentleman would have done what you attempted to do to her."

"Heroine!" he sneered. "The weak-spined little milk-sop!"

"A most attractive girl," I said sharply.

He smiled at me tolerantly. "Much as I dislike Americanisms," he remarked, "I feel it incumbent upon me to say 'Sez you!'"

At this a sudden inspiration came to me. "You dislike Americanisms, do you?" I cried. "Well now, let me tell you something. One more cheep out of you and you'll be sent to the States in my sequel—and not to New York either, but to a real red-hot killer town. You'll ride in trolley-cars and eat in chop suey joints. You'll carry a gat—or a rod—and you'll drink racket-hooch in a speak-easy. When you feel like joking—which won't be often—you'll spill a grin-stretcher. Tougher guys than you will put you on the spot and patrolmen will take your corpse to a death-parlor."

"Here, I say," he protested, his face pale as he stooped to pick up the match he had dropped, "there's no need for us to quarrel, is there?"

"Not if you're sensible and carry on with the sequel."

"Let's talk it over. All I want is a woman confederate who is as profoundly steeped in crime as myself, a heroine who hasn't got hair the colour of ripe corn, and a detective who doesn't get all the best lines of the dialogue. Is it a deal?"

"I may agree to those conditions later," I conceded, "but I won't be either bullied or blackmailed by you. Do you know what happened to the last character I sent to the States?"

"What?" he whispered, and I noticed that his hand was trembling.

Opening a drawer, I drew forth a copy of a manuscript. "'Diana, nymph-like in her maillot,'" I read, "'turned contemptuous eyes on her companion. "Good-bye, Sir Galahad," she said coldly. Then she dived.'"

My villain looked somewhat puzzled. "Nothing very bad in that," he remarked.

"That," I replied, "is how I wrote it. This"—I produced a magazine—"is how it appeared after it had been subedited to make it palatable to the American reader."

Following my finger he read:—

"Diana, nymph-like in her one-piece bathing-suit, turned contemptuous eyes on her side-kicker. 'Good-bye, you taffy-sucking sissy,' she said. Then she dove."

For a moment he gazed at me, horror-stricken. Then he extended a tremulous hand in acknowledgment of defeat.

"Provided it has an English setting," he said, "I shall be pleased to appear in your sequel on your own terms."



Mother. "COME, KISS AUNTIE."
Henry. "WHY? I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING."

E.M.G.

[The Underground Railways of London have decided to replace "Exit" by "Way Out" at all their stations.]

OUR modern youth, or sane or skittish,
Are patriotically British
In what they buy and use
And in the words they choose,
Preferring newly-minted gags
To ancient Greek or Latin tags.
Hence, though it served our WILLIAM'S need
In his most often quoted screed,
And lingers on from age to age
In the directions of the stage,
"Exit" must go; its doom is sealed
In locomotion's strenuous field;
And those who wish to go or stay out
Henceforth must be content with "Way Out."
I acquiesce, but yet
I never can forget
The puzzled Dutchman's tale of woe,
Recounted sixty years ago,*
Who, reading it the wrong way round
On glass doors at our stations, found
A source of wonderment and dread
In the weird warning that he read
Proclaiming "TUO YAW."

* In *A Dutchman's Difficulties with the English Language*, published in the 'seventies.

THOSE WE KNOW AND LOVE.

THE CLUB WINE-BUTLER.

YOU are just conscious of his presence, like a beneficent spirit in the background, while you are ordering your dinner, but no more. He stands aloofly waiting, a correct comfortable figure in neat white and black; his badge of office, the wine-list, is held in his left hand, folded into his side not very far from his heart. His gaze strays impersonally over your head, and he appears quite unconscious of your discussion with the head-waiter about food. Not for him to listen to coarse talk of *Poulet en Casserole* or *Truite Grand'-mère*, though he will subsequently glance at your menu with the eye of a Royal Academician looking at mouldings for a picture-frame.

But, once the food is ordered, he hovers, if so sedate and important a person *can* hover, till he intercepts your eye, when he bows, smiles and comes forward, as though he had noticed you for the first time. His wine-list, for which he has as many different positions as a soldier has for his rifle, is now held just in front of his waistcoat. The bottom corners are held by his palms with the thumbs behind; every now and then he closes his fingers down across the front with a soothing pat. The action seems to say, "There, there, little Margaux, there, my Romanée, you'll be out soon."

On reaching your table he asks formally what you are going to drink with the meal you have ordered, as who should say, "You have built a shrine; what jewel will you now lay in it?" You mention that you feel like a little Burgundy. He lays the list on the table, takes a case from his right-hand waistcoat pocket, puts on his pince-nez with due solemnity, opens his list at the Burgundy pages and runs a fatherly eye over his children. "The Corton," he murmurs parentally, "is very good now." You have the instant impression that earlier in the day it had been naughty and stood in the corner, but has now promised to say it's sorry and will be allowed out. The impression is deepened by his intimating further that the Beaune is still a little young to sit up to late dinner. Clos Vougeot, now—ah! But then that should be for an Occasion, not a solitary meal. The Romanée, yes, possibly, but perhaps the Corton is best. He then hands you the list.

You gaze knowingly into it and the names sweep your thoughts away to hot vineyard slopes, villages at the end of weary grey roads, check table-cloths and marvellous wines served in little inns. He stands by meanwhile, methodically tapping his pince-nez in and out of their box, proud yet a trifle apprehensive, as a parent whose children are about to recite before strangers.

You make your decision—the Corton, of course—and, looking up, prepare to talk about wine with him. He takes the list back and for a while you discuss his Subject. He treats it with serious enthusiasm. Now and then, when interested, he leans the edge of the wine-list on the table and speaks over it as from behind good cover. He has none of the jargon of the wine-merchant; he cannot talk about robustness or sound wines of character or maturity or body. He uses words you can understand—a lovely wine, a young wine, a fine wine, and, best phrase of all, "You can't do better than that."

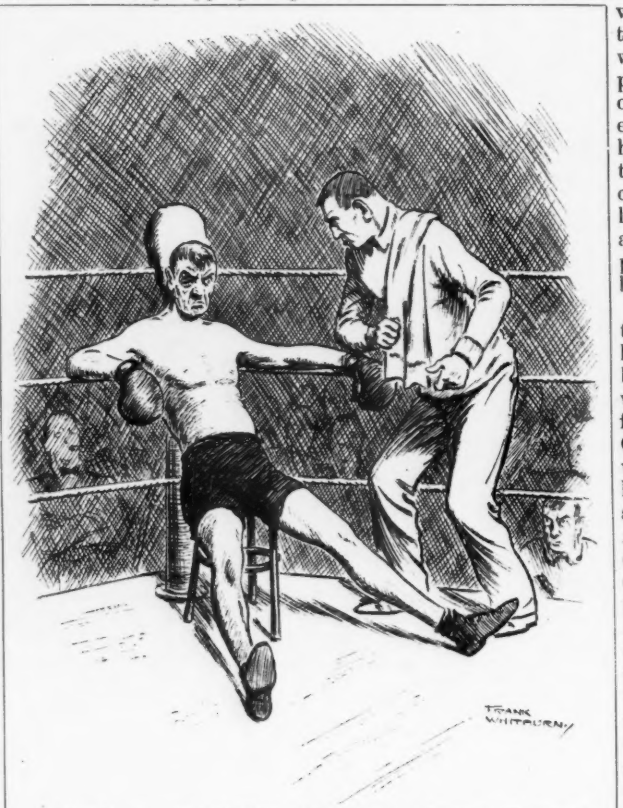
At intervals he refers to the nominal roll of wines in order to verify a point. To do this he places the book guardedly under his left arm, adjusts the pince-nez, retrieves the book, settles the point in dispute and reverses the process. Subsequently he uses the famous pince-nez to emphasise the point by tapping them quickly but gently on the list some two or three times. Throughout the conversation he somehow conveys the impression that, though much interested in what you say, he is not a particular believer in his own statements. This, however, is solely because he has to keep an eye open for the requirements of the other members dining. To let his gaze roam while you are speaking would be impolite, so he does it during his own remarks.

He knows every wine in the book; more important, he knows which club-members are connoisseurs and what they think of the different vintages and growths. Questioned about some wine, he will purse up his lips and shake his head slowly from side to side. About another, say a bottle of '04 vintage port, he will draw in his breath and say under it, "Wonderful!" About the new Marsala he will be frankly disappointed. Colonel Abel-Corpusty, who is a Marsala man, had a glass yesterday and said that actually it wasn't as good as the other at threepence less the glass. And Colonel Abel-Corpusty is a man whose taste is to be reckoned with, proven these twenty years. For the wine-butler knows the club-connoisseurs almost as well as he knows the wines.

Finally he will, on catching another member's eye, drift off—not abruptly but gradually. He does not break the conversation, he lets it drop, stands by its grave at your table-side for a reverent moment, and is gone—to recommend the Corton to someone else.

A wonderful character. It seems almost a pity that he is a teetotaler.

A. A.



Second (encouraging badly-punished boxer). "STICK IT; I RECKON 'E'S FEELIN' WORSE THAN YOU ARE!"
Boxer. "IF 'E'S FEELIN' WORSE THAN I DO, I'VE WON."

The Immutable Law of Growth.

"'British children are becoming taller and heavier every day.' This is the opinion expressed by Dr. A. S. N. Macgregor, medical officer of health for Glasgow."—*Daily Paper.*



FAMOUS CINEMA STAR DROPS A GLOVE.

BRIGHTER POSTERS FOR THE POLICE.

THE official notices which appear on the railings outside police-stations are very depressing. They never get beyond the finding of a drowned body, the disappearance of someone leaving his wife chargeable to the rates, and the loss of a gold watch and albert. Admittedly, these subjects do not lend themselves to facetious treatment, but they might at least be dealt with more sympathetically and be set out a little less crudely. As it is, these posters fail to grip.

If the police really want to get into touch with the criminal classes they should adopt a more engaging tone in their advertising matter and make a more personal appeal. Malefactors are just as susceptible to mass suggestion as any other section of the public and should be approached with similar allurements.

A poster drawn up in the following terms would be a great improvement on anything that has yet been attempted in dealing with crimes of violence. Its persuasive tone is warm and friendly without being mawkish and it makes a direct human appeal:—

BE A SPORT!

The person who was seen hurriedly leaving a corpse at 2 A.M. last Thursday in Jubilee Circus is cordially invited to step inside and have a heart-to-heart with Uncle Robert, any day between 10 and 4 (Sats. 10—1).

DON'T KEEP UNCLE ROBERT WAITING!

Criminals can be very stubborn sometimes and should a person sought by the police persist in maintaining his anonymity the effect of an appeal based on Agony Column models could be tried:—

B•LL S•K•S

What has become of u? We r drfflly anxs. and worried. No news of u for wks! The suspense is wearing us out. Do write or tel. or better still call. One of us is sure to be in.

THE BIG FIVE, SC•TL•ND Y•RD.

And for getting into contact with missing Slate Club secretaries or other wayward migrants what could be better than the following?—

YOUR FUTURE SETTLED!

Do not let drifting habits get a hold on you! We have settled the careers of hundreds and can do the same for you.

COME AND HEAR ALL ABOUT IT.

One more example, full of pulling power:—

ANTI-BLUSH FOR BURGLARS!

Do you blush and grow hot when you see company coming? Do you seek solitude when at work? Are you nervy at nights? Then try our certain cure—

THE C.I.D. SEDATIVE FOR SAFE-BLOWERS!

PROCURABLE AT ALL POLICE-STATIONS.

NOTE. Application should be made in person.

"EAST CRISIS

CALM AND WATCHFUL ATTITUDE AT WHITECHAPEL."

West-country Paper.

It is reported that the Old Kent Road also remains alert but undisturbed.

A PICTURESQUE TRADITION.

[A writer in the Daily Press describes as a picturesque tradition the custom retained in the House of Commons of moving that "the candles be brought in" when the lights are required to be switched on.]

SEATED at table, keen to break my fast
Before the City rush was under way,
The fair domestic tending my repast
I thus addressed: "Give ear to what I say,
Or else," I added pleasantly, "I promise I'll
Release thee, girl, to grace another domicile.

"Hie hence and bid the grooms equip my steed
For instant service; urge them to despatch,
For they are varlets of an idle breed,
But thou as smart a wench as plies a hatch";
And, having thus with skill the girl's alarm allayed,
I took a final bite of toast-and-marmalade.

"But this," you say, "is nineteen-thirty-two;
It's rash to call employees varlets now!
And what have City-labourers to do
With grooms and steeds and talk of wenches? How
Of life's accoutrements do you achieve a list
Associated with a mediævalist?"

I don't. My household never yet has basked
In the distinction of an equine mews;
I have but one domestic, whom I asked
In these strange terms to bring my walking shoes,
Preparatory to becoming buried in
The Bakerloo and, later, Moorgate's merry din.

It is a picturesque tradition still
Respected by my daily help and me;
It lends one self-importance; scoff who will,
I care not (nor, I'm glad to say, does she);
Though if the landlord knew and asked a stiffer rent
The tenant's notions might of course be different.

C. B.

THE BRIDGE PROBLEM.

(*Extracts from "The Family Times."*)

THE Family County Council met on Saturday night to discuss the fate of the structure known as the Meccano Bridge. This is perhaps the finest piece of architecture of its period in the nursery. It was erected, it will be remembered, in 1930, under the supervision of William, with the assistance of Baby. The architect has broken away from the prejudices of an older age and allowed his imagination free play, and the result is one of the most interesting examples of transfluvian architecture in the country. Among its more uncommon features may be mentioned the irregularity of the disposition of the arches, seven on one side and six on the other, and the portability of the whole. Indeed the bridge may be, and often is, bodily removed from one locality to another in order to avoid a traffic jam in the circus. Thus the bridge possesses a number of distinctive features, and we feel that it has fully justified its claim to be known as "William's Masterpiece."

Conditions, however, have changed. Public taste has grown more mature, and demands for the demolition of the bridge have been made with increasing frequency. The demands emanate from different sources and are based on different grounds. At the meeting on Saturday night one party (William and Baby) based their demands on the ground that the existing structure was no longer worthy of the dignity of the community or adequate for its needs. They (William and Baby) contended that it would be in keeping with the traditions of the nursery to demolish the existing structure and to entrust the erection of a new one to a well-known firm of architects, such as William and Baby—a firm, moreover, of considerable engineering skill, as witness the recently completed Sucker dam in the wash-basin of the bathroom, a dam that had irrigated a vast territory hitherto unwatered and noted for its aridity.

Their plea for demolition was supported upon other grounds by Nurse. Acting in the capacity of Expert Adviser to the Council, she said that the existing structure served no useful purpose in the nursery and was indeed a source of actual harm. The bridge, she said, greatly impeded the free circulation of traffic during the rush hours in the nursery, and nothing was more annoying than to find one's progress held up at the bridge just before lighting-up time. She advocated complete demolition without replacement. Protests from the public were ignored.

The Secretary to the Council (Mother) was then called upon to take the Chair while the Chairman (Father) rose to speak. It would, he said, be a very difficult matter to reconcile such conflicting claims. While the evidence of the Expert Witness could not be neglected, every attention should be paid to the wishes of the public. But there were urgent reasons against the replacement of the structure by one more pretentious. He was in a position to say that replacement would involve an expenditure estimated at not less than £1 2*s.* 6*d.*, and he did not feel that such an expenditure was justified on what he frankly considered a luxury project.

Nor did he see why the present bridge should not fulfil all requirements. Loads were light; two quaggas, one light aeroplane, three cows and seven hairy sheep were the utmost that he had ever seen the bridge called upon to bear, and in his estimation this was not excessive. It was true, he added, that the structure had been weakened in several places by ill-treatment or misuse, and underpinning was desirable, but in his opinion the cost of this should not exceed three-and-fourpence, and portability would be unimpaired.

This opinion was not well received by the public. It was, argued William, incorrect to state that three-and-fourpence would cover the cost of repairs. But, if the present bridge was to be retained, then in his opinion traffic-lights should be installed at either end in order to obviate the possibility of throwing too heavy a load upon the structure by the failure of Nurse to perceive the presence of a bridge at all. Much of the damage in the past had been due to such errors of judgment on the part of Nurse, and measures should be taken to see that they did not occur again. He said he was confident that he spoke for Baby as well.

Interrogated by the Chairman, the Expert Witness said that she was willing to forgo the demolition if steps were taken to delimit the portability of the bridge. Many of the accidents arose after dark from an ignorance of even the approximate locality of the bridge. If provision were made that the bridge should be portable within a certain circumscribed area only, she would not press for a total removal or demolition. Otherwise, she intimated with regret, conditions did not warrant the retention of the structure.

The public accepted the amendment without enthusiasm, and the meeting broke up with a disorderly demonstration from Baby, rapidly quelled by Nurse.

Gluttony on the Field.

"The Midlands erred in neglecting their right wing, which rarely received the ball, and they overfed Miss Pollard, who never seemed to have a moment to get her breath."—*Daily Paper.*

Things that might have been Expressed more Tactfully.

"The best gift he could take away with him from Wigtownshire was the thought that he had left so many friends behind."

Scots Paper.



Maid (at luncheon-party during Lent). "WILL YOU TAKE A CHOP, MUM, OR HAVE WHAT THE FAST ONES ARE TAKIN'?"

BRAIN FAG.

(By an exhausted writer of detective stories.)

My work, though so intriguing,
Yet wearies me at times;
I find it most fatiguing
To think of novel crimes.

I have my victims strangled
Within some leafy lane,
Or get them badly mangled
Beneath a passing train.

I hire a paid assassin
Who lures them to their doom,
Then lets some poisoned gas in
Their sealed and airless room.

Or I engage a dago
To crack them on the head,
Or dope their pudding (sago)
With acetate of lead.

I spray them with corrosives
And push them over rocks;
I also use explosives
And strong electric shocks.

I shoot them with revolvers,
I stab them from behind,
And leave my would-be solvers
No clues of any kind.

Next time you're reading "thrillers"
Be patient with the man
Who lives by making "killers";
He does the best he can.

An Impending Apology.

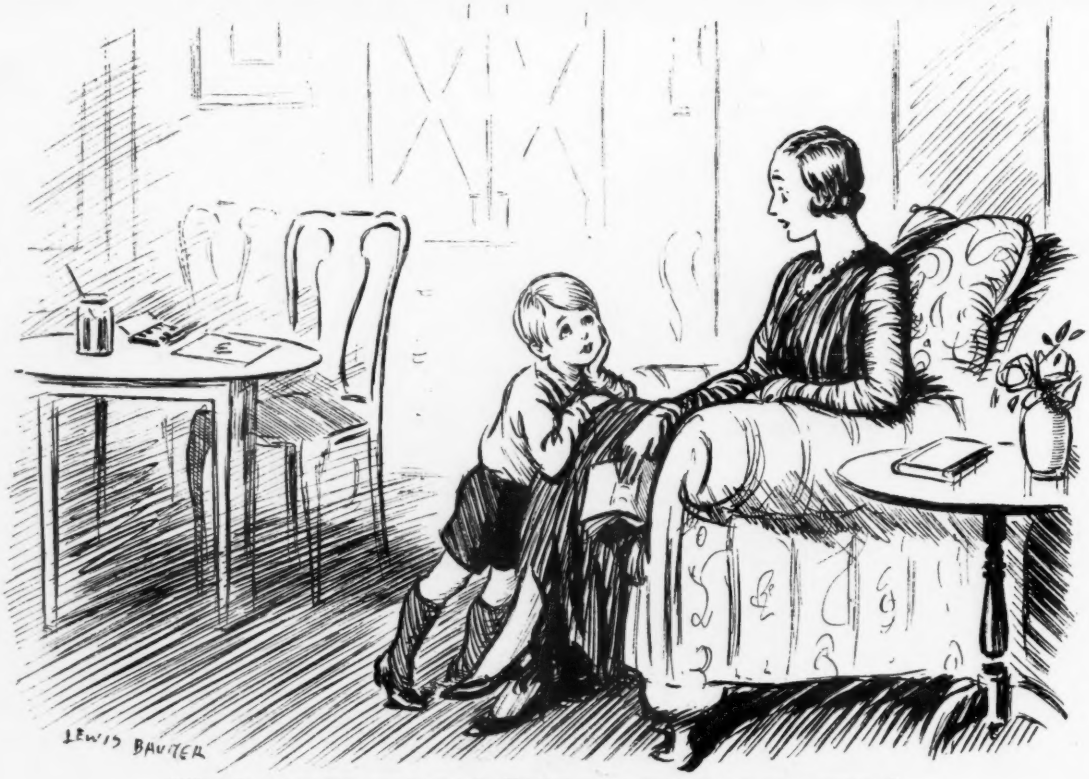
"Miss Sophie Tucker, who played a prominent part in preventing a panic when fire broke out in the Palace Theatre, New York, last night. When people rushed to the exits Sophie continued her song, 'Red Hot Mama' with greater gusto, and the theatre was cleared in two minutes."

Caption in North-country Paper.

"Outside the Smithdown Road tramcar sheds a private car came into collision with a Corporation bull filled with passengers, and no injuries were reported."

Liverpool Paper.

This Corporation bull seems to have been as fortunate as the wooden horse at Troy.



"WHAT'S COME OVER YOU LATELY? YOU'VE BEEN SO GOOD AND AFFECTIONATE."
"I THINK, MOTHER DEAREST, IT MUST BE THE INFLUENCE OF FILM CHILDREN ON ME."

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

AN American, my Sunday paper tells me, has expressed his desire to present to Westminster Abbey "a statue of the common man," and on the same page I find that the Honourable ALEXANDER SHAW is reported to have said, "I pin my faith on the man in the street, whether in London or Paris or New York." But who is *Homo vulgaris* or *stratiensis?* And would he be pleased to acknowledge his *genus?* Some years ago an article was writtten about a man who set out to discover an example of the "man about town," a creature which he had never met. In the course of his fruitless search he was involved in a street accident, and on his death-bed in hospital was shown a paragraph about himself in an evening paper under the heading "Accident to Well-known Man About Town." The common man or the man in the street will never be enlightened thus. No sub-editor would compose the captions, "Common Man Struck by Falling Tile," or "Man in the Street Arrested on Murder Charge."

The man in the street is like that other elusive personage, the pedestrian. This term is applicable to every human being in the country who has the use of his or her legs, including, of course, all motorists. I presume that even the laziest road-hog walks a few steps occasionally. What a felicitous fate it would be for one of them to be knocked down by a motor-car when crossing a street and to be forced to read an account of the accident under the heading, "Careless Pedestrian Injured"!

But who is the common man? If he is a corporal entity, what is he who is not of this order? Is he uncommon or proper, or merely abstract?

The opposite of the man in the street is of course the man out of the street; yet how is anybody to distinguish him from the man in the street who has gone indoors or into the country?

While I was concluding these meditations my daughter entered with a stickiness of toffee in each hand and a lollipop in her mouth. It appears, I discovered eventually, that she had picked up and restored to its owner the dropped glove of an elderly passer-by and had been rewarded with sixpence for her pains. When I asked her, however, who had committed the heinous offence of giving her money for sweets, her full-mouthed reply was, "The man in the street." So now I am satisfied that this contemptible type of person does exist. I hope he comes to a sticky end.

J. B. N.

"BUBBLES."

[Rear-Admiral WILLIAM M. JAMES, who has been promoted to command the Battle Cruiser Squadron, is the grandson of Sir JOHN MILLAIS and the original of his famous picture, "Bubbles."]

I SEEM to remember Rear-Admiral JAMES
In a halo of exquisite curls,
Intent on that nicest of nursery games
So beloved by our boys and our girls.

If there's any more war—which the Heavens forbid!—
May he sink every enemy boat
Till deep in the ocean its turrets are hid,
Leaving nothing but bubbles afloat!

W. H. O.

"Etiquette up-to-date: By Constance Burleigh.
. . . a sure guide to the average man or woman who wishes to be *au faut* with the latest Society conventions."
Bookseller's List.

Comme il fait, in fact.

T. A.

I EXPECT you are all asking what is the most vital lesson to be learned from the British Industries Fair. Well, you needn't go on asking, as I have the answer ready for you. It is this.

The need of the moment is for our literature and our drama to rally round and do their whack in adjusting the balance of trade. How? By putting across more Trade Appeal. Novels, plays and films must be stuffed with T.A. A spot or two of the good old S.A. by all means, but T.A. must be the first consideration. T.A. must furnish the theme-song, so to speak. Publishers, managers and film-renters must demand T.A. and see that they get it.

You will the more readily grasp the idea if you think of copra. For years writers of South Seas fiction have been pushing copra into the public eye. I am sure their interest in this commodity has been purely literary, but nevertheless the fact remains that to the inveterate magazine-reader copra can scarcely be less than a household word—a word than conjures up visions of palmy shores, sun-tanned Englishmen, dusky girls, sharks, blacks, gin, bearded deck-hands, sea-fights, hot blood and all that splendid stuff.

In short, copra has secured in the great heart of the reading public a niche such as has never been attained by—shall I say?—bicarbonate of soda.

Consequently any financier who may float a company to do something or other in connection with copra is practically assured right away of a strong public prejudice in his favour. His prospectus can count upon readers already thrilled by the literary glamour of copra; men and women who will find it hard to resist parting with a little spare cash to finance a venture that is almost certain to bring together under radiant skies some handsome fellow-countryman and his predestined mate.

Whereas the commercial exploiter of an unromantic product like bicarbonate of soda can do little more than tell the usual well-worn fairy tale.

I realise that to remove these inequalities and to strew the bookstalls and charge the stage- and film-drama with quantities of high-powered T.A. will necessitate something of a literary revolution, especially among the intellectuals; but I cannot help that. In these days even the highbrow should try to bring himself to do something useful. The realist as well as the romantic writer must enrol under the T.A. banner. He must aim to be a "best booster." So far the realistic businessman of the drama has been a dead failure as an advertisement for British trade. It is difficult to conceive any playgoer in his or her senses feeling encouraged to do business with the average stage business-man. For one thing his real business is nearly always to neglect his wife and let her drift into an intrigue with somebody who has more leisure.

Similarly I see little hope of banishing the agricultural depression until we get a new type of farmer in our realistic fiction. I rejoice to note that here and there a writer bravely defies the convention of his sombre craft by depicting a farmer who at least does try to be a farmer and not a mere pain in the neck to the country in general and his family in particular. This is gratifying, for I doubt whether even the championship of Lord BEAVERBROOK could further the fortunes of the incapable and homicidal mutt who dodders about so many of the farms of the stark school of fiction.

Anyway, I do not see why Trade Appeal should be limited to the fiction of copra-collecting and other romantic industries of the sunny South Seas.

D. C.



THE NEW BEAUTY CULT.

"DARLING, AS IT IS TOO WET TO ROLL THE LAWN, I WONDER IF YOU WOULD ROLL MY BACK A LITTLE?"

ANOTHER TRAGEDY OF THE CRISIS.

I CAME upon my old friend George Bottlesham the other day walking gloomily along a street.

"Do you remember that fellow Pimble," he asked—"the man we used to have to play golf with at Tarcross? Red-headed paperweight-manufacturer?"

"I couldn't very well forget the strategic way the fellow used to hiccup when one was putting," I answered. "You're not fraternising with him?"

"Hardly," said George, a strange bitterness in his voice. "But I met him last week, and again last night. It was his intention to employ me."

"Ah," I murmured, putting enough spin on the monosyllable to bring a faint blush to his cheek. "And are you going to let him?"

"The answer is unfortunately in the subjunctive. I might have been employed if the fates hadn't dumped me cruelly beyond the Pimble pale."

"You didn't land him with a packet of those Fly-papers Deferred, I suppose, the extra-sticky ones you let me in on as an old friend?"

He only groaned.

"All right," I said. "Give me a cigarette and tell me the worst."

"You know," George began, "what the Stock Exchange has been like lately?"

"I do," I replied with feeling.

"Lousy hasn't been the word. If some profiteer has wanted to buy five quids' worth of two-per-cent Water Taps the chaps have been practically knifing each other to sell them to him. So I began to write articles about modern house decoration."

"I thought your line was the period piece," I said.

"It is, but this latest stuff's dead easy so long as you stick to chromium and scarlet and black glass and bicycle chairs. Well, one night last week I ran into Pimble, and he began burbling immediately about my taste in decorating. Said he'd seen some of my articles and had been trying to get into touch with me. What's more, he was starting an advisory bureau to boost his new office-furnishing department and wanted an adviser. A thousand a year! Oh, cripes!" George moaned piteously.

"We fixed it that I should start next week, and to cement things he suggested I should go to a party at his house last night."

"I still can't see why you're uttering these despondent noises," I said. "So far, very good."

"You wait. I went, of course. One of those incredibly solid mansions in Kensington, constructed for a Forsyte quiverful, that you feel could only fulfil itself nowadays as a woman's club. At the first glance round I was nearly anæsthetised by the assortment of junk for which Pimble had doubtless paid handsomely through his accommodating nose. You know—vases, varses and vawses, steel engravings of the lambing season and dateless pieces of walnut.

"I was no sooner introduced to her ladyship—all teed up in *diamantés* furbelows—than it was announced that we were to play the new game. Just like that. The New Game."

"Hunt the Pimble, obviously," I said.

"We were each given a pencil and a pad," George went on, too unhappy to retort, "and an hour, and told to put down all the things that we could find wrong with the hall and six specified rooms, bedrooms barred. There were said to be thirty errors altogether. A dowager next to me said it was a lovely game and all the Young People were playing it now. The news didn't surprise me. There aren't many houses I'd care to play it in, but I took one look round the Pimble's and I darned nearly ran for it. . . . Then I said to myself, There's no accounting for some folk's sense of humour, and Pimble thinks I'm a mountain of taste. He'll probably expect me to be honest."

"Very embarrassing," I admitted. "How did you compromise?"

"I thought it wiser to leave out the major obscenities, like the pink relief-maps on the ceilings and the Dover-Calais greens on the walls. But that didn't cramp me much. I finished my list in twenty minutes."

"What kind of things did you include?"

"In the first room I led off with the faked Chippendale table and some oriental lacquer that had never been further than Camden Town. And then there were trayfuls of spoof Waterford and a COROT by a man I know who does them quite well. One of the few genuine signed prints had got chicken-pox through careless framing, and a Japanese one was hung upside down. And most of the pieces had got neighbours with which they simply *couldn't* live."

"Then?"

"At the end of the hour we handed in our pads with our names on them, and they were given to four judges to be gone through and marked. While they were doing it there was a solemn silence for Lady Pimble to read out the correct list. You just listen," said George, "it went like this. Item 1, a pile of caviar sandwiches in the study wastepaper-basket. Item 2, a glass of champagne in the Ming pot. (Ming my eye! Late Victorian Wigan.) Item 3, an Irish Sweepstake ticket under the glass of the CONSTABLE. (Pimble humour at its mouldiest.) Item 4, a cigar in the butler's mouth. And Item 5, a half-



Balloon Man. "THINGS WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS WITH ME, MUM. I USED TO BE A CHAMPION WEIGHT-LIFTER BEFORE I COME TO THIS."

penny stamp stuck over the end of the telescope in the statuette of NELSON." He paused.

"And Item 6?" I asked gently.

"Probably a kick in the pants from the gentleman in armour. I didn't wait to hear. I was standing by the light-switches and I flipped them up and crawled out in the ensuing riot."

"I suppose they *must* have read your list?" I asked.

"Absolutely, unless a miracle happened."

There wasn't much to be said in the way of comfort. After all, a thousand a year, in these days. . . .

"I doubt if you'd ever have been really happy working for a man who hiccuped on the putting-green," I muttered brokenly, and left him.

ERIC.

Ireland's Big Exports.

"THE LOWER LAKE, KILLARNEY, SCOTLAND."
Caption in Shanghai Paper.

"SPEND HAPPY NIGHTS ON A —— 'HOME' BILLIARD TABLE."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

We can never sleep with our feet in baulk.

FRESH FUN IN LOS ANGELES.

["It is now the fashion among film actresses to have babies."—*Daily Press.*]

THERE's bad news on the wire to-night
And bad news on the air,
But all clouds have a lining bright,
Needs not that we despair;
For motherhood, for motherhood
Is now in vogue at Hollywood!
The bassinette goes over good
(Combined with golden hair).

Oh milky foods of various make
Put up in porcelain jars!
Oh ivory rattles all a-shake
In sixty h.p. cars!
Oh lullabys that nursemaids sing
To every toddler talkie king!
Oh starlets clustered in a ring
About the skirts of stars!

Now waft me, Muse, to that fair land
Where motion-pictures grow
And infant hopefuls, lately banned,
Have ceased to be *de trop*;
Where mascot monkeys yield their place
To propagation of the race,
And busy storks from case to case
Perpetually go!

There falls not snow nor any rain,
And there no time is spent
On cocktail-parties and champagne;
Each lovely resident,
At hide and seek in her demesne
With half-a-dozen tots is seen,
Or else in happiness serene
Awaits a blest event.

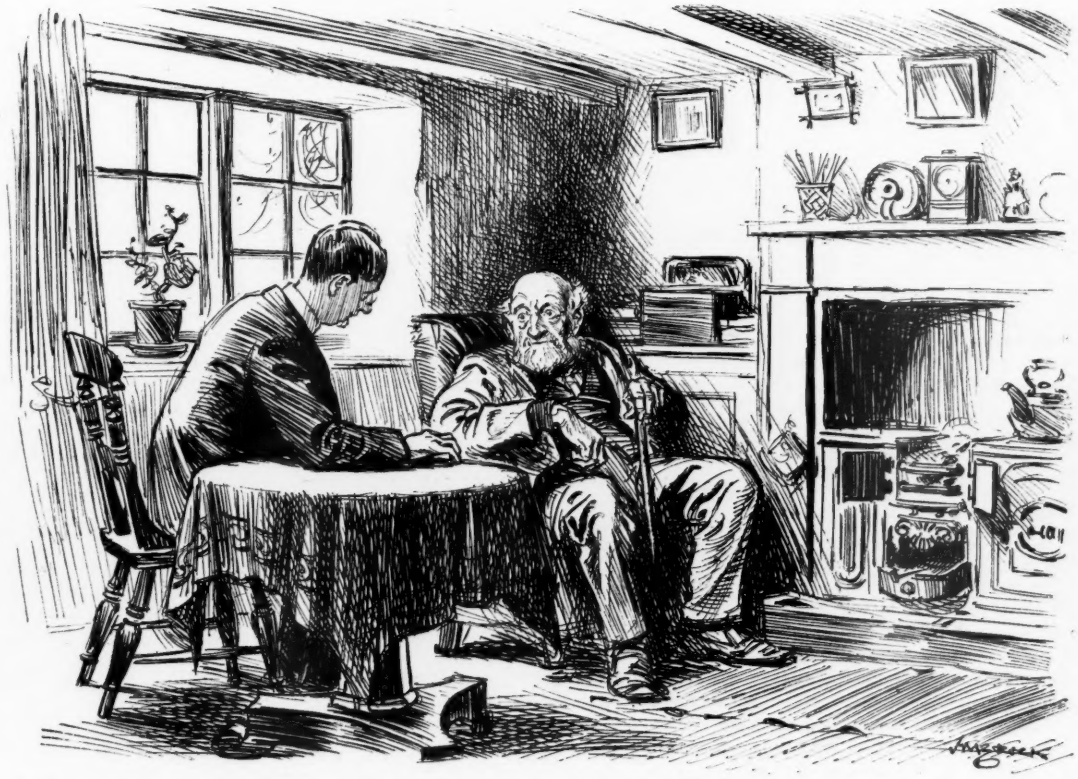
In private life alone that brood
Of olive branches ramp
All round her. On the flicks, half-nude,
She braves the Arab camp;
And, best beloved of fans who file,
To see her on some coral isle
In little else except her smile,
Shall be the matron vamp. EVOE.

"Rapid progress is being made with the new entrance to Southend Pier. Here is shown pythons being fixed in position."
Caption in Southend Paper.

Sea-serpents would of course have been inappropriate for Southend.

"Will members kindly note that the programme for the next meeting has been slightly altered. Instead of the debate, 'That Love is Blind,' there will be an address on 'How to Make the Best of a Small Garden.'"
Sussex Paper.

This sounds safer, but even in a garden you might come across Love-in-a-mist.



"I SOMETIMES THINK, SIR, IF I COULD HAVE MY LIFE OVER AGAIN I'D PART MY HAIR IN THE MIDDLE, SAME AS YOU."



Daughter. "DON'T BE SUCH A SIMP. OF *COURSE* YOU CAN ALWAYS RING ME UP HERE. MOTHER'S WELL TRAINED AND FATHER COMPLETELY COWED."

MY OPINION IS ASKED.

THIS morning the telephone-bell rang. I felt my customary twinge of irritation and answered it in my usual grudging manner.

"Is that Wedgwood 7165?" asked a charming, friendly, musical and feminine voice.

"Yes," I exclaimed eagerly. For once in a way I was glad—nay, overjoyed—that I was Wedgwood 7165. I would not have swapped it for any number on earth, not even for one of those coveted groups like two-three-four-five, or double-six-double-six, or nine-thousand, which seem to be the exclusive property of large departmental stores, police-stations, daily newspapers and influential businessmen.

"Are you quite satisfied with the telephone service?"

"What?" I said, after an incredulous pause.

"Are you quite satisfied with the telephone service?" she repeated in tender solicitous tones.

Even then I hardly believed my ears. Was my opinion really being asked, indeed begged for, on a Matter of Public Importance?

"Am I—do you mean do I—er—like it?"

"Yes." The syllable fell from her lips like a drop of the purest honey.

"I love it," I assured her fervently; "I think it's simply splendid; I——"

"Thank you very much. You are glad that your exchange has become automatic?"

I glowed with pride. (You will tell me perhaps that the telephone people rang you up as well, and were merely collecting a symposium of subscribers' opinions; but why should I believe anything so manifestly distasteful to me?)

"A marvellous success," I declared. "A tremendous improvement on the old system. Don't you think so yourself?"

But she wouldn't be drawn into a discussion.

"Have you any complaints you would like to make?" she asked with an entrancing blend of sweetness and humility.

Complaints? To that angel? Never. Memories of crossed lines, of tangled conversations, of eldritch howls and of exasperating silences melted away like mist in sunshine.

"Oh, no; none whatever."

"Thank you *so* much," the voice cooed. "You'll be sure to let us know if you do have any, won't you?"

"Rather," I said, feeling very important and civic. To be asked to complain is so deliciously flattering that to complain becomes impossible.

"Thank you. Good-bye."

"I say," I said hastily, trying to prolong the conversation—"I say—are you there?"

I rattled the hook up and down, but the angel's voice had been replaced by the dialling tone—that well-known imitation of the noise of an interminable line being dragged out from an inexhaustible reel by a swift and tireless fish.

I was so astounded by what had happened that I fell into a trance, and a girl in green came and stood beside my chair and said—

"Are you satisfied with the snowdrops this year? Would you like them to be followed as usual by primroses and celandines, or shall I order something else for a change? Are the catkins the right length? Would you like a frillier shape in daffodils? And have you any complaints about the weather?"

"None," I replied graciously, with a lordly wave of the hand. "I sanction all your arrangements. Carry on, Spring."

JAN.

Things Which Might Have Been Said Less Emetically.

"At the monthly meeting of the Women's Institute, Mrs. —— gave a demonstration on sweet-making. Prizes in the home-made remedies competition were won by . . ."

Newcastle Paper.



THE DOCTRINAIRE'S DILEMMA.

MR. DE VALERA. "I BEGIN TO WONDER WHETHER LOYALTY TO THE EMPIRE WOULDN'T BE THE WISER COURSE. PERHAPS, AFTER ALL, DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF DE VALERA."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 22nd.—Sir WILLIAM DAVISON is one of those Members who are for ever "stumping" Ministers with apparently simple questions that they cannot possibly be expected to answer. To-day, for example, he asked the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT if the £1,295,000 estimated cost of the new bridge included the cost of re-erecting the temporary bridge. Mr. PYBUS had not, it appeared, envisaged the re-erection of the temporary bridge, only its ultimate removal. Was he not aware, asked the persistent Sir WILLIAM, that the piers of the temporary bridge would not be in alignment with those of the new bridge?—which, as EUCLID might have pointed out, was absurd. Mr. PYBUS, whose acquaintance with the *pons asinorum* is evidently negligible, fell back upon diplomacy. If the hon. Member for South Kensington had any information of which the L.C.C.'s technical advisers were unaware, he would be happy to pass it on to them.

The House in Committee on the Import Duties Bill abandoned itself largely to a discussion of the merits and demerits of Imperial Preference. Major NATHAN moved an Amendment in effect confining duty-free access to British markets to such of the Dominions as had already given British goods a similar immunity or had declared their intention to do so. Mr. THOMAS accused Major NATHAN of insulting the Dominions by classing them as foreigners; but Major NATHAN declared that he was merely putting Britain first. Sir PERCY HARRIS also wanted to put Britain first—or so he said, though his speech made it clear that he was merely interested in putting Free Trade first, last and everywhere. Lord WINTERTON said that Major NATHAN and Sir PERCY HARRIS were merely throw-backs to the time when the Liberal Party was bitterly hostile to the Empire and sneered and jeered at it on every occasion. They were only interested in destroying the Bill and misinterpreting Lord BEAVERBROOK.

A pretty dog-fight, said Mr. JACK JONES; but he, at any rate, would have none of the Amendment. He (one gathered) was all against holding the baby for other people. In particular he was all against coir matting coming in free from India while Silvertown mat-makers were out of employment just because India happened to be a member of the Empire.

On the Motion to Adjourn came a request from Mr. LANSBURY—couched in relatively impartial terms—for a statement on Shanghai, and a long but diplomatic statement by Sir JOHN SIMON, the gist of which, apart from its reiteration of the facts, was a plea to the House to retain an impartial attitude and leave it to the League of Nations to apportion the blame.



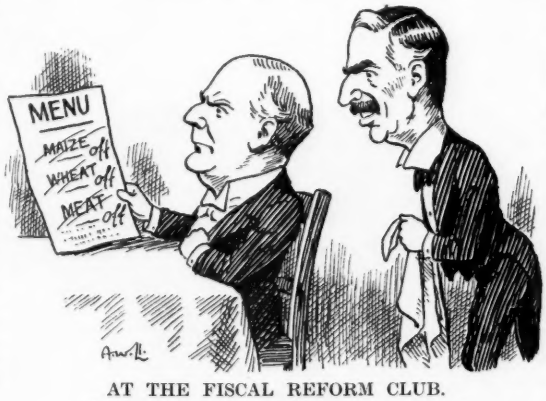
SKATING ON THIN ICE.
SIR JOHN SIMON DISPORTS HIMSELF WITH DEXTERITY.

Tuesday, February 23rd.—The Second Reading in the Lords of the Destructive Imported Animals Bill wrung no protective protests from humanitarian peers. Even Lord BANBURY, whose capacity for "smelling a rat" is traditional, seems to have been overawed by Lord DE LA WARR's announcement that since the introduction of the measure two more musk-rats had escaped.

The statement of the SECRETARY FOR THE DOMINIONS that no representations had been made to His Majesty's Government by the Commonwealth of Australia on the subject of Japanese action in the Far East was obviously not what Mr. MANDER expected. It is not to be supposed, however, that Mr. MANDER will profit by this example of timely restraint.

The House of Commons, still in Committee on the Import Duties Bill, considered the Clause empowering the Board of Trade to raise tariffs against discriminatory foreign countries. Mr. H. WILLIAMS hoped the Board of Trade would use these powers, and was promptly told by Major ATTLEE that he had a "war mind." Mr. RUNCIMAN's attitude towards the Clause was that of the Shoreditch lady who, on being asked by the visiting doctor if there was a bath in the house, replied, "Yes, doctor; but Gawd forbid we should ever 'ave to use it!" In any case it would not meet the case of a foreign country which heavily subsidised an article the bulk of which was exported to this country.

Thereafter the House got down to the meat of the matter—the Free List. Its appearance wrought strange changes—not outward, of course—in the atmosphere. Rugged Protectionists suddenly became ardent advocates of the open door. Free Traders found themselves insisting that if this and that must pay duty it was only right and proper that t'other thing should pay too. First in the field was Sir E. SHEPPERSON with a Motion to omit imported meat from the Free List. The Advisory Committee, he argued, could then restore it if they thought fit, whereas they could not take it off the list once it got there. Besides, it meant £8,500,000 of revenue which the foreigner would pay.



AT THE FISCAL REFORM CLUB.
"WAITER! BRING THE COMPLAINTS BOOK!"
SIR HENRY PAGE CROFT AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained that the Committee would be given powers ultimately to take articles out of as well as add them to the Free List. So far it was founded on expediency. Gold and silver, pearls, semi-precious stones, platinum, all animal hair, including human hair, would be added to the list, but sisal hemp and balata would come out of it. Whale-oil produced in British floating factories would be free, but not esparto grass.

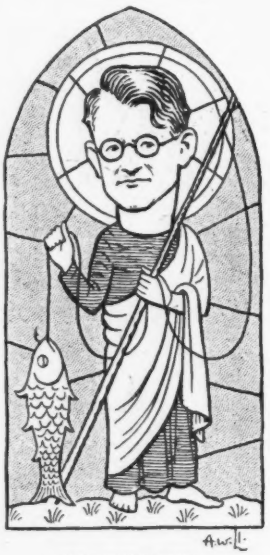
And so on, through a lengthy catalogue of desiderata, from potash and coke to maize. Meat must remain free,

and the British farmer must do his best to raise up a competitive ox on free maize.

Mr. AMERY pointed out that free Imperial mutton would suffice for all our simple needs, while the Empire produced about eight times more in value of meat than of maize. Thereafter the free-meaters and taxi-meaters had the floor to themselves until Mr. CHAMBERLAIN finally gave the latter the assurance that the Government were prepared to consider the possibility of a quantitative import system for any old meat as well as pig meat. This satisfied Lord WINTERTON, but Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT, "like RACHEL for her children crying," would not be comforted.

Wednesday, February 24th.—Answering Mr. PERKINS, the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR said that the Government were not thinking of making representations to all gas undertakings with the view of getting them to paint the names of towns in which they are situated on top of their gasometers, but would welcome voluntary action on the lines indicated. We may yet live to hear the aerial rubberneck wagon-conductor announce, "We are now passing over the Wigan gas undertaking," and there will be no dissatisfied passenger to ask, "Why?" Meanwhile the House learned with satisfaction that the business of replacing route indicators on L. G. omnibuses is proceeding apace.

"O Mo'nah, you shall be free," runs the refrain of a popular dance-tune. It was substantially the refrain to which the Import Duties Bill finally made its way through Committee this evening. Mr. TURTON, who has evidently never heard of Whipsnade, astonished the House by declaring that the bulk of the live "quadruped animals" imported into this country were polo ponies, and that a tax on them would help the British bloodstock industry. Sir P. HARRIS laboured to add fish to the Free List, but caught nothing except a nasty look from Mr. HANNON, and a few unkind words from Mr. R. K. LAW who promises to become "the law of the herring fleet that harries the northern main"; and Dr. MCLEAN moved to take hemp out of the Free List on the ground that it was largely a foreign product competing with Empire-grown sisal. In spite of a cogent speech against it by Miss HORSBRUGH, the House, on the recommendation of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, accepted the Amendment. An attempt by Mr. GIBSON to add goatskins to the Free List was not so successful, Major ELLIOT pointing out that, as the bulk of goatskins came from the Empire, Members could



ST. RICHARD,
PATRON SAINT OF FISHERMEN.
MR. R. K. LAW.

reject the Amendment without any fear that their seats would cost them more.

Equally unsuccessful was Mr. ALBERY's attempt to take newsprint out of the Free List. Then, after the Committee had disposed of a long list of articles already mentioned by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the House talked at some length on the relatively academic subject of whether a ten-per-cent tax on all foodstuffs would be passed on to the consumer—a debate saved from tedium by a sprightly speech from Dr. O'DONOVAN. During the siege of Paris, declared the doughty Doctor, the starving people ate rats. If the Labour Party ever got a coat-of-arms its motto would be "Rats and ratting." Cheered by this and other *mots*, the House polished off the last Amendment, agreed to the Schedule, and so completed the Committee stage of the Bill with seventeen minutes to spare.

It has long been known that, like the electorate, Mr. MAXTON would rather have the Labour Party's room—at any rate, one of its rooms—than its company. Mr. BUCHANAN, in a question to the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS last week, vaguely ventilated the grievance but without apparent result. Believing, like all good Scots, that Heaven helps those who help themselves, the I.L.P. forces, captained by Mr. MCGOVERN, forcibly seized the coveted chamber in the absence of its rightful occupant, Mr. RODEN BUXTON. There they now remain, holding the fort *vi et armis*, at any rate until something more formidable than the detritus of the vanquished Labour Party comes to turn them out.

Thursday, February 25th.—There is a certain palæolithic look about Colonel WEDGWOOD that seemed to consort well with his Amendment to the Import Duties Bill to add flint and bone to the Free List. Other "shapes of clay," to wit, Sir J. LAMB, Mr. W. ALLEN and Mr. HALES, put in a word for the potter's weal, urging that the MINISTER should not "in an after-rage destroy" the industry that Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stone, Burslem and Hanley had made their own. Fortunately for them there was nothing flinty about the CHANCELLOR. He conceded freedom for their flint and promised early consideration for their bone. Enfield, Walsall and Bolton were less fortunate, and piassava, Tampico fibre and Mexican whisk remain taxed. On the other hand, cork and undressed ramie had a last-minute escape.

The Third Reading of the Bill was the signal for a last spasmodic sortie of the Free Trade forces, led by Mr. FOOT and Sir S. CRIPPS, and for a last reply by Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, who very modestly in the circumstances suggested that history would point to this date as a landmark in the strange and eventful story of our race.



WHEN PACIFISTS FALL OUT.
A FLUTTER OVER A DOVECOTE.
MR. MAXTON AND MR. C. RODEN BUXTON.



BYWAYS OF HISTORY.

HEREWARD THE WAKE CONSULTING A SPECIALIST FOR RELIEF FROM INSOMNIA.

SAFETY FIRST ONCE MORE.

[Burglars recently secured the absence of the occupants of the crib they designed to crack by sending them complimentary tickets for a theatre.]

THE play, we knew, contained our favourite actor,
But, though his presence tempted us to go,
We did not trust the unknown benefactor
Who'd sent along the tickets for the show;
We somehow felt a present of this kind hid
A purpose that would later make it clear
That he was not so generously-minded
As might at first appear.

"Perchance," we said, "the purchaser of these is
An expert robber out for easy gain,
Some adept at the best burglarious wheezes
Intent on pillaging our small domain,
Who doubtless deems the loot that will be landed
Well worth the trivial bait he's had to spread;
These tickets are, in fact, an underhanded
Part of his overhead.

"Does he," I also murmured, "really think it's
Likely our sense of caution is so lax
That he can get the run of Phœbe's trinkets
For just a brace of stalls (including tax)?
We'll stay at home and, though it makes him mournful,
Proclaim ourselves too wary to be caught,
Filling the seats of, so to speak, the scornful
Instead of those he bought."

We duly stayed, resolved to get the better
Of this marauder whose device we spurned,
Till by the final post arrived a letter
Timed to be waiting us when we returned;
Four closely-written pages of the pleasant
Gossip that Aunt Matilda's pen supplies,
And at the end a hope we'd liked the present
She'd sent as a surprise.

JONES MINIMUS VISUALIZES A CUBOID.

IT is my pleasing duty to prepare Jones Minimus for the battle of life by imparting the mathematical knowledge that an all-wise Board of Education has decided to be essential to the production of the perfect citizen. In accordance with their decrees I have devoted the past month to instructing him in the mysteries of geometrical figures—the parallelopiped, the rhomboid, the icosahedron and other common objects of the countryside, acquaintance with which will be of such inestimable benefit to him when in due course he enters the paternal glue-factory.

Last week I decided to test the form's progress in this important branch of learning. For a time Jones grappled manfully with my questions; his drawings of a pyramid and a cylinder, if not miracles of realism, were at any rate vaguely suggestive of the required shapes; but his idea of a cuboid defeated me. It represented apparently a flat surface in two symmetrical halves, each adorned with what looked like scroll-work or panelling. In the middle was a round blob which, after much study, in a flash of blinding insight I suddenly diagnosed as a handle. Incapable of surprise at any eccentricity in his instructors and assuming that I had deliberately pronounced the word in an arbitrary and misleading manner, he had drawn me a cupboard.

"But the book should have been harder and sharper. It should have had more bite."—*Review in Daily Paper.*

In our youth we were once severely bitten by *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and now prefer books that are muzzled.

THE DUPLICITY OF SZE-MA PIAO.

IN the kingdom of All That Is Under Heaven there are established Nine Qualifications For Public Employment. These have been the same since the days of the dragons and will endure until the dragons come again. The first is Ability and the ninth The Possession of Meritorious Ancestors. And, while the first is highly desirable in a candidate for office, the ninth may well be regarded as indispensable, for he who stands alone must ever be passed over in favour of one who carries in his very veins a recommendation from the great ones of the past.

Now Sze-ma Piao had exhibited ability from his earliest infancy, and his instructors deemed him worthy in his eighteenth year to compete in the examinations then about to be held for the purpose of selecting a Governor for the Province of Yü. Nevertheless he lacked the qualification of Meritorious Ancestors, since his father had been a dog-butcher, son of dog-butchers, who married the daughter of a water-carrier in Yueh Shou and perished during an outbreak of rabies without having performed any notable action.

"My ability is unquestioned," said Sze-ma Piao to his mother, "yet it is undoubtedly questionable; for I am about to undertake a task in which I must surely fail by reason of the insignificance of my family. An intelligent person does not waste his energies. It is obvious, therefore, that I must either withdraw from the examinations or provide myself beforehand with suitable ancestors." And while Siao Man rebuked him for impiety he mused upon certain possibilities which had arisen in his thoughts.

Thereafter he questioned his mother as to the time and circumstances of his birth, and whether any noble ladies had experienced the felicity of producing male offspring in the same auspicious moon. And she, out of an abundance of small memories, suddenly lighting upon a tale that had amazed her youth, related presently the story of the lady Ying, superior wife to the illustrious Wei Wu-tzu, whose son, being exposed upon the palace doorstep on the morning of his birth, as is the custom, vanished therefrom before the time of his taking-in and was no more seen.

"Search there was and outcry," related Siao Man, "but the child had vanished utterly. And before long the lady Ying's existence was also terminated through grief. And the news was brought to Yueh Shou whilst thou wast yet an infant, for I remember that the neighbours rejoiced with me, saying, 'Sze-ma Yen the dog-butcher is more fortunate than Wei Wu-tzu.'"

Then the young man laughed aloud and said, "Sze-ma Piao, the Governor of Yü, will be still more fortunate. I had hoped for some such happening, but this must have been designed by Heaven expressly for my benefit. Now I will be the son of Wei Wu-tzu and you shall be my fóster-mother. The qualification of Meritorious Ancestors is attained."

And Siao Man rebuked him again for impiety, yet the poison of his words had already entered her heart, and after a while she said to herself, "This deception may be, as he says, the will of Heaven. For why should my son receive the gift of ability if he is denied the opportunity to exercise it? I will trust to his sagacity and obey his instructions, for his knowledge is greater than mine."

So when they had concocted an appropriate story Sze-ma Piao applied himself earnestly to the Seven Departments of Learning, and his achievement in the examinations surpassed the achievements of all the other candidates, so that his name was spoken by the highest officials and came even to the ears of the Son of Heaven. And in course of time he was summoned, with others of remarkable proficiency, to stand in the presence of the examiners. And, when he had entered the Hall of Audience and performed with due decorum such ceremonies as are requisite, the examiners invited him to recount his names and lineage.

"My names and lineage are not established," answered Sze-ma Piao; "yet I believe them to be worthy of respect. For on the fourth day of the month of lotuses in the last year of the cycle of the Serpent a stranger placed me naked in the arms of my foster-mother, saying, 'Guard this infant well, for he is the son of noble parents, as will be revealed by Heaven at the appointed hour.' And although men call me Sze-ma Piao I am persuaded that I belong to the house of Wei, since it has come to my ears that the heir of Wei Wu-tzu was lost from the doorstep of the princely palace on the very day that my foster-mother received me."

At these words the examiners looked gravely upon each other and upon Sze-ma Piao. And having questioned him closely they invited him to withdraw and remained a while in silence, reflecting upon a circumstance of much unseemliness, which all remembered yet none desired to discuss.

At length the Chief Examiner sighed deeply and said, "It is to be feared that the young man's story is true. And although in consideration of his great ability we were prepared to waive the question of Meritorious Ancestors in the event of his origin proving to be obscure this cannot be done in a case where such records as we possess point definitely to the basest unworthiness."

"There is no doubt then," observed the Examiner in the Art of War, "that the lady Ying——?"

"Unfortunately none," replied the



Pupil (*learning to play contract bridge*). "WHAT IS A PSYCHIC BID?"

The Expert. "A PSYCHIC BID IS WHEN YOU CALL A SUIT YOU HAVEN'T GOT IN ORDER TO DECEIVE YOUR OPPONENTS INTO THINKING YOU'VE GOT WHAT, UNTIL YOU CALLED, THEY WERE UNDER THE IMPRESSION THEY HAD GOT THEMSELVES."



Child (after a lawn meet). "NANNIE, WHY NEED HE JUMP SO MUCH HIGHER THAN HIS HORSE?"

Chief Examiner. "One can only experience astonishment that her honourable husband appears to have failed in his endeavour to suppress all traces of his misfortune. We shall bestow the Governorship upon Lo Pin-wang."

"No other posts are vacant," remarked the Examiner in Ceremonial Observances, "and it is laid down by the Scroll of Princes that a person of extraordinary ability whom the Son of Heaven is unable or unwilling to employ exists as a perpetual menace to the welfare of the State."

"You have spoken wisely," said the Chief Examiner. "We must beware lest such talents as we cannot use may be diverted to the service of the Barbarians. It is advisable that Sze-ma Piao's existence should be terminated immediately. Moreover, by so doing we shall carry into effect the original intention of Wei Wu-tzu."

And taking a brush from the porcelain stand before him he wrote the necessary instructions to the executioners.

"INVALID STAMPS ON CARDS."
North-Country Paper.

Another of these rugged old Puritans.

"Two fireworks shops went up in flames at Bangalore yesterday."—*Daily Paper.*

A case of bang-bang-bang-galore.

THE JAY WALKER PROTESTS.

[Fewer people were killed in street accidents last year than the year before.]

ONE time whenever I crossed the street
I felt a delightful thrill,
For I pitted a pair of nimble feet
And a quite exceptional skill
Against traffic whose speed would not disgrace
The scratch machine in a Brooklands race,
And I knew I should be an ambulance-case
If I lost my nerve in that fearful place;
But my Rugger had taught me swerve and pace
And my nerve was excellent still.

But now it is all as clear as a book;
I am told where I have to cross;
There are signs that tell me which way to look,
And the hand of the traffic boss
Manipulates numerous lights that glow
Red, yellow or green and clearly show
Whether the order is "Stop!" or "Go!"
Or "Wait-for-a-second-and-then-you'll-know,"
And there's only one chance in a million or so
Of becoming a total loss.

The excellent citizen takes a pride
In obeying the law's behest,
And now as I cross to the other side
I hope it is all for the best;
But I miss the thrill that the bold must feel
When the hooter shrieks and the brake-drums squeal
As he skips from under the passing wheel,
And, although I respond to the bland appeal
Of "Safety First," yet I can't conceal
That life is losing its zest.

Satisfaction for Pie-Jaws.

"On Saturday night the Sisterhood ladies arranged a pie supper in the Wesleyan Central Hall, in aid of the Primary Hall building fund."—*North-Country Paper.*

"Mrs. R. P. —— made one of her all too frequent appearances as a soloist and was warmly applauded."—*West-Country Paper.*

Country audiences are so charitable.

"A strong women's organisation has been formed to promote town development."
Daily Paper.

They *must* find some outlet for their energies during the off-season for Fairs.

"Manure loaded in truck loads on driver returning empty from London."
Advt. in Kent Paper.

This seems a barbarous way to treat a hungry man.

AT THE OPERA.

"DERBY DAY" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

"Old Rome, we know, amused herself too well,
Gave too much thought to chariots, and fell.
And is the ship of England sinking now—
Beer at the helm and Betting at the prow?
The swollen Sweep and statutory Tote,
Are these the rattle in Britannia's throat?
We cannot tell you. We would raise no storm:
Our modest aim is record, not reform:
And for our part we like to see things thrive
Which keep Man happy and the Horse alive."

Thus A. P. H., witty and uncandid, in the brilliant Prologue which he recited to us with an admirable self-possession so rare in dramatic authors facing their audiences, and a well-feigned astonishment that his lines were so exceeding good and so enthusiastically received. But we are not misled by such disingenuous pretences of philosophic detachment. Nor were we meant to be misled.

Here rather is a fanatic tribune of the people vehemently impeaching the people's enemy, the kill-joy who would lay hands on its simple pleasures and even, finally, smash the real link between masses and classes—

"... an instrument [incidentally] by God designed
To redistribute wealth among mankind"—

the HORSE—an indictment, in short, packed with grim malice and vile prejudice. And a most glorious entertainment.

The action covers the eve, the day and the morrow of the great English National Festival. The hero is an amiable little Cockney tipster, *Bert Bones* (Mr. LESLIE FRENCH); the heroine, *Rose*, the pretty barmaid of the "Old Black Horse" (Miss TESSA DEANE); the villain, *Eddy Waters*, a spineless Oxford undergraduate, not even resolute in seduction. The secondary villain is the vegetarian husband-tamer and professional Puritan, *Lady Waters, J.P.* (Miss MABEL SEALBY), who is determined to revoke the "Old Black Horse's" licence, with the help of her packed following of arthritic octogenarians on the local Bench and of her weak *Sir Horace* (Mr. FREDERIC AUSTIN), who has honest Herbertian instincts for beer and skittles, but is cowed by his formidable spouse. The persecuted good man is *John Bitter* (Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL), the landlord of the threatened inn. And there is besides the unfortunate favourite, Pericles, victim of nerves, who is so upset by the jibes of interested persons, to wit, *Bert* and *Bitter*, in their revengeful counter-plot against his owner, *Sir Horace*, that he fails dismally in the great event, a failure that brings wealth to the (in general) deserving *Bert* and nearly lands in gaol the unhappy *Rose*, who has borrowed a hundred pounds from *Bitter's* safe and planked them on the hypersensitive horse.



BITTER-SWEET.

Mr. Scott Russell (to Miss Mabel Constanduros). "WOULD YOU CHANGE YOUR NAME FROM MRS. BONES TO MRS. BITTER?"

Very properly and inevitably all ends well. *Rose* discovers the true worth of her faithful *Bert*; *Sir Horace* positively drinks a glass of ale under the nose of his discomfited lady; the landlord keeps his licence and finds a mate in *Bert's* mother (Miss MABEL CONSTANDUROS). And we have reached this very proper conclusion through a succession of joyous scenes decorated with ingenuity and humour by Mr. GEORGE SHERINGHAM: the pretty inn-garden crowded with pearlied costers, dart-throwing policemen and postmen, pot-boys, tramps, gossiping women, jolly or lugubrious; the "Road to Epsom" in a traffic hold-up, which brings together the Baronet's motor, the innkeeper's taxi, the coster's barrow complete with living moke; the stables at Epsom, with poor Pericles undergoing his ordeal by taunt; and "On the Rails," with the excited crowd of incurable optimists, gentle and simple, rogues and dupes, fortune-seekers and fortune-tellers, all bent on something for nothing. And then back to the inn-garden to disentangle the merry plot and point the moral.



THE STAGE-BOX.

Rose (Miss Tessa Deane)—"'O PRETTY, PRETTY HORSE, I PRAY, RUN VERY, VERY FAST TO-DAY.'"

The Horse. "MY HEAD'S ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY LEGS."

The whole affair moves on with a fine free swing, only interrupted by those musical numbers where A. P. H., working perhaps too long one of his many veins of humour, the mock-lugubrious, constrains that most loyal composer, Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS, to follow his dragging pace. And this seems to make the piece hang fire for the moment. No other criticism seems possible of this gallant and brilliant affair, full of the jolliest nonsense and the shrewdest strokes of satire, the full flavour of which was conveyed to us owing to the skill with which the singers "got over" their words, a speciality with the new Hammersmith school of Opera.

As the author does not confine the unfolding of his plot to his spoken

dialogue but gives his songs a heavy share of this work, besides positively packing them with wit and humour which we cannot afford to miss, and so makes the task of his singers peculiarly difficult, they deserve great credit for their skill in this particular. Mr. REYNOLDS too never seems to forget that his first business is to subordinate himself to his author. Composers are not often so considerate.

Miss TESSA DEANE sang prettily and with feeling. The *Eddy* of Mr. BRUCE ANDERSON was most capably and suavely done. We all liked the clever Cockney study by Miss MABEL CONSTANDUROS, whose sense of fun and of character gets into her singing as well as into her acting. Miss MABEL SEALBY, Mr. LESLIE FRENCH, Mr. FREDERIC AUSTIN and our old favourite, Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL, all deserved the applause they won from us.

But I think everybody agreed that it was primarily A. P. H.'s evening; that even he has not yet done anything quite so good as this; and that fertility of invention and neatness of construction made it artistically much more satisfying than comic opera generally contrives to be. T.

"SO FAR AND NO FATHER" (AMBASSADORS).

Mr. H. M. HARWOOD here offers us lighter fare than is his habit; and *So Far and No Father* is on the whole a happy piece of nonsense. I am not sure about the joke in the title. Isn't it one of those which, if uttered extempore in intelligent company, would be met with harsh cries of disapproval? It doesn't anyway suggest the Mr. HARWOOD we know.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL FATHER.

A FAR, FAR FATHER THING THAN HE HAD EVER DONE BEFORE.

Wilfred Scarlett . . . . MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.
Virginia Melbourne . . MISS YVONNE RORIE.
Victor Melbourne . . . MR. ROBERT ANDREWS.
Mary Melbourne . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Virginia (Miss YVONNE RORIE) and *Victor* (Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS), the children of *Mary Melbourne*, the celebrated actress (Miss MARIE TEMPEST), both now up at Oxford, have got so far in their comfortable earthly pilgrimage without knowing who their father was. They don't even know his name. *Mary* has always told them that he is dead, and they have gathered that he was unsatisfactory. They are ruthless and detached young persons, and the thing has not seemed hitherto of much importance. Now, however, some young nobleman wants to marry *Virginia*, wants also, for eugenical rather than snobbish reasons, to know what he is marrying.

So the two come on a formal embassy to *Mary*, who is playing at Oldcastle, a deplorable North-country manufacturing town, to demand the facts. And *Mary* can think of no better way of putting them off than by declaring, quite untruthfully, of course, that he has died and is buried in this very town. They are indeed referred to an actual grave, an horrific marble tomb by the local mason, complete with winged angel and trumpet. It would appear that they are, rather depressingly, the issue of one *Ezra Sidebottom* (some artless merriment being extracted from this euphonious name), a town councillor. Unfortunately the relict of the worthy *Ezra* (Miss MARGARET SCUDAMORE) and his legitimate offspring, *Edward* (Mr. WALTER PIERS), detect our *Victor* laying an immense wreath upon the grave.

Edward hotly resents the imputation on his father's honour. *Edward's* mother, who knows more about her husband, finds no difficulty in admitting their claim. The two young things having got more than they bargained for, *Mary* may, she thinks, reckon on their silence in future.

But she has reckoned without the outraged *Sidebottoms*, who suspect her of blackmail. She sees herself involved in a sordid scandal, the D.B.E which she so ardently desires withheld, and is therefore compelled to produce her husband, an entomologist and the brother of an Irish peer (Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE), and poor errant *Ezra's* actual mistress, son and daughter (Miss RITA VARIAN, Mr. HOLLAND BENNETT and Miss MARGERY BINNER). And I freely confess that, though *Mary's* original reticence seemed a little too arbitrary and unnecessary, Mr. HARWOOD develops the ensuing complications with an elaborate ingenuity which honourably satisfies the puzzle instinct in us and with a sense of fun which kept the house laughing happily to the end. Nor was I so shocked at his rather light-hearted irreverence in the graveyard scene as I am told, and indeed as I suppose on reflection, I ought to have been. Young *Victor* was after all a creature of his decade, and I can quite well imagine him thus heartlessly attitudinising over his father's grave, yet retaining sufficient sense of decency and dignity to refuse to "brawl" when attacked by the impetuous filial *Edward*.

Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS played this precious young man with an excellent discretion throughout, and it was generous of Miss MARIE TEMPEST to take a part which was in fact subordinate to that of this amusing imperturbable young idiot and of his calmly matter-of-fact sister—admirably interpreted by Miss YVONNE RORIE.

Not that our favourite was in any way disappointing. It is always a delight to note with what unerring skill she gets her effects.

Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE gave us a quiet likely sketch of the vague embarrassed entomologist and amusingly doubled the part of a modern atmospheric producer of an exceedingly modern play with his thesis that "a modern actor should never be heard, and the next step is that he shall not even be seen," a joke which Mr. GORDON CRAIG will, I hope, forgive. T.

In aid of the MARGARET MACDONALD and MARY MIDDLETON Baby Clinic and Hospital an illustrated lecture on "The Golden Eagle and His Neighbours" will be given by Mr. SETON GORDON at 10, Downing Street, S.W. 1, on Monday, March 14th, at 5.30 P.M. Tickets, £2 2*s*., £1 1*s*. and 10*s*. 6*d*. may be obtained from Miss ISHBEL MACDONALD, 10, Downing Street, S.W. 1.

DANTE'S TRIUMPH.

THERE used to be a question, "What becomes of the flies in the winter-time?" the answer to which I never heard, for I never heard the song. But if anyone should come to me to know what becomes of clowns in the summer-time I could to some extent reply. I say to some extent, because my knowledge is limited to one. I know what became of one Paris clown this last summertime because I found him at it: and the occasion is perhaps worth putting on record because it adjusted a balance which, I fancy, is seldom adjusted.

As an habitué of the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris I am familiar with all the clowns, not only with the Three Brothers—FRANÇOIS, PAUL and ALBERT, the FRATELLINI—but with the little company of AUGUSTES too: the ragged brigade who fill in the time while parallel bars are being fixed, or cyclists' flooring is being laid, or elephants' tubs are rolled in, and are seldom so funny that you notice it. Although I know their faces and their hats (so infrequently on their heads) and their clothes and their idiotsyncrasies, I know the name only of one; and that is the one boy among them, who, since his father has been a clown of some fame, is to be a clown too. For no other reason. The question of the possession of any native drollery does not come into it: he is merely following a law of the circus. This boy I always watch with a kind of a pitying fascination, because beyond his tumblings he has nothing comic about him, and his tumblings are not irresistible. His father, however, who is one of the thick-set hectoring clowns in traditional clown's costume who act as interlocutors to partners dressed as scarecrows, having succeeded, the boy may succeed too: a purely man-made humorist. And there is also the inevitable dwarf, identical in shape and feature with dwarfs in circuses all the world over.

Well, among these AUGUSTES is a man in black, like Dante. He has a red nose and an apparently toothless mouth with a downward curve, and for years I had thought he looked embittered, dejected, as though he had missed it and did not intend to make any of the conventional brave efforts of his profession to hide his grief in gaiety. His entry at the head of the other AUGUSTES glinted with a momentary spark, and then the spark went out and he was lost amid their rival and noisier capers. Why there should have sprung up the tradition that many of these performers are better than a single one I have never understood; and I believe it to be a fallacy. The greatest of all AUGUSTES—and, so far as my memory goes, the first—MARCELINE, of the London Hippodrome—was always alone. The new rule, however, is to have from six to nine of them at once, and at the Cirque d'Hiver my poor Dante leads them in, and if he can secure the undivided attention of only half-a-dozen spectators he is lucky.

Last summer, however, I saw him under different circumstances, no longer a cipher but a dominant figure. It was at Luxembourg, where a travelling circus solved the problem of how to get through the long hours after an early dinner. I forget the name of the circus; all that I can remember is that the owner had himself been a famous clown and claimed to be the first to paint designs on a clown's costume. Anyway it was a good circus, with some turns of astonishing excellence—chief of them a wire-walker named AEROS, who affected to be drunk—and only one AUGUSTE, at whom, before he reached the ring and while, in the distance, he was uttering his cry of "Cuckoo," the people began to laugh. "Cuckoo," he cried, "Cuckoo!" and forthwith set about his tricks, while the audience, many of whom clearly had been there before, went into ecstasies of delight. So also did I, not so much because he was comic as because—so my astonished eyes told me—he was my old friend Dante, promoted to the first rank, and all alone, and revelling in it. The nose was still red, the mouth still sagged at the corners, but his eyes sparkled and he thought of new nonsense and executed it every moment; always to the accompaniment of his joyous bird-call, which at the Cirque d'Hiver he had never uttered. Next to the little drunken man on the wire he was the most popular person there, and, as he was with us most of the time and the little drunken man was but an episode, he cannot have resented him too much. It was Dante's triumph.

I knew it that evening; I knew it even more surely the next day when in the refined streets of Luxembourg the small boys were calling "Cuckoo" too.

That was in September last, when the Cirque d'Hiver was closed. I was there again not long ago and again it was Dante who led the AUGUSTES in. They were the same as of old—the same boy, a shade nearer manhood, the same dwarf; and I saw that Dante had returned to his dejection and his rapid loss of identity as the universal mumming set in. And not a hint of "Cuckoo" did he give us. But I did not feel so sorry for him as I used to do; I know now how happy he is wherever he goes in the summertime.

E. V. L.

TRAVEL TALK.

A MOMENT WITH THE ESKIMO.

THERE are three inches of snow on the ground as this leaves me at present. I have therefore selected the Eskimo as the subject of this week's travel talk.

Many are his estimable qualities, though I cannot share with him his passion for blubber. But I do think he has a genius for architecture.

He builds his houses with walls several feet thick. This puts an effectual damper on the loud-speaker nuisance; and the Eskimo's daughter can do her one-finger exercises on the *kayak* without annoying the neighbours. In architecture our suburban builders could well take a lesson from the Eskimo.

Apart from architecture, I do not know of any art at which the Eskimo excels. I doubt whether Burlington House has even so much as contemplated an exhibition of Eskimo Art. You do not see any expensive little West-End shops devoted to Eskimo Peasant Industries. There cannot be any Eskimo music or the B.B.C. would have broadcast it. Nor have I heard of any Sunday-evening film society showing Eskimotion pictures.

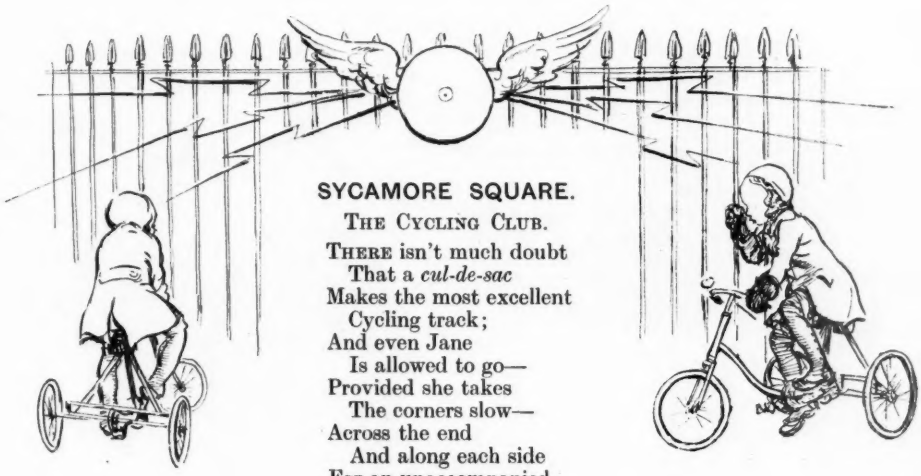
Literature is in a sorry state out there. No Eskimo has won the Nobel Prize for Literature, and no *Grand Igloo* has taken the literary world by storm. Indeed at the moment I cannot recall coming across a book of any kind translated from the Eskimo. The fact is—— Excuse me a moment while I put some more coal on the fire.

The fact is that the brain of the creative artist does not function properly at very low temperatures. No writers have done their best work with pens held between half-frozen fingers. The poet hinted at this truth in well-remembered words when he wrote:—

> "Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of the soul."

Sitting in his hut of frozen snow, swaddled in skins and trying to warm his hands over the spluttering blubber in the inadequate stove, the Eskimo has no thoughts except for the problem of how to make the fug still fuggier. If he dreams at all, it is of the endless summer day when he becomes a "Periscian," that is to say, when he can watch his shadow go round and round him in a circle. "Periscian" in summer, perishing in winter—poor chap, his is an unhappy lot.

And there we must leave the Eskimo. I dare say I could think of lots more to say about him if it were warmer. But perhaps that is enough for to-day. I am now going to bed with two hot-water-bottles. Good-night, everybody.



SYCAMORE SQUARE.

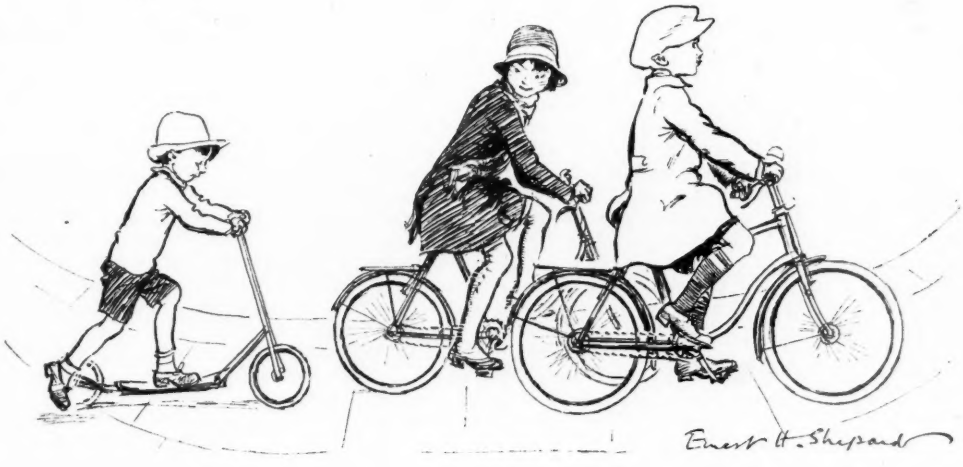
THE CYCLING CLUB.

THERE isn't much doubt
That a *cul-de-sac*
Makes the most excellent
Cycling track;
And even Jane
Is allowed to go—
Provided she takes
The corners slow—
Across the end
And along each side
For an unaccompanied
Tricycle ride.
Mary and Miles
Of Twenty-two
Have bikes enamelled
In egg-shell blue;
Benjamin Buller
Of Number Sixteen
Owns a magnificent
Black machine;
While Philip and John
Of the yellow front-door
Have a scooter apiece
(They're only four).
There aren't any rules
Except "Hold on tight"
And "Don't have collisions
When Nannie's in sight."
Oh, take it from me
It's a dashing affair,
The Cycling Club
Of Sycamore Square.

JAN.









Charlady. "MY! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF BOOKS 'ERE."
Servant of popular Novelist. "YES, AND MOST OF 'EM'S OUR OWN MAKE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Little and Good.

IT is not often in these days of mean work mightily inflated that one wishes a small book a big one; but in the case of Mr. OSBERT SITWELL'S *Dickens* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 2/-) I could have done with four hundred pages instead of forty-seven. It is high time that the DICKENS of real life should be reconciled with the DICKENS of the novels. Mr. SITWELL believes that this can be done; and his present wholly critical essay indicates the correct line of procedure. I wish I could induce him to take on a full-dress biography. Meanwhile his present revaluation is well-nigh perfect as far as it goes—graceful, persuasive, knowledgeable. DICKENS, he maintains, was not only the parent of the modern "thriller"—and "how much more lively and entertaining than his children!"—but an artist with an extraordinary and personal technique. His faults may leap to the eye but his virtues retain it. His vulgarity, for instance, was but a trifle compared with his "fire of generosity." And if, in KIPLING'S phrase, he "never [or hardly ever] talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came," this respect for a literary convention did nothing to impair his strength. He can hold his own with FLAUBERT, DOSTOIEFFSKY and PROUST—he has marked Proustian affinities, but they are a side-line, not a stock-in-trade. Finally, he is English of the English. If our tongue were a dead language, the plays of SHAKESPEARE would perpetuate our "permanent and rustic life," the novels of DICKENS the dark night of our industrialism. And we should be fortunate to have it so.

A Clay-Headed Idol.

If it is true in Germany, as KARL TSCHUPPIK avers, that an expert is a man who is "at once a fanatic in his own subject and completely ignorant of everything that lies outside it," he may very well be justified in ascribing most of Germany's misfortunes in the Great War to the Teuton's rather pitifully perfect faith in his specialists. In England we simply do not run to that kind of expert, nor indeed to that kind of faith. The writer's war-study—*Ludendorff, The Tragedy of a Specialist* (ALLEN AND UNWIN 16/-)—while exalting the Chief's genius as a soldier, giving him, for instance, far more credit for the victory of Tannenberg than is generally accorded, yet shows him incapable of looking beyond the issues of joined battle to the broader political action by which alone an acceptable peace might have been attained. Driven by a nation's worship of a military demi-god, no less than by the failure of both Court and Reichstag to produce a statesman, into a virtual dictatorship that he never desired, he there proved himself, by reason of the mere superincumbent weight of his technique, foredoomed to a failure that brought down his country in his fall. That at any rate seems to be the general drift of the author's argument, though I admit his

method of approach may lead to a certain misunderstanding, which somehow is not fully dispelled by his tendency to draw deductions from the superlative qualities of the civilian leadership in England and France.

An Anti-Clerical Novel.

I have not read *Hatter's Castle*, and the perusal of Mr. A. J. CRONIN'S second novel leaves me without any strong incentive to repair that omission. The most striking feature of this rather coarse-grained narrative is its old-fashioned anti-clericism, a bias that suspects all religion, in its more sacramental forms, of sexual morbidity, so that the Roman priest's housekeeper is his "spiritual concubine" (whatever that may mean), while the High-Anglican pulpit-fan imagines (with sinister results to her reason) that her rector is her adorer. The string that binds these and other such sallies together is the history of the wife and widow of an Irish commercial traveller domiciled in Scotland. *Lucie Moore* suspects her husband of relations with a disreputable cousin. Her apprehensions materialise and, losing *Frank*, she concentrates her affections on their son, *Peter*. *Peter*, the second of her *Three Loves* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6), is also a man of straw; and, human loyalties having twice failed her, *Lucie* makes an obviously predestined bungle of the religious life. Mr. CRONIN must, I think, attribute his failure to make our flesh creep to the colossal simplicity with which he overloads the scale against likelihood. Had *Frank's* siren not been a wholly impossible she-devil, had *Lucie* in her last access of fanaticism gone to the average director or the average convent, two of his tragedies would not have taken place. Only the issue between mother and son, arising out of ordinary human egotism and incompatibility, has a legitimate pathos.

The Origin of War.

Events in the Far East give a special emphasis to Dr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD'S reminder that *They That Take the Sword* (ROUTLEDGE, 12/6) shall perish by the sword. History indeed would seem to deny this proposition. Rome rose to greatness through the prowess of her legions; German unity was achieved at Sadowa and Sedan; and even the British sword has not been rusting in its scabbard throughout the past two centuries. Although FREDERICK THE GREAT'S cynical remark that "a good war justifies any cause" deserves reprobation, Dr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD seems to forget that there are causes in defence of which Man must fight or deny his manhood. Peace at any price can be more dishonouring to those who purchase it than the bestialities of warfare. Nor can I for one readily believe with Dr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD that primitive man was so occupied in hunting that he had no time to quarrel with his fellows. My imagination baulks at the picture of a cave-man quietly sharing his painfully acquired booty with a chance passer-by who has demanded it of him. As for professional soldiers, they have very much the same infuriating effect upon Dr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD that the traditional red rag produces upon the bull; and his detestation of them certainly leads him to exaggerate their inborn stupidity and mechanical minds. Nevertheless, if I cannot wholly agree with Dr. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD'S provocative analysis of the origins of war and the military mind, I am at one with him when he declares that its abolition can only come about through a "spiritual revolution" that "must be individual before it can become world-wide."



Kindly Young Constable. "NOW A MAN'S APPEARANCE HAS A GREAT EFFECT ON THE MAGISTRATE, SO WHEN YOUR NAME'S CALLED STEP BRIGHTLY INTO THE DOCK WITH A HAPPY AND CONFIDENT BEARING."

Spying in the Highlands.

In *Straw-Feet* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) Mr. JOHN BRANDANE, who is both a doctor of medicine and a dramatist of repute in his own country, has conceived a very original character. We soon guess that the little man who tramps the hills of Eilean Aros, one of the smaller Hebrides, with straw in his boots and plays CHOPIN divinely on the piano in the inn parlour, is something even more dubious than the journalist he professes to be; and when, on the outbreak of war, he makes a hasty departure for the mainland his true business in those lonely parts is manifest. But *Straw-Feet* is no ordinary spy-story, and "*Straw-Feet*" is no ordinary spy. Apart from his prescience in having pound-notes in his purse when other men have only gold, he exhibits a passion for the Highlands which has nothing to do with their submarine potentialities. With a Mac among his ancestors and a Highland lassie in his heart, he is an enthusiast both for the past and for the future of the Gael; and he is ready to ride his hobby-horse in the very teeth of danger. His principal interlocutor is a young doctor whom he meets first on Eilean Aros, then in France, and later again on the island; and it is the curious relations between these two which make a story that I found interesting if a little vague in outline. What is best in it is not the rather incoherent discussions or the rather shadowy "feminine element," but the evocation of the wild beauty of the misted islands.

Whales and Whalers.

Mr. HENRY FERGUSON'S *Harpoon* (JONATHAN CAPE, 7/6) is the latest addition to the list of books, already lengthy and still steadily growing, which deals with the pursuit of the whale. The author was one of a party of Australians and New Zealanders who joined the Norwegian vessel *Southern Princess* in Dunedin for a cruise in the Antarctic whaling-grounds, and his experiences during the trip have provided him with material for a narrative which is both informative and dramatic, though his style is inclined at times to be over-flamboyant. In one respect his book differs refreshingly from most of its predecessors. It is concerned as much with the human as with the cetacean side of the subject; and, while the reader is spared the tedious technical dissertations on the internal economy of the whale which are conspicuous in most narratives of the kind, Mr. FERGUSON'S sketches of the odd assortment of characters who occupy the *Southern Princess's* forecastle show him to be as keen an observer of human nature as of the austere grandeur of the Antarctic scene which forms the setting of his story.



Dentist. "I'M AFRAID THIS LITTLE TOOFY-PEG WILL HAVE TO COME OUT."
Child. "CAN THAT STUFF! I'VE BEEN SENT TO THE CHAIR BEFORE."

The Call for Service.

Earthquake Love (BLES, 3/6) is to me both a wise and courageous if strangely-named little book. It is wise with the wisdom of experience and it is courageous because the Rev. P. B. CLAYTON tilts straight and hard at the causes of many of our present-day troubles. Here you will read facts about Toc H. that cannot be too widely circulated, and you will also find a call for service that is addressed as urgently to his fellow-clergy as it is to laymen. For instance, Mr. CLAYTON says that "the parish priest, if worth his salt, must visit constantly," which is a statement that, I imagine, even the most sequestered of our clergy will accept without dispute. And our modern novelists will not suffer serious harm if they take to heart what Mr. CLAYTON has to say of the influence of sex in our lives. "Sex," he states, "is not the sole danger nor the sole dynamic. It is one among many dangers. It is not normally paramount." But Mr. CLAYTON is not exclusively engaged in straightening out the world; he also wants to make it more entertaining, and I hope and believe that he will succeed.

More Herculean Labours.

Although the *dénouement* of *Peril at End House* (COLLINS, 7/6) took me completely by surprise, I have to admit that Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE drops clues by the way which ought to have put me on the right track. But failure to profit by these pointers did not in the least interfere with my enjoyment of a story in which the inimitable *Hercule Poirot's* self-confidence is at times severely shaken. Possibly *Poirot's* friend, *Hastings*, would have been more entertaining if he had been less obviously a butt; but this is of small importance when compared with the fact that *Hercule* has never engaged in labours which more thoroughly taxed his endurance and his skill.

MORE THAN HIS MATCH.

[Mr. G. B. SHAW is reported to be touring in an African district where motorists are warned of the presence of wild elephants.]

In vain the Shavian wit, though sharp and neat,
Would snub a pachyderm so large and rough:
BERNARD, be well advised and do not meet
An interviewer whom you couldn't bluff!

W. K. H.

"6, Children: Joan and Betty's Bible Story—Paul Returns to Jerusalem, from Cardiff."—*Wireless Programme in Daily Paper.*
Who will blame him?

CHARIVARIA.

THE inclusion of bristles in the list of free imports relieves Customs officials of the necessity of passing their hands over travellers' faces.

***

COOK'S come-back has caused surprise in pugilistic circles. It would be an event without precedent in our kitchen.

***

Sympathy is felt for people with hearts of gold who have been unable to take advantage of the boom in the bullion market.

***

"The cuckoo leaves the sunny forests of Africa for our shores once a year," says a naturalist. No wonder it's called a cuckoo.

***

Sir JOHN ELIOT, the tercentenary of whose execution occurs in November, is called the "Martyr of Free Speech"; but another view is that the real martyrs of free speech are those who have to listen to it.

***

It is stated that the B.B.C. has a new saxophonist standing six-feet-seven and weighing over seventeen stones. We are not intimidated.

***

Among temperamental qualities of Post-Office workers which are to be assessed is resistance to boredom. We doubt whether the young lady at the stamps-counter has resisted very stoutly.

***

The passing of the Fairs Bill, to legalise prizes in kind, will lift a load of uneasiness from the minds of candidates for nuts.

***

A musical expert points out that Scottish singing has characteristics in common with the yodelling of the Swiss. Our regret is that there has been delay in bringing this to the notice of winter sports enthusiasts.

***

"Chelsea Too Clever for Liverpool," was a recent football headline. Chelsea isn't too clever for Bloomsbury.

***

The writer of an article on Sundays in Hyde Park suggests a look at the riders and then a stroll round by the Serpentine to see the oarsmen. From Rotten Row to rotten rowers.

"Mr. —— is nearly twice as tall as his father," says a paragraphist, "and he is still under thirty." By thirty he should have stopped growing.

***

China, according to an authority on Far Eastern affairs, is in fragments. Yet not even a War Lord has the effrontery to say that it came to pieces in his hands.

***

A morning paper predicts that plus-fours are to disappear from our golf-courses. This is believed to be in accordance with the campaign for beautifying the English countryside. Up to the present, however, the Ministry of Health has declined to make plus-fours a notifiable disease.

***

Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER mentions that he has not spoken to Lord ROTHERMERE for twenty years. It has been noticed that the Press Peer seemed to be worrying about something.

***

A Chicago girl is reported to have married a gangster who tried to shoot her. It is felt that there would be less shooting in Chicago if this sort of thing was made compulsory.

***

In America a man has been playing a saxophone solo at the bottom of a coal-mine. On the surface this would appear to be an excellent idea, but unfortunately the thing was broadcast.

Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, in the course of a recent newspaper-interview, denied that he was an Irishman, and claimed to be a Scot. It will be interesting to know if Scotland is prepared to accept the responsibility.

***

In a recent article a theatrical producer announced that while in Cornwall last year he saved the life of a newspaper gossip-writer. We can only suppose that he thought it was a good idea at the time.

***

A pressman asks what a Fellow of the Zoological Society looks like. We think it best not to tell him, but rather let it dawn on him gradually.

***

A writer remarks that the powerful lights over a boxing-ring are very trying to the eyes. A really considerate second will adjust an eyeshade on the brow of his principal.

***

A poultry-farmer has discovered that fowls eat better if given brightly-coloured corn. And there is always a chance, of course, that it might induce them to lay Easter eggs.

***

"A plumber gets used to his own assistant," says a writer, "and would probably not get on with anybody else's." One man's mate is another man's poison.

***

An Eastern ruler has a sword-swallower permanently on his staff to entertain him. We envy this monarch the facility with which he can dispose of his old safety-razor blades.

***

In parts of Russia the marriage ceremony is performed in candlelight. The idea might well be copied in England, as this soft form of illumination is very kind to veteran school-girl complexions.

***

A theatrical producer says that a first night can be ruined if members of the audience have colds. In fact, the fate of a play often lies on the sneeze of "the gods."

***

Women Liberals meeting in London next month are to discuss birth-control. The idea, we fancy, is to make it retrospective in the case of all M.P.'s who supported tariffs.



Country Visitor to London Art Galleries (rather muddled). "MERCY, THAT MUST BE ANOTHER OF THAT MR. FRANKENSTEIN'S DOINGS!"

OF MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES.

"OH, stay," the papers said, "and rest
Your head upon your country's breast!
Restrain the wicked lust to wander
Away from this fair isle and squander
In these depressed and stringent times
Your penury on foreign climes.
Desist from saying, 'Let me revel
Amid the balmy groves of Seville;'
Or else, 'There is no place like Rome;
There would I seek a home from home;'
Or yet again, 'I want to go
And have a little golf at Pau.'
This craving—where's your sense of shame?—
For scenes we hardly like to name,
And others even more exotic,
Seems to us most unpatriotic."

"How right!" the nation's conscience cried;
"Long have we nursed a natural pride
In those peculiar local graces
That stamp our British watering-places.
The piers, the donkeys and the bands
Which animate our native strands
Should satisfy the sorest need
Of any man of British breed.
But if there are who still incline
To taste a rarer anodyne,
Who feel a strong resistless urge
Under their waistcoats seethe and surge
For high adventure on the deep
At charges reasonably cheap,
Surely to such you'd not refuse
The pleasures of a sunny cruise,
Provided that they make it plain
That solely for their country's gain
They shed their earnings—those who've got 'em—
By sailing in a British bottom?

"What if their liner calls at lots
Of absolutely alien spots?
If at Stamboul the boat should park
Allowing time to disembark
And notice from a Turkish bus
How fine the view of Bosphorus?
Or they descend at Naples and
An afternoon excursion's planned,
With choice of Italy's trains or mokes,
To where Vesuvius sits and smokes?
Or if they set their fancy on
A ramble round the Parthenon,
And from Piræus their approach is
Made in Hellenic motor-coaches?
Or at Tangier the schedule says,
'We've fixed you up for doing Fez,'
And Moorish camels foot the track,
Chartered to shift 'em there and back?
What if the guide who runs the trip,
Conducting parties off the ship,
Must barter British money for
The coinage of a foreign shore,
So to discharge his obligation
For carriage and accommodation?
What then? Though these transactions may go
To swell the pouch of Moor or Dago,
Heretic Turk or hungry Greek,
Why should the travellers' conscience squeak?
Enough that their inclusive fee
Went to a British company.

"Thus, while they tour in foreign parts,
They change their heaven but not their hearts,
Still constant to the love that spends
Its little all for British ends."

P.S.—In spite of the above remarks, their author is satisfied that these cruises on British liners constitute a permissible attraction for the most sensitive of patriots. O. S.

HOME DEFENCE.

BEFORE this accursed practice sprang up of issuing invitations by telephone, how easy it must have been to say No in a convincing manner. Even in the last generation, while the postal decencies were still preserved, our fathers had it all their own way.

But to-day we stand in the shadow of the telephone, the black fiend in every room. It has only to ring, and resolution and invention ebb from us. The white lies of civilisation expire in its sterilised mouthpiece. One minute you are a free man, and the next, because your brain, with good reason, ceases to act when lumps of oscillating vulcanite are pressed against it, you are pledged to open a crèche.

It is hardly good enough, and I for one have decided to meet a barbarous and inconsiderate custom with the ruthlessness which it deserves. I have hung the following list of excuses above my telephone, and I shall not hesitate to select from it as occasion demands:—

MEDICAL.

(1) The twins have got psittacosis.

(2) My uncle Alfred is staying here, from Nigeria, with Leaping *Grumpi-Grumpi*. Yes, *very* infectious.

(3) Am afraid I have been ordered a new regimen, which involves singing scales on all fours between the courses.

(4) Arcussnot Bane insists that I mustn't harass the digestion with conversation for a month.

(5) Shooting-pains in the *humerus* force me to decline.

(6) Maria's been told that she's a mumps-carrier. Unpleasant, isn't it?

ITINERANT.

(1) We shall be going to Chorlton-cum-Hardy on that date.

(2) We shall be on our way to Tobago.

(3) We shall unfortunately be flying round the world.

(4) We have just bought a balloon, so it is rather difficult to say.

GENERAL.

(1) We have to keep at home for my cousin in Guatemala to ring up.

(2) I'm booked to address Our Bum Friends' League at that hour.

(3) That's the night we are dining at the Matabelan Embassy.

(4) My dinner-jacket has gone to the service-station to be re-bushed.

(5) I've joined the Dress Reform League. You don't mind if I come in spurs, a singlet and a Balaclava?

(6) I've promised Lady Whortleberry to say a few words at her Raffia Tea.

(7) I can never make engagements for the afternoon.

(8) We have been asked to see a private film-show at Beckenham that evening.

In those cases where the plausible does not avail, there is nothing for it but a show of mental decay, and for this you cannot do better than the IRRELEVANT INFORMATIVE. The reply chosen should be repeated three times, in a dim voice, quite slowly, after which the receiver should be firmly replaced.

(1) The cylindrical body of the weevil is well adapted for its habit of burrowing under the bark of trees.

(2) CICERO's mother, HELVIA, was said to have been of quite respectable family.

(3) The public buildings of Barnstaple include a free grammar-school and a large market-place.

(4) Vapour baths are apt to impede the respiration by depositing moisture in the bronchial tubes.

(5) Bahawalpur is bounded on the south by the Rajputana Desert.

(6) A Central Council of Church Bell Ringers meets annually in London.

I present you with all this in the sacred name of Freedom. You can adapt it to your own use. For the comfort of my own conscience (a purely personal matter) I have had printed in reassuring capitals at the end of my list,

GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER HAD A TELEPHONE. ERIC.

See England First.

"QUIET WEEK-END AT DARTMOOR."
Irish Paper.

Our Blunt Contemporaries.

"CHILDREN AND CINEMAS.
STRICTER SUPERVISION OF FILMS NEEDED.
. . . Proposing the resolution, Mrs. Pilkington (Crank) said . . ."—*Manchester Paper.*

"In September, 1931, wheat was 20s. per qr. with bread 1s. 2d. per gallon. What is the Food Council doing?"—*Church Paper.*

Mixing its drinks, it seems.



"THE OLD INDISPENSABLE."

ACHILLES LORD SNOWDEN (*to* AGAMEMNON CHAMBERLAIN). "UNLESS YOU DISTRIBUTE THAT LOOT AS I THINK BEST, I SHALL HAVE TO CONSIDER WHETHER I WON'T LEAVE THE ARMY."



Hairdresser (*expert in latest coiffure*). "I ASSURE YOU, MADAM, MY SMARTEST CLIENTS ARE NOW HAVING THEIR HAIR STORM-TOSSED."

Film Star. "IS THAT SO? THEN I'LL HAVE MINE TYPHOONED."

THE FAMILY FORM.

FOR a long time I had on my desk—or was it on the table?—a little brochure entitled, "Changes in Family Life." It was issued by Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, apparently in conjunction with the B.B.C., and it contained a schedule or questionnaire or shorter catechism designed to show, when properly filled in, precisely what is happening to domestic life in this England of ours; whether, in fact, the British family as a unit is breaking up, and if so, how fast and why.

No one, I suppose, is so fond of studying questionnaires and schedules as I am, and no one perhaps is quite so slow in filling them up. As with the income-tax, as with the Census paper, so it was with Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE'S questionnaire. The demands for information fascinated me, and I read them and re-read them till my eyes filled with tears.

"*Whether wage-earner* (*W*) *salaried* (*S*) *employer* (*E*) *or on own account* (*O A*) *age at which got through father through school how long kept in some other way if partners have separated if has married give year of marriage and number of children born say so if in some other way name it.*"

The mere phraseology enthralled me, as I was enthralled some years ago by the prose compositions of Miss GERTRUDE STEIN.

And yet I loitered. It was not compulsory, I noticed, to fill in the Family Form, as Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE called it. He merely hinted that, if one was a patriot and believed in service, not self, one would fill it in, and if one was rather a skunk one would not.

I know that I had every intention of being a patriot, and if the form had lain about another week or two I probably should have filled it in. Now, alas! somebody has thrown it away, and I can only faintly remember the details of the inquiry into my domestic life to which I was asked to respond. But perhaps a mere hazy recollection will be better than nothing, and in the hope that it may assist Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE in some way to get a better understanding of England and the English home I intend here and now to do for him all that I can:—

MY OWN FAMILY FORM.

Q. Are you
(1) *married to*
(2) *divorced from*
(*a*) *a husband?*
(*b*) *a wife?*

A. Yes *and* no, if you understand what I mean.

Q. Were you
(1) *married in*
(2) *divorced in*
(*a*) *haste?*
(*b*) *inadvertence?*
(*c*) *church?*
(*d*) *white satin?*
(*e*) *any other way?*

[N.B.—*Strike out those of the above phrases which do not apply.*]

A. Yes.

Q. Names and number of your children. Put a cross opposite one or more of the following:—
(*a*) *Berenice.*
(*b*) *Convolvulus.*
(*c*) *Anastasia.*
(*d*) *Lemuel.*

(*e*) *Gobbo.*
(*f*) *Jane.*

If you have any other children with different names, write me a long chatty letter about them. Where are they at school? What do they want to be? Have they got their net-ball colours this term? Have they (1) *mother's,* (2) *father's eyes? Which is the nursemaid's afternoon off?*

A. Neither.

Q. Have you a common purse?

A. I have no purse at all. My wife had rather a good one up till last night, but she seems to have left it in the taxi-cab.

Q. Occupation?

A. Form-filler.

Q. Wife's occupation?

A. Assistant form-filler.

Q. Children's occupation?

A. Deputy assistant form-fillers.

Q. Does any relation share your home? If so, does he or she contribute to expenses? Give exact particulars.

A. Uncle William stayed six nights last summer and left behind his shaving-brush. This has been returned. He has since sent 1 York ham, 2 partridges and 1 small Wensleydale cheese. We tried boarding Cousin Esmeralda, but she went vegetarian and refused to pay her washing-bill. This is still in dispute.

Q. Have you any
(*a*) *brothers?*
(*b*) *sisters?*

A. Yes.

Q. If full brothers or sisters, say so.

A. Pretty full.

Q. What is the name of your dog?

A. Nom de chien!

Q. Where did you (*a*) *first* (*b*) *last meet your* (*a*) *first wife?* (*b*) *last husband? Cross out any of the following which do not apply:—*
(1) *Balloon.*
(2) *Bank.*
(3) *Y.M.C.A.*
(4) *Ascot.*
(5) *Bodega.*
(6) *Ilfracombe.*
(7) *Elsewhere.*

A. Frankly, no.

Q. What are the chief changes as between your parents' generation, your own generation and the generation after yours, in the life of your own family, your relations' families and all the other families you have ever known?

A. My big (really big) novel, *Eucalyptus Street*, dealing with the varieties of influenza in a small country town over a course of fifty-seven years, comes out in a fortnight (at all booksellers, 7/6 net). The hero is *Daniel Sludge*, who was born about the beginning of 1874, in the days when bread in Boomington cost twopence a pint. But I don't intend to give away the plot before publication, thank you.



Fervent Admirer. "WHAT I MEAN TO SAY, A FELLOW ISN'T CALLED 'BILL' BY EVERYONE IN THE CLUB FOR NOTHING."
Bill. "NO, I FIND IT COSTS ME ABOUT FIVE QUID A WEEK."

There, Sir WILLIAM. And as soon as you have another little questionnaire ready I will tell the B.B.C. my golf-handicap and the name of my tailor, and send them an X-ray photograph of my inside. EVOE.

RAMFEEZLE.

I FOUND it in my dictionary;
I hailed it with a joyful shout;
It seemed a thing the gods had sent me
In gloomy weather to content me—
"Ramfeezle (*Scot.*), to weary out."

I eyed it with a gloating pleasure;
I rolled it on my tongue about;
I pondered on its quaint perfections,
Murmuring with diverse inflections,
"Ramfeezle (*Scot.*), to weary out."

To yon brave land of golf and heather
Once more my grateful thanks are due;
But here shall end my panegyric,
Lest I, incontinently lyric,
Should, oh! my friend, ramfeezle you.
R. F.

MILK-O!

QUEER stuff, milk.

I like milk. And I like milkmen. But *must* the milkman wake me up every day 'twixt five and six in the morning?

I know that a peculiar holiness is attached to milk, a kind of moral flavour which is not possessed by the other products of the farm. Neither butter nor eggs nor bacon have the power to make us feel small. I do not necessarily regard the man who sells me calf's-liver or sausages as my moral superior; though calf's-liver, I believe, contains as many and good vitamins as milk. But milk and those associated with milk do somehow contrive to make us feel small. Milkmaids have always been famous for their purity, though there is absolutely no evidence that they have in fact higher standards of behaviour than barmaids, nursemaids or parlourmaids.

And as the purity of the milkmaid, so is the cheerfulness of the milkman—a famous and inimitable quality which puts us all to shame. Hear him, on his morning rounds, carol the fact of his presence down the area steps. He has a *joie de vivre*, an effervescence, a bubbling sense of contentment which is not approached by any other tradesman, though others may bring commodities not less important to our doors. The butcher's man sings no merry "Meat-O" from afar off. He waits till the door is opened and then he says without excitement, "Butcher." Yet the butcher's man, I swear, is as good and contented a fellow as the milkman. Yes, there is definitely something about milk . . .

How old is the joke about the reveller who returns to his place of residence "with the milk"? I know not, but it was one of the first jokes I heard; and all through boyhood and early manhood it lingered with me. That reveller was the type and example of wickedness found out and made ridiculous. Here again the accent is on the *milk*; the essence of the joke is not the dissipation of the dissipated one, but the hideous incongruity of finding a dissipated one in juxtaposition to the impeccable person who delivers milk. If you said, "He came home with the meat or the vegetables" there would be nothing in it.

Anyhow, that is my theory of the thing; and I shall never forget the first time I actually "came home with the milk" myself. It was a lovely midsummer morning, the sort of morning on which everybody ought to be up and about. Nobody, however, was up and about in our little street except the milkman and myself. I was feeling pretty good in every sense. Some of us had been on a rather æsthetic expedition to the City in an open taxi. We had admired St. Paul's Cathedral; and St. Paul's Cathedral against the early-morning sky, with Ludgate Hill deserted and silent, is a rare and wonderful sight, a sight which you poor mutts who never come home with the milk will never see and cannot imagine. I strolled along in my beautiful evening dress, filled with the poetry of living, the soft summer air, the pale blue sky, the song of the lark (or some other bird). And then I saw the milkman. The milkman saw me, and he gave me such a look!

I slunk past that milkman like a frightened dog and scuttled into my home. All the light had gone out of the sky, all the poetry from life. *I had come home with the milk.* I was the ludicrous figure of a thousand comic songs about "wifie and hubby"; I was a big laugh; and, above all, I had been shamed and shown up by that paragon, the milkman. Always afterwards when I came home at that hour (those days are gone now) I used to peep round the corner of the street to make sure that it was free of milkmen; and if one of the tribe was still upon his pious rounds I would hide till he had gone.



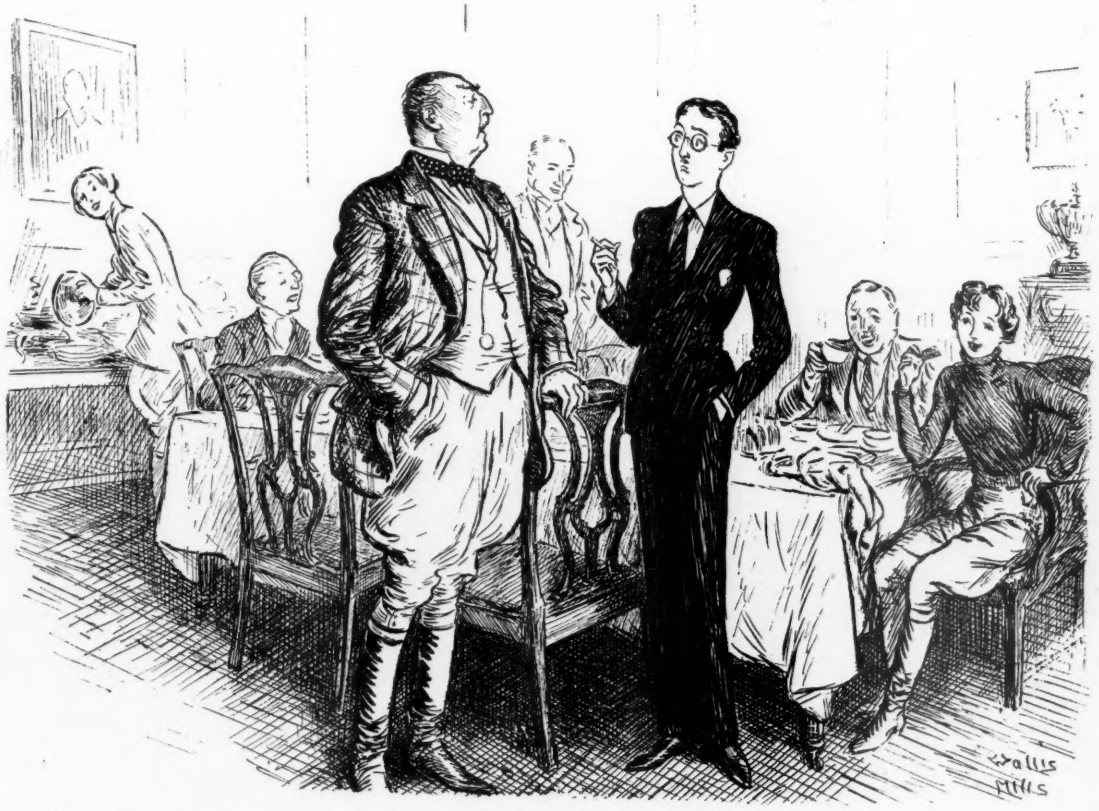
THE GOLD RUSH.

Negro (to Jeweller). "BOSS, HOW MUCH FO' DE GOLD TOOF?"

But I never in my heart admitted his right to make me feel small. If it is proper for him to be up and about in the glorious dawn, I argued, so it is for me. Besides, he is paid for it and has been sleeping hoggishly all night; if I stay up all night to admire the glorious dawn and do it for nothing, I am surely the better man. Nevertheless I used to hide till he had gone.

I do *not* accept the very common view that everyone should sleep at the same time, that it is virtuous to do your sleeping at one hour and vicious to do it at another. Dogs, the most sensible of beings, sleep when they feel like sleeping, and no man thinks the worse of them. The peace and happiness of our tropical possessions are founded on the custom by which the rulers of those possessions habitually go to sleep after lunch. The same custom is condemned whenever it rears its head among our rulers in this country. My point is that there can be no hard-and-fast rule. And when I chose to be active all night and go to bed after breakfast the milkman had absolutely no right to make me feel small. Nevertheless I used to hide till he had gone.

And the wretch has it both ways—indeed, every way. Even now, when I am in bed at the right time, he gets me down. In the first place, he wakes me up. Between five and six he brings a rattling cart along the street and halts it underneath my window. The cart is full of cans and bottles, and these are so arranged as to make the maximum of noise when the cart is in motion. When the cart is at rest he takes out all the cans and clinks them together out of sheer *joie de vivre*; then he collects all the empty milk-bottles from all the doorsteps and plays bells on them.



Country Host (*anxious for his guest's welfare*). "HUNTIN' OR HACKIN' TO-DAY?"
Guest (*surprised Londoner*). "DON'T DO EITHER, I'M AFRAID."
Host. "AH, WELL—LET'S SEE—THERE'S A CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRE AND THAT SORT OF THING ABOUT FIVE MILES AWAY. WE COULD SEND YOU THERE."

Empty milk-bottles dashed together have a very effective ring (the "milking tone"), and when dropped in the gutter make a pleasing crash. And all this time the merry fellow is whistling, humming and even singing away, refusing to be downcast by the earliness of the hour or the necessity for toil. Presently another milkman approaches (for there are at least two operating in this street) with another cart; there is the little ceremony of Clashing Carts (well, that is what it sounds like), and then the lads exchange gay greetings and jests and sometimes even whistle two tunes instead of one.

Well, you know, it is all very well; but if I were to walk along our street at that hour of the morning singing, whistling or even humming for no more than three days in the week the nastiest things would be said by the neighbours. And singing just after you get up is logically no less offensive than singing just before you go to bed. Yet I lie awake and listen, and cannot even be cross with the merry fellow. If it were anyone else I should be inclined to jump up and shout from the window, "Look here, Sir, do you realise that other people are trying to *sleep*?" But I cannot. It is the milkman. And therefore I feel small, as usual. I say to myself, "Here I am hogging it in a warm bed while that poor fellow is out in the cold distributing among the people the blessed benefits of milk."

All the same, I wish the scientists would stop messing about with the atom and think out some way of distributing the nasty stuff in silence.

A. P. H.

"BATTERY TROUBLE FREE."
Radio Advt.

We shall decline the offer.

"HOUNDS HANDICAPPED BY BITING BLIZZARD."—*Daily Paper.*

All our sympathy is with the blizzard.

It was apparently only a malicious rumour that Sir WALTER GILBEY wants Rotten Row to be renamed Savile Row.

RUGGER RHYMES.

THE STAND-OFF HALF.

A VERSATILE half is the Stand-off,
More commonly known as the "fly":
He features a swerve and a hand-off
And "dummies" for those who will buy.

At first he may fumble and fiddle;
He may not appear very spry;
But suddenly slap through the middle
He goes with a gleam in his eye.

The "pivot" or "brains" is the Stand-off;
He's nippy and slippy and sly;
He brings what he's skilfully planned off,
And the movement concludes with a try.

WOON.

"At a street corner in Los Angeles the flood washed out electric light poles and live wives fell spluttering into the streets."
New Zealand Paper.

It takes something like that to shock a live wife in Los Angeles.

HELP YOURSELF.

(*The Hon. Petunia Potts, whose modern flat is a converted stable in Soho, attends a party.*)

ISN'T the modern hostess delightfully resourceful? The party season seems to develop all sorts of latent originality in people; in fact I sometimes wonder how one ever endured a mere perfectly-served meal followed by some shatteringly pre-arranged entertainment in a well-appointed household.

Nowadays one merely throws a party and one's guests respond in that catch-as-catch-can sort of spirit that gives everyone's inner and unsuspected complexes a chance.

Dear Moravia recently surpassed herself in this modern form of entertaining. Her guests were asked by telephone to blow along and bring anything they liked to eat. This gave everyone such tremendous scope to cultivate the personal side of really interesting food.

Our hostess looked most *recherchée*, having adopted the latest wind-blown coiffure, so reminiscent of a West Highland terrier in a gale. On arrival we were told to descend to the kitchen and cook our supper, unless we preferred to feed at another party elsewhere.

The scene in the kitchen was most *intime* and animated. Colonel Chaparty, in a haze of steam, grumbled audibly at his *dekshi* of curry in one corner. A pair of kippers singed relentlessly under the rather aloof supervision of two of our most written-up débutantes. The Duchess inspected Irish stew with an air of benevolence and a platinum lorgnette. Dicki Muffelheimer handled a piece of toasted cheese with the touch of an artist. A lady-novelist famous for her thrillers was recklessly devilling bones on a gas-ring. Dear Moravia herself, who is on a slimming diet, endeavoured to look as festive as possible with a saucer of pulverised bran.

After supper we all sat on cushions on the drawing-room floor and our hostess playfully announced that we must entertain ourselves, as she was going on to several other parties. Someone from Chelsea produced a ukulele and sang about his mother, who appeared to be away in Hawaii. The Colonel then insisted on giving us what seemed to be a Punjabi lament on the tom-tom, but became rather monotonous after the first four hundred bars. We welcomed the arrival of a dozen more guests who had brought a few wireless sets. Someone suggested dancing. After an hour or so most of us drifted into contract bridge, only the dummies continuing to jazz. About three o'clock the lighter spirits took to Corinthian bagatelle.

By this time dear Moravia had returned and apparently retired to bed; and as I was due for a run with the Barking Buckhounds next day I found my hostess's car very handy. I drove off quite unobserved.

It was altogether a delightful evening, so sophisticated and indicative of the new social technique. Don't you agree?

CUP-TIE LOGIC.

["The semi-final draw, Arsenal *v.* Manchester City and Chelsea *v.* Newcastle United, has not brought the London teams together, so that it is possible that both may get through to the final round, though it is also possible that neither may, or that only one may."—*Daily Paper.*]

Or teams that still contest the Tie
To know whose chances to decry
  And whose one ought to flatter,
To name the rivals who will come
To grips at Wembley Stadium,
  Is not a simple matter;
To bear upon it I have brought
Considerable thought.

If Manchester's performers crack
Before the Arsenal's attack
  (With goodly grace or ruction),
That one at least of London's sides
Will reach the final round provides
  A pretty safe deduction;
My view that this conclusion's fair
I think that you will share.

Then say that those who man the line
To cheer the champions of the Tyne,
  With hearts that loyally swell, see
Their representatives' reputes
Lowered before the livelier boots
  Or harder heads of Chelsea;
Pause for a moment where you are;
Review the facts so far.

I ask you to consider, please,
That both the sides from London seize
  Their semi-final chances;
That each survives that fateful round
And on to England's premier ground
  Triumphantly advances;
What would the final's flavour be
In that contingency?

A wholly London one, it seems;
For of the two provincial teams
  Neither would be competing!
But now suppose, while Chelsea wins,
That at Mancunian hands, or shins,
  The "Gunners" take a beating. . . .
[*I think we'll take the rest as read And comprehended.*—ED.] C. B.

"IS SHAW A COWARD?"
Weekly Paper Poster.
Alternatively, is COWARD a SHAW?

CRICITIZERS CONFOUNDED

"I LIKE you to look," said Jill, "but you mustn't cricitize." She licked the end of her brush.

I said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to; but I was wondering what it was you were doing."

She filled her brush with Prussian-blue, smeared it on her palette and painted three lines, which looked as if they were meant to be straight and parallel. "That's a secret," she said.

"But won't you tell *me*?" I asked.

"I can't," she said, "because it's a secret secret, not just a secret. You were standing there cricitizing, so I thought, 'Well, I'll paint something he *can't* cricitize,' and you see," she added triumphantly, "I painted something that I didn't know *what* it was; and so you can't know either, and so you can't cricitize. You see, these are *my* paintings and I do them for *me*, not for cricitizers."

"Perhaps," I said, "I'd better go down and read my paper."

"But I like you to be up here in the nursery." So I fetched my paper and sat in the armchair.

Jill continued her labours for five minutes, then—"What are you reading now?" she asked.

I said, "The dramatic criti—I mean cricitisms."

She abandoned her brushes. "Why do people always want to cricitize?"

"So as to help other people, I suppose," I said. "You see, they tell people who read the paper what sort of a play it is; and they tell the people who act what they think of their acting."

"But suppose the cricitizers said it was a good play and you went and found it wasn't?" she asked.

"Then I'd be sorry I went," I said.

"But how do the cricitizers really know that they know what the play's about? Suppose," she added with piercing intuition, "it was like my drawing, and not about anything at all?"

"It often isn't about anything at all."

"But still it might be quite nice," she said. "When I grow up I shall paint lovely things that don't mean anything at all. And when the cricitizers come and look at them——"

"They'll say, 'Very nice, but they don't mean anything,'" I said.

"Oh, no! because they won't *know* that they don't. So they'll pretend that they *do* mean something, and they'll cricitize away, and then I shall say, 'But it doesn't mean that at all.'"

"But suppose they say, 'All right; then you tell us what it *does* mean'?"

"Oh, then I shall say, 'It isn't meant to be anything and you're a lot of sillies.'"



Waitress (with fancy cakes that have been ordered). "A QUEEN AND A FAIRY. WHICH IS WHICH, PLEASE?"

THE POTTO.

[The Zoo has been enriched by the addition of a potto, a West-African lemur, whose full designation is *Potto perodicticus*. This is a nocturnal animal which utters unearthly cries, and the natives assert that its grip is so strong that when once it has attained a hold of a human being the latter is forced to carry the animal about for life.]

THE *Potto perodicticus* is prone to pernoctation;
He terrifies the neighbourhood with midnight ululation;
The natives pull their blankets round and shudder when
the potto
Has started serenading in a *voce* far from *sotto*.

Avoid him, if you meet him, as you would abomination;
If once he gets a grip of you he's there for the duration;
You'll find you cannot bump him off or put him on the
spotto,
For "What I have I hold" has always been the potto motto.

But, should you ever find yourself in such a situation,
Don't fuss around and fulminate with futile imprecation;
Just wander on until you strike some local liquor grotto;
I think his grip will loosen when you've made the potto
blotto.

J. B. N.

"The majority of the Committee are in favour of pensions for the widows of the clergy of the future, but find it much more difficult to help the widows of the existing clergy."—*Manchester Paper.*

Like all flesh, these widows of existing clergymen must be grass.

"Perhaps the exceeding cold weather we have been experiencing at the time of going to press has been due to the poor Church attendances at the Wednesday weekday services . . ."
Parish Magazine.

This is the sort of lucid explanation for which we look in vain to the Meteorological Office.



Friend (*admiring wedding-presents*). "BUT, MY *DEAR*, WHAT A MARVELLOUS LOT!"
Bride. "YES, AREN'T THEY? TWO-HUNDRED-AN'-SEVENTY POUNDS BY THE STORES CATALOGUE."

RETURNING HOSPITALITY.

AMERICAN hospitality is proverbial. Scarcely an Englishman newly returned from the States but goes into raptures over the way he was fêted and fed and wined, and relates at great length how he was passed on as a guest from household to kindly household. Most of them definitely ascribe this treatment to the innate hospitality of the American nation, though a few allow you to infer that it is due to their own personal charm. These, by the way, are always the ones that have, you will find, been passed on from household to household the quickest.

Undoubtedly American hospitality is a terrific thing. It may too often tend to concentrate on sending flowers to your hotel and giving you the names of places where the stuff is reliable, but its initial impact is nearly always shattering. It doesn't slowly work up to a high point; it is hitting on all six from the word "Go," and takes you like an H.E. shell. Thus, a friend of mine named Smith, soon after arriving at New York, rang up a man to whom he had been given an introduction. His idea, I think, was that he (Smith) might fix an appointment to call and subsequently they might lunch together, but he reckoned without American hospitality. Within a few hours or so of his ringing up, the American had

(*a*) Explained that, owing to having to go out to a big club dinner, for which tickets had been sold weeks ago, he could not invite Smith that night to his own house, but that he was to come to the party with him;

(*b*) Phoned all over most of the neighbouring States till he had discovered and bought a ticket whose owner was ill and unable to go;

(*c*) Sent a special messenger-boy up to—as far as Smith could make out—somewhere in Connecticut to fetch it in time;

(*d*) Given Smith a powerful cocktail and a membership ticket for his favourite speakeasy;

(*e*) Introduced him to two friends, who gave him even more powerful cocktails and membership tickets for *their* favourite speakeasies;

(*f*) Bought him about half-a-gallon of whisky to take to the dinner;

(*g*) Lent him a spare dining-out flask (his own being too small to accommodate them both), which looked the kind of thing you see being passed from hand to hand in old-time pictures entitled "Captain Kidd and his Pirates Celebrating a Capture";

(*h*) Nearly lent Smith a pair of trousers in which to wear it (eventually Smith crammed it into his hip-pocket, but round about ten P.M. his braces gave way under the unaccustomed strain, and he spent the rest of the evening with his tie worn lower than ties usually are outside the South Sea Islands);

(*i*) Introduced him to some sixty-five friends, who each introduced him to some twenty-two others;

And (*j*), of course, sent flowers to his hotel.

Well, that's an instance of U.S.A. hospitality. As I said, he didn't even know Smith, which may have been why, but it at once raises the question: What does the Englishman do in his turn? Not what does he do out there, of course; he doesn't get a chance to do anything but protest and turn up at the times and places indicated, and perhaps pay a taxi if he's quick. I mean, What does he do when an American friend comes to England? Does he meet the boat or send flowers to the fellow's hotel or take him out to

a party with a jeroboam-sized flask before he's been in the country two hours? No, it's probably four days before he remembers that the man has arrived, and then as like as not his hospitality is confined to escorting him round the best-known features of London and taking him to a place where he can get a drink out of hours. In either case the visitor gets very little kick out of it, for he invariably knows his London better from the guide-book than any Londoner does, and, coming from the States, what he hasn't learnt about getting drinks out of hours wouldn't sink a water-beetle.

I did once try to return hospitality properly, but the thing went all haywire right at the start. In the first place, though I went to Southampton to meet the man's boat, I omitted to tell him I was going to. My idea was that it would be a surprise: a beaming Nordic face at the dock with a "Welcome to England" grin would make him feel at home right away. Knowing that every fifth person in the States has an auto, I had even hired a car to fetch him to London through the leafy lanes of the Old Country, passing, but not too often, the old inns with which England is dotted. . . . As a matter of fact I never found him; it turned out that he'd landed at Plymouth because it gave him eight hours longer on his fortnight's stay. I had failed to allow for American hustle.

I had also sent flowers to his hotel; but here again I had forgotten that (*a*) one American mentions an hotel in London to another as a good find, and within two months every travelling American goes and stays there and there alone; and (*b*) not all Americans have different names. When, therefore, I went up to visit my friend expecting to find the room looking with my flowers rather like a gangster's funeral, there was nothing but a tooth-glass with a small rose-bud given his wife the night before by the chief steward, and probably representing a "Gala Night." My flowers, I eventually discovered, were decorating the room of a man of the same name—a tough egg with a face like the back of the Albert Hall, into whose life, I should say at a guess, flowers rarely entered. I let him keep them. He wasn't the sort of fellow I cared to have finding out I'd been sending him flowers.

However, what I'm working up to is this. There should be a special society for extending hospitality to visiting Americans. We inhospitable English would subscribe annually, and then whenever we heard of a friend coming over we would just notify the name and the boat to the society and also the scale, A, B or C, in which he was to be received, depending of course on how he'd done us over there. He would then be met off the boat by a polite and, if on the A scale, titled young man, explaining that he had been sent to entertain him by his real friend, who was unfortunately indisposed; he would be driven to his hotel, where cocktails would be waiting and, of course, flowers in all the rooms of his suite; he would be taken to two parties that night and three the next; he would be given introductions to tailors, innkeepers, night-clubs and BERNARD SHAW; and when, after a couple of days, he had been really beaten to his knees by a shattering display of hospitality, you would be notified on a printed card that he had had the works and was just ripe for you to go round and take the credit.

After which the impression made on him would be so great that you could even carry on with your old modest line of hospitality—taking him to places where he could drink after hours, lunching him at the "Cheshire Cheese," and showing him the highest building in London.

A. A.



"DON'T WISH YER NO 'ARM, BUT I'D LIKE YER TO GO TO SOME CROSSIN' WHERE IT SAYS 'LOOK RIGHT,' AND KEEP ON LOOKIN' LEFT."

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XIV.—MISS SMITH REMAINS.

IT has been recounted how Miss Smith, who had filled the position of governess at Byron Grove for three years past, had refused to accept Mr. Birdikin's censure upon what he had considered a lapse of duty on her part, and had given him notice of the severance of her engagement.

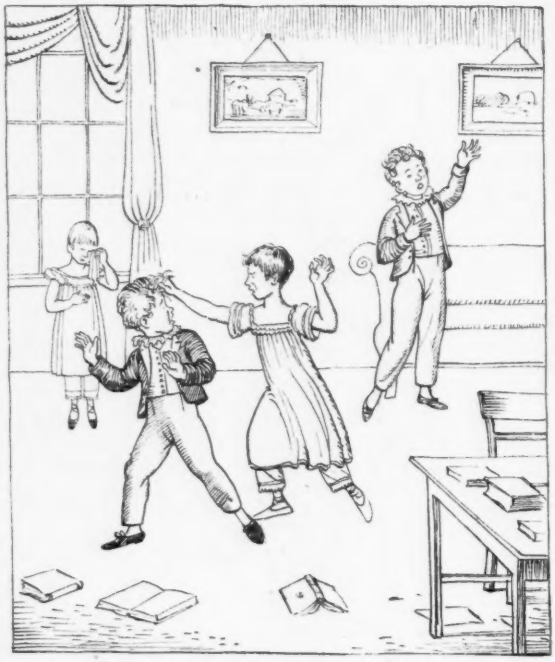
Upon the conclusion of the interview Mr. Birdikin, who was in a state of some heat at what he felt to be an act of ingratitude on the part of Miss Smith after all the benefits he had showered upon her, sought out his helpmate and made her acquainted with what had happened.

Mrs. Birdikin usually saw eye to eye with her husband in what concerned the administration of their joint establishment, but in this instance she felt that he had intruded upon what was rightly a *woman's* sphere, and that if Miss Smith had so acted that her dismissal was called for it should have been left to herself to bring it about. But she thought from what he had told her that the governess was to be exonerated from the charge of having failed in her duty, and that he had not used his judgment rightly in visiting his displeasure upon her in the presence of one of her pupils.

"The fact is, Mr. Birdikin," she said, "that after your potations of last night you were not in a fit state to judge the rights and wrongs of an affair of this kind, and if you cannot dine out alone without exceeding your usual allowance of wine, which you are well aware has a deleterious effect upon your liver and kidneys, to say nothing of your *head*, I would recommend you for the future to take your dinner at home, where your wife can keep an eye on you."

Mr. Birdikin, who had not yet recovered his customary poise, felt himself incapable for the moment of coping with strictures which he judged undeserved. Anxious to propitiate his wife, he said, "But, my dear, I have not yet told you that Miss Smith has received an invitation from her aunt, Mrs. Clott, to take up her abode with her for a time, and is desirous of accepting it. It was my righteous indignation at so base a piece of ingratitude on her part as to wish to put herself under the protection of an *ironmonger* and his wife, instead of continuing to enjoy the patronage of such as ourselves, that led me to act as I am sure *you* would have acted if you had been brought face to face with such a situation."

"I should have done nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Birdikin. "I have always found Miss Smith respectful in her manners and willing to oblige. A more experienced governess, to whom, I would remind you, you would pay twice the salary that contents Miss Smith, would not be willing to assist me in those household duties which my delicate state of health renders it inadvisable that I should perform myself. If Miss Smith leaves this house we shall not only have to engage another governess but, unless we are fortunate enough to secure a second Miss Smith, another maid."



"FANNY INCONTINENTLY SET UPON HENRY."

Mr. Birdikin, with that suppleness of mind which tempered his gifts of resolution and self-control, instantly divined the right course to be pursued. It was left for Mrs. Birdikin to interview Miss Smith and to persuade her, if persuasion were needed, to withdraw her notice and remain in her present position at Byron Grove.

In the meantime Miss Smith had informed her young pupils of her approaching departure, and so much had she endeared herself to them that their lamentations could only bring solace to a mind somewhat exacerbated by her late interview with her employer. Clara burst into tears; Charles vowed in high-spirited resolve that if Miss Smith left them he should run away, and Fanny incontinently set upon Henry, whom she accused of "sneaking," and was not parted from him until she had scored his face with her nails and pulled out a lock of his hair.

Such insubordination would normally have been dealt with severely by Mr. Birdikin, but he was disinclined for the physical exertion that chastisement would have involved, and told Henry, who made complaint to him, that if he could not contrive to make his manhood respected by his sisters he must abide the consequences. Mrs. Birdikin reprimanded Fanny for her unmaidenly attack, but when the latter said that she wished the damage to Henry's face had been still greater because of his driving Miss Smith away from them she informed her that there had been a misapprehension and that she hoped that Miss Smith would be persuaded to stay.

This was repeated to the governess, who could not but be sensible of Mrs. Birdikin's condescension in mentioning *persuasion* where she was accustomed to *command*, though in *this* instance a command could not have been given.

It cannot be said what would have been the result of the parley between Mrs. Birdikin and Miss Smith if it had taken place earlier in the day. Mrs. Birdikin intimated that she required the attendance of the governess at a certain hour, and before that hour arrived Miss Smith had received a letter by the afternoon post which gave another turn to the circumstances.

Mrs. Birdikin received her reclining on a sofa, and showed in a gratifying manner that the interview was to be conducted with toleration on her part by requesting Miss Smith to take a seat instead of keeping her standing before her.

"I am persuaded, Miss Smith," she said when the governess had seated herself, "that your explanation was the true one, and that you were guilty of no such dereliction of duty as Mr. Birdikin somewhat hastily laid to your charge. It will be enough for you, I trust, if I express my regret that he should have misapprehended what was reported to him, and to request that you will withdraw the notice that I understand, in the perhaps natural heat of the moment, you gave him."

"Indeed, Madam," said Miss Smith,

"it would ill become me to turn a deaf ear to such an appeal from one to whom I have always looked up with respect. But, acting on the advice of my kind aunt, I am proposing to take a month's holiday under her care, after which she is of opinion that I should take another situation elsewhere."

This speech, which showed an amount of independence that Mrs. Birdikin was not accustomed to from the governess, was not pleasing to that lady. "And pray where, Miss Smith," she inquired, repeating the warning already given by Mr. Birdikin, "do you expect to find a situation in a family so highly placed as this if you make application for it from the address of a woman who, however respectable, lives over a *shop?*"

"I have no need to make such an application, Madam," said Miss Smith. "I have received a gracious letter from the Countess of Bellacre, who, in conversation with my aunt, learnt that I might be leaving your establishment, and now offers me the situation of governess to the Viscount Firebolt, the Lady Mary and the Honourable John."

To say that Mrs. Birdikin was surprised at this information would be to understate her feelings. She conveyed it at once to her husband, whose estimation of Miss Smith was advanced several degrees by this signal mark of esteem conferred upon her by his aristocratic neighbours.

Mr. Birdikin felt that Miss Smith must at all costs be dissuaded from transferring her valuable services from Byron Grove to Bellacre Castle. Accordingly he made a manly appeal to her not to throw upon him the onus of ruining the educational prospects of his innocent children by the necessity of finding another instructress, who could not be expected to possess the same high standard of scholastic attainment of which he was so conscious in herself. Learning from her the stipend offered by the Countess, and finding it more than double what he had paid her himself, he undertook to advance her emoluments to that figure. Mrs. Birdikin added her feminine appeal to his. She said that she had long been projecting a change from the attic that Miss Smith had occupied to a bedroom where she could have a fire should the inclemency of the weather require it, and intimated that for the future it would give her pleasure if the governess would take her meals with her young charges in the dining-room instead of having them served to her apart.

It is doubtful whether these tokens of an improved status, gratifying as they were, would have prevailed upon Miss Smith to forgo her project of resigning her office. But the entreaties of her pupils, who displayed an affection towards her which touched a heart by no means closed to the *softer* dictates of humanity, could not be ignored. She withdrew her notice of resignation, and it was arranged that, after a month's holiday under the care of her aunt, she should return to Byron Grove and take up again the duties which she had so well performed hitherto. A. M.



Well-known Chestnut-retailer (to friend). "STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE——"
Friend. "STOP!"

"He had acquired a perfect knowledge and command of English during a residence of several years in America."—*Church Paper.*

But what a chance to learn the native tongue!

EPITAPH ON A LOW-BROW.

[Drowned while essaying the more difficult currents of contemporary fiction.]

Into the sea of literature I dived;
The Waves broke o'er me like an aqueous mountain;
Defeated, bruised and battered, I survived
Only to sink, exhausted, in *The Fountain.*

"MAUVE WIGS FOR BRIDES.
THE NEW VOGUE."
Daily Paper Headlines.

In the circumstances Mr. Punch can only reiterate his old advice.



WARNING TO DANCERS.

THE NEW EVENING-DRESSES PROVIDED WITH ZIP FASTENERS ARE DELIGHTFULLY EASY TO PUT ON. THEY ARE ALSO TERRIBLY EASY TO TAKE OFF.

A WORD TO THE B.B.F.C.

DEAR BRITISH BOARD OF FILM CENSORS,—You are accustomed, in the interests of our juveniles, to divide films passed for exhibition into three classes: (1) Films which children may witness; (2) Films which children may not witness, and (3) Films which children may witness when accompanied by an adult.

Without questioning your judgment in respect of categories (1) and (2), as an adult in imminent peril of being roped in for the purposes of accompaniment, I must confess that category (3) gives me furiously to think; and the more I think about it the more furious I become.

"Here," you say in effect, "is a film about which we are a trifle uncertain. It is beyond us to decide whether this film would or would not have an undesirable effect upon a child. We know what we'll do; we'll shove the responsibility on to an adult—any old adult—and leave it at that. The local Council will probably barge in anyway."

That is all very well for you, my dear chaps, and for the Trade, but the local Council may not barge in, and then what about me—the adult? Why should you, who have seen the film, push the responsibility on to me who have not seen it and have forgotten what the Press said about it long before it reaches our local cinema-de-luxe?

It may be argued that there is nothing to prevent my seeing the film twice; first by myself in the capacity of domestic censor, and again (if I feel justified) with the child that is clamouring for me to accompany it. All I can say is that, if that really is your artless idea, it isn't mine.

What I want to know is just what particular benefit is conferred in such instances upon the child by the mere fact of its being accompanied by an adult. What, in short, am I there for? How can I, wedged in a seat in the darkness, cope with the powers of evil if by chance they pop along? To cling to me with chocolaty fingers may afford my *protégé* a measure of comfort if some scene scares it stiff, but I might be conducting a flock, bevy or posse of children and they could scarcely all cling to me at once without creating resentment among other patrons in the near vicinity.

I fail also to see how I am to act in regard to such portions of the film as may possibly be none too good for the morals of the child (or children). Events happen quickly on the screen and, short of knocking the chocolates on to the floor or throwing a fit, I doubt if I could think of any successful means of diverting the attention of an innocent mind until the worst is over.

No, Gentlemen, it isn't good enough. If it is inadvisable that children should witness a certain film save in the company of a futile and embarrassed adult, then surely it is inadvisable that they should witness it at all.

Yours truly, D. C.

Le Petit Smith Fait un Flotteur.

"Saveloy is French for lawyer: literally one who knows the law."

Schoolboy's Answer.

An Impending Apology.

"NEW FORD CAR AT £120.

The model will be followed by a four-doom car at a price to be announced. . . ."

Scots Paper.

"The great man in any trade must be an artist and know that success lies in rejecting things."—*Daily Paper.*

This confirms the free-lance journalist in his belief that all Editors are great men.



PEACE PRELIMINARIES.

DOVE OF PEACE. "HURRY UP TO MY CONFERENCE, YOU TWO!"

JAPANESE DRAGON. "ALL RIGHT, WE'RE COMING; JUST LET ME GIVE HIS TAIL ANOTHER BITE—TO SAVE MY FACE!"

[The Japanese continued to attack the Chinese after the first Peace Conference had met in H.M.S. *Kent*.]

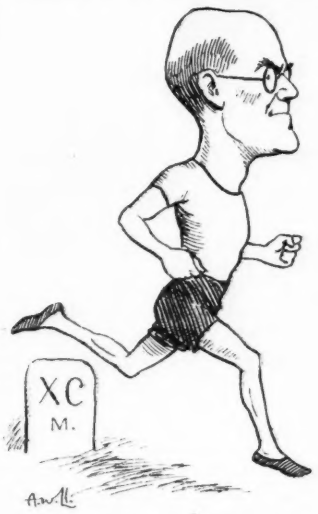
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 29th.—To describe to-day's proceedings in the Lords as the swan-song of Free Trade would be misleading, in the first place because it was, if anything, a swan-chorus, and also because, if a tithe of the dismal forebodings of Lord SNOWDEN and his fellow-Liberals comes true, Free Trade will prove to be no swan at all, but a phœnix.

It may not even be so easy as that. Lord MARLEY gloomily assured his quaking Peers that if the tariff system failed the only choice before the country would be the adoption of measures such as were at the present moment being tried out in Russia.

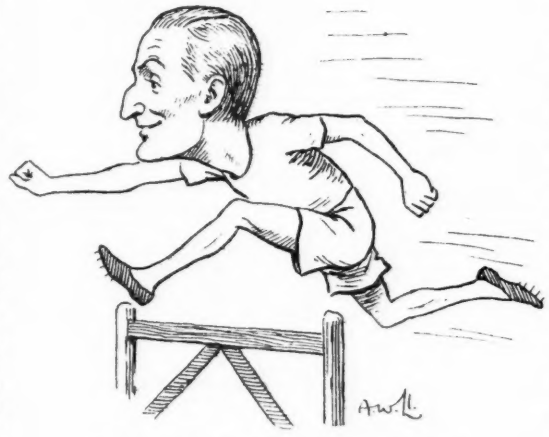
Lord SNOWDEN was quite as tenebrous as Lord MARLEY, though perhaps a trifle less consistent. British trade, he declared, had always provoked the lamentations of Jeremiahs but had refused to die. As the LORD PRIVY SEAL was obviously preparing to Jeremiate on all six cylinders, this initial suggestion that British trade would probably go on refusing to die must have given his hearers a good deal of encouragement. Lord ELIBANK, in his own words, rose to bless the Bill and not to curse it. It was rather a mixed blessing, being concerned more with the extent of the Bill's omissions than with its protective scope, *à propos* of which Lord BUXTON found no virtue in Mr. RUNCIMAN's plea that his first fall from Free Trade virtue was only a little one. Lord JOICEY bestowed the converted Free Trader's benediction; Lord ROCHESTER breathed the unrepentant Cobdenite's anathema; the PRIMATE pointed out that the British Museum's imported lepidoptera would cost it more, and Lord PASSFIELD wept for what Imperial Preference would do to our South American trade. Lord PEEL asked the House to look at the United States. Their Lordships did so and promptly decided to call it dinner-time. Some of them, indeed, dined to such good purpose that they missed Lord ARNOLD. This was unkind, because in the past Lord ARNOLD's breezy Cobdenite backchat has whiled away many a tedious hour of their Lordships' superfluous time. Lord HAILSHAM showed a grim satisfaction at finding the Socialist Party insisting upon their Lordships' constitutional right to reject a money Bill already passed by the Commons, and the House, having given the Bill a Second Reading by 129 votes to 12, hurried through its remaining stages.

Nobody will ever accuse Mr. BALDWIN of trying to grasp an undue share of whatever political prestige is going. For example, Commander LOCKER-



THE MARATHON CHAMPION.
DR. SALTER HOLDS HIS OWN FOR NINETY MINUTES.

LAMPSON, discouraged by the LORD PRESIDENT's reply to a question about the Soviet Government's repudiation of its debts to British nationals, asked if he might bring a deputation to see the right. hon. gentleman.



THE RECORD-BREAKING HURDLER.
LORD BURGHLEY GETS GOING.

"I would rather they went to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," replied Mr. BALDWIN self-effacingly.

There may be some dispute as to whether the Welsh national emblem is the daffodil, the leek or the toasted cheese, but the hosts of the Cymry are agreed that on St. David's Day the Red Dragon flag of Wales should fly above Carnarvon Castle. Hence Mr. ORMSBY-GORE's statement that the western tower of the stronghold in question would be occupied by the Union Jack, the Red Dragon being restricted to a less important pinnacle, was bound to prove unsatisfactory. Nor was the wounded pride of Taffydom salved by Mr. MCENTEE's inquiry as to whether there was a Red Dragon in the Zoological Gardens. Estimates, however, were waiting, and with them Sir SAMUEL HOARE, who found himself more concerned with Red Shirts than Red Dragons. The SECRETARY FOR INDIA's defence of the measures taken by the Indian Government to suppress sedition was adequate, and neither the sound and fury of Mr. LANSBURY nor the more reasoned criticisms of Major ATTLEE and Mr. MORGAN JONES made much impression upon it. As so often happens in the House, the most trenchant and informative speeches came from back-benchers with first-hand experience, like Mr. MOLSON and Sir REGINALD CRADDOCK. A moderate amount of irresponsible gaiety was supplied by Colonel WEDGWOOD, who quoted a charming line about

> "White parasols and elephants mad with pride,"

and by a brief dispute between Mr. JOHN and Mr. BRACKEN as to the improvement in the latter that might have been brought about by missionary influence.

Tuesday, March 1st.—It took Sir JOHN GILMOUR an hour and twenty minutes of hard reading to explain the Wheat Bill. One gathered—for it is a very complicated business—that when it comes into operation the British cereal farmer will get ten shillings per hundredweight for his wheat, provided he does not sell it below the average market-price for the year and if the total crop grown does not exceed the amount prescribed by the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE for the current cereal year, which amount must not in any case exceed six million quarters.

The consumer will pay the difference between the average market price of the wheat and ten shillings per hundred-weight if the baker is brute enough to pass the buck to him; but as it only works out at a farthing a loaf no nice-minded baker will dream of doing so, still less of clapping on another half-

penny. The bakers will have had the buckwheat, if we may call it that, passed to them by the millers, who must raise a fund out of which the British cereal farmer will get his bonus, if again we may call it that, by charging a bit extra for *all* flour. There will be no Government subsidy, no tax on foreign wheat and (if the Wheat Commission and the Flour Millers' Corporation function properly) no fuss.

These are merely the bare bones of the thing, but several agricultural Members, including Lord BURGHLEY, who took his first oratorical hurdle like the champion he is, murmured, "Blessings on thee, kindly Bill!" without waxing exactly enthusiastic.

Not so Dr. SALTER, who, just to show Lord BURGHLEY that this race at any rate was not going to be to the swift, spent one hour and thirty-two minutes evolving the arguments that the Bill was a stomach-tax on the poor and that no English wheat was or could be used in the modern high-speed mass-production of bread.

Debate adjourned.

The CHANCELLOR'S announcement that the two gentlemen selected to act as Tariff Commissioners under the Chairmanship of Sir GEORGE MAY would be Sir SYDNEY CHAPMAN, Chief Economic Adviser to His Majesty's Government, and Sir GEORGE POWELL, Chairman of the Food Council, was well received. It is felt that with such a triple-headed Cerberus to guard the tariff portals the inscription that stands above them—"*Lasciate ogni bonanza, voi ch'entrate*"—will mean exactly what it says.

Wednesday, March 2nd.—The House had much food for reflection handed it before the resumed debate on the Wheat Bill got under way again. Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER provided the first instalment by announcing the forthcoming restoration of Malta's suspended constitution. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER followed with the announcement that the ban on dealings in foreign exchange would be withdrawn that night. Mr. RUNCIMAN intimated that if it appeared that the new German coal quotas were discriminating against this country a very serious view would be taken of the matter. Then Mr. CHAMBERLAIN again took the floor with the gratifying announcement that the Government was paying off £43,000,000 of the French and American credits established last August in an effort to maintain the Gold Standard.

The Wheat Bill speeches followed the accustomed pro- and anti-Free Trade groupings, the *bon mot* of the evening falling from Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, who doubted if the HOME SECRETARY would have loved the wheat



BROODING OVER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO BRIDGE.

(*After "On the Road from Waterloo to Paris," by MARCUS STONE, in the Guildhall Art Gallery.*)

LORD CHARNWOOD.

quota so much had he not loved the National Government more.

Thursday, March 3rd.—When Solons turn æsthetes they generally protest too much, and it was so with the noble Lords who, led by Lord CHARNWOOD, bewailed the threatened replacement of Waterloo Bridge. The debate, however, had the merit of eliciting consecutive maiden speeches from no fewer than three greatly daring Peers—to wit, Lords MOUNT-TEMPLE, CONWAY and MUNSTER—as Lord CRAWFORD pointed out with appropriate words of congratulation to all concerned.

It fell to Lord PONSONBY to utter the plebeian note of those who regard Waterloo Bridge as merely the shortest way to the New Cut. He cited RUSKIN'S view that it was no great shakes of a bridge anyhow. As for Lord CRAWFORD, he was an authority on beauty, but he was no more a traffic expert than he (Lord PONSONBY) was an authority on Chinese chess. Lord PLYMOUTH, for the Government, poured oil on the troubled æsthetic waters, but, in pointing out that there would be no need to augment the temporary bridge, did not answer the problem raised by Sir WILLIAM DAVISON in another place as to the effects of the non-coincidence of the piers of the new and the temporary bridges.

The Commons, after a somewhat vague discussion on unemployment, with particular reference to the Soviet habit of buying (on credit) as little from us as possible and selling us about five times as much for cash, fell foul of the L.C.C. (General Powers) Bill, tucked away in an unnoticed corner of which several gimlet-eyed guardians of the public liberties had detected clauses that threaten, if passed, to harass the London small trader with an oppression of inspectors—sausage inspectors mostly—in addition to the twelve kinds of inspectors which, as Mr. GEORGE HARVEY pointed out, already make life a burden to him. Defenders of the measure stoutly insisted on London's right to have no unspecialised detritus in its sausages, rather overlooking the point that competition and the citizen's own commonsense are the best means of securing that end. Sir HILTON YOUNG soothingly pointed out that the objections to the Bill on the grounds of bureaucratic excess could all be dealt with in Committee.



THE TARIFF CERBERUS.

SIR G. A. POWELL, SIR GEORGE MAY AND SIR SYDNEY CHAPMAN.

Lighter Reading.

"FICTION.

. . . BRASSEY'S NAVAL AND SHIPPING ANNUAL, 1932. Edited by Commander Charles N. Robinson and H. M. Ross."

Book Corner of Scots Paper.

"Wanted, afternoons, sewing or anything tactful."—*Advt. in Sussex Paper.*

Try Geneva.

The Medical Research authorities tell us that it has long been known that people of the upper classes are taller than those of the lower. That's what makes them upper.



WELL-KNOWN PHRASES VISUALISED.

DIRECTORS OF A COMPANY "RETIRE IN ROTATION."

HYMN TO AUSTERITY.

ABOMINABLE gold!
Most curséd thing!
Vile dross
That many a saintly man decried of old,
Of thee once more I sing.
Now let me fling
All that I have of thee into the melting mould,
And count it as no loss,
The grief, the agony I feel
At this unburdening,
If but the Bank or Mr. Moss
Allow me twenty-five per cent of profit on the deal.
O locket of my love
(Loved long ago)
And treasured with a kerchief and a glove,
Come let me pluck thee, so!
Out of the secret drawer;
And watch-chain that I wore
(I do not like that line, but let it pass),
Surely thou wast not brass!
Now, cigarette-case, too, too fair to see,
That I have kept, I think, since nineteen-three,
Enter the catalogue.
On looking back at those departed days
It seems to me
That in some ways
I must have been the dickens of a dog.
Te-he!
And what, oh, what is this?
An orbed receptacle that still retains
Something I shall not miss,
Some hint of worldly gains
Buried in Time's abyss
That in my present mood
Of sacrifice and Lenten abstinence,
Of self-denial and of penitence,
Must be eschewed—
Two sovereigns in a purse,
Two lumps of minted ore,
Two bits of mankind's curse,
Two shreds of loathly lucre, hence, oh, hence!—
I fancied there were more.
Sweep all this stuff away
In whatsoever form
It tempts my heart to play
The miser and to gloat on glittering trash.
Have it, poor France! Possess it, U.S.A.!
Come winter and come storm
I will be good, I will,
And change it here and now for current cash—
If, as I understand, the market still
Is reasonably warm. EVOE.

Handel Revival.

"Orchestra
Concerto Grosso, No 26, in D (The music for the Royal Fireworks) . . *Handel.*
(Conducted by The Composer)."
Wireless Paper.

AN ACADEMIC OUTRAGE.

WE are constantly being told that the alleged decadence of Oxford is largely due to the intrusion of women students and the fatal step of admitting them to full membership in the University. A careful study of the recent issues of *The Oxford Gazette* convincingly proves that the privileges given with one hand are rudely withdrawn by the other.

In the lists of candidates for the various Pass and Honours Schools, the names of the men come first, the women follow. In view of the centuries during which only men were admitted to compete, this priority may be excused. But why rub in the fact by the preface: "*Nomina Examinandorum*" without adding "*et Examinandarum*"?

A much more serious ground for complaint is revealed in the fact that the Christian names of the male candidates are all, or nearly all, glorified by being presented in Latinized form, *e.g.*, Petrus, Willelmus, Ludovicus, Radulphus, Odoenus, Galfridus, Basilius, etc. This is the general rule, but it is broken by some lamentable inconsistencies. John invariably becomes Johannes, but Jack is unaccountably retained; Colin becomes Colinus, but Evelyn, Stanley and Derek are unaltered and Percy is deprived of his obvious right to figure as Persicus.

When we come to the women they are all without exception presented in the vernacular—Molly, Nancy, Jean, Dorothy, Kathleen and Olive. Some people may comfort themselves that this is in keeping with the "Buy British" movement. But here again gross favouritism to aliens is displayed, for the only female candidate who is allowed to be Latinized is a foreigner of rank, who is allowed the prefix of *Comitissa!*

All this is very sad and mad and bad; but worse remains behind.

Contractions and abbreviations are unavoidable in lists, but it is impossible to acquit the Registrar or his minions of deliberate discourtesy in their handling of the devices employed to describe the women candidates.

If a man's name is Hugh he becomes Hugo; but if a woman belongs to St. Hugh's College she is described as "e Coll. S. Hug"! Still more offensive is the manner in which the Home Students are treated:—

"E Soc. Mul. Ox. priv. stud."

I ask you, Mr. Punch, how can it be contended that women are shown an unfair preference at Oxford when in the official organ of the University they are treated in this scurrilous fashion?

C. L. G.

AT THE PICTURES.

JEKYLL AND HYDE.

Dr. Jekyll's rapturous remark to his *fiancée* that when they are in Paris on their honeymoon they will be so gloriously happy "that even the French will envy them" may be more in the manner of STEPHENSON (R. L. S.'s bugbear) than STEVENSON, but on the whole the film-story is not too far from the original idea. Whether one wants to see it worked out in public—whether it should not always remain a spiritual drama—is another question. The magic powers of the cinema make the transformation from *Jekyll* to *Hyde*—from ordinary decency to essential vileness—and from this monster back to the benevolent medico again so possible under our very eyes that any stage version, where obvious mechanical devices have to be used, is left behind.

But why, when a blameless tail-coated physician resolves himself chemically into pure wickedness, the residuum should take the appearance of a debased and unkempt negro, I fail to see. Another injustice to Africa. In the book something ape-like is suggested, and emphasis is laid upon the smallness of *Hyde* as compared with *Jekyll*; rather a nice point, since *Jekyll* was *Jekyll* plus *Hyde*, good and evil mixed, whereas *Hyde* was iniquity unalloyed, *Hyde* minus *Jekyll*; but Mr. FREDERIC MARCH, fine and versatile actor though he is, cannot, when he becomes *Hyde*, dwindle in stature as well as make hideous his naturally comely countenance. But, although the book has been disregarded in order to provide the love interest, without which, we are assured, audiences are not attracted,



"WELL, HERE'S HYDE!"
DR. JEKYLL PUTS HIMSELF ON THE SPOT (TEMPORARY).

little violence has been done to the main theme. *Dr. Jekyll* first outlines his theory of the divisibility of the warring elements in the human soul and then proves it. The period of suspense while we are waiting for the delectable and desirable moment when virtue becomes vice may be rather tedious; but that is always the case with plays where something terrific is



ONE OF THE BOYS.
Mr. Hyde . . . MR. FREDERIC MARCH.

promised. Once, however, the change is effected there is nothing but thrill after thrill.

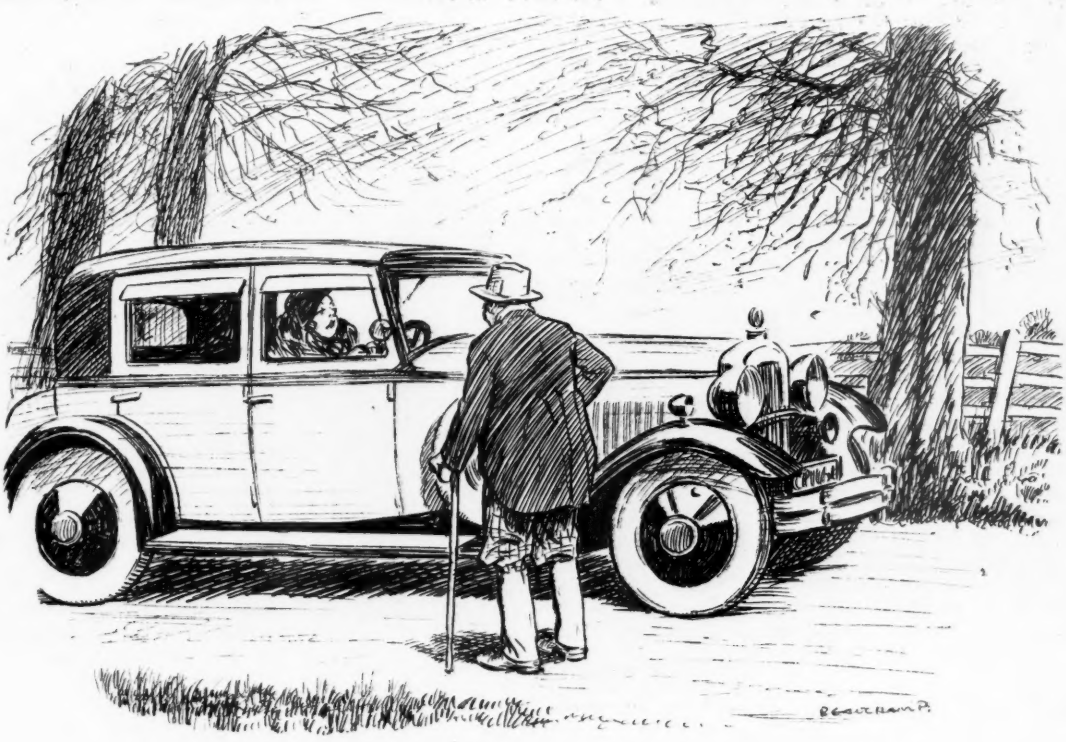
The word monster reminds me that for macabre atmosphere *Jekyll and Hyde* has *Frankenstein*, a recent film which it closely resembles, beaten—or does one say beat?—to a frazzle. But the German student's creation, one has to remember, was born ignorant and had to feel his way towards the excitements of turpitude, whereas *Hyde* knew all and was instantly ready to try them. In Mr. MARCH's very frightening representation of him strength and agility play a remarkable part. Here the "ape-like" suggestion of the book finds support. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS at his acrobatic best did not advance with more astonishing leaps and bounds, and not even GEORGE BANCROFT has dealt such crashing blows. *Mr. Hyde* is a murderer indeed.

With the exception of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* there has been lately no outstanding new screen success, but even without it the cinema has been too much for the theatre proper; for I think there can be little doubt that but for this powerful competition much more curiosity would have been shown about the two recent plays with the sensationally short careers. People can't see everything, and so many of those who once would have been drawn by any novelty on the real stage now prefer the cheaper and more varied form of entertainment, where, in addition to other allurements, punctuality is respected, and there are no intervals, and the music is not ashamed of itself.

So far every point in the struggle seems to have gone to the movies. Are the theatrical managers never going to retaliate? Some form of compromise seems to be, as usual, the solution, but it is long in coming.

One astute but rather irritating cinema custom, which, however, the theatres (no matter how unlucky) are unlikely to adopt, is that of revealing in the middle of this week's programme specimen moments of the vastly superior and more disturbing picture which next week will be on view when the present rubbish is out of the way. Here you see at a glance one essential difference between the two rivals. The theatre needs long runs; the cinema thrives on constant change. None the less, compromise will have to be sought. It would be sad indeed if the long and consoling and stimulating reign of the friendly playhouse were finished, and the direct ministrations of His Majesty's Servants lost to us in exchange for photography and mechanism.

E. V. L.



Superior Lady (to Rustic). "TELL ME, WHERE IS THE NEAREST NEIGHBOURHOOD?"

THE DREAGLES.

WE are the proud possessors of two separate Hunts, the one a pack of beagles (who run after hares), and the other of draghounds (who follow a smelly trail of aniseed, but are perfectly sane foxhounds by birth). For some time past there has been a healthy rivalry between the two, but the very present financial stringency has thrown them together. The upkeep of two packs is no longer possible.

Determined that neither should allow the other to be overwhelmed by pressure of economic circumstances, these two old rivals have decided to pool their overdrafts in the face of the common enemy, or, in other words, to get together. A scheme of reconstruction is therefore being devised which it is hoped will be acceptable to hare-hustlers and aniseed-addicts alike.

Fortunately the two Hunts have the same President, so it was felt that he could fairly be asked to take the Chair at the first United Extraordinary General Meeting. After eulogising the spirit of co-operation which had made the present position possible, he announced that the first item on the agenda was to decide what the Combined Hunt was to be called.

Many suggestions were made, some good, some bad. Partisan names, like "Baghounds," which savours too strongly of fox-hunting, were ruled out at once. "The Bedraggles" was thought to be an excellent combination of the essential words "beagles" and "drag," which "Debaggles," flippantly suggested, is not, but was ruled out as being too definitely demoralising, whereas "Braggles" smacked of bravado. Finally "The Dreagles" was adopted by twenty-six votes to twenty-five.

The next question to be settled was, what, if anything, was the Hunt to hunt? The importance of preserving the identity and traditions of both packs was fully recognised, and the only way of doing this seemed to be by forming a joint pack made up of the best hounds from each. The objection made to this was that as beagles are so much smaller and slower than foxhounds they would have to be given a start, and there would be a danger of the foxhounds imagining that they were supposed to chase the beagles. There was, therefore, likely to be a good free fight but no hunting.

At this juncture a subscriber rose and said that everything that had been said hitherto was rubbish. Here they had, on the one hand, a pack which spent its time in chasing hares and never catching any—("Withdraw!"). He would *not* withdraw; he had the records before him—and on the other hand a pack which professed to follow an artificial smell, but which had in reality killed more hares in the season than the beagles had. (Shouts of "Figures!") And yet the beagles insisted on continuing to hunt hares and the Drag declined to do so. The position was paradoxical. He would dispose of both packs, buy greyhounds and institute electric paper-chases.

This brought the arch-beaglers to their feet at once, and they made it clear that they disagreed strongly with hunting anything but real hares. The die-hard draggers responded by asking the Master of the Beagles if he could guarantee to produce enough hares for them to chase after his beagles were tired. (Uproar; cries of "Open the hutch!" "Bagman!" "Tame rabbit!" "Jugged hare!" "Nothing up my sleeve, gents!" etc.)

When order had been restored the question of jumps was discussed. The followers of the Drag said that jumps were essential; the beaglers said that they wasted time and were a nuisance. It was therefore proposed that every

jump should be provided with a gap through which the foot-folk could pass. All the beaglers supported this, and as several of the boot-slappers also thought it would be a very good idea the proposal was adopted.

But the vexed question of what to hunt was still far from settled. The Master of the Beagles said he was disquieted by the suggestion that the foxhounds might turn upon his pack. The Chairman, intervening, said that it must be made quite clear to the hounds that they were all hunting whatever the present meeting decided was to be hunted, and a proper spirit of co-operation (such as that which already actuated the subscribers) must be fostered among them. Asked how this was to be achieved, the Chairman replied that it was not for him to interfere with details of administration.

But before adjourning the meeting he would make a suggestion which ought to be acceptable to both parties, namely, that the quarry should consist of a dead hare sprinkled with aniseed and dragged by a runner. By this means beagles and foxhounds would both have a familiar smell to follow. The hare would have to be sufficiently dead for the aniseed not to be unduly preponderant. The Field would follow in the manner of a combined charge by cavalry and infantry, *i.e.*, with the beaglers holding on to riders' stirrups. He would ask two subscribers to stand as proposer and seconder of this motion, which would be put to the vote at the next meeting.

Godiva in The Park.

"People who ride should ride correctly dressed or not at all."
Daily Paper.

Nine Men in a Tub.

"OXFORD'S GOOD EFFORT.
The day's work started with the coach taking the whole crew out in a tub pair for instruction."
Daily Paper.

"The young man was still on his knees, recumbent."
From a Recent Novel.

The likeliest solution is that the author was still seated, lying.

"Mr. Davis was reproducing the lightning service which worked such destruction at Wimbledon in 1901. His left-handed cross drive, too, carried its old sinister spin."
Daily Paper.

And his right-handed volley was doubtless dexterous.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAN I KILLED" (APOLLO).

"A YOUNG Frenchman" is haunted by the horror and anguished protest in the face of a young German whom he has killed in battle. He comes to the confessional for help. The old priest gives him the accepted technical justifications of his impersonal action. But he cannot admit them. His enemy was unarmed, unresisting. He feels himself a murderer and rejects the offered absolution. (Would it have been offered when, *ex hypothesi*, here was a "scruple," not a sin?) He must, he feels, go to Germany, find the family of his victim—he knows his victim's name, *Hermann von Holderlin*, and his town—and somehow contrive to end his agony. The priest, recognising that here is mental rather than spiritual crisis, approves. This is the effective Prologue of M. MAURICE ROSTAND'S tragedy, which Mr. REGINALD BERKELEY, sedulous soldier-pacifist, has translated for us.



Elsa (MISS CELIA JOHNSON) BEGINS TO THINK THE KILLER (MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS) IS RATHER A NICE SORT OF PERSON.

The young man arrives at the *von Holderlins'* home. Here are the old father, *Oskar*; *Hilde*, the mother; *Elsa*, the dead man's betrothed. Nearly four years have elapsed since young *Hermann's* death, but every material device has been and is still employed to keep alive with morbid intensity the memory of that tragic loss—the room, the books, the violin untouched. The old man nurses a savage hatred of the French, looks to the inevitable revenge; the mother's personal grief is no less deep but is gentler, overshadowed by her sense of the universal tragedy—French mothers are suffering as she suffers; *Elsa*, now a mere pale ghost of a beautiful girl, is resolute to dedicate her whole life to the memory of her dead.

By a misunderstanding which the author contrives to make sufficiently plausible they assume that their visitor was a close friend of their *Hermann*. They mistake his tortured embarrassment for intensity of grief and affection. He has not the courage to undeceive them; invents details of their supposed intercourse. There are dangerous moments when the boy's conscience and misery impel him to cathartic confession; but they pass. Gradually the father's bitterness is exorcised. He takes the young Frenchman to his heart and with him his hitherto detested country. The mother even more easily accepts him as a son restored. The inevitable confession is at last desperately made to the girl, who has all but guessed the truth. But she forbids him to destroy the old people's new-found consolations. He must stay with them. She will help him to carry through the merciful deception. It is possible, we



Von Holderlin. "ERIK, LITTLE BY LITTLE YOU'RE GETTING TO BE THE MAN I COULD ALMOST KILL!"
MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AND MR. WILLIAM HARTNELL.

think, that she has grown, or is prepared, to love him.

There is a deep sincerity in all this. It will even, I imagine, help those who are not distrustful of the merely emotional argument against war with its insistence that there is *nothing* in it but what is ignoble, brutal and obscene—a simplification which tends to defeat its own ends. It is perhaps unfair, yet almost inevitable, thus to consider rather the tract-value than the dramatic quality of this tragedy. Judged merely as a play, it suffers, I think, from a discomforting amount of repetition and from the rather arbitrary suspension of the crisis of final confession.

The character of the old German is well conceived and sympathetically worked out. Mr. Norman McKinnel, finely indicating the phases of his conversion, did, I think, touch our emotions more deeply than Mr. Emlyn Williams in the pivot part of the remorse-stricken Frenchman. This clever young actor has power and some subtlety, yet I think he may easily make too much play with that trick of the vacuous face emptied of all expression and the flat intonation. It is of course very difficult to criticise the interpretation of a character presented to us as in a morbid pathological state of tension. We can only judge of the effect produced, and I think Mr. Williams rather lost his grip of us as the action developed.

Miss Louise Hampton gave us one of those tender little studies of repressed tragic women which she does so well; Mr. William Hartnell cleverly presented bumptious young cousin *Erik*, still at the gymnasium, embryo "Steel-helmet" and *revancheur*—a character imported with excellent effect of contrast (and relief) into the gloomy scene; and Mr. Quinten McPherson was effective in a study of an eccentric old bookseller, which he did not spoil by over-emphasis. Miss Celia Johnson had the difficult because drab level part of the broken *Elsa* and contrived to win our sympathy.

An interesting and on the whole dramatically effective and genuinely moving piece. . . . I would beg Mr. Albert de Courville, the producer, to mitigate the horrific mechanical noises which were emitted in the church scene and between the Acts. T.

"Important People" (Vaudeville).

Mr. Wyndham Mallock in *Important People* exploits the humours of matrimonial differences and, secondarily, of Parliamentary elections. The *Westcots*, *Tony* and *Margaret* (Mr. Henry Edwards and Miss Marie Löhr), after ten years in the bonds of matrimony have begun seriously to get upon each other's nerves, and their bachelor friends, *George Pelling* and *Beryl Cardew* (Mr. George Relph and Miss Mercia Swinburne), rush in to attempt repairs in the widening breach. To make matters worse some local idiot committee approaches *Mrs. Westcot* with the proposal that she shall fight a bye-election on the Prohibition ticket. Though without even the most elementary knowledge of affairs, parties or procedure, being just conscious that quite nice people are now going into Parliament, she consents. Her husband, who happens to be senior partner in one of the largest distilling firms in the country, is furious. In vain he tries to bully, in vain *George* and *Beryl* try to coax the obstinate woman into withdrawal. "Nothing for it," says the helpful *George*, "but to stand yourself against her."

A count and two recounts show in turn all the possible results—triumph of *Margaret*, chagrin, veiled under acid politeness, of *Tony*; victory of *Tony*, with *Margaret's* annoyance masked by deadly smooth congratulatory phrases; and dead-heat, salving the wounded vanity of each and allowing of the reconciliation, obviously only for a brief period, of the peppery incompatibles—while genial *George* and distracted *Beryl*, their kindly purpose fulfilled with singularly little help from their ineffectual diplomacy, and undeterred by their friends' discouraging example, exchange pledges to share the hazardous adventure of marriage.

Mr. Mallock, labelling his little play "comedy," gives it rather the texture and colour, but not the pace or the droll invention, of farce. Humour certainly rather than wit is his *forte*. It would have been easier for his producer and his interpreters if he had been more consistent. He gave to Miss Mercia Swinburne the rather thankless task of playing the quite serious part of the anxious friend, and it was difficult for her to make it fit plausibly into the scheme, except as a charming decoration. Miss Marie Löhr had rather more scope in the ridiculous *Mrs. Tony*, and, looking her handsome best, was very inconsequent and petulant and appropriately stupid, but not perhaps quite light-hearted enough for the nonsensical mood and assumptions of the affair.

The men were rather better served, and Mr. Henry Edwards made an amusing thing of the violent explosions, the hardly-contrived self-control, the political ineptitudes of the much-harassed *Tony*. But it was Mr. George Relph who seemed to pull the play together and steer it skilfully over dangerous places by his easy accomplishment and his adroit extraction of the full humorous flavour of situations whose intrinsic comic quality was not obvious. It is of course a sound principle in general to credit the author with the best that any player can get out of his lines. Sometimes, however, it is clear that the actor does make a more generous contribution than is implied in his contract; and here, I thought, watching Mr. Relph's unfailing resourcefulness and technical finish with the pleasure that even a slight thing perfectly done always contrives to give, Mr. Mallock is very heavily in Mr. Relph's debt. T.



THE ORANGE OF DISCORD.

Margaret Westcot (*Miss Marie Löhr*) to *Tony Westcot* (*Mr. Henry Edwards*). "*Must you suck it?*"

"Matches kept in a scullery or bathroom sometimes become damp, and are wasted. If a few rice grains are put in the box the matches will not be affected."—*Daily Paper.*

A few old nails and a halfpenny stamp can also be harmlessly included.

SWEETS FOR THE—PESSIMIST.

[It is stated that £50,000,000 are spent annually on sweets in this country.]

THE English people is not what it was of old;
The ship of state won't steer, and her timbers leak;
Our rule of the waves has gone; our goods aren't sold;
The present's a hopeless mess, and the outlook bleak;
Yet, over-taxed as we are and over-doled,
Sitting and hearing each other groan (that's KEATS),
To one small atom of national pride we hold:
We still spend fifty millions a year on sweets.

The bulldog spirit has utterly gone, we're told;
Our young men seem to develop a yellow streak;
Our bowling's knocked to the ropes; our bats are bowled;
Our scrum won't shove, our running and tackling's weak;
Our girlhood's cast in a most inferior mould—
One sees that plainly in every girl one meets;*
But these disquieting details leave one cold;
We still spend fifty millions a year on sweets.

Our stage is rotten, our films a shame to behold;
Our music's nigger or nothing; our art's a freak;
Our farms are barren in meadow and sty and fold;
Our hotel management's bad, and the food antique;
Dora stifles our freedom; our drink's controlled;
Our language suffers from horrible words like "eats";
There's one rock only on which we can rest consoled:
We still spend fifty millions a year on sweets.

Then cheer up, England, wait till the clouds have rolled
By, and down on your noddle a new sun beats;
Who cares twopence, for all that we've gone off gold?
We still spend fifty millions a year on sweets.

DUM-DUM.

* This, mind you, is the imaginary pessimist, not the author.

TIGER TOPICS.

THE recent appearance in our London newspapers of an advertisement for a large live tiger is, I hope, an indication that the general public is at last realising what pleasant desirable pets these animals make. I have long advocated their adoption in place of the now rather overdone dog, and perhaps a few hints to prospective tiger-owners from an old hand may be acceptable.

Choosing a suitable animal.—The Bengal is the commonest and most reasonably priced at present. It is suitable for medium-sized houses in the South of England. For those anxious to possess a pet of more striking appearance the Persian variety is recommended as being very handsomely marked. Residents in Scotland and parts of England are strongly advised to spend a little extra and acquire a Manchurian specimen. They are accustomed to cold climates and their thick coats fit them to withstand the rigours of a British summer. Flat-dwellers are recommended to procure one of the small "lap-dog" type known as Malay. White, black and "blue" varieties are known, but are very rare, and the prices are correspondingly high. The white in particular is unsuitable for London.

When buying a tiger remember that to judge its age it is only necessary to tap the canine teeth. If they sound hollow you may be certain that your prospective pet is under three years old. (If it is an adult animal it is less easy to carry out this test.)

Accommodation.—This should present little difficulty. It is as well to remember that, although an underfed tiger takes less room than a well-fed one, the principle of fitting one's pet to one's environment is not in favour with the R.S.P.C.A. The average length of a Bengal tiger is nine-and-a-half feet, which allows a few inches turning-space in most small houses.

For sleeping quarters a thick rug in the hall (preferably not the skin of another tiger) is all that is required, and entirely obviates the need for any form of burglar-alarm.

Food.—Neighbouring dogs and cats will usually solve this problem, with an occasional country walk to provide variety. To save possible unpleasantness it is as well not to let farmers catch sight of him. If your pet's appetite needs tempting, pea-hens are considered a great delicacy. Human flesh is an acquired taste and not a common one. Nevertheless it is a wise plan to obtain a guarantee at the time of purchase. You will have to pay a little extra for this, as tests are difficult to arrange.

Should your pet contract the man-eating habit—it is not considered a bad failing in districts where income-tax collectors abound—it is interesting to know that a human diet is one of the best methods of keeping a tiger's coat in perfect condition.

Exercise.—A tiger needs a good deal of exercise. During the winter a subscription to the local Hunt is an economy. You will find that your pet will thrive on fox, hound and horse equally, and will benefit considerably both from the variety of food and the exercise required to obtain it.

In cold weather it is well to keep him tied up when not in use, as he may stray and roam for considerable distances. In summer this is not necessary as, contrary to popular belief, tigers do not care for hot weather, but prefer to spend their spare time dozing in the shade. In England you should vary your treatment according to the weather, and not go too much by the seasons.

Amusements.—Tigers are very fond of bathing. This is a great advantage, as by indulging this whim you will find you can combine the amenities of a popular seaside-resort with the solitude of a private bathing-pool.

General Information.—The tiger is a very quiet animal, his roar being seldom heard. This is where you score over the less enterprising individuals who keep parrots and pekes. When surprised he gives a short "Woof!" but in the circumstances this also is seldom heard.

When provoked, according to one book of reference, "it gives the well-known growl." It is therefore inadvisable to let visitors tease him.

In case your neighbours prove unpleasant, you can probably placate them by the assurance that the tiger is a very humane killer, breaking its victim's neck instantly.

Second-hand tigers are not advised, as they often suffer from moth.

N.B.—I am considering the formation of a Tail-swishers' Club, and should be grateful if interested owners would communicate with me.

A Glimpse of the Apposite.

"My question last week as to the best place to put the new and numbersome London 'Phone Directory has been quickly answered."
Herts Paper.

"The following detailed Records, which include Lists of Colonels from date of formation to publication and many Officers by name, in good condition, but without Plates for Sale at Ten Shillings each."—*Advt. in Military Magazine.*

Why the "but"? This is another testimonial to the dental efficiency of the British Army.

"Mr. John Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, declared in a speech last night that he had direct information that 'if the Republicans put a "wet" plank into their platform the President will run on it.'"—*Daily Paper.*

It used to be considered sufficiently dangerous to walk it.



"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out."
The Chaperon (when this was all)
Was quite content to grace the wall.



But when the mode exposed to view
Not only calves but knee-caps too
The Chaperon grew brisk and bold
And gambolled like a two-year-old.

Alas! too soon this freedom ended;
Her spirits with her skirts descended;
Once more she's doomed to sit and show
That decorous but "wistful" toe.

JAN.



THE RETURN OF THE CHAPERON.



"ARE THESE THE 'NE PLUS ULTRA' POTATOES?"
"YES. WHY?"
"THEY EAT LIKE THE 'RIGOR MORTIS.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Scott in True Perspective.

THERE are three notable things about Mr. JOHN BUCHAN'S centenary life of *Sir Walter Scott* (CASSELL, 9/6): the sound equipment of the biographer and the admirable temper and scale of his work. A romantic of the right Caledonian breed, a just and sensitive critic, he never allows the tangled wood of Scots social and literary history to obscure individual trees. And he has the patience to clarify and present the post-LOCKHART material we all look for, whether it be details of his hero's early devotion to WILLIAMINA-*Greensleeves* or intricacies of CONSTABLE-BALLANTYNE finance. The humanity of the life and the humanity of the novels are undoubtedly the twin crests of the wave that is bearing back Sir WALTER, a revival foretold thirty years ago by W. P. KER, who said that what SCOTT lost by being judged as a master of romance he would gain by his triumphs in the art of comedy. A vivid sense of the importance of character lay at the root of his attitude towards life; and the greater side—the Shakespearean side—of his work has obviously the same foundation. His technique never fell short of a great occasion, whether lyric or dramatic; and this is finely brought out in the chapter where the biographer vindicates the artist. I miss—a trifle, certainly—any tribute to the Wizard's prefaces. Yet the *Nigel* introduction embodies a winning example of SCOTT'S criticism of SCOTT, and even *Lammermoor* would patently be less magical without its unforgettable curtain-raiser.

Ode to an Expatriated American Citizen.

Say, bo
(Excuse this quaint exordium, but my theme's
American, it seems),
You sure will wanna know
What, in the last ten years or so,
Your bold compatriots have been doing
Out in the U.S.A.
Since Prohibition set its ban on brewing
And WARREN HARDING took the Presidential Chair.
Well, there!
Read *Only Yesterday*,
By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, who, they say,
Assists to edit *Harper's Magazine*
(If by "Associate Editor" that's what they mean).

And, would you learn
Of all the half-forgotten crazes
That had their turn
Since HARDING started pushing up the daisies,
You'll find them here—
Prize-fights and petting-parties, radio,
Gangster and racketeer,
Florida booms, bull markets and Mah Jongg,
They come and go,
Nothing remaining long—
The book!
Within it, if you look,
You'll see the price is twelve-and-six, no less,
Published by HARPERS. It's a wow, I guess.

Rubens Revitalized.

A very great painter, who cherished both his art and his market; a diplomatist who served contentious Powers with a notable regard for peace; a husband twice over whose love was so little invidious that the child of the second wife was called by the name of the first—this is *Rubens* (FABER AND FABER, 15/-) as seen by Professor EMILE CAMMAERTS. So many-sided a figure needs a biographer appreciative of the whole man, and appreciative too of all the stresses exerted in the fabric of his personality. Only so can character emerge—and emerge here it emphatically does. Bred in the reconstructed Antwerp of a sufficiently benign arch-ducal rule, young RUBENS made for Rome in 1600, only to be snapped up as Mantuan Court-painter on the way. Henceforth his life was largely the life of Courts; and Madrid, Paris and London in turn saw him magnificently painting and unostentatiously acting as spokesman for the Spanish Netherlands. His English activities are both illuminating and entertaining. The accredited producer of over three thousand canvases, RUBENS sent out from time to time a slovenly studio-piece; and Lord DANVERS, who had got a poor "Lion-Hunt" in exchange for a mouldering Bassano, emphatically demanded that "theas lions" should be taken back "for tamer beastes better made." The painter's relations with CHARLES I.—a notable patron—are happily brought out, and one of the prettiest passages in a design that never scorns significant trifles depicts him delaying his departure from Dover that he may serve as escort to a party of English school-children.

Fountains of Wisdom.

The really urgent question of the hour, of course, is whether or not Mr. H. G. WELLS is to be appointed world-dictator. Having summarised the story of the human race in his *Outline of History* and placed it in relation to the lesser species in his *Science of Life*, he has now demonstrated the completeness of his qualifications for the appointment I have foreshadowed with a third mighty volume—*The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* (HEINEMANN, 10/6)—in which he not only visualises, as from Olympus, and almost without technical mistakes, all the little goings and comings of all his lesser fellow-creatures, but discovers too their artless little motives for so much running backwards and forwards. He regards the wheatfields of Alberta equally with London's cafeterias. He has seen artificial sunlight in a modern poultry-farm and the latest accident-preventing devices of the Home Office museum in Horseferry Road. The mazes of money are no mystery to him. The problems of education and government and universal peace are open to his gaze. Generously from time to time he indicates how he will set to work to cure us of all our follies and perhaps of most of our enthusiasms. The difficulty about a survey of this kind, if one may very respectfully refer to it, is that occasionally it must either fail to be comprehensive or fail to be arresting. For most of us are already familiar with at least some part of the field of human enterprise. But Mr. WELLS is amazingly successful none the less.



Patient. "I KNOW YOU TRY TO HELP ME, DOCTOR; BUT MY 'USBAND SES THAT IF I WON A PRIZE IN THE IRISH SWEEP IT WOULD DO ME MORE GOOD THAN ANYTHING YOU CAN DO."

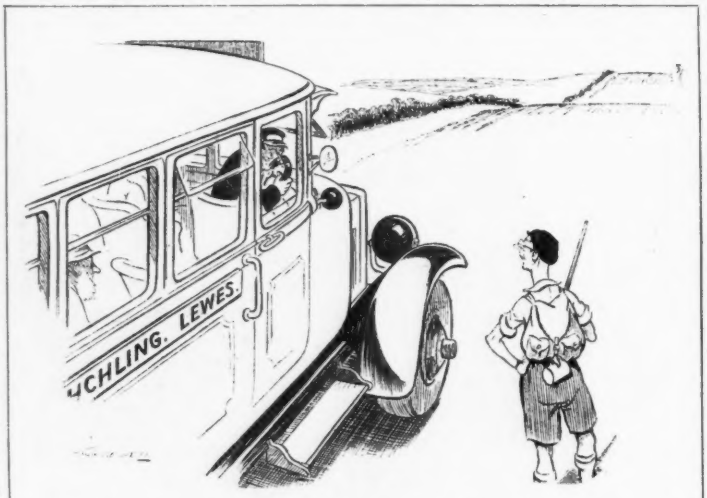
A Royal and Ancient Mariner.

The Patriot King, as Miss GRACE E. THOMPSON, borrowing a phrase from Lord BOLINGBROKE, has called her study of KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH and his times (HUTCHINSON, 12/6), is probably not the precise term most people would have chosen in that connection. The period was one which

had lost the rakish romance of the late Georgian scene and had not yet attained the spaciouness and dignity at home and abroad which were to mark the Victorian age. Nor was the King himself a particularly arresting figure. He was fat, elderly and gouty when he came to the throne, and he had certain superficial absurdities of manner which lampoonists of the day were not slow to seize upon. But he was always a sailor at heart—NELSON himself spoke highly of his qualities as an officer—and it was probably to his naval training that two of his outstanding qualities were due: namely, his distaste for party politics and his strong, if inarticulate, sense of his duty as a constitutional sovereign. The few years of his reign, as Miss THOMPSON'S interesting study shows and as Lord SNOWDEN'S preface justly observes, were "the most revolutionary period of our history," and had the King not risen to the occasion at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill the story of the Victorian age as such might never have been written.

Peculiar People.

The first few chapters of Mr. CLAUDE HOUGHTON'S new book, *Chaos is Come Again* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6), justify the title, for in them we are introduced to the members of a most peculiar household and have for guide the only normally balanced person in the book. He is *Vernon Dexter*, who, having hunted for an out-of-the-way job, engages himself as tutor to *Sir Keith Petersley's* crippled son. Next in order of sanity come the lame child and his sister *Anna*, who is most self-consciously and irritatingly unconventional, and warns *Dexter* that he will have to wait months for his salary, that he must not expect regular food, and that he would "have to be a Petersley to stand it." However, *Dexter* does stand it. He likes his pupil, and presently becomes acquainted with *Lady Petersley*, who wears draperies, inhabits what she describes as "my ivory tower," and quotes the *mots* of the 'nineties. The occasional inmates of the house are all as queer as the residents. Judged as a study of idiosyncrasies the book has interest; the dialogue is amusing and the incidents dramatic enough to make one expect a startling dénouement. Actually the finish is too startling, for the author, not content with extricating his characters from a tangle, reveals that he is a member of the pill-and-jam school. He reads us a sermon and deplores present-day tendencies. Unfortunately his sermon is attached to the wrong text, for it is impossible to believe that the *Petersleys* are "representative of their age" or that they have "symbolic significance."



Enthusiastic Hiker (as the coach pulls up). "I'M AWFULLY SORRY! DIDN'T MEAN YOU TO STOP. I MERELY REMARKED, 'WIND ON THE HEATH, BROTHER!'"

The Facts of Crime.

To read such a book as *Strange Crimes* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 10/6) is to wonder at and admire the novelists who take crime for their theme. They are engaged in a hopeless competition; for what chance have their inventions against the sober archives of truth? Their imaginary cases we judge by the standard of a cautious credulity, and when that is exceeded we deny their verisimilitude while enjoying, in the comfortable assurance that such horrors do not really happen, the ingenuity and the thrill of the Arabian Nightmares which they provide for us. Yet the stories which Mr. H. ASHTON-WOLFE has to tell are culled from the unimpugnable *dossiers* of the Sûreté de Paris, and there is more than one among them which the hardiest aspirant to the suffrages of the Crime Club would scarce have dared invent. But they happened, and Mr. ASHTON-WOLFE writes of them with authority, for, working under the great BERTILLON, he was a protagonist in the solution of their mysteries. His accounts of them, which are dramatic without flamboyance, have the fascination of the macabre; and as studies in the technique of crime and of its detection they are of surpassing interest.

Detective or Inquisitor?

I have made the acquaintance of dozens of fiction's sleuths, but never have I met one more repellently domineering than *Inspector Manderton* in *Death Answers the Bell* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). *Gerry Rossway* was a flippant young woman who, when questioned about the murder of *Barry Swete*, went out of her way to be irritating, but on discovering that "from the crown of her head to the soles of her neat shoes the Inspector's basilisk stare enfolded her" my sympathies were enlisted on her behalf. And when, later in the story, the *Inspector* said to her, "You've had all the rope you're going to get from me, Madam, except the one that's going to hang you," I became an absolute *Gerry* partisan. *Manderton's* effrontery is, I deem, too strongly emphasised, but apart from this Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS has written a clever yarn in which we are given a difficult, though by no means impossible, problem to solve.

Lupino's Liquid Refreshment.

Crazy Days (JENKINS, 2/6) is described on its cover as "a glorious farce," though in the jargon of the day I prefer to call it "a perfect scream"; but whether it will provoke a scream of boredom or of laughter depends entirely upon your capacity to derive amusement from a succession of ridiculous situations. Yet we shall all of us unanimously agree that Mr. STANLEY LUPINO is expert in getting his gay young people into and out of trouble, and that if they are far from abstemious as regards liquid refreshment they are remarkably temperate in their language. Mr. LUPINO'S artistic sense has prevented him from overworking his joke, and as a beguilement on a railway journey I found it entirely satisfactory.

A Felicitous Venue.

"Women's True Temperance Committee. Annual General Meeting at 'The Spotted Dog' at 3 p.m."—*Essex Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

IN view of the duty on imported skeletons it is anticipated that prospective visitors to this country will arrange to leave theirs in their cupboards.

***

A contemporary makes a plea for the use of British mouse-traps. Nothing annoys a loyal mouse more than to be caught in a foreign-made article.

***

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS confesses that it was once his ambition to become Poet Laureate. It is greatly to his credit that he has settled down to editing a popular Sunday paper.

***

A household hint suggests that it is a good plan to set an alarm-clock for the time when a cake should be taken out of the oven. Alarm-clocks were unknown in KING ALFRED'S days.

***

A giant who visited a New York bank had to go down on his hands and knees to do business with the manager. We always do this when we want an extension of our overdraft.

***

The mystery of how an heraldic seal came to be on Folkestone beach is intensified by the fact that these creatures are rare visitors to our coasts.

***

A Beckenham man's complaint that his wife was so jealous that she lost her temper if he looked at a pretty face on a cinema screen will have revived interest in the question of films suitable for Beckenham.

***

A man who has followed forty-eight different callings relates that he once painted pictures for a living. In Chelsea it will be admitted that even artists have been driven to this.

***

"B. T." points out in *The Observer* that the flower of the coltsfoot comes months before the swallow dares. Still, poets' hearts don't dance with the coltsfoot.

***

It took five policemen to restrain a disorderly plumber who was shouting that he wanted his girl and would search the world till he found her. Not his mate, you will note.

A psychical expert tells of bottled ghosts. We ourselves have tasted some evil spirits.

***

A medical writer commends the practice of singing in the bath to promote a sense of well-being. Medical writers have much to answer for.

***

Fortune-tellers who are conducting a door-to-door canvass in the suburbs describe themselves as "psychometrists." Householders should try the effect of a "No Psychometrists" notice.

***

A clergyman recalls that the so-called "Cockney" accent was brought to London from Cambridgeshire at a time of agricultural depression. He does not, however, ascribe the origin of the so-called "Oxford" accent to a similar depression among the scholar gipsies of that neighbourhood.

***

Mr. ISAAC FOOT raises his hat every time he passes the statue of OLIVER CROMWELL; but little credence is given to the rumour that the LORD PROTECTOR has been seen to make a reciprocal gesture.

***

Confidence is felt in Pall Mall that the approaching celebrations of the centenary of the Carlton Club will not be made the excuse for scenes of rowdyism.

***

According to a news message New York is experiencing a shortage of beer. This is believed to be due to a glut of Prohibition.

"The Welsh language is unimportant as an official language," says Mr. CARADOC EVANS. This seems to support the humanitarian view that it should only be used in self-defence.

***

An agricultural speaker suggests that a statue be erected to Lord BEAVERBROOK for what he has done for the farmers. Free-Traders are of the opinion that it would serve him right.

***

A set of artificial teeth is reported to have been found in an unattended car at Highgate. It looks as if the rest of the pedestrian must have got away.

***

The Royal Mint is reported to be making more threepenny-bits. The objection in Scotland to these coins is that once you break into them they go like water.

***

It is significant that not a single gossip-writer has given up celebrities during Lent.

***

A circus equestrian balances a top-hat on his nose while riding round the ring. We doubt if Sir WALTER GILBEY will book this turn for his Rotten Row revue.

***

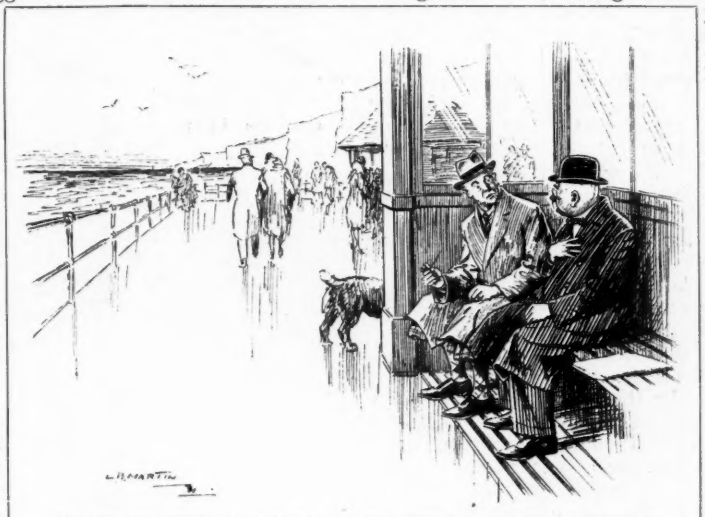
During a fire in Cheapside searchlights were directed on the buildings to assist the firemen in their work. This was rendered necessary by the thoughtless improvidence of the Brigade in dousing some of the flames.

***

Mr. DUFF COOPER says that Colchester Barracks are in such a condition that soldiers can push umbrellas through the walls. One remedy is to stop the issue of army umbrellas.

***

"I cross the Atlantic every year in order to taste your good beer," says an American visitor. It is well known that some American visitors know more about London than Londoners do.



Visitor (to Stranger). "YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN A DAY OR TWO, SIR. I WAS READING ONLY IN YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPER THAT THE AIR DOWN HERE IS LIKE WINE."

Stranger. "YES, I KNOW. BUT I'M THE LOCAL WINE-MERCHANT."

A Gay Dog.

"The bride's father, Mr. F. R. ——, is well-known in canine circles . . ."—*Leeds Paper.*

"BRITISH EXPORTS OF GREY CLOTH. ALARMING ANNUAL SHRINKAGE."
Egyptian Paper.

We hope our golf-trousers will benefit by not going abroad this winter.

ROWING.

EVERY year (I gather from the newspapers) there is an aquatic contest on the Thames between the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Every year the same method of procedure is adopted with a tiresome monotony. The course is the same. The boats are indistinguishable. Each boat is manned by eight men. Every incident repeats itself with unfailing regularity, down to the absurd detail of a win for the Cambridge crew. Is it not perhaps time to get out of the rut and ask ourselves whether eight-oared crews are in reality the last word in water warfare?

I ask this question because a long study of dynamics and hydrostatics has convinced me that, granted sufficient harmony and timing and application of power, the more men you get in a boat the faster and better it goes. Nor must it be thought that eight is a number universally agreed upon throughout the world's history as the most suitable number for a racing crew. The ancient Greeks and Romans, for instance, were of quite a different opinion. Their tendency was to increase the number of oars as time went on. It argues a poverty of fancy, a sterile imagination (or so it seems to me) in our twin seats of learning not to make a few more experiments. The penteconter was succeeded by the bireme, the bireme by the trireme and the trireme by the quinquireme and hexireme, the whole idea being to make rowing as far as possible a community pastime rather than the privilege of a select few. Many banks of oars, with the rowers sitting one above the other, gave to classical rowing a solidarity and a sense of fellowship which removed it from class consciousness and the hero-worship of a small athletic clique.

It seems clear to me that if the greater part of the University of Oxford, sitting in a quinquireme, were to row against the greater part of Cambridge University using a like craft, we should see far more manly sport than we do at the present time. There would, I doubt not, be a levelling up of form. No. 157 in the Cambridge boat might be a giant of a man, far superior in skill and muscle to his opposite number in the Oxford crew; but what of No. 225 or of No. 363?

Nor was it only in bygone days that mass-rowing proved popular. In Burma it is still the vogue. I have before me as I write a photograph of a native racing-crew on an African river, numbering, so far as I can reckon, about five-hundred-and-forty souls, mainly rowing on the bow-side, in the Jesus manner, and singing heartily as they go.

Objectors to large crew racing will urge against me the difficulty of keeping accurate time, or even count of numbers, during such a race. It is not only that Woollimooloo or Okipupu might be failing to pull their weight or rowing out of the boat or getting a bad feather, but they might have fallen overboard without being noticed, and it is not cricket (the argument goes) that one crew should sustain more loss by crocodiles and hippopotami than the other.

To this I would answer that accidents frequently happen even in crews of far less number. Both Oxford and Cambridge, I believe, have foundered. Oxford has finished with seven men. And Hercules himself, rowing about 12 in the limited *Argo* crew of fifty, according to the statement of APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, broke his oar in two and tumbled into the bottom of the boat.

It is said again that the work of the cox would be too arduous in the multiple or community race. But there are drastic ways of dealing with an incompetent coxswain, well known to ancient times. In VERG. *Æn.* V., 160, the man *Gyas*, rowing stroke, annoyed with the course which his cox (*Menœtes*) was steering, not only addressed him in two-and-a-half Latin hexameter lines (which still scan), but, when *Menœtes* persisted in holding off too far from the bank, threw him overboard and went on without him.

In an Oxford or Cambridge quinquireme or cataphract, as I see it, a primary cox would run from point to point on a narrow deck or gangway, giving to this or that man a curse or a cheery word and conducting the music, while a secondary cox would steer the boat with a paddle or a winnowing fan. Alternatively, the boats might be steered by wireless from the umpire's launch, and by the same athlete who was broadcasting the result of the affray.

I now come to what is perhaps my principal constructive purpose in writing this short treatise, namely, the enormous convenience to spectators of the three-, four- or five-decker galliass system as applied to the University Race. As matters rest at present, only the first row of spectators, or the first two rows, are able to see the contest. In the trireme, if we used no larger craft than this, whereas the *thalamites* rowing in the lowest tiers might be invisible, the two upper tiers of *zygites* and *thramites*, rowing with longer oars, and most probably Third Trinity, or B.N.C. men, would be quite plainly seen. Oarsmen who fainted, if the old custom were followed, would be cut in pieces and thrown through the portholes; but this would probably pass unnoticed in the excitement, so that no objection need arise on humanitarian grounds, and the murmur of complaints would be drowned by the community-singing of the rest of the crew as well as by the steam sirens and other noises on the banks.

There is another important point, namely, handicapping. It might be found that, even with the slight alteration which I have suggested, Cambridge by some exercise of cunning would still contrive to win. In that case I suggest further that Cambridge should row a trireme as against an Oxford barque with four, or five, banks of oars, as might be found advisable; or that the whole of the undergraduate members of three Cambridge colleges, packed into a bireme, should compete against an Oxford trireme of picked men from all colleges; or that the community-song in the Cambridge boat should be led by a less able conductor than that in the Oxford. Or any other system on which committees drawn from the two crews might decide.

I do not favour mixed rowing, since the inclusion of Girton or Somerville, whichever bench of oars they might be chosen to woman, would to my mind bring a touch of the burlesque into a time-honoured and strenuous encounter.

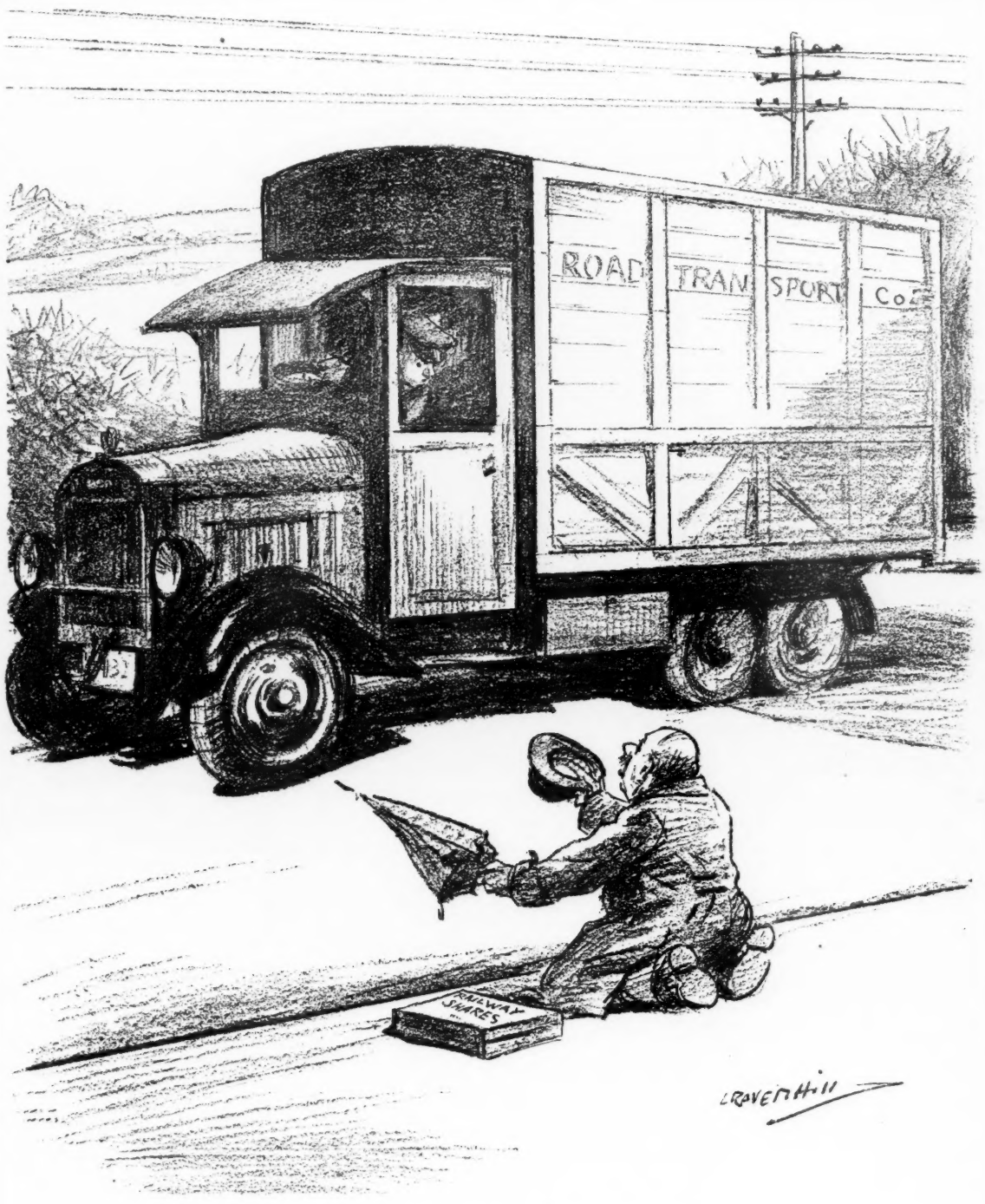
EVOE.

THE BLACK-FACED LAMB.

WHEN cruel winter curdles
The dew-ponds on the wold
And hail drives through the hurdles
And rustles round the fold,
The flock's triumphant firstling,
I huddle by my dam—
"A sorry world to visit!
Ah, well, we can't dismiss it!
It's not unpleasant, is it,
To be a black-faced lamb?"

Our front legs are so weakly,
Our back legs are so stout;
All day the wind blows bleakly
Till lo! the floods are out!
With March the vale emerges
Where late the vapours swam,
And brother leaves for brother
A rather *blasée* mother;
"It's good," we tell each other,
"To be a black-faced lamb."

We seek a new enclosure
And mangolds chopped by men;
We face with bluff composure
The world beyond our pen;
Our feasts are long and merry,
Our combats but a sham—
The sun on high ascended,
By woolly clouds attended,
Looks down and says, "How splendid
To be a black-faced lamb!"



AN APPEAL TO THE VICTOR.

RAILWAY SHAREHOLDER. "COULD YOU PLEASE GIVE ME A LIFT?"
LORRY-DRIVER. "WHERE TO?"
RAILWAY SHAREHOLDER. "WORKHOUSE."



"BEAUTIFUL, AIN'T IT—ALL THOSE OARS GOING THROUGH THE WATER LIKE ONE MAN?"

CORPORAL FORESIGHT'S FACE.

Corporal Foresight first noticed it in his "little bit o' glass" while shaving at seven A.M. one winter morning. It was then observable as a faint swelling at the back of the cheek below the right ear; nothing much—merely as if he had parked his chewing-gum behind a wisdom-tooth and forgotten it. Corporal Foresight made light of it all that day.

Next morning the swelling was a trifle bigger. It now looked less like parked gum and more like a parked gooseberry, and his immediate neighbours in the barrack-room soon began to observe and freely comment upon the phenomenon. Corporal Foresight thereupon grew huffy and made even more light of it.

That night he dreamed he had been in a pub with CARNERA and had drunk the latter's beer by mistake. The side of his jaw was still painful when he woke. On looking in his glass he was slightly staggered to find that his face now gave the impression of someone having carelessly mislaid a Rugby football inside it while he slept. He took far longer over his morning toilet than usual, because (*a*) every minute someone in the barrack-room would think of a new funny remark, (*b*) he could never turn his head fast enough to find out who it was, (*c*) his face was so painful to shave, and (*d*) there was so much more of it to shave.

By the time therefore he went out on first parade he was not in the sunniest of tempers, and Private Sling was rudely referring to him as "The Blimp."

Parade he found even more trying, for as he looked up after calling the nominal roll of his section he found that every single man had apparently developed a large swelling on the right cheek, coupled with an innocent blue-eyed stare, the general impression given being so lop-sided that it looked as though the entire section might at any moment over-balance. Wondering whether he could possibly run them all in under the Army Act for insubordination, to wit, swelling facially at a superior officer, he stared speechlessly for a full minute. Finally he barked them to attention, whereat, as they sprang smartly up, every single bulge shifted equally smartly across to the left cheek, something like the sail of a yacht jibbing across in a smart breeze.

Foresight, however, had not been a corporal for five years for nothing. Affecting to consider that his section might be cold from standing about on a winter morning, he gave them a few minutes' brisk "Knees-up!—Hup! Hup! 'Igher! 'Igher!" This he kept up until the air was forced from one after another of the swollen left cheeks, Private Sling, the instigator, holding out longer than anyone else, but finally collapsing like a pricked balloon. Corporal Foresight, honour vindicated, then retired from the fray while his star was in the ascendant; he handed over the section to Lance-Corporal Scabbard and reported "sick with me face, Sir."

The M.O. ruled that it was mumps—or, to be strictly accurate, one mump.

This diagnosis caused consternation in the battalion, not so much at the temporary loss of Corporal Foresight, but at the fact that everyone in his barrack-room had at once to be considered isolated, and his barrack-room contained four members of the battalion football-team, which on Saturday was due to meet and beat our great rivals the Blankshires in the final for the Command Cup. Since these men were practically our four best players, it was not so much misfortune as stark tragedy, and Corporal Foresight felt that, like any wounded gangster of Chicago, he might well engage an armed guard for his bedside. The general indignation, however, finally gathered round the head of the M.O., who was on loan from elsewhere, our own being on leave. It was generally felt that he had made the diagnosis out of spite,

having recently had his wind-screen broken by a football.

At first the Adjutant did vaguely try to bluff the Blankshires by suggesting they might like to scratch the match for fear of getting mumps afterwards, but it wasn't any good. The Blankshires wrote back to say they didn't care how many mumps they caught afterwards as long as they caught the Command Cup at the same time. The Adjutant promptly made it beri-beri, and later despairingly raised his stake to leprosy, but the Blankshires saw him every time. He finally appealed once more to the M.O., asking him whether he couldn't post-date his diagnosis, but the M.O. was adamant. Mumps, he wrote, were mumps, and all the men in Barrack-room No. 7 were to be strictly isolated till the 27th. A foul man that M.O.

It was left to the R.S.M.—as in the Army most things are—to solve the problem. He looked very mysterious for about a day and then appeared in front of the Adjutant behind a vast grin.

"Beg pardon, Sir, but I take it we're to go exactly on what the M.O. says in his letter? Isolate the men in Barrack-room No. 7?"

"Yes," agreed the Adjutant wearily.

"Even if he's made an error, Sir, so to speak?"

The Adjutant sat up. "What error?" he asked hopefully.

"Well, Sir"—the R.S.M. took off his grin and fixed a suddenly glazed stare on a picture behind the Adjutant's head representing an Infantryman in Full Marching Order—Back, Front and Side Views—"it seems these four footballers are really in Room No. 9."

"You mean the M.O.'s made a slip?"

The R.S.M. coughed. "It seems so, Sir," he replied guardedly.

The Adjutant tried to fix the R.S.M. with his eye. The R.S.M.'s gaze, however, was particularly elusive. He was now looking at a plan of the Barrack Drainage System with as much interest as a retired Colonel studying *La Vie Parisienne* in a West-End club. Finally he cleared his throat and looked steadily out of the window at a horse.

The Adjutant went out without a word and inspected both barrack-rooms. He then sent for the two corporals in charge. One, it turned out, had only just arrived from the depôt, had been put in charge *vice* Corporal Foresight by the R.S.M., and did not yet know his men by sight; the other had just been sent off on escort duty by the R.S.M. and wouldn't be back for two days. The Adjutant then called for the nominal rolls of the two rooms. These, it was explained to him, had been getting so dirty that they had just been retyped by the R.S.M.'s order. The result of his investigations, however, left no doubt at any point that the room containing the four footballers was No. 9. Either the M.O. had definitely mistaken the number, or else the R.S.M., working stealthily and at night, had changed over all the men from—— "But perish the thought," said the Adjutant to himself, thinking of the cup, and let it perish.

"Lucky for us, Sir, that the M.O. made a slip," remarked the R.S.M. when the Adjutant returned. He was now looking at the electric-light globe as if trying to remember where he'd seen it before.

The Adjutant said nothing.

Of course we ought to have drunk the R.S.M.'s health out of the cup; but unfortunately, though we played the Blankshires with our full team in good training, we lost by one goal. We didn't get the cup and we didn't even have the fun of giving them a single mump.

A. A.



Village Clock-Repairer. "VERY SORRY OI AIN'T BIN ABLE TO DO ANYTHING TO YOUR ALARM YET, MRS. GILES. THE FACT IS OI BE KEPT MORTAL BUSY ALL DAY LONG A-BUYIN' GOLD."

Commercial Candour.

"LITERARY AGENTS.
—— & ——, Ltd.

Specialities: Chiefly fiction, agents for many world famous explorers, travellers, etc."—*Press Paper.*

"'Miss Hazel ——'s gladiola garden has been attracting considerable attention of late. She spends many hours each day in the garden and her large collection of pants.'"
American Paper.

We venture to question the æsthetic value of the clothes-line.

IS A WHELK FOOD?

"A ROYAL COMMISSION ON TOBACCO SMOKING. Why not now appoint one to inquire into the economic waste and physical deterioration caused by this intemperate habit?—*N.S.N.-S.*"

So runs a chirpy little advertisement in *The Times*.

Why not, truly? The more Royal Commissions the merrier. Let us have one about the lipstick habit, the toffee traffic and the length of skirts. Or, better still, let us have one vast and final Commission to inquire into the question, "What Do People Spend Their Money On, and Should They?"

In the piece of persiflage quoted above, the words "economic waste" are the funniest. The rays of sunshine who write this kind of thing are never defeated, and "economic waste" is their last ditch. If you proved to them (as I should not attempt to do) that smoking could not hurt a fly and has never in fact hurt a single human, they would still murmur stubbornly "economic waste." If you could prove that drunkenness was non-existent, Lord Nosepoke would still remark (as he did the other day), "There is still too much spent on liquor by families who are least able to bear it. Money thus expended is diverted from what might otherwise be expended on food and other necessaries for the home."



Householder. "EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVE YOU EVER LAID LINO BEFORE?"
Odd-Job Man. "TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, MUM, IT AIN'T MY JOB. I'M BY WAY OF BEING A CRAZY-PAVING HEXPERT."

The sweet little cherubs who sit up aloft in Whitehall, you see, are anxious to save not only our souls and our bodies, but our cash. The pleasure-seeker must go about with a volume of political economy, and spend his pocket-money not to please himself but to benefit the national finances. Well, we are all anxious to do that; and, anyhow, Lord Nosepoke is always right. The trouble is that we are still a little in the dark. And unless we can get a clear lead there is going to be some mental confusion on the beaches of Blackpool and Brighton this summer. I can see the holiday-makers of our land knitting their myriad brows over ADAM SMITH and J. M. KEYNES and going slowly mad beside the silver sea. Is it "economic" to walk on the pier or hire a bathing-hut? Those hard-earned coppers we fling away on whelks and donkey-rides—are they not money which might otherwise be expended on food and other necessaries for the home?

What is "economic"? What can we "afford"? What are "necessaries"? Is a whelk "food"? These are some of the burning questions which will occupy the last grand Royal Commission of all.

Is a whelk "food"? Frankly, I don't know. Obviously it is what Whitehall might call a consumable commodity. But so is beer. Probably it has some "food-value." But so has beer. For all I know the whelk may be crammed with calories, vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates and all the other little things which play so large a part in our lives. Probably not, for I have noticed that these blessings are seldom found in anything one really likes. All my favourite foods are entirely deficient in vitamins and calories; and how I have lived all these years is a mystery.

However, to return to the whelk. Approaching the whelk with the best will in the world, making every possible concession to the whelk (as above), we still have to face the question: Can the whelk be described as a "necessary"? Pause, whelk-hog, and consider. That money might easily be spent on bread, milk, boots, books, wireless-sets or other necessaries for the home. (But *is* a wireless-set "necessary"? Are even books "necessary"? And, if so, whose?) Besides, old boy, you must take the long economic view about whelks. You must look beyond this single little stall and consider the whole far-flung but unorganised whelk-trade. All round our coasts stand the tiny stalls and their attendants, senselessly competing against each other, without a Trade Union, without a Wages Board, with no proper scheme for co-operative purchase and marketing, wholly uncentralised, unrationalised, unscientific and unarranged. If it be proper for the whelk to be sold at all, it should be sold, surely, on a monstrous scale, either by some amalgamation of whelk-kings, which will cut down overhead charges and increase output and profit, or by the State. Meanwhile, whelk-hogs, in purchasing your plate of whelks you will clearly be committing or at least abetting an act of economic waste. So put your money back in your pocket and buy some milk and bread for the home.

But perhaps your home is already adequately supplied with milk and bread and other necessaries. And you may then ask me, "On what, if anything, may I spend my odd coppers?" And that question, frankly, I shall pass on to the next Royal Commission that rears its ugly head. My own answer is, "I'm darned if I know." Beer is uneconomic; tobacco is uneconomic; we have cut out the whelk; chocolates and ice-creams must go, I suppose, on the same reasoning; lip-stick and silk stockings, of course (who could describe silk stockings as a necessary?)—really, once we have filled our homes with milk, bread, meat, boots and some rough but decent kind of raiment, what are we to spend our money on?

I have been wandering about the streets, horrified by the spectacle of millions of my fellow-citizens carelessly committing acts of economic waste. At half-past twelve this morning I saw about a thousand of them standing in a queue outside a cinema. Now there's a nasty intemperate habit for you! Why weren't they working? And if they've no work to do why weren't they buying milk and bread for the home? Can they "afford" to go to the cinema? Is it "necessary" to go to the cinema? People with the Royal Commission mind delight to add up all the money which the nation spends on



Constable (to stammering culprit). "I MUST WARN YOU—ANYTHING YOU EVENTUALLY MANAGE TO SAY MAY BE USED IN EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU."

beer, tobacco, coffee, lip-stick, silk stockings and other "unnecessary" things, and call the total the national Tobacco Bill or the Silk Stocking Bill. The figure is naturally large, and they point out that the same sum of money, if it had not been spent on tobacco or silk stockings, might have purchased a large quantity of milk or bread. Believe me or not, this argument is still seriously used in the strange places where our legislators and reformers give tongue. It has never very strongly impressed me. One small flaw in it is that, if they stopped us from spending money on tobacco or silk stockings, we should not rush off and spend it on milk; we should buy something else equally uneconomic, poor sheep that we are. But I do implore those who like the argument to follow it up and ask themselves: *What is the National Cinema Bill?*

This, I suppose, is easily the largest "Bill" in the country, and must amount to thousands of millions of pounds. The Drink Bill is nothing to it. All this uneconomic wasteful expenditure (borne very often by families who are least able to bear it) is going on under our very noses; and I believe not one Society is trying to stop it.

What, I wonder, is the Tea Bill? And what the Cream-Bun Bill? How many thousands sterling do our citizens squander annually by putting pennies in slots on piers, trying their weight, riding on switchbacks, going to football-matches? What are the statistics of non-smokers who take two helpings of beefsteak-pudding when one would be enough? And what is the state of their stomachs? It is too often assumed that all food is "necessary." On the contrary, far too many people eat far too much; and I have my eye on the non-smokers particularly. What is the national Superfluous Food Bill? Is black coffee food? Is chess-playing an economic waste? Are newspapers necessary? Ought one to keep a dog? Is our expenditure on churches economically justified? Are oysters needed? What fun the Commissioners will have!

I look round my room and I can see very few things that I could not really do without. I look into the shop-windows and I can see almost nothing that I feel I ought to buy. I used to have an old-fashioned notion that whenever I spent money I assisted trade and decreased unemployment. Even the vile cigarette, I told myself, keeps a good many Britons in work. But the charming Society of Non-Smokers has converted me. At this time of crisis we can but help the nation by buying necessaries only. I shall fill the home with bread, meat and milk, save money for a change, and put it in a sock.

But are socks necessary? A. P. H.

A Comfortable Target.

"JAPANESE AIMS AT SHANGHAI."
Daily Paper.

"At one of the Brighton piers a small quartet plays several times a week, and this draws good audiences."—*Daily Paper.*

A large quartet of, say, seven or eight would probably draw still better ones.

". . . eels and soles wholly or partly of rubber not attached to boots or shoes."—*From List of Dutiable Imports in Manchester Paper.*

Will Soho's second course ever be the same again?

LIGHT COMEDY.

IN Arcadia Park, as I have had occasion to remark before, civic affairs are conducted with not inconsiderable decorum. Our Urban District Council and its officers, and even its workmen, are men of a deliberate habit of mind, and there has been forced upon the residents in the course of the years a strong belief in the inevitability of local gradualness.

No precipitate action was to be looked for, therefore, with regard to the provision of a lamp-post at the corner of Acacia Grove and Laburnum Avenue. For a long time we who live in those "unadopted" though eminently desirable residential roads accepted the position and were content to exist in a certain obscurity. But when old Mr. Pottifer tripped over the Mackintoshes' cat and barked his shins so badly that he was confined to the house for a week there arose murmurings of discontent, and among the more Radical elements of the local tenantry there was a feeling that something should be done about it. Further barkings and bruisings followed until even moderate men like myself joined the revolutionary group, and in the end we went so far as to present a petition to the Council.

In a comparatively short time the local machine began to function. Within a couple of weeks the Council's Surveyor came down to the corner of Acacia Grove and Laburnum Avenue to survey. Apparently, however, no doubt by inadvertence, he came down in the middle of the day and reported on his return that the complaint of darkness was exaggerated, for nothing followed his visit. We petitioned again, but the spring was now fast approaching, and with the prospect of the long light evenings the weakness of our case was so obvious that we let the matter drop. Throughout last summer the corner remained without a lamp-post. But at the beginning of the present winter we made fresh representations, and after the Surveyor, reinforced on this occasion by the Clerk and several members of the Council, had paid another visit of inspection to the site the Council at a plenary session decided that a lamp-post could be erected if the frontagers immediately concerned were prepared to meet the cost.

The said frontagers, many of them now maimed by frequent contact with their neighbours' fences and collisions among themselves, were in a condition to agree to almost anything, and eventually there came a day when a solemn band of the Surveyor's workmen paraded at the corner of Acacia Grove and Laburnum Avenue and there pitched a camp. On the third day of their sojourn, overcoming some obvious reluctance, they dug a large hole. On the fifth day the Surveyor came and looked at it. Evidently, however, it didn't appeal to him, for two days after that his workmen, with rather more enthusiasm, filled it up again. A week later they dug another, a couple of feet to the right. This one the Surveyor must have liked; at any rate it was allowed to remain and camp was struck.

Excitement among the frontagers now ran high. But it was ill-timed. It is no easy matter to move a big heavy thing like a lamp-post about in a London suburb, as you will know if you have tried, and it was a long time before the Council could bring themselves to tackle the job. There was of course general sympathy with them in their difficulty, but this was mitigated to some extent by the annoyance which some of us felt at falling into the hole and having to clamber out again, often in evening-dress, which is quite unsuitable for this exercise; and presently the bolder spirits decided to approach the Council again.

The Council, as I felt at the time, might very well have retorted that the hole was now rapidly filling up and that the risk of a really serious accident was therefore a diminishing one. But somehow or other this argument was overlooked, and rather unexpectedly one day a lamp-post made its appearance. Very shortly afterwards it was erected.

The frontagers congratulated themselves. They even wrote and thanked the Council. But that, as it turned out, was a rash thing to have done. Not that the Council came and took the post away again. No, it is still there. It has been there for five weeks. But a lamp-post, we find, is a nasty, hard, unyielding thing to barge into. Some of us, indeed, would have preferred to go on tumbling into the hole in the old way.

As one looks at the lamp-post there is nothing to suggest that it might not be the means of providing illumination if equipped with suitable fittings and connected up with the electric mains. But that sort of thing, one realises, takes time. Meanwhile we have asked the Council whether some temporary form of illumination could not be provided at the corner of Acacia Grove and Laburnum Avenue to indicate the presence of the lamp-post, and it is understood at the time of going to press that this suggestion is receiving the Council's careful consideration, and that a visit from the Surveyor may be expected almost any day now.

MACABRE THOUGHTS AFTER FLU.

I WISH to goodness I had stayed in bed;
  Lord TENNYSON'S innumerable bees
Are murmuring loudly in my woolly head;
  I cannot think nor write; and when I seize
Paper and pen the best that I can do
Is this strange drawing of the Germ of Flu.

It 's squat and whiskered, and I 'm sure I 'm right
  To make it podgy, like my Uncle Fred,
With eyes that goggle and abhor the light,
  And face like that of something very dead,
And twisted legs and rudimentary wings;
I think the world is peopled by such things.

It 's like those fishy Horrors which the tide
  Throws up at night and leaves upon the shore
(And no one knows how long ago they died),
  And yet I think I 've seen its face before;
Remembrance stirs within my muzzy brain:
I met a man just like it in the train.

But watch—I give it this preposterous hat,
  And now it looks a bit like Auntie May;
Also I 've seen a woman look like that
  During a windy passage of the Bay;
To memory likeness after likeness springs;
I think the world is peopled by such things.

Now if I add a long cigar it grows
  Just like the blighter who returns my verse
(I 've seen him? No; but everybody knows
  Editors are like that or rather worse;
In E.C.4, I 'm told, or some such place,
At every step you meet with such a face).

Worse! I perceive the counterfeit of Jane,
  Mary and Timothy and Jack and Jill!
Pray Heaven I never see my friends again . . .
  Oh, morning, Doctor! No, I 'm very ill;
Your face a dreadful confirmation brings;
I said the world was peopled by such things.

"He was further summoned for failing to give notice, after the slaughtering of the animal, that the carcase or some part of it appeared to be deceased."—*Southampton Paper.*

But mightn't the officials almost have guessed it?



Sporting Gentleman. "WHEN I BACK A HORSE HE'S SCRATCHED, AND WHEN I BACK A DOG HE STOPS AND SCRATCHES HIMSELF!"

MONEY AND ITS USES.

IN certain circles nowadays it is essential to go about with a theory of currency on your person. You may at any time be called upon to produce it, under penalty of being considered one who has not the welfare of his country at heart.

Most theorists begin by stating some dogma about price and value. Then, directly you start arguing with them, you are sure to get confused between the two and fall an easy prey to the next pounce of words. Therefore I will just give you some general ideas about money, so that, if you are cross-examined by some fiscal fanatic, you will have material upon which to base your answers.

To begin with, if anybody tells you confidentially that "money is both a symbol of possession and a fiduciary emblem representing goods and services," don't pay any attention to him. Money is really the stuff you carry about in your pocket and pass out to anybody who can induce you to part with it. As this inducing is the chief occupation of mankind, it is unwise to lose touch with the conception of money. Also, money is the thing that saves you trouble and gives you leisure to enjoy the hours as they go by. Money, in fact, is time.

Anything serves as money if you can persuade the other fellow to believe that it is money. Cokernuts, yams, bananas, hides, labels from bottles of beer and packets of matches—all have been used as money and may be again. There are of course drawbacks to all these forms of money. Rats may devour your hoarded hides or a night's frost may reduce a banana-millionaire to beggary. Yams are apt to decay, and it is a matter for the High Court to decide at what exact point their

smell renders them illegal tender. Their use as currency thus tends to blur the distinctions between departments if the hoard attracts at the same time the attention of the C.I.D. and the Sanitary Inspector.

This is no fanciful objection, believe me. Even to-day in the Balkans paper money has sometimes to be removed from the pocket-case with a pair of pincers.

The cowrie-shell is a more practical form of coinage. Cowrie-shells do not go rotten on you. Moreover the supply is not inexhaustible, so that there would be no inflation. Besides, I can assure you as a scientific fact that it is impossible to inflate a cowrie-shell. If you notice a South Sea Islander blowing into a cowrie-shell he is only trying to play a tune on it.

There are probably enough cowrie-shells in the world to meet the needs of banking. They might not circulate freely in the Waterloo Road, but they would do very well for the Federal Bank and the Bank of France to hold while we got along on a token currency based on the Cowrie Standard. The gold-mines could be shut down and the miners transported to the cowrie-beaches to pick up shells—a healthy open-air occupation after their confinement underground.

That is my scheme, delivered in a whole-hearted public spirit, and making no mention of the large bag of cowries which my Uncle Joshua brought me back as a present from the Trobriand Islands in 1894 and I still have in my possession. E. P. W.

RUGGER RHYMES.

THE BACK.

THE Back must be sturdy and stolid,
A Titan deceptively fast;
The bigger he is and more solid,
The longer he 'll last.

He mustn't mind boots in the tummy,
He mustn't mind dents on the dome;
If eager to purchase the "dummy"
He 'd better go home.

His saves must be timely and forceful,
His tackle a crash, not a clutch,
His fielding and falling resourceful,
His kicks must find touch.

Possessed of positional sense and
Too hefty to crock or to crack,
The Back must excel in defence and
Be ripe for attack. WOON.

"BULLOCK AS A FORWARD."
Daily Paper.

We hope there is good co-operation with the centre-calves.

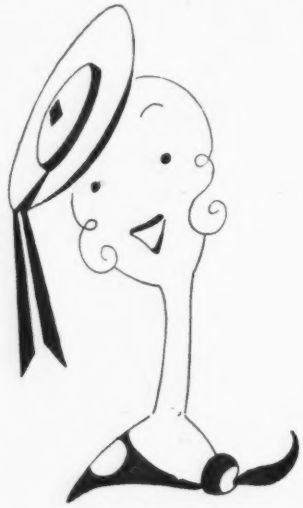
LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—I miss you quite dreadfully. I'm sure Richard is a perfect angel and exactly the right person



"THE SHEPHERDESS."

for you to marry, but I must say I wish you 'd chosen someone who didn't live *quite* such miles away from London. Still, I suppose I might have expected it—you were always so determined to marry a barrister or somebody in the



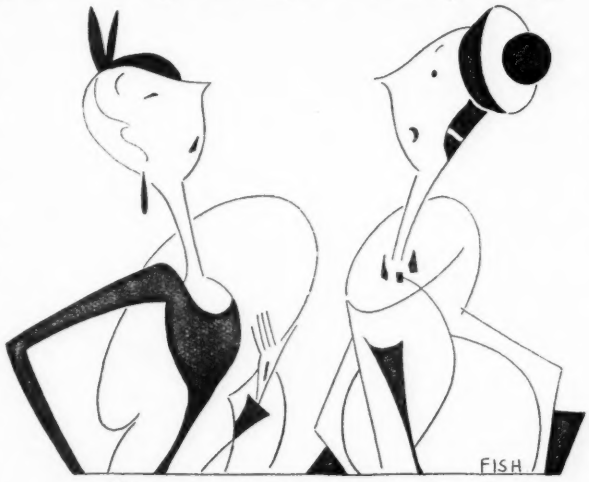
"THE BABY BOY."

Diplomatic that a country squire was simply bound to get you in the end. It's always the way. I know just what 'll happen to you, my pet—you 'll get all countrified and weather-beaten and wear nothing but tweeds and enormous boots; and you 'll say you can't come up to London because there 's "so much to do" down at Starlings. And I shall never, never see you again except about twice a year, because you 're too far off even for a week-end with my poor William working as hard as he is at present.

Anyway, I don't intend to let you degenerate into a complete hick if I can help it, my lamb. I shall take it upon myself to keep you in touch with the world of frivol and fashion which you have so nobly renounced (how 's that for style?—you always did say I ought to Write!), so that when you do come to London you won't disgrace me by using out-of-date catchwords or rushing off to some dim shop and buying a hat of the last-shape-but-three. Though as a matter of fact I wouldn't blame you *too* severely if you did that, because really the headgear question is getting beyond a joke. I went out yesterday morning and bought one of these new "Shepherdess" hats—you know, like a halo that 's done a nose-dive, propped up at the back with an intriguing wodge of flowers—and hardly had I got back to the house with it, sort of walking on air (you know the feeling), when Kitty Rockingham rang up and asked me to go to Elzevir's Spring Hat Show in the afternoon. We went and, my dear, *no* "Shepherdesses," nothing but these sort-of-Mandarin caps with a bobble right on top, and what they call the "Baby Boy" shape—the kind of thing Bimbo used to wear with his sailor-suits when we were all in the nursery. And when I mentioned the "Shepherdess" to Kitty, quite casually, all she said was, "Oh, yes, they *were* rather fetching, weren't they? I almost wish they 'd lasted." Most bewildering. I could have sworn that the things had only just come *in*! Of course Kitty always goes by Elzevir quite slavishly, on account of that rake-off she gets, but still the fact remains that E. *is* one of the dressmakers that Really Matter. Isn't it too galling?

However, I can console myself with the thought that in these days, when practically every new fashion is only a throwback to an old one, it is quite dangerous (unless you are definitely one of the three best-dressed women in London) to be a single day ahead of the fashion, because you merely look thirty years behind it. I mean, if you go wearing a "Baby Boy" before people have got their eye in, so to speak, for "Baby Boys," they 'll just simply think that you 've pulled an old hat of your mother's out of the dressing-up chest and absent-mindedly gone out to lunch in it.

The Gold Rush still goes on. In fact, it's got to such a pitch that you hardly dare to admit that you *haven't* been selling any jewellery and watches and things for fear of sounding either snobbish or unpatriotic. It's funny, isn't it? Selling your jewels used to be a thing you only did in deadly secret, either to save the fambly place from being sold or to keep a ne'er-do-weel brother out of jail; and when the Gold Rush first began people couldn't quite get those ideas out of their heads. You'd see them slinking into jewellers' with a hang-dog look, and if they met a friend there they pretended they'd come in to buy a wedding-present. But now everyone's completely got over that feeling; they swagger in quite openly, haul things out of their pockets and plank them down on the counter without batting an eyelid.



"THEY GOT QUITE NASTY TO EACH OTHER."

And there's tremendous rivalry about it, too. Phryne Gollenberg (you know, ex-Marwood, ex-Frant) and Adela Fossick were here at tea yesterday and they got quite nasty to each other about it, each trying to make out she'd found the most things to sell. Finally Adela said, "Well, Phryne dear, you've always got a nice little collection of wedding-rings to fall back on," and Phryne said sweetly, "Oh, but, my dear, gold wedding-rings went out of date *long* before I was old enough to get married even for the *first* time." Adela of course (as Phryne knew perfectly well) wears a thumping old-fashioned gold hoop; I don't believe she'd feel respectably married in anything else.

And Ba Beverley, who came in later, told me that she and Dickie simply *can't* decide what they ought to do about a gold spoon their infant had as a christening present. Dickie says it belongs to the infant and they oughtn't to sell it without his consent; but as he's only ten months old it's rather difficult to put it to him intelligibly. Ba, on the other hand, says that she and Dickie are the baby's trustees, and that they'll be neglecting their duty if they don't look after his financial interests, which obviously means investing his property to the best possible advantage. Of course Ba will get her own way about it, but the poor darlings are feeling so badly broke (as usual) that I don't mind betting the baby will never see the price of that spoon again!

Incidentally, she's quite forgotten that it was William and I who gave it to him.



"INVESTING HIS [THE INFANT'S] PROPERTY TO THE BEST POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE."

Betty's just rung up to say that Annajanebrown is showing *masses* of "Shepherdess" hats among her very newest Spring models! You can imagine how relieved I am, because, after all, the dressmakers who write their names all in one like that are always *much* grander than the ones who don't.

Well, good-bye, angel, and my best hate to Richard for carrying you off. I'll write again soon. From your loving Lalage.

JAN.

TREASURE AND FOXES.

I DOUBTED, as I often doubt, the propriety of Daphne's suggestion. The idea seemed a departure from tradition, and I was not sure that its novelty would commend it to those concerned. However, she has a way of doing unusual things and of carrying them through more often than you would expect.

It was like this. We were fox-hunting on foot. That is to say, we had attended the meet and watched the hounds and horsemen move off. We had then, acting upon local advice, walked as fast as we could to a point of vantage from which, if there had been anything to see, we could have seen it admirably. As it was the whole hunt, including the motor-cars and the other spectators, had vanished quite suddenly and completely. At intervals Daphne or I held up a hand, saying "Listen!" and once I fancied I heard the music of a hound in the far distance, but Daphne said it was the music of the collie-pup at the farm; so perhaps it may have been. Except for this the stillness and solitude were profound.

We stood by a gate at the corner of a field, in an angle between two woods which on either side of us bordered the meadow. Though the morning was not being spent exactly in the way we had expected, the February sunlight was pleasant, and, our day's sport being, as we supposed, at an end, we discussed other matters. We were helping to arrange a treasure-hunt which was coming off in the neighbourhood and were busy composing those clues which, in the form of anagram, acrostic or secret writing of some kind, lead the motorist on from one spot to the next. I had just thought of something rather neat in connection with Avondale, one of the places to be visited. I proposed

to indicate it by reference to the Immortal Bard, and only feared that this allusion might make it too obvious.

"Why immortal bard?" Daphne asked.

"Avon, of course. Swan of Avon."

"I thought you said a bard. A swan's a bird."

"So it is, but——"

"Hush, hush!" she whispered. "Look and don't move. Isn't it a darling?"

I stopped, for out of the wood on our right had come the treasure itself, the treasure for which this particular Hunt was searching. He trotted lightly across the grass in front of us and went over the stone wall into the other plantation.

"Now," I said, anxious to do the correct thing, "I am convinced that we ought to wave our hats and shout something. Will you join me in a 'Yoicks!' or a 'Tally-ho!' or some other equally appropriate comment?"

"Certainly not. To begin with, there isn't anybody to see or hear us, and if there was I'm not going to say which way he went."

"Oh, come! One informs an official when one happens to view the fox. It's always done."

"Well, it won't be done this time," she declared—"at least, not exactly." Then after a pause she took from her pocket the small book in which were her notes about the treasure-hunt.

"How do you mean?" I asked.

She made no reply, but wrote in her book and, tearing out a leaf, passed it over to me. I read:—

"You must, if you would find him, Sir,
Infer that foxes shed their fur."

"Now," she said, "if anyone comes up and seems interested I shall hand him that clue. I hope it may be the Master."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "You mustn't do any such thing. Masters of Hounds are alarming people, and even when you address them politely are as likely as not, or so I'm told, to reply in violent language. The mere sight of that paper of yours would give any M.F.H. an apoplectic fit, and then you'd be responsible."

"You notice I address him as 'Sir'?" she said. "I hope this deference may disarm his fury and relieve his apoplexy. Anyhow, if he's annoyed, you'll stand by, and when he begins to use his whip——"

I checked the development of this shocking hypothesis by asking what the clue meant.

"It's really too simple," she explained, pointing to the way the fox had gone. "You see against the wall on our left hand a shed, and close beside it a tall fir-tree in the wood. The fox crossed the wall and disappeared from our view between the shed and the fir-tree. Any intelligent treasure-hunter will notice at once the words 'infer' and 'fur' in the second line. The addition of 'shed' will be a great help. Shed and fir—now you see. What do you think of it?"

"H'm," I said cautiously. I was consoling myself with the thought that as nothing further had happened our fox was not being hunted, so that nobody would be troubled by Daphne's absurdity. But before long I heard a faint rustling in the wood on our right and, looking over the wall, I saw several hounds moving quietly through the undergrowth. A moment later from the same direction a young man, wearing a scarlet coat and the black velvet cap of office, rode slowly down a clearing between the trees and pulled up beside us.

I opened the gate for him and as he nodded amiably he said, "There's no scent, and hounds can't make much of it. Have you seen anything?"

"Yes," Daphne replied brightly. "We've seen the fox."

"Have you? Which way did he go?"

She held out her scrap of paper to him. "I made up a treasure-hunt clue for you," she said. "I thought you'd like to guess it. It isn't really difficult."

I was prepared with an apology. But it was not needed.

"A treasure-hunt clue," he repeated gravely. "Right you are. D'you mind reading it to me?" He spoke as calmly as if this was his ordinary way of acquiring information.

Daphne recited her couplet clearly and proudly.

"How d'you mean foxes shed their fur?" he asked. "Do they?"

"I don't know," she replied. "But it's part of the clue."

The hounds had now come out of the wood and were in the field before us, sniffing about and giving short yelps of pleasure at the flavour of particular tufts of grass. Presently, with growing confidence, they began to stream over the left-hand wall and disappear between the shed and the fir-tree. It was exactly the line of the fox.

"There," said the Master in a tone of regret, "I was afraid that would happen."

"What has happened?" asked Daphne blankly.

"They've overheard you reading that clue. I thought they might be listening."

He lifted his cap and moved off. But when he had gone a few yards he turned round. "Of course," he called out, "'shed and fir—shed their fur.' Quite good, I call it. Only I wish you hadn't read it so loud. Another minute or two and I'd have guessed it myself."

A. C.



Passenger. "THAT WAS A POLICEMAN! NOW YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE."

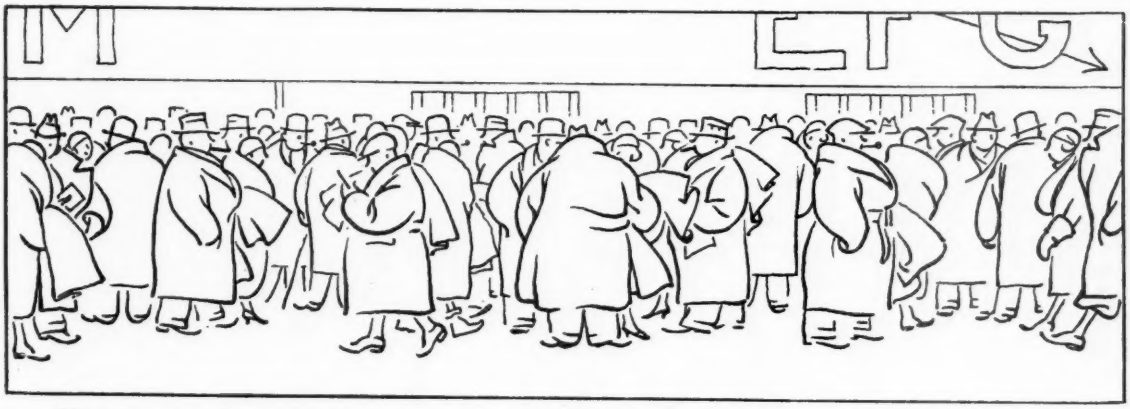
Driver. "WHY, IS THERE SOME SUPERSTITION ABOUT IT?"

Braw Bodies.

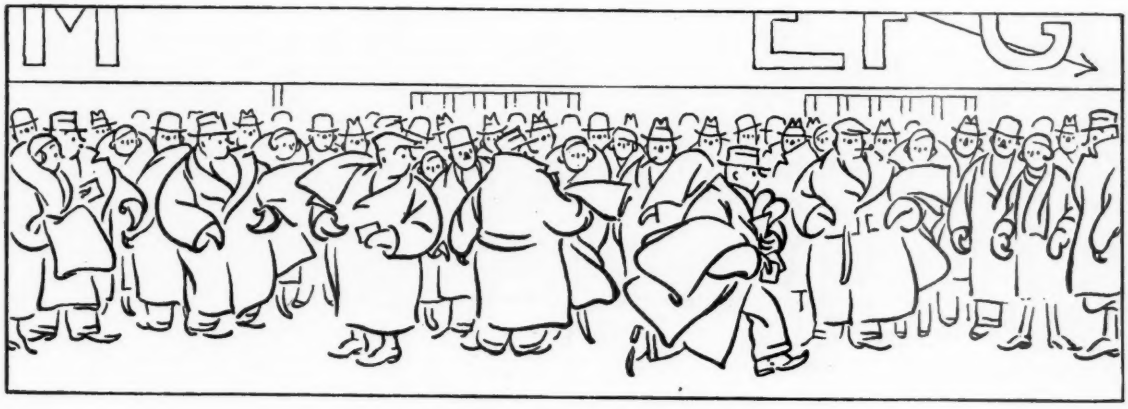
"SCOTTISH WIDOWS' STRENGTH."
Daily Paper.

"But the nursemaids seemed to take it all very clamly, and the only expression of disgust I could find was on the face of a Pekinese."—*Daily Paper.*

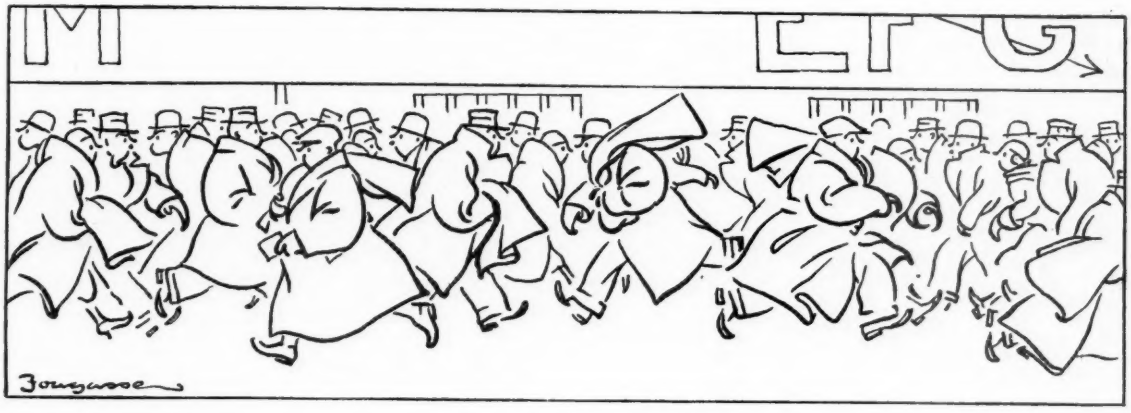
The placidity of the mollusc is seldom ruffled.



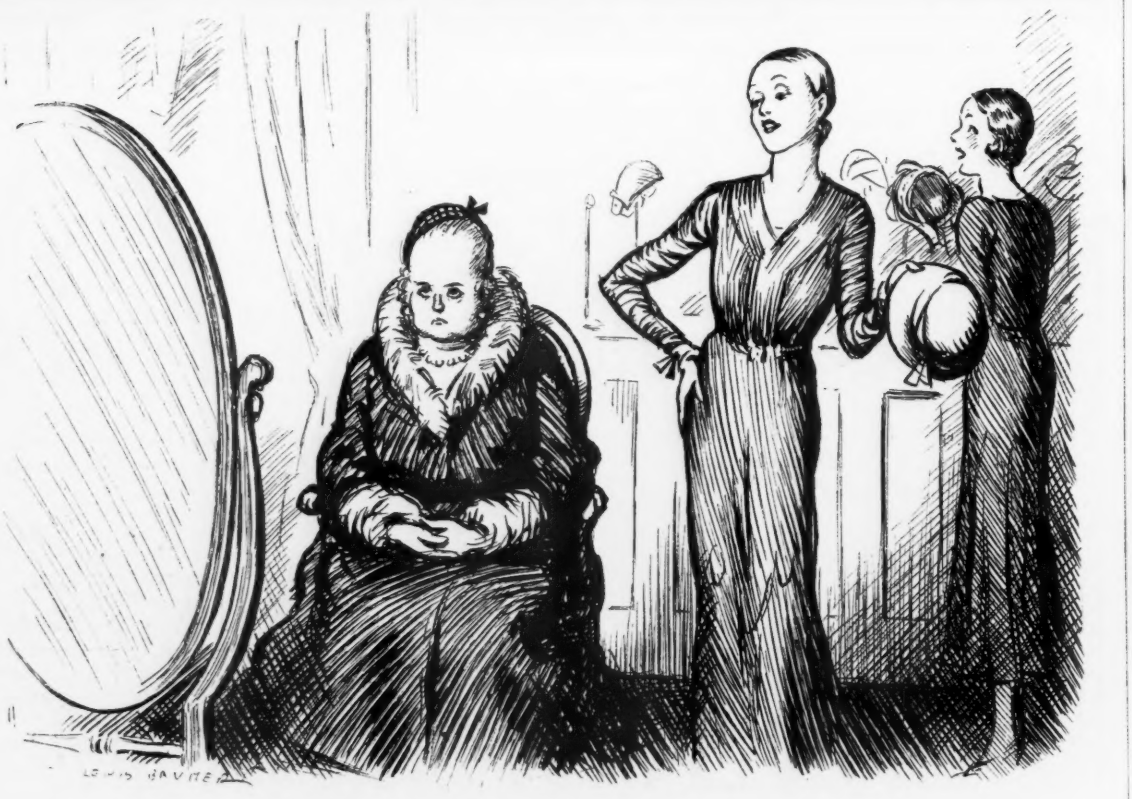
WHEN WE GO TO TWICKENHAM WE ALWAYS LIKE TO START MOVING TOWARDS OUR SEATS IN LOADS OF TIME, SO THAT WE DON'T ON ANY ACCOUNT HAVE TO HURRY—



UNTIL SOME IDIOT DOES HURRY—



AND THEN OF COURSE WE ALL HURRY.



Customer. "THIS HAT EXPOSES MY FOREHEAD TOO MUCH."
Modiste. "PERHAPS MODOM WOULD LIKE TO TRY SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS—ER—DÉCOLLETÉ."

THE IRISH DRUM.*

O DRUM, that should have brought me wealth in stacks!
O Drum, that should have made me free from care!
O Drum, that should have paid my income-tax
And bought tiaras for Leuconoë's hair!
O Drum, that was the flower of instant hope,
Like early crocuses that lead the Spring,
Can you explain your failure? Was it dope
Or want of stamina that caused this thing?

O Drum, mute Drum, calamitous vile Drum
That held the happiness of half the world
Within the confines of your rum-tum-tum,
How are you thus dishonoured and down-hurled!
O Drum, that might have thrilled me, turning round,
With the great music of successful schemes,
How cracked you were, how little did you sound
The rub-a-dub-a-dublin of my dreams!

I saw the fancied numbers roll and roll
Across the Irish Channel's drifted spray,
And, bar some fearful hitch in the control,
Mine was the obvious victor all the way;
Already I had planned a house of stone,
With lawns and whatnot, by a sunlit sea,
Garage, electric-light and telephone—
Ah, Drum! what made you prove so false to me?

I saw the fancied horses turn and turn,
And mine was full of deviltry and wit;
Like a great hare it leapt out of the churn,
And Mr. DE VALERA smiled at it!
One-half of all I got I meant to give
To a poor man in Galway that I know
With nothing but the peat on which to live—
Ah, Drum! what made you disappoint me so?

Can you not answer me? Then I repeat
You are of all the drums, howe'er so big,
The most bombastic on which Hope may beat
And find frustration. Miserable pig!
Blind to the well-authenticated claims
Of men like me, and offering your bliss
To mere gossoons with most eccentric names—
Ah, Drum! why did you let me down like this?

EVOE.

* As it were a harp. This was written before the event, the idea, of course, being to browbeat the drum at the last moment into changing its mind.

Things we should have put Otherwise.

"'As I mingle with the gay people who usually belong to my dreams of "Merrie England" I feel a sort of Pandora's box has opened and revealed the characters on the pages of history,' said Mr. P. J. Pybus, the Minister of Transport, opening the final day of Clacton's 'Olde English Fayre' yesterday."—*Daily Paper.*

"Melisande could appreciate his romance when he appeared like a bolt from the blue in a velvet doubloon and tights."
West-Country Paper.

Had it been an ordinary gold doubloon there would have been no romance at all; *Melisande's* hero would have sold it quite prosaically to the bullion-brokers.



A LEADER OF FASHION.

BRITANNIA. "I HOPE THE OTHERS WILL UNDERSTAND THAT SHIELDS AND TRIDENTS ARE BEING WORN SMALLER THIS YEAR."

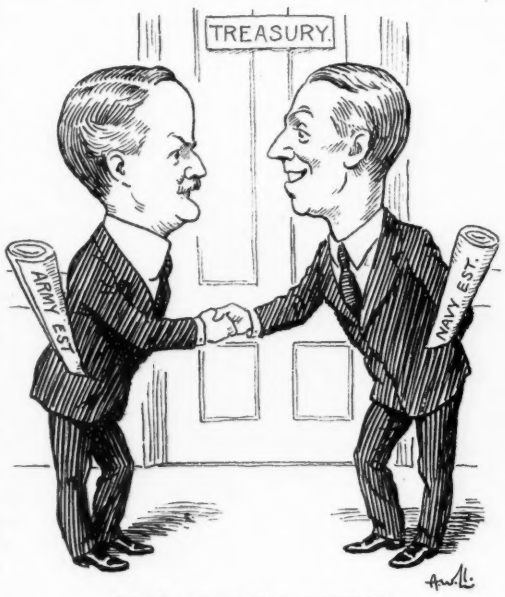
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 7th.—When he has to go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky, Sir BOLTON EYRES MONSELL will undoubtedly demand a tall ship and a star to steer her by. As far as he is concerned, foretop-gallant-sails and spinnaker-jib-booms and the rest of the marine apparatus that occurs in Mr. MASEFIELD's poems are the only things that really impart discipline and smartness to the lad in the tarry trousers, and he looks forward to the day, he told the House, in the course of his speech on Naval Estimates, when provision will be made for the training of the Royal Navy in sail.

For the moment it behoved the FIRST LORD to trim the Navy's financial sails to the thin wind of economy, and if he did it well it cannot be said that he did it very cheerfully. The captain played his ukulele as the ship went down, but the tune was more of a dirge than a hornpipe. Not that the FIRST LORD really complained. It should never be said of him that he was a *Dr. Jekyll* at Geneva and a *Mr. Hyde* in the House of Commons. All the same, cruisers were cruisers, and nobody could pretend that the descendants of the "brave frigate" were adequate in numbers to protect the eighty thousand miles of sea-routes that Britain must keep open if she wishes to eat, or the £700,000,000 worth of freights that at any given moment may be found cast upon the waters in British bottoms.

Mr. HALL proved a pessimistic rather than a querulous critic—pessimistic as to the results of the Disarmament Conference rather than as to the British delegation's determination to secure the desired results, and it was an excusable inconsistency that caused him, a miner Member, to lament the absence of further Naval economies and at the same time regret the falling-off in the Navy's consumption of steam-coal.

The almost consecutive intervention of Messrs. RHYS, PRICE and EVANS having thrown light upon various Welsh views of the Navy, the debate fell into the hands of the experts, whence it was rescued by Mr. DOUGLAS HACKING's Amendment (subsequently withdrawn) calling for increased opportunities for the training and service of officers and men at sea. The Amendment was valuable if only because it encouraged Mr. WILLS to make an excellent maiden speech. In conclusion Lord STANLEY, for the Government, was able to satisfy Mr. HACKING that where there was a Wills, so to speak, there would be a way, even if there was no money.



LOOT (STRICTLY LIMITED).

MR. DUFF COOPER AND SIR BOLTON EYRES MONSELL AGREE IN FINDING THEMSELVES "ASTONISHED AT THEIR OWN MODERATION."

Tuesday, March 8th.—Just as Naval tradition requires a First Lord to be jovially truculent, so it is the custom that whoever speaks for the Army shall be of a mild and sympathetic deportment. The *rôle* is one that Mr. DUFF COOPER fills to a nicety. His manner is engagingly conversational; he uses no notes and is content with a minimum of figures. Moreover he does what few spokesmen for the War Office have done—conveys the impression (a correct one, as it happens) that the War Office is the one Government Department that has the interests of economy at heart.

There were moments indeed when his description of the Army's housing plight—barracks dating from the early eighteen-hundreds, barracks leaky of roof, rat-ridden barracks and barracks infested with white ants, barracks that had tumbled or might tumble down at any moment—became so moving that one Socialist Member, Mr. TINKER, stole away, wiping a moist eye, to compose a speech about it.

In spite of these vicissitudes, the House learned, recruiting continued brisk, mechanisation (within the limits of strict economy) proceeded apace and the British soldier, whether at Shanghai or elsewhere, continued to fulfil all his traditional and subsidiary *rôles* of referee, peacemaker, diplomat, Imperial advertising agent and *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*, to everybody's complete satisfaction.

Objection to the immediate closing down of the Army Clothing Factory at Pimlico provided Major ATTLEE with his main theme. It would cost the nation more to close it than to run it, he complained; a lot of worthy needlewomen and others, relatives for the most part of fallen soldiers, would lose their jobs, and when the next war came the Government would have no hold on the greedy war contractors whose clutching hand during the Crimean War had brought the factory into being.

Maiden speeches by General NATION (not to be confused with the League of Nations) and Mr. GLUCKSTEIN (who claimed that his was the ninety-ninth so far delivered) proved mildly critical, the former urging that any training that *was* going ought to be expended on the Territorials, not on the Regulars, who could worry along without it; the latter insisting that the proposed economies made for inefficiency, while others that did not had been overlooked.



MR. CHADBAND, CHAMPION OF "TEREWTH."

"THE AMENDMENT (SUBSTITUTING THE WORDS 'WHEAT SUBSIDY' FOR THE WORDS 'DEFICIENCY PAYMENT') OUGHT TO BE INSERTED IN THE INTEREST OF VERBAL VERACITY AND POLITICAL PURITY."

MR. W. G. COVE.

Mr. AMERY joined hands with Major ATTLEE on the need for a co-ordinated defence plan for all the Services, and Captain HOPE thought there were too many staff officers floating about. A Labour pro-Disarmament Amendment by Mr. ADAMS and others was withdrawn after Lieut.-Colonel HEADLAM had voiced in eloquent terms the Government's determination to secure Disarmament by one means or another.

Army Estimates are always a little dull, and these were, if anything, less exhilarating than usual. Indeed the one matter of real interest was the MINISTER'S announcement that the cloud-capped shakos and gorgeous plastrons and all the scarlet-and-gold panoply of war now stocked in large quantities in Pimlico would be turned over to the theatrical costumiers. While General MAKINS shuddered to think that such crimes could be committed in the name of economy, Mr. TINKER plucked up courage to suggest that the Household Cavalry, being primarily an attractive piece of London scenery, should be paid for by the L.C.C.

Wednesday, March 9th.—Ministers of the Crown are supposed to be reasonably omniscient, but it was carrying things a bit far for Captain NORTH to ask the UNDER SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS if he could state the precise relationship which now obtained between China and Japan. One almost expected Captain EDEN to reply with the Omarian "Who is the Potter, then, and who the Pot?" but he contented himself with pointing out that China and Japan are not at war. Some little misunderstanding has, it appears, occurred, but whether China accidentally hit Japan in the fist with its nose, or Japan carelessly bit China's teeth with its ear, only the League of Nations can hope to know.

Some two hundred Amendments bore witness to the eager desire of the House, coupled with the name of Sir PERCY HARRIS, to give the farmer a brighter and better Wheat Bill. To say that these kindly suggestions were received by the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE in the spirit in which they were offered would be untrue. Proposals to confine the "deficiency payments" to wheat actually sold for milling and not merely of millable quality, to put them on a sliding scale, to be honest and call them a "wheat subsidy," just like that (Mr. COVE'S proposal), or even "the swag" (Mr. J. JONES'S), were all rejected. A proposal by Sir J. LAMB to make the Wheat Commission pay for the administration of the Bill, instead of taking it out of the deficiency fund, was also rejected.

Thursday, March 10th.—In a longish answer to Mr. HUTCHISON the HOME SECRETARY unfolded the Larger Leniency of the Police Commissioner as embodied in his recently-published Revised Orders. Enough to say that the unwittingly offending motorist is



Sir PHILIP SASSOON (to the R.A.F. Eagle, whose wings he has clipped). "CHEER UP, OLD BIRD. REMEMBER THIS LOSS OF PLUMAGE IS ONLY TEMPORARY."

to be kindly cautioned instead of being soaked with a summons, while the really dangerous driver will get it even more effectively in the neck, all to the greater saving of time and trouble for police, magistrates and public alike.

Mr. GRENFELL was unable to induce the LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL



THE TRANSPORT MAZE.

MR. PYBUS IS CONFIDENT THAT HE AT ANY RATE CAN DISCOVER THE WAY OUT.

to promise a Royal Commission to investigate the Stock Exchange. It was almost impossible by legislation, observed Mr. BALDWIN drily, to separate gentlemen who wish to get rich quick from gentlemen who are anxious to help them to get rich quick.

Among the former, according to Mr. MACQUISTEN, are to be numbered a lot of sly fellows who are going round the rural areas and buying up sovereigns for £1. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN ventured to think that this was only being done in Scotland. That was more than Mr. BOOTHBY, whose local patriotism is very sensitive, could stand. "Had the right hon. gentleman any proof that what Mr. MACQUISTEN complained of was being done in Scotland?" "No, Sir," replied the CHANCELLOR meekly.

Sir PHILIP SASSOON introduced the Air Estimates with something of a toastmaster's resonant succulence. "Mr. Speaker, My Lords and Gentlemen," he seems to say, "pray silence for their Supreme Excellencies the Royal Air Force." One cannot blame so enthusiastic an airman for making the most of his immortal hour. "How beautiful they are, the lordly ones that dwell in the sky, in the heart of the sky!" was the burden of his little echoing song to-night, and the House was not disposed to deny it.

Undoubtedly, as Mr. MORGAN JONES intimated, the Royal Air Force (as much men of gore as the Navy and Army) enjoy some reflected approval that they would not get from our rigorous pacifists if they did not share the Air Ministry's supervision with the civil aviator.

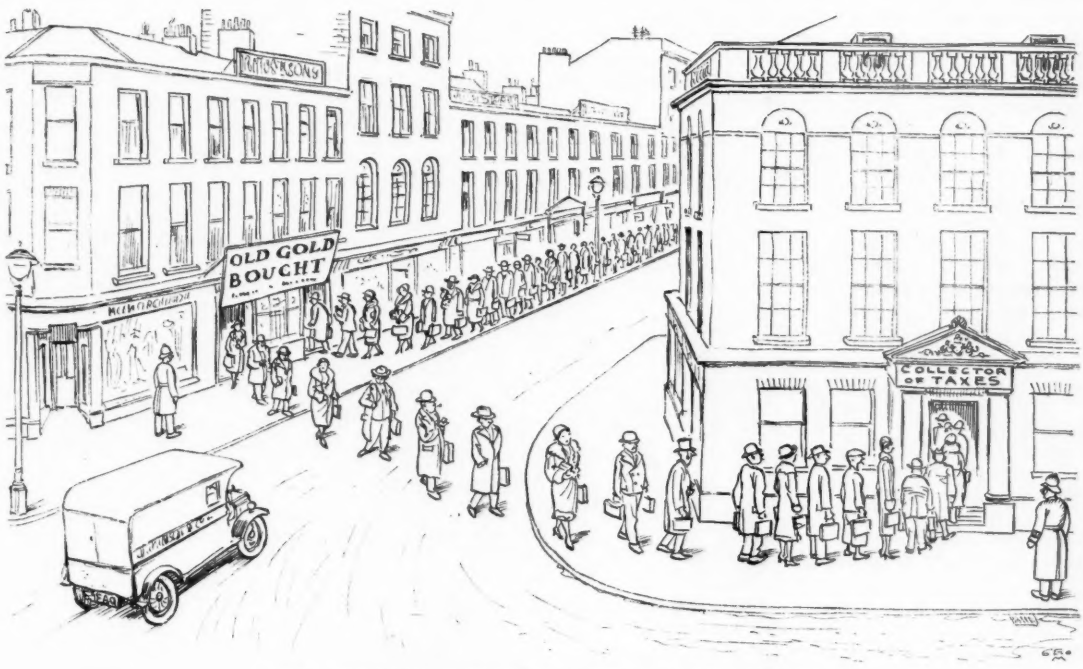
The need for more research, the number of air accidents, our air weakness compared with other nations, the disappearance of the airship—these and all the usual topics were raised by all the usual speakers, the nearest thing to a new point being raised by Mr. LOVAT FRASER, who declared that the noise in the cabin of an aeroplane equalled the loudest effort of the Falls of Niagara. Members, knowing nothing of Niagara but accustomed to listening to Colonel WATTS-MORGAN and Mr. ERNEST BROWN, remained unimpressed.

"Can London Lady or Gentleman Recommend thoroughly Married Couple."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

No morganatic union will be tolerated.

"At the Regent Theatre, Truro, William Powell will appear in 'The Road to Singapore,' a story of two people who defy social rules on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday."
West-Country Paper.

It is nice to think of them being quite good on the other four days.



THE TRANSMUTATION OF METAL: NEW STYLE.

SHOP.

THE person I'm engaged to wed—
A charming girl, no doubt of it—
Has got a notion in her head
Which ought to be knocked out of it;
She has been at me now for days
Because I haven't written
A single poem in her praise
Describing how I'm smitten.

She says the flattest swain alive
If, like myself, a goner,
Will, at all hazards, have a dive
To do his lady honour;
While holding, in his saner mood,
All bards to be a mocking,
He'll have that lyric interlude,
Though the results are shocking.

For me, who am a bard by trade,
To love, and not to utter
So much as one small serenade,
Merely by way of butter,
Has got, as one may say, her goat,
And roused a sense of injury
By which the critical might note
A temper somewhat gingery.

I'd sing her praises like a shot—
Her eye, her hair, her dimple—
And if I haven't (I have not)
The reason's very simple;
I have not seen the butcher make
The running with a gammon,
Nor does its amorous -monger stake
His all upon a salmon.

Love's messengers do not include
A cabbage from the coster,
And rarely has the grocer wooed,
I think, with double gloster;
In point of fact, whatever kind
Of wooer goes a-wooing,
He likes to leave the shop behind,
Precisely as I'm doing.

And mark you, Delia, there is this:
As even the most prosaic,
Stirred up by love, proclaim their bliss
In something p'raps trochaic,
So I, when love makes all things bright,
And you make all things rosy,
Can get the ecstasy all right;
Only it makes me prosy.

DUM-DUM.

A Candid Journalist.

"SEQUEL TO THE LOSS OF A CAR.
UNUSUAL STORY OF RECOVERY THROUGH ADVERTISEMENT."
Birmingham Paper.

"L.C.C.
TRAMS
TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM."
Poster.

Surely the best place for them.

"To Let from 20th March—two rooms Bed & Sitting elegantly furnished and the use of an up to date Bath Room (now occupied by a Naval Commander) . . ."
Advt. in Maltese Paper.

Someone ought to knock on the door.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

MR. P'U.

Mr. P'u (his name has recently been changed to this form) is a Pekinese spaniel of unsullied parentage and all the uncompromising characteristics of his race. I meet him only because I like his mistress; but it is improbable that I shall for much longer like her sufficiently to put up with Mr. P'u. Because—really—well, the position of dogs in family life is getting to be a little too much of a good thing. I am all for tolerance, but dogs should come second. So long as no one else wants the armchair nearest the fire, let the dog have it; but when one comes in to tea from a wet pavement with cold feet and naturally wishes those feet to be warmed it is depressing to be asked to sit somewhere else because darling P'u hasn't been quite himself lately and had a poor night and he is sleeping so soundly at the moment that it would be a sin to disturb him. A sin? How I would like to commit that iniquity!

He rules the house, this mandarin. When tea at last arrived I was shorn of one segment of crumpet very well buttered because darling P'u likes crumpet more than almost anything. Well-buttered crumpet is almost my favourite delicacy too, and I was by no means satisfied with what I had had. His mistress (off whom I am cooling

very rapidly) having already given him a whole crumpet, I naturally thought I was safe. But she has for her dog's well-being the eye of a hawk. This last cherished morsel was literally on the way to my mouth when she intercepted it.

Dogs, even exotic Oriental dogs, should eat their own food, not ours. The food of the gods — that is, of gifted human beings—is not and never should be the food of dogs. When I was at Cruft's the other day I saw a large variety of biscuits made with the greatest care and baked to perfection entirely for dogs. Why then should they be given my piece of crumpet?

I have said that Mr. P'u was asleep in the best chair—the chair nearest the fire—and was not to be disturbed. Directly, however, the door opened to admit the tea-bearing parlourmaid his state of wakefulness had become acute. I made no comment at the time; I merely registered silently the realisation that he was a little humbug. Judge then of my disgust when, after tea was finished, picking up a new gramophone record of a violin solo I had long wanted to hear, and asking if I might put it on, I was told that darling P'u was again asleep and it would be another sin, or a repetition of the same sin, to interfere with his slumbers. "Poor pet, his nerves are so upset." I was told also that the gramophone hadn't been on for several days from this cause.

"But don't you want to hear it?" I inquired.

"Very much," said this once attractive lady; "but a merciful woman is merciful to her beast, you know."

"Couldn't he finish his four - hundred - and - forty - thousand winks in another room?" I was beginning bitterly to ask; but I thought better of it. Words unsaid are sweetest, and I wasn't quite ready to quarrel yet, although I see the fatal day approaching.

The tea-tray having gone and my feet being moderately warm, I rose to leave, when what should Mr. P'u do but rise too and put a restraining paw on my leg.

"The pet!" said his mistress, "he wants a game." (To use her precise words she said "a gamey game." However could it have come to pass that I liked her?) "This is his favourite time to play," she added. "There's a ball in that green vase on the mantelpiece. Be an angel and roll it for him. I'd do it myself but I've got rather a head."

Exactly what I foresaw would happen happened. The ball went under a bureau, too low for even a Pekinese to follow, and I had to go on my hands and knees to retrieve it. When I threw it again Mr. P'u had lost interest, in the swift guillotining way that a Pekinese can lose interest.

Hot and cross, with the consciousness that my trousers had received injury, I again said good-bye.

"Good-bye," said my hostess—and what I ever saw in her I can't imagine—"and please as you go out ask Fanny to bring some fresh water. Poor P'u is thirsty. Isn't he clever? When he put his paw on your leg it was to tell you that. They have everything but speech, you know. Or perhaps milk would be best. What do you think?"

I carefully refrained from mentioning the nature of the beverage that I myself should prescribe.

That evening, in the house of another friend where dogs do not invade the drawing-room, I picked up the account of the Citroen Expedition across Africa in 1923 and chanced on a brief dialogue in the Ban'da district. "Why do they love dogs so much in your country?" a native is asked. "Because," is the reply, with a smack of the lips, "cook little dog in the earth with banana-leaves. Better much than little pig." The Ban'da folk, the author explains, are by nature and conviction cannibals; but, cannibalism having been forbidden, man's best friend (or the creature who used to be man's best friend) is taking his place there.

Perhaps this is the better way, eh, Mr. P'u?

E. V. L.

TO THE MEMORY OF ARISTIDE BRIAND.

DIED MARCH 7TH, 1932.



A FRIEND OF PEACE.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE. "IF YOU MUST GO, M. BRIAND, FAREWELL; AND MAY YOU SOON BE RESTORED TO THE SERVICE OF MANKIND."

M. BRIAND. "THANK YOU FOR YOUR GOOD WISHES, MADAME. I COUNT ON YOU DURING MY ABSENCE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THIS, MY CONSTANT COMPANION OF RECENT YEARS."

Reproduced from "Punch" of January 27th, 1932.

[The original drawing of this Cartoon was presented to M. BRIAND by a friend.]

"Wanted immediately, for month or longer, Substitute for J.A.M. in Country School." *Advt. in Belfast Paper.*

Try H.O.N.E.Y.

"Major J. J. Astor, responding for the Press, said that in these days the eyes of the world were fixed more than ever on the British Foreign Secretary as he guided this country through the maize of international problems."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Now that this is on the free list the world can turn its eyes elsewhere.

"The Japanese troops are out 'bandit-hunting' and 'protecting their Nationals.' The Soviet consents to their going as far as Imyanpo, but no father."—*Sunday Paper.*

The Soviet seems to have taken this poor little wheeze from the title of the play at the Ambassadors.

THE NEW PEDAGOGY.

[Mr. T. E. Page, recently surveying in *The Times* the progress of the Public Schools during the last fifty years, suggested that modern conditions require a Headmaster to be a great organizer and administrator rather than a great teacher; one who "can conduct a sort of large outfitting establishment in a businesslike fashion with sagacity and success."]

THE great Headmasters of our youthful days
Pursued pure Learning's grave and gracious ways;
Steeped in the classic lore of Greece and Rome
Parnassus was their spiritual home;
And when they taught (for they had time to teach)
A swift afflatus winged their thought and speech,
While in their eyes the dullest class might mark
A flicker of the true Promethean spark.
Imposing figures in a spacious age
They sought to inspire, to dominate their stage,
Regarding with contempt or mild vexation
The tedious jobs of school administration.

But now (*The Times* has told us) changed conditions
Await aspirants to these high positions.
The scholar's crown of academic fame
No longer plants them foremost in the game
That every day resembles more and more
The running of a departmental store,
Where those reputed to produce the goods
May scorn the learnéd doctor's gowns and hoods.
To organise with slickness and acumen
Becomes the duty of these vigorous new men,
Whose virtues, when exploited to their full worth,
Might earn the admiration of a Woolworth.

And so our schools, awakened to the need
For readjustments in this Age of Speed,
May now reform on strictly business lines,
Securing lots of kudos, one opines,
When mass-correction methods shall obtain
And Heads manipulate the eight-boy cane.

C. L. M.

". . . we must not forget those ladies who keep the brasses and other things clean, as well as the Verger and his wife."
Parish Magazine.

We wonder what their rates are for washing and polishing a Rural Dean.



"WELL, SIR, YOU KNOW WHAT A QUIET MAN MY 'USBAND IS. A WORM WOULD 'AVE TO TREAD ON 'IM BEFORE 'E'D TURN!"

SHOULD NEWSAGENTS TELL?

THE more public our life becomes, the more urgent it is to retain some shreds of privacy. Even the proverbial goldfish would be disturbed at being featured in a Gossip column of the daily Press. For centuries the priest alone was bound to secrecy. Later were added the doctor and the lawyer, and more recently we have come to include the banker, the broker and (under protest) the income-tax inspector.

Now appears another claimant for the confessor's privilege: the hairdresser. It has been held, in a Paris Court, that a *coiffeur* may not communicate to an employer or a *fiancée* the information that his client wears a *toupet* to conceal his age or dares not show himself in the morning until his face has been massaged. The dentist must soon join the favoured group; and while there are still vacancies I would suggest adding the newsagent who lets it be known in the village that, notwithstanding my intellectual pretensions, I insist on having the *Universal News* every Sunday morning.

E. P. W.

For Big Sneezes.

"SALE!!
. . . ½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs.
All Double Bed Size."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"THE FIRST CLASS MEALS & COMFORTABLE ROOM.
Tiffin 3 causes & Zakusuka . . Y0.70."
Advt. in Manchurian Paper.

In this country lobster is usually the cause.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE" (PALACE).

THERE was no Cat, unless the jealous *Alice* might be so described, and no Fiddle (on the stage) except one that appeared in a little musical sketch within the story, and *Alice*, as *Pierrot*, only pretended to play it. There was a moon, I think, in the first scene, but no cow, I am certain, to jump over it; no little dogs laughed, though a good deal of barking was done in the American tongue; and no dish actually ran away with a spoon. If a spoon occurred, there was no necessity to run away with it, the conditions making it more convenient for an actress and a producer to accommodate one another in the immediate neighbourhood.

And there was no Chorus. Mr. COCHRAN had let us have fair warning that we must forgo the interventions of his "Young Ladies." And indeed there was no room for them in a coherent and intelligible plot. But lest we should be cloyed with too much pure melody the young American, *Angie Sheridan*, and her husband were permitted to throw off several exhibitions of negroid contortion; and never was the hideousness of this sort of stuff more cruelly exposed than here in its sharp contrast with the gracious atmosphere of romance.

Briefly the story tells how *Victor Florescu*, a composer, meets with *Shirley Sheridan*, a student at the Brussels conservatoire, and they fall in love without further introduction than is afforded by a July night made for love. ("*La nuit est pour l'amour*," sings the strolling *Pompineau* to his guitar.) They arrange to correspond, but the conventional disappearance of one of her letters leads to a misunderstanding, which communicates itself to the music that *Victor* is making for his sketch of *Pierrot* forsaken and forlorn. A member of the "Direction" (*Clement Daudet*), finding this music too depressing, invites *Shirley* to let him lighten it with some of her own songs. Her dear heart is divided between the claims of her career and the fear of spoiling *Victor's* work. She comes to his studio, and *Victor*, without waiting for an explanation of her apparent truancy, takes her to his arms in a rush of emotion, arrestingly swift and spontaneous. But they are thrown apart again through a report, conveyed by the jealous *Alice*, that *Shirley* has spent the night at *Daudet's* flat. In the end, though only partially consoled by the attentions of another Director (*Sir George Chatterly*), *Alice* is persuaded to withdraw her charge, and in a scene so moving (thanks to the sincerity of Mr. LEDERER'S acting) that one forgot about the artifice of the plot, the lovers are brought together just in time for the final curtain.

As *Shirley*, Miss PEGGY WOOD did not perhaps repeat her triumph in *Bitter-sweet*. This may have been due to the fact, announced by herself, that she is here "a modern girl with old-fashioned ideas." It meant that, while conceding something to the conventions, she seemed ready to take on any man at sight, and, though careful to keep on the right side of the limit, appeared to be careless as to how near her virtue went to it. This attitude and the need, for commercial reasons, to conciliate the "Direction" made us at times a little suspicious of her constancy. But there was no inconstancy about her charm.

Miss DELYSIA, as *Alice*, brought an astonishingly youthful gaiety to her early appearance in *Victor's* studio, where she came to rehearse her part as *Pierrot*. But she lost a little of this freshness in the more characteristic scene of her motor-ride with *Chatterly*, which recalled a *wagon-lit* episode in a play of long ago. And the rest of it faded away in the last scene, under the serious necessity of admitting the falsity of her charge against *Shirley*. But she lost none of her piquancy when she had provocative things to say. She said them as nobody else can (or ought) to say them, without turning a flaxen hair.

It is no reflection on the merits, too many to particularise, of an admirable cast (the quiet humour of Mr. MARTIN WALKER'S *Chatterly* must have a special word of praise) if I say that the play owed most of its success to the personality of Mr. LEDERER as *Victor*. He knew how to interpret all the moods of a temperamental artist distracted by love. His habit of casual slouching indolence and his prevailing mood, set in a minor key, of dissatisfaction with life and his art, lent a strange and compelling radiance to the rare moments when he was moved to sudden rapture. And his sincerity was never once in question.

Mr. JEROME KERN'S music served its purpose well. He had discriminated nicely between *Victor's* compositions and the more obvious and amateur efforts of *Shirley*. He never held up the action and nearly always gave way to the librettist, Mr. OTTO HARBACH, when words needed to be spoken. But there was always plenty of music. If it was not being played in the studio it was being played in the house across the way. Once, when *Victor* paused in the middle of strumming one of his own melodies, the performer outside took it up; and then, bursting into GRIEG, so exasperated *Victor* that he turned that master's portrait to the wall and himself furiously joined in at the piano—a very effective feat of collusion between orchestra and stage.

There were no *divertissements* to distract us from the interest of the story, with the exception of a "Phantasy" introduced during a change of scene—some dancing-women in red who made delicate play with the muscles of their diaphragms.

The scenery and properties were charming—in particular a consciously



COMPOSER AND DISCOMPOSERS.

Victor Florescu . . . . . MR. FRANCIS LEDERER.
Alice . . . . . MISS ALICE DELYSIA.
Shirley Sheridan . . . . . MISS PEGGY WOOD.

artificial setting for *Pierrette's* infidelity in the sketch composed by *Victor* for *Une seule représentation Spéciale et de Gala*.

Enfin, I commend *The Cat and the Fiddle* as a shining example of Not-Too-Grand Opera. O. S.

"PUNCHINELLO" (GLOBE).

What magic passes Mr. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER, author, and Mr. MAURICE BROWNE, presenter, have made over the first version of *Punchinello* I do not know, as I did not see it. There seems little to find fault with and much to admire in the second, and both gentlemen should reap the reward of a courage and faith which are unusual. It is, as it stands, a very gallant affair.

Mr. TURNER'S story is, it is needless to say, not quite that of the artless tragi-comedy of the street-corner booth. But the traditional pattern is perceptible under his lavish and romantic embroideries, and the use he makes of the familiar grotesque puppetry at the end is particularly adroit and æsthetically satisfying.



THREE'S A CROWD.

Punchinello . . . . . MR. GEORGE HAYES.
A Dark Lady . . . . . MISS LAURA COWIE.
Judy . . . . . MISS JOYCE BLAND.

We meet our ragged hero-villain on the quay of a small Italian seaport selling pastries. But he has (he asserts) a destiny and "guts of gunpowder." He is above all an artist and he will march forward to fortune and undying fame. His capital is a glib tongue, a high courage, a reckless insolence, a fine figure, no heart and no scruple. He wheedles out of a bluff sea-captain a free passage to Spain for his tattered company of strolling players, among whom the girl *Judy* has taken his quick fancy.

In "a public place in Seville" the insolent braggart beards a nobleman, no other than the *King's* steward (the *King* is that PHILIP who never laughed, tortured always by headaches and the fear of death). This may amuse "our little man," says the eccentric and tolerant *Marquis*, whose business it is to relieve the intolerable boredoms of his master. *Punchinello* then, carrying the *Marquis's* signet-ring and in brave clothes borrowed from a sporting citizen gambling on the event, appears at the Court and is presented to the *King*. The *Marquis* has not miscalculated. The Artist (like the cat i' the adage) refuses to be overawed by the *King*. Here is a change from fawning courtiers. Let the heroic braggart come with his company of players on the morrow. Give the man gold. And do not chide him for leaving the presence like a man, with his back turned.



"DOWN WILL COME BABY AND CRADLE AND ALL."

PUNCHINELLO DISPOSES OF HIS OFFSPRING.

Meanwhile there has been a significant encounter between *Punchinello* and the *Dark Lady*, whose business it is to comfort Majesty. But she has a profound contempt for "our mannikin." And, like Majesty, she too in a different way has an eye for a man that is a man. With the voluptuous kiss of the *Dark Lady* (and its promise of so much more to come) fresh upon his lips, the Artist proceeds to the seduction of the innocent adoring *Judy*. . . .

A year later *Punchinello*, now a friend of the *King* and a great gentleman (to all but his own "gentleman," who knows the difference between real and counterfeit), still enjoys the favours of his master's mistress. But he cannot carry his oats. The *Dark Lady* happens to see the encounter between *Judy* and her seducer, and condemns not the seduction but the "bad manners" of the brilliant cad's repudiation of the mother and her child. She disdainfully takes her leave.

Follows the murder by *Punchinello* of the girl, not with baton but with strangling thumbs, and his infant son tossed from the garret window; the trial before the Inquisition (and a very fair trial too); and a doom, worse than death, devised by another veritable artist—the *King*.

The story is ingeniously planned and holds our interest. It gathers impetus very properly and effectively as it proceeds. There are four particularly well-invented characters—*Punchinello* (Mr. GEORGE HAYES), the *Dark Lady* (Miss LAURA COWIE), the *King* (Mr. GEORGE CURZON) and his steward (Mr. ALLAN JEAYES). The unfortunate heroine, *Judy* (Miss JOYCE BLAND), is, perhaps rightly, left somewhat in the shadow. Mr. GEORGE HAYES is at his best in a bizarre character, and I do not think his author could have found much fault with him. We certainly didn't. Might he perhaps have given just a slight indication in the opening scenes of the dark spots in his villain? Here he was perhaps just a little too consistently genial and engaging. Mr. GEORGE CURZON

(*King Philip*) pointed the contrast between the pitiful mannikin off his guard in private and the proud arrogance of the autocrat in public. A good performance. Mr. ALLAN JEAYES made a credible and interesting thing of the quiet cynical Steward. But it was Miss LAURA COWIE'S admirable presentation of the sleek, dark, dangerous, heartless beauty that stands out in the memory. She made us feel that she could successfully play her dangerous game and take the risks of it for the sake of what we should call the kick that lies in danger. No doubt it helps to have a playwright-husband to see that your part is a good one!

Mr. LAURENCE IRVING'S scenes were imaginatively conceived and well contrasted, and the costumes of the great people genuinely splendid in effect and in no wise garish. The fine pageant of the *King* and courtiers in procession to the cathedral while a misshapen beggar (*Punchinello;* no less) gibbers in the shadows was a particularly well-contrived and significant ending.

The author is happier when his idiom is simpler than in such phrases as the *King's* "Little devils shrill that question in my ears," and so forth. But there is imagination and invention to offset any such small lapses. And this is a show certainly not to be missed. T.

TAT FOR TIT.

[A correspondent of *The Times* complains of the repeated charges brought against tits as "raiders of fruit buds" and quotes the positive statement of Dr. COLLINGE, "well known for his investigations for the Ministry of Agriculture on the economic status of wild birds." He had examined specimens of tits "taken in the act," and on opening them "found their stomachs full of tiny caterpillars."]

LET mightier pens in loftier lays
The albatross or eagle praise,
Or bitterly regret that rocs
No longer congregate in flocks.
A humbler theme is mine, to wit,
The tribulations of the tit
Unjustly charged with heinous crimes
By correspondents of *The Times*.
And yet these tiny birds, 'tis plain,
Can leave the court without a stain.
They are not like the hawk or vulture,
They are not foes of agriculture;
Their "economic status" (so
Recent investigations show)
Has been established by inspection
And vindicated by dissection,
Which found no fruit-buds in their crops
But only tiny "caterhops."
Avaunt, then, ill-instructed scribes,
Insulters of the feathered tribes;
Your libels have been blown to bits
And torn to tatters by the tits.

C. L. G.

THE WAGES CUT.

AN INDIAN EXPERIENCE.

MY old bearer Fusaldar has had many strange experiences since he opened what he calls a "Cheap John" shop in his native city. In the following correspondence he tells the story of his latest business adventure:—

"I am writing for inform Master of new trick I am introducing for good of my business. This is great dodge for producing happy state of mind of customer. Method is done like this. I am having smart fellow walking up and down and keeping eye on door of shop. This is clever chap of name of Ismail, with the great fat body and wide big mouth for the cheery laugh. Ismail is catching customer coming in at door. Ismail will slap him on back and say, 'You are looking well.' That is usual method. But maybe customer is thin with all skin and bone and then Ismail will give him the glad words, 'You are getting to be fine fat man; you have plenty more beef since last week.' Ismail is full of good words for all sort and condition of customer and make it his heart throb with joy. Same like thin man will hear of Ismail he is getting fat, man that is all out of breath with fat will have unexpected information he is getting thin. All man is swallowing glad tidings of wild words of Ismail and proceeding into shop in satisfactory condition for spending all his money.

"Of course Ismail is making occasional small mistake at beginning. For example, there is melancholy customer that is full of pleasure of his diseases. Ismail is giving him the cheery greeting, 'You are looking well.' Then queer customer is astonishing Ismail with snarling answer, 'You are most unholy liar; I am getting ready to be die.' But for next visit of such exception Ismail is all ready with the shaking head and the sad words, 'You are most sick man I am ever beholding out of his bed,' and customer has much gratification with Ismail. I am telling Master, Ismail is most amazing cute dodger I am ever coming across and immense acquisition for profit of my business."

The proceedings described in the next communication I received from Fusaldar were probably inspired by some garbled item of Blighty news he had picked up in the bazaar. He wrote:—

"I am this week calling assembly of staff of my business. There is my son Nana, and Ismail, and small runabout boy. Then I am making solemn speech of I am British Empire Indian Cheap John, and same like all business Sahibs of Blighty I am of intention of making cut of wages for benefit of country and good of all concerned. Of consequence there must be five per cent cut of reducing from now and henceforth.

"My son Nana and small runabout boy is taking information with silence, for they are not of habit of getting any wages. But I am having anxious eye on Ismail. But Ismail is making good sport reply. He is saying I am splendid patriotic Cheap John, and will be much pleasure for him for taking five per cent cut of reducing with no diminution of customary hard work. This is good result for me and for increasing profit of my business."

Unfortunately matters took a queer turn after that, and Fusaldar's final letter runs as follows:—

"Master will be sad of learning of misfortune happening on account of cut of wages. Ismail is throwing most vile dodge for me. Suspicion is first arousing with my finding customer in terrible state of bad spirit. Then there is case of usual cheerful customer appearing with the cheek bathed in tear. Drastic investigation with careful listening is making horrible discovery of Ismail at door is raving over customer with all wrong words. He is saying, 'You are most unwell, and you are soon to be die.' Thin man he is telling, 'Hello, Mister Skeleton.' Good customer fat man is getting from Ismail, 'You will be burst of apoplexy some day soon.'

"Consequence of cause proved, I am going right up for Ismail and giving stern message, 'You have sack.' Ismail is immediately burst into tears. 'Sir,' he is coming with weeping words, 'I am ill. I cannot sleep. Flesh is willing for five per cent cut, but brain is turned.' I am making sharp answer, 'You will forthwith depart of premises without nonsense. You have sack.' Ismail is only doing more weep. 'I am have sack for inside of door,' he is screaming, 'but I am never keeping away from outside. I am having developed too much love for my old Cheap John Fusaldar.'

"So wily dirty dog is having me fairly on the toast. I am forced for making cancellation of five per cent cut of reducing. Even so, low beast is continuing with weeping and wailing of his brain needing stronger tonic for full restoration. Result is more extraction by torture of five per cent increase of previous wage. Forsooth, then is re-opening of wide big mouth and returning of cheery laugh. Maybe now I am saddle for ever and ever with dam criminal hypnotiser.

"I am telling Master there is much queer up and down in life of poor business man."









POOR LITTLE BEAR!

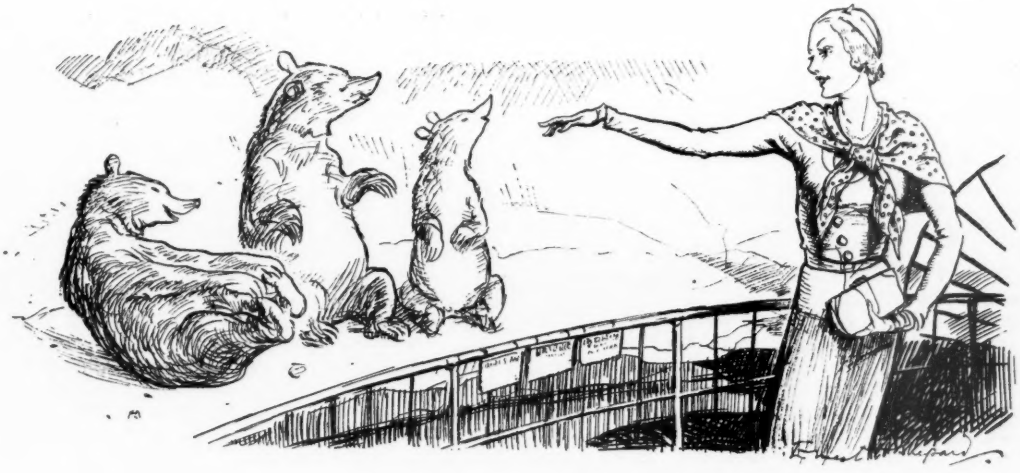
Poor little bear with the limpid eyes,
How happy you were on your mountain-side,
Scrambling so high and wandering so wide,
Gathering fruit and searching for honey,
With never a care about house or money,
And only adorned after Nature's guise!

Poor little bear with the limpid eyes,
A bit of you now is wrapping me round,
Bits of you also my gown have bound—
"Cosy that looks!" said one, "and long-wearing"—
Ah, what can have made you that day so daring,
The day when you fell as a hunter's prize?

Poor little bear with the limpid eyes,
I'm grateful for all that you do for me,
Yet would I—oh, very willingly!—
Dress me less fine and even feel colder
If you were at play again on a boulder,
Or catching the drops where your sweetmeat lies.

Poor little bear with the limpid eyes,
You cannot return to your lofty home,
Loving to climb and loving to roam!
But for your sake no more I'll be choosing
Fashions which mean some furred thing is losing
The right to its fun and the blue of the skies.







Film Star (to fiancé, who has suggested a date for wedding). "NOT ON YOUR LIFE, BIG BOY. THAT'S YOUR BOAT-RACE DAY, AND I'M NOT GOING TO BE CROWDED OFF THE FRONT PAGE BY A BUNCH OF GUYS PADDLING AT A REGATTA."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Lady Philosophers.

THE anonymous author of *Camilla's Banquet* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) has packed perhaps more challenge than satisfaction into her charming account of a modern woman's symposium; but this, I feel, is hardly a disadvantage in a world which demands stimulus and is apt to resent conviction. *Camilla* herself "manages to feed an inward fire on mere will-o'-the-wisps of belief"; and *Camilla* is the dominant and usually the most interesting speaker at the discussion that takes place at her house. The *convives* include a successful lady-doctor, two flourishing business women, a happy wife and mother, the matron of a nursing home and the narrator. Also present and vocal are *Camilla's* mother, a feminist die-hard, and two flappers, one gallant, the other greedy. The heart of the matter is the banquet's debate on Love; but a prelude, an epilogue and indeed the feast itself are diversified with activities that shed as much light on the problem as its dialectic. Of the ten philosophers only the domesticated *Cynthia* seems to have attuned herself to her world; but the multifarious interests of the rest have their contributory compensations. They discuss the meaning of love in terms of physics, economics and companionship; the woman's approach and reactions as differentiated from the man's; and the particular hypocrisy of this particular age in relation to sex. A final discussion on religion is not perhaps so well articulated as its predecessor; but of no conversation in the book can you say, what was once unkindly said of CARLYLE'S, that "it prefers seriousness to truth."

Knights and Dames.

The delightful book in which Miss D. M. STUART has dealt with the *Men and Women of Plantagenet England* (HARRAP, 5/-) reminds me, in its animation, wit and scholarship, of M. FUNCK-BRENTANO'S volume on Mediæval France. Compared with the Gallic historian, Miss STUART writes at a disadvantage. She is self-sacrificing enough to address a simpler audience; she has nothing like the wealth of material to draw upon, and her thirteen PLANTAGENETS, striking as they were, are crude stuff for kingship compared with PHILIP AUGUSTUS or ST. LOUIS. But, though Christendom was much of a piece in the Middle Ages, the social life of England was never more English. Chivalry, monasticism and the trade guilds fostered and produced English types with patriotic luxuriance; and the finest records we have of these —*The Canterbury Tales* and the *Luttrell Psalter*— are easily the raciest of their age. Our author does not stop short at depicting the outward appearance of her knights and squires, "swinkers" and scholars, merchants and craftsmen. She knows the rules and apparatus of every game—from the tournament to the miracle-play, from the lawsuit to the pilgrimage. Her sympathy with the depths and shoals of the mediæval mind—so disconcerting to many

modern scholars—is refreshing; as is the tenderness and humour with which she copes with its practical foibles. Perhaps the happiest feature of a happy book is its *legenda aurea* of representative (and hitherto misrepresented) figures: GROSSETESTE, WHITTINGTON, ANTONY WOODVILLE and MARGARET BEAUFORT. Finally, its illustrations really illustrate; and there is hardly a page without its picture.

The Noblest Dog.

From the DUNDALGAN PRESS, Dundalk,
The Irish Wolfhound is;
Here PHYLLIS GARDNER (who can talk
Best of authorities)
With gentle knowledge, studious love
The Saxon's heart shall win
For one who stands all dogs above—
The glorious Dog of FINN.

Here hark we back to times afar,
To legend and to lay,
And here the dogs of heroes are
And hero dogs are they;
And here adown the years and days
We trace the golden rule
And find the Dog of FINGAL stays
The Dog of FINN MACCOOL.

A hundred woodcuts can be seen
To grace the printed page;
Great dogs of mild and gentle mien
Do all the heart engage;
But (name me not the least remiss)
I've looked with many a look
And failed to find the price of this
Quite priceless little book.

Rise and Fall.

The mortal span to which Mr. F. E. MILLS YOUNG seems to refer in *Brief Youth* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) is that of a self-made man, the proprietor of an ill-fated chain of shops known as "Pepperil's Cash Stores." We start with him, if not in his own cradle, at least in that of his business. He is errand-boy and sugar-crusher in his father's establishment, from which he fills his pockets with sweets and apples, and is very careful about sharing the spoils with his friends, of whose disinterestedness he is justly suspicious. He already has his eye on the lady, hardly in her teens, whom he intends to make his wife, and on the villa, in the residential part of the town, in which he quickly—almost too quickly—instals her, only to move to London and real magnificence. Then come competition, the slump, the Crisis and the crash, and he is back looking at the old shop for a fresh start, with his wife and one of his married daughters to cheer him up; the other being wedded to a canon, who feels that both he and she are best away from such calamities. I am not sure that I can recommend the book as a pocket-guide to the intending self-maker, because of the crash and also because Mr. MILLS YOUNG is rather too vague about how success was achieved; but a good many less strenuous people should enjoy it.



THE ONLY ONE WE BELIEVE.

Man who has drawn a runner in the Irish Sweep (to reporter). "PUT DAHN AS 'OW, IF I WIN, IT WON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE TO MY WAY O' LIFE."

A Master of Hearts.

BAGEHOT'S style, so an intimate friend of his once said to me, in its vivacity and unstudied ease reminded one of first-rate talk. One may say the same of the *Musings of an Old Schoolmaster* (THE SYLVAN PRESS AND HUMPHREY MILFORD, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 5/-). For to read Mr. STEELE'S pages is like listening to the spoken words of a born *raconteur* whose matter is as good as his manner. Though primarily addressed to a Bradfield audience, the book has a far wider appeal, for it not only includes recollections of his own school, Cranleigh, but deals in detail with all the leading features of our Public School system, of which Mr. STEELE is a spirited defender, though by no means blind to its defects. These musings are full of good stories, but they are always relevant; full,

too, of personalities, yet void of all offence. And the light which they throw on his own stimulating and unconventional methods as a teacher enables us to understand the affection and admiration he has inspired in hundreds of past members of the school of which he was an ornament and mainstay for forty years.

Camel Country.

By crossing Southern Arabia from Dhufar to Doha, Mr. BERTRAM THOMAS has revealed the last corner of the world which remained to be explored. It is now too late to be ambitious; the limit has been reached. Thus a unique value attaches to the book, *Arabia Felix* (CAPE, 25/-), which describes this remarkable journey. Arabia inspires every writer whom it infects, and the author soon makes us live with him in the company of the Arab and his camel. We suffer from sun and thirst, we smell the frankincense and we listen to the singing sands. We feel the danger and uncertainty of life in the desert and, safely seated beside our fire, we enjoy every thrill which a travel-book can afford us. At the same time we long to be again in the wild places of the earth, remote from the telephone and the wireless. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. THOMAS is so eager to efface himself. We are perpetually hoping that he will open his mind to us, but, true to his English character, he vouchsafes us only glimpses. Still, these suffice to show us how universally, how superhumanly, competent he is. We admire his versatility, his thoroughness, his tirelessness, his command of languages and, most of all, his ability to endure heat. A wonderful book, complete with scientific appendices and presented by the publishers in a noble guise. The illustrations are exquisite.



"FIVE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY, FIVE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY I'M BID—AND SIXTY. FIVE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY FROM YOU, SIR, IN THE GOLF-CAP?"
"NOT ME. THAT MUST BE ONE OF YOUR PSYCHIC BIDS."

Magnetic North.

Just as we were beginning to think that all was really quiet on the Western Front a new branch of fiction has sprung up, bridging the transition from war to peace and dramatising the task of the amateur soldier in adapting himself to a new and unsettled civilian life. *North Wind* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), by Mr. JAMES LANSDALE HODSON, is a novel of this kind, and although it seems a pity that so much of it should be devoted to the War, about which there can surely be little fresh to be said, it is a vivid and realistic picture of the complex problems which for so many followed demobilisation. *Martin Frobisher*, a young North-Country journalist, returns from France with two ambitions: to marry *Fleur Armitage* and to write a successful play in which she should make her name. He takes a job on a London paper, but the North-Country nostalgia is too much for him and he has to go back again. In the end he wins his *Fleur*, and they leave us on the eve of a joint repertory venture. This novel has no great plot, and such movement as it contains is apt to be merely a change of scene; but this is no matter, for we are mainly concerned with *Martin*, a sympathetic and understandable person, and his aspirations. Mr. HODSON has a strange power of presenting atmosphere in a curiously personal, almost anecdotal, manner. For its portrayal of the North-Country and provincial newspaper-life in general *North Wind* should be remembered.

After-Dinner Essays.

Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE, in a preface to his collection of essays, *Louder and Funnier* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), gives counsel to his readers. "Don't," he says, "attempt to read it after breakfast or in the grey hours of the late afternoon. Hold back till you have dined." It is excellent advice, which those of us who are not out-and-out WODEHOUSE fanatics will be wise to follow. "Thrillers" and "A Day with the Swattesmore," for example, could not be read without gurgles of delight however sombre you felt when you began them; but I do not advise you, unless you are in a receptive mood, to embark upon "Prospects for Wambledon" and "Happy Christmas and Merry New Year." And this I say though I read the collection at a sitting and never felt the smallest symptom of surfeit.

Time is Flying.

Miss BERTA RUCK both dedicates *This Year, Next Year, Sometime*—— (CASSELL, 7/6) "To My Friends among Engaged Girls" and also interrupts her narrative by addressing searching questions to them. Modest men will, I submit, feel that they are trespassers when, in their endeavour to follow dear *Posy's* love-affair with a dilatory youth, they find themselves face to face with such a question as: "Engaged girls, do you know what it means to feel that '*something*' is simmering in the air between your own special young man and some girl not yourself." The moral of the story seems to be that long engagements are a mistake; the dilatory youth at any rate failed to gather his *Posy*, who literally flew away from him. Miss RUCK is beginning to spoil her pleasant style by the frequent use of italics, which, I take leave in the friendliest way to remind her, have been called "primitive methods of soliciting attention."

Fine Mixed Fruit on the Tree of Metaphor.

"Experience of the past will have taught a serious lesson to the 'bulls,' who, let us hope, will be content with a bird in the hand and not try again to climb the bush to catch two birds which are at liberty to fly away leaving the bull to fall with a bone-breaking crash and empty-handed."—*Havre Shipping Paper.*

"C. A. Chadwyck-Healey (Eton and Third Trinity) (stroke.)"
Daily Paper.

Cambridge were quite right to return Oxford's courtesy of long ago by lending one of their own coaches to superintend the training of the Oxford Crew, but ought Third Trinity to have lent them a stroke?

CHARIVARIA.

IT was suggested at a gathering of the Incorporated Society of Chiropodists that Helen of Troy had large feet. They must have confused her with Helen of Avoirdupois.

***

"Why do we fall asleep?" was the title of an article by an eminent scientist. Sometimes in our experience because we have begun to read an article by an eminent scientist.

***

Professor LANCELOT HOGBEN'S inquiry into hereditary eye-colour is understood to be the outcome of the rejection by modern biologists of the theory that babies get their eyes of blue out of the skies as they come through.

***

There are estimated to be two million homes in Britain without a cradle. This enables us to form some idea of the number of hands that don't rule the world.

***

A contemporary thinks something should be done with the people in the studios who laugh at the jokes made by comedians who broadcast. What about giving them medals?

***

A Shropshire farmer says that he gets depressed by the Children's Hour on the wireless. Youngsters of course can get their own back by deliberately ignoring the Fat Stock Prices.

***

A doctor mentions a Scotsman who, although very ill, refused to take stimulants. It is said that there is no more moving sight than a Scotsman being forcibly fed with whisky.

***

Swallows which are reported from Vienna to have been arriving too early are believed to have been driven to desperation by the taunts of daffodil-growers.

***

Tel-Arir is described as having become a Jewish Deauville. We have heard a similar description applied to Deauville itself.

***

Croquet, a newspaper-reader claims, is the only active game at which one can look quite pretty. We ourselves look our best at draughts.

Influenza-masks have been worn in London recently; but we have no confirmation of the rumour that there is some talk of organising an Influenza-Masked Ball.

***

It is predicted that there will be no new frames in this year's Academy. Visitors to Burlington House will miss the interest of discussing the frame of the year.

***

Lawn-tennis in Soho is a possibility of the near future; but little credence is given to the rumour that a local restaurateur is developing a hot service.

***

With reference to that Vienna man who chained his wife in a cellar for several weeks, it is believed that she eventually broke away and did her spring-cleaning after all.

***

A writer says that he will be curious to see whether Mr. CHURCHILL has picked up any Americanisms during his absence. He may easily have made his "terminological inexactitude" a little snappier.

***

Parents who are still affectionate towards each other rarely thwart their children's flirtations. A case of love and let love.

***

Of the fifty million telegram-forms issued by the Post Office every year, twenty millions are wasted. Most of these are used in messages alleged to emanate from the horse's mouth.

***

A London man says he has a parrot which talks only when another bird is placed in the room. Is he sure the other bird is not a ventriloquist?

***

"Criminals are very often good-natured," says a writer. Few householders, however, would care to lean out of the window and stroke a cat-burglar behind the ears to see if he will purr.

***

Formerly, we are told, our boxers were of a much rougher type than they are now. In the old days a boisterous pugilist would think nothing of punching his opponent on the nose.

***

An expert states that many mosquitoes are harmless, but the one that stings has a bright yellow thorax with white stripes. The trouble is that the insect seldom stays still long enough for its colour-scheme to be examined.

***

"Quilts are down," says a sales advertisement. Ours is always getting on to the floor.

***

"Spring poets should obey their instincts and write," says a critic. Ingrowing verse is a dreadful complaint.

***

A critic says that all the good things spring from work. A punter who has had a run of bad luck in the 'chasing season says that some of his good things didn't spring at all.

***

Before a girls'-school broke up for half-term, thieves ransacked every desk and drawer. It is reported that many pupils had to go home without a spare schoolgirl complexion.

***

"Every owner of a pianoforte should know how to take his instrument to pieces," says a writer. At the same time it is often just as well not to let him into the secret of putting the thing together again.



ARDENT FISHERMAN INDICATING THE DIMENSIONS OF THE MERMAID HE LANDED LAST SUMMER.

Big Fleas and Little Fleas.

"500 Oddments in Jumpers. For personal hoppers only. 5/-."—*Sales Catalogue.*

Hard Knock for Market Bulls.

"FALL IN LONDON BRICK."
Daily Paper.

"In the eighth Miss Palfrey decisively ended the set at 6–2, after winning four simultaneous games."—*Bermuda Paper.*

CAPABLANCA has done better than that.

OXFORD'S HANDICAP.

[In a letter to *The Times*, the Dark Blues' coach, Colonel GIBBON, complained of the action of the University authorities in requiring Mr. ERSKINE-CRUM to sit for examination at Oxford on the mornings of Monday and Tuesday in Boat-Race week. Such conduct, inconceivable at Cambridge, might, he contended, mean the defeat of the Oxford crew. Colonel GIBBON has the sympathy of all other good Cantabs.]

WHEN Oxford pedants—"dreadful trade"—
With faces resolute and glum
Said that the rules must be obeyed
And called aloud for Mr. CRUM,
A protest came from Colonel GIBBON,
Who feared his crew might lose their grip
And so be robbed of that blue ribbon
Of Varsity oarsmanship.

Well may he blush for their repute,
These dry-as-dust-bobs who are fain
To sanctify the fixed pursuit
Of "letters more [or less] humane,"
Who cage the young bird sick with yearning
To feel the stretcher with his feet—
O happier Cam, whose seat of learning
Acts as a sliding seat! O. S.

THE SCANDAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE theatre is built. The Festival is arranged. There will be a ballot for seats to behold the mockery. Nothing at present marks our faces, the faces of us who know, except now and then a quiet ironic smile. But we shall not be silent, you may be very sure, upon the day that England has chosen for honouring the name of the charlatan. We have our dignified protest ready, we Baconians, and we shall not hesitate to utter it against the jackanapes whom we designate amongst ourselves in private as the Swab of Avon or the Immortal Card.

I think we should perhaps have allowed the matter to go forward without comment, letting concealment as it were prey on our damask cheek, if it had not been that the play chosen for the opening performance was the very play on which our faith is principally founded, the play containing those memorable words

"On, bacons, on!"

which, put into the mouth of *Falstaff*, can only be read as an exhortation to the two brothers, FRANCIS and ANTHONY, and as a certain sign-manual of authorship by the former, the philosopher, scientist, lawyer and poet with the throat of gold.

There are similar passages no doubt in the same play—

"I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger to be delivered as far as Charing Cross,"

where the word "gammon" is especially significant; or

"Falstaff sweats to death
And lards the lean earth as he walks along,"

where the reference is to the labour of writing poetry and the benefit it confers upon the sterile intellects of mankind.

And, apart from cryptograms and secret allusions, there are of course scattered through the rest of the plays innumerable lines, such as

"Old hog of gaunt, and gaunt in being cold"
(*Richard II.*, fifth folio reading),

which would convince the veriest dullard.

But

"On, bacons, on!"

is, so to speak, our oriflamme, or perhaps I should say our battle-cry, sounding in our ears like that even better known

"On, Stanley, on!"

of *Marmion*. It is these words that we shall emblazon upon the banners which we carry upon the 23rd of April through the Strand, the street in which FRANCIS BACON was born, through Cambridge, where he studied, through Melcombe Regis and Taunton, which he represented in Parliament, through St. Albans, where he made his home, and through Highgate, where he sacrificed his life in the cause of science and gastronomy by contracting a chill whilst stuffing a fowl with snow.

At Stratford itself we shall comport ourselves otherwise. Those of us who have seats—and be very sure that some of us will have seats for *Henry IV., Part 1*—will content ourselves with booing quietly throughout the whole performance. We shall visit the so-called house of the *soi-disant* dramatist, pay our entrance-money and burst into subdued guffaws. Seeing the bust of the impostor, visiting his tomb or the grammar-school at which he affected to receive his education, we shall allow our lips to curve into a gentle sneer.

We shall make no overt demonstration in Stratford itself nor its outskirts that may bring us into conflict with the police. We have no intention of setting fire to ANN HATHAWAY'S cottage nor of tearing up the grass and flowers in Charlcote Park. Everything will be done decently and in order. But we shall try to let England know in what measure she has allowed the honour of her greatest citizen to become tarnished, and paid homage to a hop-o'-my-thumb. A mixed deputation of poets and barristers will proceed to St. Albans from Gray's Inn by motor-bus and lay a wreath of cowslips, of cuckoo-pint and violets, on the actual poet's tomb.

There is little else that we can do. But there will, I hope, be a massed campaign in the Press on that day and upon the days following to establish the justice of our cause; and we hope to obtain publication for articles entitled, "Why I Have Become a Baconian," by Mr. H. W. ("BUNNY") AUSTIN, Sgr. PRIMO CARNERA, Miss DIANA FISHWICK, Mr. MARK HAMBOURG, Lady HOUSTON, Senator BORAH and Mr. YEN. The advisability of attempting to raise subscriptions for a Bacon Memorial Theatre is still being discussed by the more eager spirits amongst our small but gallant herd. We might ask for a Government subsidy. But should we obtain it? Who knows? We are rumoured to have at least one sympathiser in the Cabinet. Lord SNOWDEN has been heard to mutter to himself the lines

"Shall I compare thee to a hogshead?* Nay,
Thou art more lovely and more temperate,"

when listening to a speech by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

But it is too probable that the faith will have to remain in the hearts of its followers without any adequate shrine for its housing. And indeed I know not whether there is any living architect worthy to build for the Nightingale of St. Albans, the Laverock of Melcombe Regis, a suitable cage. EVOE.

RUGGER RHYMES.

WING FORWARDS.

A SKIPPER will not really love
His Forwards *if they do not shove*;
Eight constitute the pack;
And of this eight we often view
One member, or it may be two,
Hanging about the purl-i-eu,
Scrum-shanking at the back.

These break too soon and stumble straight
Off-side, not having pushed their weight;
Such would not be *our* choice
For Internationals—we claim
That nowadays they spoil the game,
And supermen have said the same
With no uncertain VOYCE.

WOON.

Perils of the Sweep.

"Amazing luck in the Irish sweep fell to a Kentish man who drew two tickets and a Sussex woman."—*Daily Paper.*

Shamming Ill.

"WANTED.—Low Light Second-hand Rickshaw. Suitable for invalid in good condition."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

"Strayed, a Fawn Chow, answering to the name of 'Chin'; deaf."—*Advt. in Bucks Paper.*
Obviously a lip-reader.

* 1608 edition.



OTTAWA CALLING.

MR. J. H. THOMAS LISTENS IN.



OUR PATRIOTS.

Reporter. "I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU HAVE HAD A PRICELESS NECKLACE OF CHINESE JADE STOLEN?"
Actress. "YES—BUT I DON'T WANT A FUSS MADE ABOUT IT. YOU SEE, IT WASN'T BRITISH."

THE KERRY STRAIN.

MY dog Mike, as I believe I have announced before, is not a fighter. This is surprising, because—amongst other things—he has Kerry in him somewhere and I am always expecting it to come out. So far the only part of him that has ever come out has been the greyhound streak, which is why up to yesterday he had only had one real fight in his life. That was on an occasion when he had hurt his leg and couldn't run as fast as usual.

Maybe his reason for invariably refusing battle is that he realises his own limitations; for, as far as I can ascertain from various incipient scraps, his actual fighting attitude is to lie prone on his back, wave his legs unhappily in the air and yelp loudly for sympathy. Yet in the preliminaries of a fight he is great. The way he tells other dogs just what'll happen to them if they get fresh like that again is worthy of the best traditions of British heavy-weight boxing; as, too, is the subsequent débâcle. "What I'm going to do to that ritzy Airedale in a minute is just nobody's business," Mike will say to newspaper-reporters and anyone else in hearing. "Why, the poor bimbo hasn't an earthly against me. I'm absolutely confident of to-night's result. . . ." And later, when I have rescued him from massacre, he will explain from a position of safety just how his foot slipped, how the light was in his eyes, and how he was fouled when the referee wasn't looking. At such times he is liable to sob bitterly.

And then yesterday the Kerry part of him broke out for the first time. I had grown so used to blood-curdling preliminaries leading to either a friendly exchange of courtesies or panic flight that it took me quite unaware; and before I could look round he and another dog were at each other's throats.

Of all dogs to start a real row with he had of course chosen the toughest-looking Bedlington terrier I've ever seen—a dog with a thick ear, a split nose and the general appearance of carrying a concealed cudgel; a dog that not even policemen would care to meet in a dark alley unless armed and in pairs. I couldn't help feeling that if after all these years he was going to take up street-fighting as a hobby he might have started on a Pomeranian or some other light-weight and worked up into the heavier classes. Moreover, the Bedlington's owner seemed to be a tough and ferocious General—probably a V.C. who'd won his decoration for tearing machine-guns asunder with the naked hands.

During the first part of the fight the dogs charged repeatedly, drawing off at intervals to say things about each other's parentage and up-bringing that there hadn't been time for previously. At every charge Mike was knocked down, and every time he was knocked down the General cried delightedly, "Let 'em fight it out! It'll make true dogs of 'em!" Forbearing to point out that it would take more than a fight to make a true dog out of such a mixture

as Mike, I stood by ready to scoop my hound up and bolt the moment he took a count of ten. Unexpectedly, however, instead of pulling his "horizontal-fighter" stuff, he kept getting up and preparing to receive boarders once more with a light of what looked rather like battle in his eye. In fact I hardly recognised him. At about the fifth charge he managed to hang on to something: the two dogs went down in a flurry, Mike for the moment uppermost; and the General began to call out, "Stop them! Stop them!"

We did our best, but neither of us liked to touch the other's dog for fear he should turn round and snap at the strange hand, and neither liked to touch his own dog, because that was just what the other's dog already was snapping at. Finally we each got hold of a hind-leg from the mêlée and tried to pull them apart. We had no success at first, each having got hold of a hind-leg of the same dog—the General's. Calling my attention picturesquely to this fact, he said it was damned unfair on the dog. I dropped it, got one of Mike's, and we pulled again. But the dogs wouldn't come apart. They simply continued to fight somewhere up in the air and in a high state of tension.

Suddenly Mike's yelps died away into gurgling. The General again began to cry, "Let 'em fight it out!" Then it became apparent that Mike's yelps had only died down because he had now got such a mouthful of Bedlington he hadn't room for anything else. The General at once said, "Stop them!" A man no doubt of great personal bravery but little sense of proportion.

With the assistance of three errand-boys, a housemaid and a bucket or so of water we did at last stop them. Personally I considered it Mike's fight on points, but it was obvious the General considered it the Bedlington's on the same points. Since it looked as if this could only be settled by personal combat we parted stiffly, and I made my way to the vet's, still dazed at the sudden eruption of Mike's Kerry.

I carried him in my arms, but the Kerry strain was still on the top of its form. Twice he tried to pick new fights with large and inoffensive dogs, and once he actually leapt down and chivvied a cat up a tree. That, however, was not Kerry so much as dog.

The vet dressed his wounds and tied him up in beautiful white bandages. As he came out into the waiting-room we encountered the Bedlington and the General on the same mission. . . .

The fight that took place between them then and there in the vet's waiting-room made their previous effort look like a matey snooze in front of the fire in the same basket. A couple of sick-list dogs from the surgery joined in, and about four hundred others, boarding-out in the vet's yard at the back, broadcast running commentaries at the top of their voices.

I left after half-an-hour with Mike now wrapped up in a blanket. I think I had also been given the names and addresses of the General's seconds. And, believe me or believe me not, we weren't halfway home before Mike had jumped out of my arms again, attacked a thing that looked like an Alsatian, or it may have been a wolf, and *driven it yelping up a side-road.* . . .

* * * * *

I went out next day with Mike in fear and trembling. He was on a lead as thick as a hawser, and I had a couple of dog-whips and thick leather gloves. Outside the gate a Pekinese snarled at him. Mike at once retreated into the garden, trembling in every limb, and wouldn't come out for twenty minutes. His Kerry day was over. A. A.



Bosun (to stricken seaman). "AIN'T YOU RATHER MAKIN' A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLE-'ILL?"

"Lady —— has been robbed of a £5,000 necklace of 98 pearls, when travelling in the rain de luxe to Cannes."—*Daily Paper.*

We have even had to pay heavily down there for snow.

"The workers at the Idle Parish Church will soon be as 'threng as Throp's wife.'"
Bradford Paper.

Throp's wife, however, was not an Idle woman.

THE WATER-PYBUS.

A Half-Open Letter to the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT.

DEAR MR. PYBUS,—Jokes about persons' names are generally poor in taste and quality. Personally, I wince at table when people jest about the haddock. But do not hastily fling this letter aside. My purpose is to bring your name not into mockery but immortality. Perhaps the highest form of fame is for a man's name to live on after him, not as his own name only but as the name of some institution which is dear to the people and was by him created. The name of a certain PEEL rises instantly to the mind; also the name of BRADSHAW; and even the names of BOYCOTT and BANTING. Mr. BANTING'S celebrated letter on the reduction of corpulence may have drawn some chaff from his contemporaries, but his name has passed into the language and is likely to be the favourite word of our lovely ladies as long as England stands. And, if the good fellow realised that, he must, I think, have died a happy man.

In the same way, dear Mr. PYBUS, I want to take your name—but not in vain. Once every year, so long as these trembling fingers can push a pen, I intend to goad, stimulate, excite, anger or bore my fellow-countrymen about the London Water-bus; to make London ashamed of herself and Liverpool proud of herself; and generally to go on and on until this small but excellent thing is done. And your presence at the Ministry is a Heaven-sent cue for this year's exhortation.

Like the cox of a racing eight, a Transport Minister comes in for more kicks than halfpence, and will receive little attention until he does something wrong; and he can leave no large monument of his work behind him. Even if the Bridge controversy is settled in a year or two posterity will not recall that this took place *consule Pybo*; no traffic-control lights or "Please Cross Here" board will bear your name; we might put a statue of you in the middle of the newest roundabout and write on it: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*"; but there are arguments against that, as you will agree.

But suppose that when at last you lay down your portfolio you leave behind you a fleet of Pybuses (or Pybi?) plying up and down the London Thames from Woolwich to Hammersmith—or even Kew. . . . You live, as I have discovered from an impertinent peep at the Telephone Book, in Whitehall Court; and I have no doubt that every morning while you dress you glance at Father Thames. Appalled by the congestion of the streets, harassed by the Bridge problem, wondering how you are to get the people across the river and what to do with them when you have, you look down at the river; and it must come queerly to your imaginative mind that the river itself is doing nothing to help you. The river, the largest and longest highway in the town, a highway requiring neither upkeep nor repair, a highway running past five railway termini and connecting enormously populous areas with the City and the West-End—this noble and historic thoroughfare, you must reflect as you shave, is an empty and an almost useless obstacle, carrying none of the people from their homes to their offices. They may go under the river in tunnels, they may go over the river by bridges, but they may not go *along* the river in ships or boats. Which, as EUCLID would have summed it up, is absurd.

Old-fashioned obstructionists, still living twenty years ago, will tell you that the people would not go along the river in boats if they had the chance. Do not believe them. The people have never had the chance—not, at any rate, under modern traffic conditions and in vessels of modern design, power and convenience. If that sort of slug's argument is raised I shall be forced to rake up the complicated political history of this affair; and then I shall have to impute blame to public bodies and persons, which I have no wish to do. Let us take a clean slate. We have a National Government, we have a capital Transport Minister, and this is the day, I understand, of plan and purpose and drive. Let us take a nice clean slate and draw upon it the Water-Pybus.

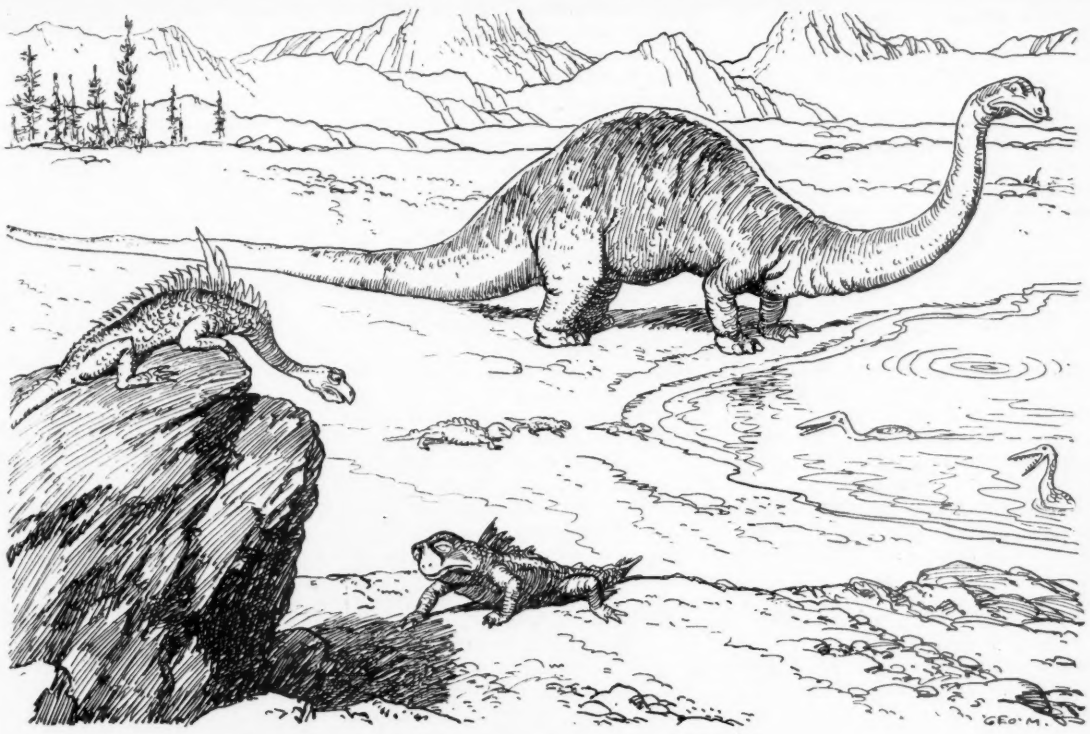
I am not thinking of antiquated, slow, unpunctual, smelly paddle-steamers. We are not living twenty-five years ago. The Pybus is a modern, all-weather, all-the-year-round motor-vessel, comfortable, powerful, fast (but not noisy). She is not an offensive "speed-boat"; she carries between two hundred and three hundred passengers, and she does fifteen miles an hour (with the tide) through parts of London where your tram or motor-bus can scarcely do five. I do not claim that she will "solve the London traffic problem," but she will solve it for many millions of citizens every year; and she will give happiness and health to millions more on Sundays and holidays. And what is more, I will bet you a bag of sovereigns *she will pay*. The capital expenditure will be small (about one two-hundred - and - fiftieth part of the cost of a new Charing Cross Bridge!); the river costs nothing, and all you have to pay for is the Pybuses and the Pybus stops. And I believe the popular response would be enormous and remunerative.

But all these matters, of course, will be properly examined and estimated by your Committee. Oh, I forgot to tell you about that—you are going to appoint a small Committee, please. I am not much of a one for Committees as a rule, but this is one of the rare Committees which are needed. Just a small Departmental Committee of three or four; it will call the L.C.C. and the Port of London Authority into counsel, also the Underground Railway and me, and any private business man who shows an interest. It will calculate costs and (so far as possible) receipts, decide what build and size of ships



Prospective Purchaser of Second-hand Midget. "BUT WHERE DO I CARRY THE SPARE PETROL?"

Owner. "WELL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH A FLASK IN YOUR HIP-POCKET?"



Mesozoic Reptile (on left). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MATE? YOU LOOK TIRED."
Mate. "I AM. JUST BEEN HAVING A FEW WORDS WITH THE DIPLODOCUS AND TRIED TO GIVE 'IM THE ONCE OVER."

would be best, invite designs and estimates from engineering firms, and in general work out a scientific scheme for a water-bus service as an integral part of London's traffic.

And let no one say that this is a local matter. London's traffic, as you know best of all, is a national matter, and London's river is an imperial affair. I know all the difficulties, all the adverse arguments, all the queer political obstructions you will have to meet. But you are a man of vision and energy and will sweep them aside.

And don't delay. Your admirable predecessor, Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, believed in the water-bus, and I implored him to set up this Committee. But he relied on getting his Transport Bill through, which would have made the whole thing easy. I ventured to warn him that his Government might perish before his Act was born. It did. And so nothing is still being done.

Be warned, Mr. PYBUS. Your Government may perish also. But you may leave behind a popular and imperishable monument. Many Ministers are remembered most for the little things they do; when everything else that Mr. LANSBURY has said or done is forgotten he will be remembered with affection because of his "Lido." So turn a moment, Mr. PYBUS, from your motor-coaches and arterial roads and congested streets and take another look at that empty river. I like to think of you in the years to come sitting up there on summer evenings and watching the lighted Pybuses go by.

Yours with all respect,
A. P. H.

LITERARY OVERTIME.

[The installation of electric light in hen-houses having been found to increase the supply of eggs, the experiment is now being tried of leaving the light on all night with a view to a further increase.]

THE thought, gentle wife, that I'm working for you
Imparts to my labours a pleasure
That leads to my making increasingly few
My moments of merited leisure;
In wooing the Muses from morning to eve
I spend every second available,
Urged on by a laudable wish to achieve
Not so much the sublime as the saleable.

But this isn't enough; all the labour I've borne
Has brought us so meagre a ration
I'd have every second from even to morn
Employed in a similar fashion;
A man must have rest, but I feel, all the same,
I could lisp some additional numbers
If nightmares like so many Pegasi came
And helped me to soar in my slumbers.

And that is the cause of my recent offence;
You cannot feel wrath when you know it
Was due to a hope that what stimulates hens
Might stimulate also a poet;
'Twas the thought that production thereby might be sped,
And not, as you hinted, a night out
That made me forgo when I got into bed
My practice of putting the light out.

More Synthetic Diamonds.

"ENGLISH THREAT TO POLISH COAL."
Sunday Paper.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Prettily.

"THE LAST TICKET.
MARKET HALL WOMAN'S CHANCE OF FORTUNE.
ANOTHER LUCKY CAT."
Birmingham Paper.

There is no truth in the rumour that St. Leonards is to change its name to St. Lennarts in honour of the Royal saxophonist.

WILD CHAPS.

[Or what comes of reading the kind of first novel that is usually described by its publisher as the work of one of our most brilliant young satirists.]

the party had hardly begun. two maids were still arranging sandwiches and drinks on a long table in the corner away from the piano. one of them had rather luminous eyes. the other had an unpleasant cold. caviar with any luck, Kennley thought. he said:

'I can't think why we're so infernally early.'

Bodlington said; 'it's these bitter east winds. they drive you indoors.'

then Janet Ordd arrived. she sailed in, like a frigate carrying a spread of green velvet, Kennley muttered. and he added, too stout. she was not near enough to hear. she asked:

'hasn't Martha come down yet?'

'still giving dinner to this pianist woman.'

Bodlington said, 'or else she's forgotten.'

'probably. were you here the night she asked us to meet Krakolin, and went down to Somerset?'

'was that the time Hannah Loofah was so sick?'

'yes.'

'I missed it.'

a good many others began to drop in. Blackshaw came over and sat down by Kennley. he looked pretty boiled. he asked:

'have you heard about Templeman?' . . .

Orphine Tarrance was saying: 'I couldn't say to her outright, you're a liar! but I did say . . .' she rasped on. people said of her that every day she became more like a bronchial parrakeet.

Kennley contemplated his shoes and tried to deafen himself to Blackshaw. . . 'and if a studio starts by facing south, what can you do? you can't pick the perishing thing up and. . . .' yes, he would have to get some new ones. thirty bob at least, he thought. he asked: 'has anybody heard if Sue's back yet?' but they were all talking. ought to get away by twelve, anyway, he thought.

'poor Roland, he looks inconsolably bored. . . .'

'. . . and the upshot of it all was that she went back to her old flat and he got some dim job in Peru. . . .'

'. . . oh, terribly exacting, of course . . . like a *slave*, darling. . . .'

'. . . she was telling me the queerest thing about her inside. some curious inversion . . . calm seas are absolute agony to her, and the only real marine happiness she's known was during a tornado off Cape Horn and a shipwreck in the Outer Doldrums. . . .

then at last Martha Burr came in, and many of the party got up to say hullo. sometimes she looked as if one were regarding her through an unfocussed telescope, but now her outlines appeared much less blurred than usual. like a semitic teddy-bear, Kennley thought. she said:

'this is Glory Sforzini. she plays divinely. do help yourselves to drinks.'

a few gathered round and were introduced. the others drifted over to the long table in the corner. the maids circulated the sandwiches. Kennley felt sorry for the one with the cold. her sniffle had an oddly piercing quality, so that at times it dominated the general stridulation. . . .

Glory Sforzini accepted a gin-and-tonic from Blackshaw. she said she had just flown from Vienna and the vibration of the motors always slowed up her fingers a bit. she was telling them how the pilot . . . her raven hair contrasted strangely with her turquoise eyes. born in New York, she was a Corsican gangster on her father's side, and on her mother's a Finnish *tromboniste*, and that accounted for it and the way she spoke, so Janet Ordd was explaining to Bodlington in a corner. he had ceased to listen. he was speculating on whether Martha knew that her whisky had been watered.

when everyone had had two or three Martha suddenly stopped drifting about. she exclaimed; 'now, Glory darling, won't you start with that heavenly little thing of Edelweissmann's?' and led her to the piano. . . .

after a bit Kennley decided that the woman wasn't as good as all that. muscular and accurate, but it seemed as if she had left her soul behind in that aeroplane. he felt terribly drowsy. . . .

he came to and found everyone simulating polite ecstasy in a pale sort of way. Glory Sforzini had trailed over to the fireplace. Martha Burr cried:

'darling, your treatment of the nocturne was exquisite. I only wish Lord Chasuble could have heard you. he was declaring to me only yesterday . . .'

after they had had a few more at the long table, Kennley managed to get away, and so did Bodlington. they took a taxi together as far as the King's Road. one of them said:

'I can't think why we go on going to these parties. each one is deadlier than the last.'

'I'd much rather be in bed, or at the pictures.'

'Martha's becoming a menace. I wish she'd stop collecting people.'

'so do I. come in and have a drink.'

'no thanks. I think I'd better get back. I'm awfully tired and I've got to work to-morrow. London's killing.'

'perfectly lethal. good-night. see you at Tubby's to-morrow night?'

'suppose so. good-night.'

when he got up to his sitting-room Kennley saw that he had left the window open and that the rain had come in and was lying in pools on the linoleum. he mopped them up with a bath-towel. he took it to the sink and squeezed it out.

then he went to bed. ERIC.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS UNION.

[Statuary was recently uncovered on the splay of a City building showing Britannia seated between figures representing Higher and Lower Mathematics.]

AINTREE enjoys its gala day,
And the same applies to Wembley,
And lately a certain City splay
Was the scene of a vast assembly.

Thither in force with festive airs
By omnibus and tube routes
Decimals came with Stocks and Shares
And Rhombuses and Cube Roots.

Quotients arrived, and Rules of Three
Exchanging humorous fables
With Algebraical Formulæ
And Multiplication Tables.

X.'s and *Y*.'s and L.C.M.'s
Turned up with Simple Additions,
And Geometrical Theorems
Accompanied Propositions.

They were invited there to meet
With Logarithms and Statics,
And all the rest of the high *élite*
In the world of Mathematics.

Proud was the day for these small fry
That basked in the lordly unctions
Of Differential Calculi
And Hyperbolical Functions.

There on the level Cosines joked
With Problems in Subtraction,
And many an Integral was poked
In the ribs by a Vulgar Fraction.

Too long have Polynomials gibed
And sniffed at the humble uses
Of $2\pi r$'s and Squares described
Upon Hypotenuses.

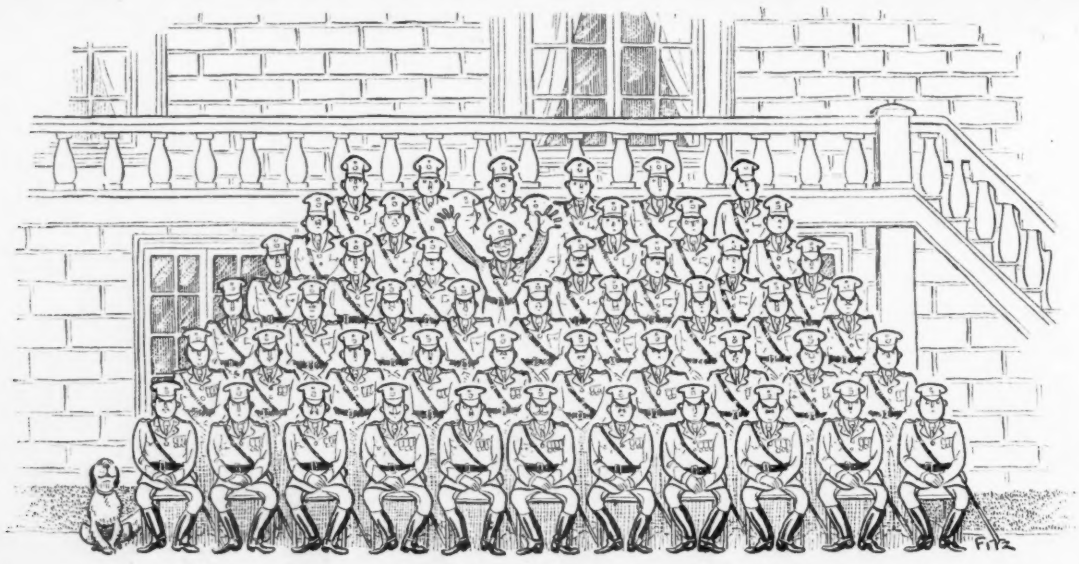
A truce to rank! Henceforth the fruits
Of Wranglers' deep researches
Shall show respect for the attributes
Of Rods and Poles and Perches;

And, as from strength to strength they go,
In the future undivided,
Let Maths. recall the debt they owe
To Britannia, who presided.

(A rumour says that the noble Dame,
As Time the healer passes,
Is hoping to achieve the same
Among her human classes). C. B.



THE DUD COLLAR-STUD: AN EPISODE OF THE GOLD RUSH.



THE SUBALTERN WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BE RECOGNISED IN THAT REGIMENTAL GROUP.

TOPICS OF THE HOUR.

I CAN hardly remember a time when, even in our house, there have been so many problems discussed or to be discussed. The following are a few of them:—

(*a*) Prospect of reduction of Income-Tax.
(*b*) Is EVELYN LAYE really like Helen?
(*c*) Buy British.
(*d*) Had we better ask Aunt Mary to the party on Saturday (in case she hears of it otherwise)?
(*e*) India.
(*f*) The value of the £ in America.
(*g*) Ditto as a sovereign at the local jewellers'.
(*h*) Ought Ann to encourage that penniless young Symes boy?
(*i*) The next Irish Sweep.
(*j*) Can BETTY win this year at Wimbledon?
(*k*) Shanghai.
(*l*) How on earth the Pepperdines at No. 18 could afford that new car.
(*m*) Can Chicago be kept going as a fit place for gangsters to live in?
(*n*) Will Arsenal or Newcastle win the Cup?
(*o*) War Debts.
(*p*) Does *The Daily Screech* give more free silk stockings than *The Evening Scream*?
(*q*) Tariffs.
(*r*) Should Cynthia have her hair wind-swept?
(*s*) The League of Nations.

And now at dinner last night my wife ventilates an entirely new one.

"I've been thinking," she says, "of something we haven't discussed yet, and we'll have to be thinking about it soon. Where *can* we go for the summer holidays now that Wimereux wouldn't be quite patriotic?"

"They found themselves in the bed of one of the glacier streams, and continued down the valley, thinking it to be the Whakapapanui, whereas it was in fact the Whakapapaiti."—*New Zealand Paper.*

The mistake is pardonable.

THE BRIDGE.

SYDNEY HARBOUR, MARCH 19TH.

OVER the crested wavelets ripples a wind of March;
Blue is the harbour roadway and blue are the circling bays;
Spanning the strait like a rainbow stretches the Wonder Arch,
Lifting a noble network of girders and struts and stays.

Here is supreme achievement; here is fulfilled design;
Triumph of infinite labour, crown of unwavering care;
Under it pass the white yachts, the grey ships of the line,
Coasters running for Sydney and tramps that outward fare.

Flags are on all the headlands, flags on the crowded quays,
Sun of the happy south-land setting their stars aflame;
Out and away beyond The Heads the blue flag of the seas
Dips to those royal ramparts saluting the land's acclaim.

Now is the dazzling moment; now are the barriers drawn;
Now are our hearts uplifted to the long thunder of cheers;
Well, right well, have we builded up from our troubled dawn
Into this perfect noonday. Well have we bridged the years.

Here where our cities mingle, here where our twin shores meet,
Long may this arch of beauty stand in its naked steel,
Sounding throughout the ages the march of our million feet,
Proving to all the nations the pride of our Commonweal!

W. H. O.

Not Cricket.

"THE RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mr. Coverdale was the player who won the championship for Durham in 1909 almost 'off his own bat.' "—*Newcastle Paper.*

"A First-Class Chiropodist, disengaged after 7 p.m. Parties specially catered for."—*Advt. in Dublin Paper.*

Hints for hostesses: At Home—Chiropodist, 8 to 9; Dancing, 9 to 12.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN DOESN'T KNOW.

"Not one English housewife in a hundred can cook," says Diana Bourbon, the American novelist. Then she proceeds to lash out at us.

Of course we ought to be pitied because we fail in what must be a sixth sense. We cannot cook, yet at any moment of our uncertain lives we may be called upon to perform extemporary feats with the frying-pan.

This is because English domestics have a weakness (amounting almost to a mania) for giving notice in a body. You may be living a sheltered civilised life, tended by a well-trained parlour-maid, a reliable cook and a daily "tweeny." Then, for some obscure reason, the scorching flame of revolution breaks out and they all give notice. Sometimes they even dispense with the notice, leaving hurriedly and stealthily, without giving you time to get replacements.

Thus in a flash you are up against the biting, crude, stark, raw facts of life; and it's their rawness that troubles you most. You alone, until help comes, must cook for the family.

Grandmother's recipes cannot assist you in this crisis; neither can the handbook on "101 Ways to Cook a Potato." Prayer is in vain. That is why, for the benefit of feminine readers of *Punch*, I append a list of invaluable suggestions.

Naturally in the no-servant dilemma your mind turns almost automatically to sausages—smooth, cylindrical, simple and unassuming, fashioned, it would seem, by a kindly ingenuity to assist the amateur cook. Nothing of the kind. They're just waiting their chance to get into the frying-pan to burst their bonds. (You scrape out the result afterwards with a spoon. Your husband loathes the stuff.) So don't trust sausages.

Regarding eggs, it can merely be said that they are easy to scramble, but, if you want to keep your husband's love, go easy on eggs, no matter what the newspapers say about the abundance of proteids and proteins they possess. A bloodhound fed exclusively on raw meat could not become more ferocious than the average man nourished on a steady diet of eggs.

And there's another thing. You may think that nothing could be more straightforward, more blandly amenable to cooking than a rasher of bacon. Yet the moment it gets into the pan it reveals its diabolical nature. It rolls up and spits at you.

Even more cunning is plaice (filleted). Directly it is dropped, floured and limp, into the boiling fat, a frightful uproar and pother ensue. A blue smoke rises up like incense from a sacerdotal altar. The air is filled with hissing sounds. Often, after a few terrifying moments, *pour comble de malheur*, the frying-pan catches fire. (*N.B.* Be sure that your fire insurance policy hasn't lapsed at this trying time.)

So the only useful thing I can suggest is that you should buy a stout tin-opener. (Always apply iodine immediately to the gash.)

Alternatively, get a man-friend or relative (your husband, for instance, if he has not been soured by your domestic inefficiency) to take you out to dine at a restaurant. Should nobody be available, begin without delay the famous eighteen-day fasting diet. If you must starve anyhow, it is always more satisfactory to starve on a diet.

F. A. K.



Little Girl (after first morning at school). "Mother, you're wrong about B for Bunny. Miss Chadwick says it's for Bread."

Nacktkultur and the Churches.

"Archbishop Kelly has once again appeared in the rôle of censor of the modern young woman's dress. He has laid it down definitely that no dress should be worn above the knees."—*New Zealand Paper.*

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XV.—THE LOST BRACELET.

IT was Mr. Birdikin's exemplary habit to examine from time to time those who were employed in his household in a menial capacity and to give them such moral instruction as he deemed fitting for those of an inferior order of intellect. He had always found the footman John ready and willing to profit by his instructions, and in order to strengthen in him the powers of memory he had presented him with a little volume of moral poetry, from which he was directed to learn by heart a stanza every day, to be repeated to his master when the time for examination came round.

One morning when John was summoned into Mr. Birdikin's presence to show what progress he had made, he informed that gentleman with modest pride that he had got by heart an entire poem which had taken his immature fancy. It was entitled "Feathered Prisoners," and began:—

"I do not like at any age
To see birds hopping in a cage;
Their wings were made for ways more airy;
Poor bullfinch! and oh, poor canary!"

and in twelve lines of sprightly verse adjured the young readers for whom it was written to liberate any songsters which they might be keeping in captivity.

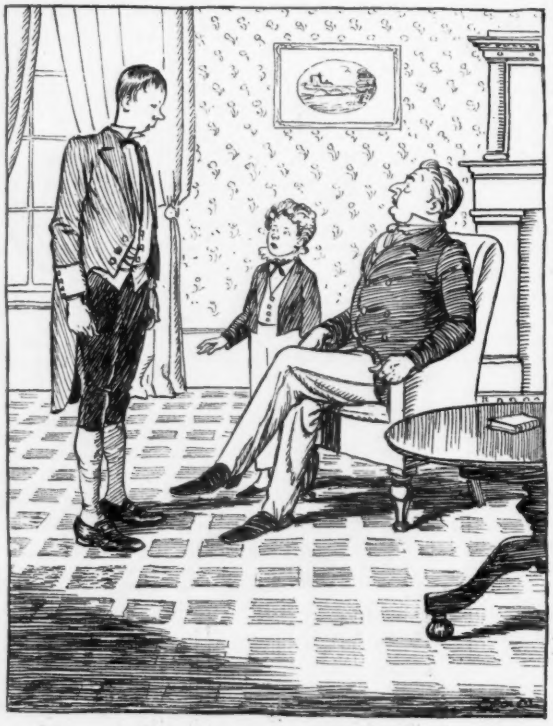
Except for the mispronunciation of the word "empyrean," which occurred in the course of the poem, John acquitted himself well, and Mr. Birdikin commended him. "But I was not aware," he said, "that that particular poem was included in the book with which I presented you."

"Nor is it," said Henry, who liked to be present when his father made examination of the servants. "It is to be found in *Little Rhymes for Little People*, which belongs to me, and which I have lately missed from the place in which I was accustomed to keep it. It is not for me to dictate to my dear Papa, but I would suggest that he should inquire from John how it came into his possession."

The inquiry was made by Mr. Birdikin, but John, who was flurried by the question, could give no reasonable answer beyond saying that he thought he had found it in the waste-paper basket, which it was his duty to clear.

This reply was considered by Mr. Birdikin to be an evasion. "I hesitate," he said, "to accuse you of having *stolen* the book, which you will at once return to its rightful owner, but my eye will be on you in the future. Look well to it that you do not stray from the strict path of rectitude, or punishment will be immediate and condign. Go! I am disappointed in you."

A few days later Mrs. Birdikin missed a gold bracelet which she said she had taken off the night before and laid on her dressing-table. It was not surprising that Mr. Birdikin's suspicion should alight upon the footman, and he summoned him to his presence and accused him of the theft. "For the sake of your hard-working and honest father and of your ailing mother," he said, "I will not give you into custody if instant restitution is made. But you can no longer remain in my service, and when the bracelet has been restored you must leave this house, not again to return to it. Bah! The ingratitude and dishonesty of the lower orders is enough to shake my confidence in the ordering of the universe."



THE FOOTMAN RECITES A POEM.

John burst into tears and vowed that he had not been near Mrs. Birdikin's bed-chamber nor seen anything of the bracelet since she had worn it on her wrist the evening before. But Mr. Birdikin made short work of his protestations. "I am convinced," said he, "that you are the thief. You will remain in your pantry while I have your room searched, and I warn you that unless you make instant confession I shall, as a magistrate, commit you to prison."

Nothing was revealed by the search, but when it was over it was found that John had disappeared. Mr. Birdikin had taken the precaution of locking the door upon him, but he had escaped through the window. This confirmed Mr. Birdikin in the conviction that he was guilty, and he regretted that he had not had search made of the footman's person, for it now seemed probable that he had carried the bracelet away with him. It was unlikely, however, that he had run very far. His father was a woodman in the employ of Captain Rouseabout, and lived in a cottage on that gentleman's estate at no great distance from Byron Grove. Thither it was Mr. Birdikin's intention to repair when he had rested himself after the midday meal, together with his coachman, Bodger, and a stout lad from the stables, who would apprehend the footman and lodge him in the county gaol.

It may be imagined that this disturbing episode was much discussed by the Birdikin children, who, since Miss Smith had left them for a time, were more in the company of their parents and of the servants than usual. With the exception of Henry, they refused to believe in John's culpability.

"It passes my comprehension," said Charles, "what he should want with Mama's bracelet, and I cannot believe that he is a thief."

"I should have been loath to suspect him myself," said Henry, "but for his appropriation of my *Little Rhymes for Little People*."

"You did leave that about," said Fanny, "and it may well have fallen into the waste-paper basket. I believe you stole Mama's bracelet yourself, and I wish you could be sent to prison for it."

"Peace!" said Clara. "Instead of disputing among ourselves, let us devise some means of removing the suspicion that lies upon John."

The children then decided to make a thorough search for the bracelet, which was eventually found by Fanny in the upholstery of the sofa on which Mrs. Birdikin had reclined the evening before.

With a whoop of delight the children ran to their parents with their discovery. Mrs. Birdikin, while pleased to have the trinket restored to her, was not pleased at being convicted of an error of memory in stating that she had left it on her dressing-table, and Mr. Birdikin did not forbear from reprimanding her for a mistake that had led him unwittingly to do an injustice to an honest and willing lad. "Though not accommodated with any marked degree of intelligence," he said, "John is none the less a valuable servant, and is paid a lower wage than would be demanded by one of a higher degree of sagacity. I should be sorry to lose him, and fortunately there is now no necessity that we should do so. I will repair this afternoon to his father's cottage, as already arranged, but *without* Bodger and Thomas, and intimate to John that he is restored to my favour, and that nothing further will be said about his leaving the house without my permission."

"There speaks my generous husband," said Mrs. Birdikin, and Mr. Birdikin glowed with a sense of rectitude, and himself undertook to have the clasp of his wife's bracelet repaired so that it should not again fall from her wrist.

The children accompanied their father to the lowly cot in which John's parents resided, anticipating with pleasure his exoneration from the charge unjustly, as it turned out, preferred against him. Arrived there, they saw a horse tethered to the gate-post, and emerging from the cottage John, still in his footman's livery, and Captain Rouseabout, whose general reputation as a man of dubious habits and speech had long since alienated from him the regard of his upright and high-minded neighbour.

Mr. Birdikin was in no mind to parley with this man, whom he regarded as a reprobate, but Captain Rouseabout instantly called out to him, "Here you, Birdikin, what do you mean by locking up an innocent lad? I'll have you turned off the Bench for it. I'll bring an action for false imprisonment against you."

Though greatly disliking the necessity of explaining himself to a man so lost to all sense of propriety as to address him thus before his children and a menial, Mr. Birdikin could not but express his regret at the error that had led him to act as he had done. "I shall make what amends are called for," he said, "by taking John back into my service, and if his behaviour remains good may even consider giving him a rise of wages on next quarter-day."

"No, you won't," said Captain Rouseabout rudely. "I have taken John into *my* service, and he's well rid of you. Get off my ground, and take your brats with you!"

Mr. Birdikin was about to retire, with that dignity which never forsook him under the most trying conditions, when Captain Rouseabout's eye lighted upon Fanny, whom he had come across on an occasion already recounted. "Hullo, my little dear!" he said. "Want another ride on my horse?"

But Mr. Birdikin had already turned his back upon him, his children obediently following. Fanny, however, turned round and smiled at Captain Rouseabout. Fortunately for her this was not observed by Mr. Birdikin, who forbade his children, under pain of severe bodily chastisement, ever to mention the name of Captain Rouseabout or of John again. A. M.

"The case for the co-despondent has not yet finished."—*Australian Paper.*
A further depression is expected.



Short-sighted Customer. "NO, I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THOSE HATS. I'LL TRY THIS ONE."



Optimistic Lady. "THINGS SEEM TO BE LOOKING UP."

LITTLE LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MORE OR LESS AFTER JANE AND ANN TAYLOR.

[The writer has often felt that the principles of political economy should be instilled as early as possible into the child-mind. Let the modern infant then begin at once on this.]

"OH, why if the world is so awfully full
Of various types of commodities,
Of cocoa and copper and rubber and wool,
Not to speak of mechanical oddities,"
Little Willie observed to his nursemaid one day
While walking in Kensington Gardens
And bowling his hoop into gentlemen's way
Without ever asking their pardons;

"If motors are many where motors were few,
And more are in constant construction,
Should we have to complain, as we frequently do,
Of the evils of over-production?
For I think that we all should have just what we like
And make play with the surfeit of riches,
And father could give me a whopping great bike
And not mind if I wore out my breeches.

"Pray look at the sparrow, the coot and the duck
And the pigeons we're constantly meeting,
They devour every crumb of the bread that we chuck,
And they still go on eating and eating;
For them it appears the conundrum is solved;
It is surely a shameful confession
That the nobler creation of man is involved
In a world-wide financial depression?"

"The fallacy," answered his nursemaid, "I find
(Having sifted the facts from the rumours)
In competitive struggles for markets, combined
With the lack of demand by consumers;
And thus though the world in one sense may appear
To be gaining in wealth, which is lawful,
In another (I hope that I make myself clear)
Its symptoms are something too awful.

"For we do not, like sparrows, so largely depend
On the crumbs which I throw from my basket
As on money which bankers reluctantly lend
At exorbitant rates when we ask it;
Producers keep working beyond and beyond,
Whilst the power of the purchaser lingers . . .
And you keep away from the edge of that pond
And don't start a-sucking your fingers!" EVOE.

Encouragement to Shipping.

"The Inspector of Nuisances reported that during last quarter 41 British and four foreign ships (a Norwegian, a Belgian trawler for repairs, a Dutch, and a Swede) entered the port."—*I.O.W. Paper.*

A Glimpse of the Major Verities.

"The race is not really from Putney to Mortlake. It is through the water that happens to be running between those points on any particular day."—*Daily Paper.*

"Some interest has been expressed as to whether the protection given to ex-Ministers and others will be continued by the new [Free State] Government. The Civic Guard authorities have been given full discretion in this matter. Protection will be given to such persons as they consider necessary."—*Irish Paper.*

Our hearts go out to such persons as are considered unnecessary.



A FIXABLE FEAST.

FATHER TIME. "YOUR EASTER EGG, SIR."

JOHN BULL. "EARLY AGAIN; AND SOMETIMES YOU'RE LATE. WHY CAN'T YOU ALWAYS BRING IT AT THE SAME TIME?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 14th.—It was very un-bank-like of the Dresdner Bank to detain moneys in transit to London from Budapest for the service of that city's debt to British subjects, and the House was not surprised to hear Sir JOHN SIMON assure Sir A. M. SAMUEL that inquiries were being made and vigorous action taken.

Meanwhile Sir ARTHUR's suggestion that such funds should in future be handed to a British commercial attaché for conveyance to this country seemed to go rather a long way towards the implication that as far as Germany is concerned the difference between banks and bandits is one of degree and not of kind.

Germany was again in the picture when Mr. RUNCIMAN, answering a question by Mr. LAWSON, declared that Germany *was* discriminating against this country in the matter of coal quotas. Negotiations were pending, the MINISTER intimated, and meanwhile the German embargo on British coal would continue in effect. Mr. LAWSON was clearly of the opinion that the sooner the cane of tariff retaliation is drawn across the sensitive part of the contumacious Fatherland the sooner we shall know whether the Import Duties Act is worth having.

Just how Mr. DENVILLE, the Member for Monmouth, came to sense the presence of an Irish egg in the Kitchen Committee's larder was not explained, but it resulted in a heated denial by Sir JOHN GANZONI that aught but the hall-marked British cluckberry is allowed to appear on the Parliamentary menu. The answer seemed to pacify the Member for Monmouth, but the knotty point as to whether an Irish egg remains a British egg for political purposes until such time as President DE VALERA drops his republican brick was not really cleared up.

Colonel WEDGWOOD and Mr. ALEXANDER RAMSAY both asked questions indicating concern at the rising temperature of the pound sterling. What steps is the Government taking to reduce the swelling? The FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY, who may know but certainly does not mean to tell, referred the inquirers to the debate on Friday, in which, as Colonel WEDGWOOD pointed out, nothing whatever was said about it.

Further consideration of the Financial Emergency Enactments (Continuance) Bill gave Mr. HORE-BELISHA a happy opportunity to hand a bouquet to the British merchant, wholesale and retail, for his noble self-restraint in refusing to make the fall of sterling an occasion for a little light profiteering. On the contrary, though wholesale food-prices were a trifle higher in February, 1932, than in February, 1931, retail prices were substantially lower. Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE followed with a speech of some abstruseness, in which he seemed



"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA," U.S.S.R.

COMMANDER LOCKER-LAMPSON.

to be chiding the Government for not using its redoubtable powers to make the pound sterling lie down and stay put, as a well-behaved pound should do, even if its gold collar *has* been taken off. No doubt the point was well taken, but it was so abstruse that Mr. SPEAKER could not for the life of him see what it had to do with the Bill. Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE, than whom nobody is more ready to lie down and be a good Member when the occasion calls for it, patiently explained.



She stood, like Ruth, "amid the alien corn."

LADY ASTOR TELLS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.

Mr. BOOTHBY in like vein complained that the Bank of England, on its own confession, did not know what the Government's monetary policy was. For all it knew the Government might be aiming at the restoration of the Gold Standard.

Between those who thought that this should be the Government's ambition and those who thought it should not, a very pretty debate was carried on, which—except that Mr. MASON would persist in calling Mr. LAMBERT "Daniel"—never descended to the personal level.

Tuesday, March 15th.—The Fixed Easter Act of 1928 is one of those legislative Easter eggs that is still waiting to be hatched out by the hen of universal agreement. So at least the Archbishop of CANTERBURY explained to Lord DESBOROUGH. Eighty-two Churches and federations of Churches, it appeared, were in general agreement on the subject of a fixed Easter, but the Holy See could only consider a change from what had been the perpetual usage of the Church on the advice of the Ecumenical Council. Meanwhile there was nothing for Parliament to do but wait.

Lord MARLEY wished to know how the Board of Trade calculates its return of the Annual Balance of Trade in the United Kingdom. Lord TEMPLEMORE intimated that it just scratched about here and there, all statistical contributions being thankfully received. This reference to contributions no doubt spurred on Lord LOVAT to ask what was the use of the International Labour Office, what was the cost of the British contribution, and was it not that much too much. Lord LISTOWEL, a new recruit to the Labour Party's ranks, said it would never do for the world to become suspicious that Great Britain was getting tired of the League of Nations.

To this Lord BANBURY briefly retorted that the League of Nations was designed to maintain the peace of the world, not to maintain Labour Offices. Lord STANHOPE informed the House that the I.L.O. cost this country £54,000 during the last year, and the Director's salary and allowances are 120,000 Swiss francs (or £4,800) per annum—a lot of hire for a Labour official to be worth.

In the Commons Mr. RUNCIMAN agreed with Mr. HANNON that the Portuguese had just clapped another twenty-per-cent of duties on nearly all

imports. And to think that the Liberal Party was once referred to almost reverently as the Portuguese Army!

What does the Governor of the Leeward Islands say to the Governor of the Windward Islands when they meet? "It's a long while between drinks"? Well, not exactly that. He says, "What about closer union between the islands?" which perhaps amounts to much the same thing. And Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER thinks of appointing a Commission to look into the matter.

Mr. ROSBOTHAM having introduced a Bill to enable local authorities to purvey brighter and cleaner shellfish, Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON had a ten-minutes' tilt at the Labour Party with a Bill to prohibit the importation of goods made by foreign forced labour. Mr. LANSBURY "bit" on it, only to be told, on springing to his protesting feet, that he must either oppose the Bill, which he naturally had no intention of doing, or sit down.

Thereafter Air Estimates and other Resolutions wrung expressions of concern from various Members—from Mr. MORGAN-JONES that there should be any Air Force; from General NATION because Malta is insufficiently defended against air attack; from Lieut.-Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON because aircraft *are* so noisy; from Brigadier-General BROWN that two regiments of cavalry had been turned into armoured cars; and finally from Mr. HOLFORD KNIGHT that the Government had pinched private Members' time and yet here was the House going home at 7.30 P.M. because it had nothing more to do.

Wednesday, March 16th.—The Lords discussed Liberia, once famous only for zoological postage-stamps, but now charged by the League of Nations with perpetrating various outrages on the helpless natives of its hinterland. Lords BUXTON, CECIL, ASTOR and others denounced the position with vigour and clarity, but just how Liberia is to be given its "come uppance" was not made clear.

In the Commons the publication of false Stock Exchange quotations formed the subject of a question by Mr. D. GRENFELL. Sir T. INSKIP explained that the Stock Exchange had the matter under consideration. Sir A. M. SAMUEL thought the difficulty would be overcome if the Stock Exchange took a Charter. He might have added that the "House's" immediate concern is a shortage of magnums, not of charters.

Major ELLIOT introduced a Bill to amend the Customs of the Isle of Man. It may be a case of "manners none, customs beastly," but should not the House of Keys be asked to do something about it?

The Wheat Bill, again in Committee, found speakers of all Parties eager to put attractive finishing-touches to it, none so finishing, of course, as those offered by Sir PERCY HARRIS. Sir JOHN GILMOUR proved of stern stuff, however, and no Amendment, up to a late hour, escaped his trusty claymore.

Thursday, March 17th.—Lord SNOWDEN'S speech on the Second Reading of the Emergency Powers Act was brief and to the point. Since it contained a flattering comparison of their Lordships' verbal austerity with the practice, observable in another place, of talking for talking's sake, it could hardly have been otherwise. Perhaps the one unexpected point in the LORD PRIVY SEAL'S remarks was that it is still



DAVID ON THE WAR-PATH AGAIN.
(*After Mr. EPSTEIN*).
MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

desirable, though no longer rudimentary patriotism, that we shall all refrain from travelling unnecessarily abroad.

One would as readily expect to see Lord SANKEY emulating the terpsichorean feats of his Iolanthean prototype as to witness a "scene" in the Upper Chamber. We will therefore refrain from so describing the little exchange of unpleasantries in which—largely through a misunderstanding—Lords MARLEY and ELIBANK found themselves engaged. Lord SALISBURY played the peacemaker with complete success, and decorum resumed its ancient solitary reign.

All other items of interest in the Commons to-day were overshadowed by the return of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Yesterday the Welsh Ulysses gave the recreant suitors a foretaste of what is coming to them. Did they quake in their shoes to-day as he marched boldly up to the Table, a shade more spherical than of yore, but still with the firm step and bright eye of age-defying youth, to take the oath? At any rate the House gave a rousing cheer to one of the most able and resourceful fighters that ever strode the ringing plains of the windy Parliamentary Troy. Will he recover the affectionate embraces of the Liberal Penelope, who must be getting a bit tired of doing something one day and undoing it the next? Who can say? At any rate the House expects to see "something doing" and was quite charmed when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, about to leave the House, ran slap into Sir HERBERT SAMUEL in the act of entering.

L. G., to whom hard words seldom mean hard feelings, grasped Sir HERBERT'S hand with a beaming smile. Sir HERBERT, more than half inclined to give his ferocious critic the hard eye, succumbed and, looking rather red in the face, returned the handshake.

After that the day's proceedings—the Wheat Bill mostly—seemed humdrum; all, that is to say, but the PRIME MINISTER'S announcement that the British delegation to the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa would include the MINISTERS FOR THE DOMINIONS, COLONIES and AGRICULTURE, and the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, and, if possible, the LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The PRIME MINISTER, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS and the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE would be going to Lausanne, Mr. MACDONALD further announced, and probably the HOME SECRETARY, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA or the MINISTER OF HEALTH.

The comprehensiveness of the two lists caused Mr. BUCHANAN to inquire with pretended solicitude why the poor MINISTER OF LABOUR was to be left out of everything. He, it seems, will stay at home and be a Minister of All the Labours.

Spurs to the Imagination.

"DAVIS CUP.
ROUMANIA WITHDRAW SCRATCHING."
Cambridge Paper.

"PRISON FOR SIX EGGS."
Sunday Paper.

That's the place for tough ones.

"4.—Gavotte (Scored for 3 Trumpets, 2 Hoboes . . .)."
Programme of Concert in Shanghai.

It would be a stout hobo that could take on two trumpets.



Girl (*in village stores*). "I'VE COME FOR SOME DOG-BISCUITS."
Salesman. "HOW MANY D' YOU WANT, MISSY?"
Girl. "*I* DON'T WANT 'EM. *I* WANT CHOC'LATES."

THE MENACE OF MULTIPLICITY.

[Dr. A. SHADWELL, the distinguished economist, discusses, in a recent issue of *The Times*, the extraordinary profusion and variety in colour and design of the articles exhibited in the London shops.]

DRYDEN of old in lacerating lines
SHADWELL'S death-warrant as a poet signs;
Another SHADWELL now adorns our age,
But whatsoever themes his pen engage
This can at least be urged in his defence—
In prose he seldom deviates from sense:
Witness his vivid picture of Society
Bewildered by the mania for variety.
Whether in *lingerie* or lollipops,
He finds the same profusion in our shops;
Innumerable forms and countless hues
On every side the purchaser bemuse;
"Too much of everything" and mostly wrong
Is thus the mournful burden of his song.

Emerging from his studious seclusion
Into these scenes of multiple profusion
He registers the symptoms, but withdraws
Without discovering the actual cause,
Content to note the two conflicting streams
That mark an age addicted to extremes;
For while he hails the warnings of the wise,
Who bid us simplify and standardise,
In ominous words, revealing deep anxiety,
"People," he frankly owns, "will have variety."

O simple sage, what boots your copious store
Of economic and industrial lore
While you remain so innocently blind
To the essential facts of womankind?
Why do the chemists labour day and night,
Risking their health and injuring their sight,
In blending those innumerable dyes
That minister to woman's curious eyes?
Why do the hosiers in their gay shopfronts
Indulge in riotous sartorial stunts
Which mock the glories of the peacock's tail
And turn the radiance of the rainbow pale,
If not to furnish added fire and fuel
To man's assault in the eternal duel?
For woman holds, all other lures above,
Colour and novelty in endless love,
True to the classic verdict on her temper,
Which runs, *Mutabile et varium semper*,
Yet now more sure of victory by far
With Science harnessed to her conquering car. C. L. G.

"In the House of Commons to-day, Mr. Horeb Elisha, Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, has announced . . ."
Jamaican Paper.

A prophet with much honour.

AT THE PICTURES.

AMERICAN, ENGLISH, GERMAN.

MR. WALTER HUSTON, one of the best and most versatile actors that the cinema possesses, is not too well treated in *A House Divided*, which, I gather from reading the synopsis of the story, has been badly cut. Some day, when all things are known, we shall learn how it is that Hollywood is without the means of estimating the length of its products. Owing to the first cut having been made at the beginning, several minutes pass before one has any idea as to what is happening, who is who and where we are. Subsequently there is no lack of drama (the principal incident being a derivative of the great moment in Mr. MAXWELL'S novel, *The Guarded Flame*), and the climax is a storm on the Pacific coast in which one's interest in the fate of the actor is lost in curiosity as to how it could have been done. No boat could live among such waves; and as a matter of fact no boat does live, for both are wrecked; the selection of survivors being of course suitable and pleasing to the audience.

But how was the tempest contrived and photographed? In a studio tank? We must suppose so. It should be seen, if only as showing what miracles the film is capable of performing.

A House Divided is wholly American. One of the latest British films is *Women Who Play*, a version of Mr. LONSDALE'S comedy, *Spring Cleaning*, a phrase which, though it occurs in the dialogue, seems to have been considered unsuitable for a movie-title. Why? I should have liked to be present at the conference and heard the arguments against it. In default one must imagine them. "But, my dear fellow, isn't there a suggestion of domestic drudgery about 'Spring Cleaning' which would put our public off? They have too much of it in real life." "Yes, but it's symbolical." "Of course I know that—I'm not an idiot—but how is the public to know?" "Not with LONSDALE'S name on it?" "They don't read authors' names. No, call it something frivolous. It's a frivolous play—underneath, I mean, of course—and why not say so? The title must suggest something about the laxity of the marriage tie; dangerous liaisons, don't you know? I've got it: 'Women Who Play.' Isn't that better?" "You'll lose a lot of people who saw it on the stage." "Let's lose 'em! What do they matter? We'll attract the cinema-fans."

I wish I could be enthusiastic about this effort, but I can't. In fact I am doubtful if Mr. LONSDALE is really translatable into film terms; he needs the theatre and its flesh and blood for the proper pointing of his moral parables.

No contrast could be greater than that between *Women Who Play*, the fabric of which is the follies and compromises of London's smarter Bohemians, and the German film, *Kameradschaft*, an epic of comradeship between German and French miners in the Ruhr district after an overwhelming accident. Here the cinema goes beyond its principal function, which is to amuse and beguile, and not only instructs but moves and refines. For the right understanding of this most remarkable picture, directed by the great Herr PABST, one has to know that the German mines and the French mines are so close together that in 1919 the frontier line dividing the two countries was marked down there, hundreds of feet below ground, as well as above it; also that, in addition to the ordinary rivalry between two nations, leading to frequent disturbances, there is still the rancour of belligerency. Hence when a French mine suffers both from fire and flooding and the German miners volunteer to go to the rescue—since, as one of the leaders explains, they are all "miners first"—the deed seems doubly humane and splendid.

That is what *Kameradschaft* consists of—scenes of mining life on the border, first on the surface and then far beneath it, every moment being chosen with true instinct and every individual in the crowds that number hundreds and hundreds contributing to the tenseness of the drama; while the few principals are so natural that one thinks of them as inhabitants too. It might be described as the triumph of film-acting when one is at a loss to know whether the performers are drawn from the people or the stage. E. V. L.



A COUPLE OF TRIANGLES.

No. 1.

Seth . . . MR. WALTER HUSTON.
Ruth . . . MISS HELEN CHANDLER.
Matt . . . MR. KENT DOUGLASS.



No. 2.

Ernest Steele . MR. BARRY JONES.
Margaret Sones . MISS BENITA HUME.
Richard Sones . MR. GEORGE BARRAUD.

THE GANDHICAP.

IF there is one thing more than another that emerges from the situation in India, it is that the Gandhi cap has been regarded as a symbol of uncompromising nationalism. But the discovery has now been made that in its genesis it is not Indian at all. In a letter under the caption, "Merits of Gandhi Cap," a correspondent in an Indian newspaper, who designates himself a Registered Medical Practitioner, draws attention to the remarkable fact that the Gandhi cap is in general use amongst certain classes or peoples in the British Isles and on the Continent of Europe. Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY once donned the *khaddar* cap in the House, and probably thought he was drawing attention in a novel way to the GANDHI movement. There is no novelty about it. The thing is in reality as familiar as plus-fours or wash-leather gloves.

"In these times," writes the Registered Medical Practitioner (the italics are mine; *the punctuation is his*), "there have been more than many remarks on the Gandhicap. Those who have been in the military departments, of the British Army, must have noticed, that the Khaki cap, worn in the military, is in all its shapes, *like a Gandhicap*, excepting the colour and the regimental symbols. I do not think

these officers who have ever served in the military departments, of any army, could think of raising an objection, as to its ban. Those who have been in the hospitals, must have seen the operating Surgeons, wearing the white cap, which is *in resemblance to Gandhicap*.

"In Europe the workers in various Factories, Laboratories, Restaurants, Hotels, Cooking Schools, wear a white cap, which is *in resemblance to Gandhicap*. I saw in Europe some of the nurses, wearing a white cap, which *greatly resembled the Gandhicap*, though most of the nurses wear, single Band white cap."

Ruritanian Colonels of Foot and the R.A.F., whose official head-dress somewhat resembles Gandhicap in shape, if not in colour and stability, provide examples of the type of cap which the Registered Medical Practitioner clearly has in mind when he refers to the "military departments of any army." He is not so accurate, however, in his references to the nurses. To my mind, the cap our nursing sisters wear is hardly recognisable as Gandhicap or, for that matter, as "single Band white cap." On the other hand, by a little stretch of the imagination (and cap) the covering sometimes adopted by hotel bakers, including those in our floating hotels, and by the girls employed in certain chocolate factories may fairly be compared with the Indian Nationalist head-dress, suggestive as it is of an inverted paper-boat or a jelly-mould.

But the truth is that in the British Isles we have to go north before we strike the Gandhi cap in richest profusion. Our Registered Medical Practitioner unerringly gets to the heart of the matter when he speaks of the popularity of "a cap, which is made of different material, not necessarily white cloth, which somewhat resembles the Gandhicap, but greatly so called the Scotch cap. The Scotch Topee, that is worn by the people of Scotland, is little short of the Gandhicap."

"The Gandhicap," continues our sartorial expert, "is a clean cap which is not heavy for the head, and being washable is a good preventive of any disease, and it may be called the Health Cap."

It will be appreciated that in a tropical country, where the brow is often wet with honest and other sweat, a form of headgear which is light, pliable and, above all, washable has everything to commend it, and indeed the Gandhi cap is in this respect immensely superior alike to the turban of Delhi and the bowler of Whitehall. The soft washable collar has long been established, but the soft washable bowler has not yet been invented, and I am prepared to say it never will be. For that reason the bowler has been regarded with disapproval, not to say disgust, by every dress-reformer worthy of the name. Who will dare to say that the Health cap of India may not yet supplant the bowler of the India Office?

We have seen that the Gandhi cap is not the property of India alone. It is indeed symbolic of the community of interests of East and West. It is something which in truth the East has borrowed from the West. For who can doubt that when GANDHI was a young student in Edinburgh there first took shape in his mind the great conception of making the Glengarry in homespun the distinctive badge of a political movement?

Yet, on the other hand, this discovery seems likely to have strange repercussions in India, where the boycott of everything British, from Manchester cloth to Scotch jute-walas, has been the first plank in the Congress platform. Mr. GANDHI'S followers are realising the truth. Will they not be increasingly offended with him for having adopted as a symbol of nationist aspirations the Glengarry or topee, "greatly so called the Scotch cap"?

On his own head be it.



Lady (engaging cook). "I THINK I OUGHT TO MENTION THAT MY DAUGHTER IS ENGAGED; BUT HER FIANCÉ RARELY COMES TO DINNER."

"UNKNOWN NEW GUINEA."
Daily Paper.

Sell it quickly.

AT THE PLAY.

"TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL" (WESTMINSTER).

IF you refresh your memory of the Book of Tobit with a view to finding out how far Mr. JAMES BRIDIE is justified in claiming that his comedy, *Tobias and the Angel*, is just a "plainsailing transcription" of that ancient fairy-tale, with "one or two liberties taken with the text," you will confirm your suspicion that his is not an altogether candid account of the matter. You will conclude, in fact, that this claim is part of the author's little joke, and as the joke happens to be an amusing one you will not find it difficult to forgive him.

On the strength of one rather "short" answer of the Archangel in the original, *Raphael* is presented to us as a humorist—thus flouting the convictions of theologians that angels are essentially lacking in the exclusively human quality of humour. It is a grave and seemly humour on the whole, and the devout may be assured that it does not seriously compromise the dignity of the Princely Messenger, except perhaps when, in his account of *Asmoday the Afreet*, he recalls that "in the old days" before the fall and rout of the rebels, that always rather unsatisfactory personage had rejoiced in the nickname of "Stinker." One concludes then that there is a certain homœopathic note in the formula prescribed for thwarting the evil designs of that grim strangler of the seven bridegrooms of the unhappy *Sara*.

We are introduced to old *Tobit* in a poor hovel in Nineveh, with his querulous old wife, *Anna*, his half-witted son, *Tobias*, and the dog *Toby*—an animal of excellent manners but uncertain ancestry. The old man bears his poverty and blindness with a fine courage and humour (a humour which apparently colours his estimate of the young Assyrian bloods who in their cups have an engaging habit of strangling his fellow-Jews and leaving them by the wayside).

He sends his son with the handsome stranger who calls himself *Azarias*, as his courier and body-servant, to present to his old friend *Gabael* (who has made a fortune out of a widely-marketed spikenard) an I.O.U. for ten talents and claim payment of an ancient debt. The young *Tobias*, his guardian angel and the dog set out for distant Rages. *Tobias* is a young man of timid not to say cowardly disposition, given, however, to boasting when (egged on by his authoritative mentor) he has captured the devil-fish and incidentally routed a murderous bandit.



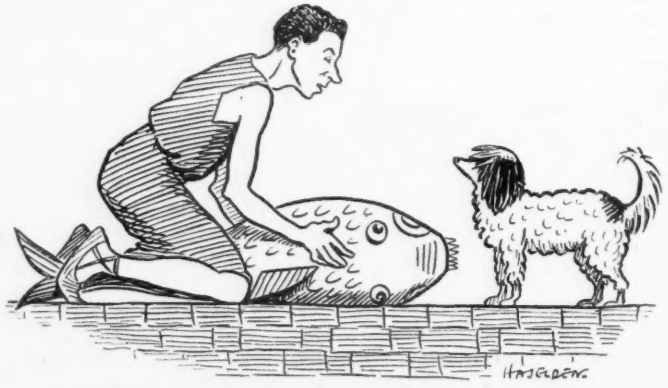
ENTERTAINING AN ARCHANGEL UNAWARES.

TOBIT (MR. MORLAND GRAHAM) HAS A COSY CHAT WITH THE *ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL* (MR. HENRY AINLEY).

The two arrive finally at the magnificent house of that *Raguel*, a friend of old *Tobit*, who is to pass on his son to *Gabael* the perfumer. *Tobias*, hoisted on to the garden-wall, sees *Raguel's* comely daughter, *Sara*, unveiled and at play with her slaves; witnesses a severe whipping which, her temper soured by her untoward experiences, she administers to an impudent Circassian who has made grossly untactful references to the sevenfold failure of her marriages, and loses his heart forthwith.

Raguel, after a half-hearted attempt to save his old crony's son from the fate of his predecessors, gratefully accepts him as a son-in-law, makes ready the marriage-feast and, unconscious of *Azarias'* liver-magic, steals into the garden with a spade, still fearing the worst. Hairy, taloned, grovelling *Asmoday* approaches the bridal chamber; is gassed by the fumes of the smoking liver; and *Azarias*, revealing himself as *Raphael*, with helm, spear and buckler, drives him into headlong flight and, pursuing him across half the world, brings him down over the Nile delta—as in a moment of forgetfulness he informs the startled and incredulous bride and bridegroom.

Meanwhile *Gabael* has paid up the talents with interest, and *Azarias* prepares to lead his young charges back to Nineveh. I suppose the author could not resist the temptation of making *Sara* something of a baggage. She makes love to the handsome courier, who explains to her with grave detachment that she is only in love with him in a strictly Pickwickian sense. And so we proceed to the happy reunion with *Anna*, who had given up all hope, and *Tobit*, who had never doubted and is now restored to sight by an operation no longer in favour with oculists of repute.



TOBIAS (MR. FREDERICK PIPER), HIS FISH AND HIS DOG *TOBY* (NO RELATION TO MR. PUNCH'S).

I hope I have conveyed something of the flavour of this queer essay in historical reconstruction. I have, I am sure, failed to suggest how free of offence it is and with what graceful tact the ingenious author manages to convey some of the splendour and solemnity of the Archangel without making his qualities appear unduly incongruous.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY was a fine, if not exactly austere, figure of an Archangel in disguise. He gave just enough air of gravity and other-worldly detachment to his quiet jokes and barbed repartees to make them plausible, and his fine rich voice was used with magnificent effect in the serious passages. Mr.

MORLAND GRAHAM'S *Tobit* was a merry old soul and a good—an altogether charming invention of the author's. Mr. FREDERICK PIPER'S *Tobias* was properly subdued to the rather drab unheroic key of the part. Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY did not seem to be altogether in the picture. But I think the original author and the adapter must take part of the blame for that. The dancers and slaves just avoided an effect of being strays from a neighbouring musical comedy—which with other strokes of tact may be attributed to the careful and sympathetic production of Mr. EVAN JOHN.

Here, anyway, is an unusual, a witty and a by no means ungodly entertainment to be recommended to all and sundry. T.

"DIRTY WORK" (ALDWYCH).

I do not know whether Mr. BEN TRAVERS finds himself too seriously handicapped by the absence of Mr. TOM WALLS, but certainly this latest specimen of the Aldwych school of farce does seem to lack the jolly spontaneity and headlong movement of its predecessors.

The plot of *Dirty Work*, which is concerned with the designs of a little gang of crooks upon the more valuable contents of Messrs. Stirling, Bray & Co.'s shop, is unduly complicated without being of much intrinsic mirth-producing quality or interest; and it involves an unusual amount of explication and repetition which hold up the action. More even than formerly, then, the humour is dependent on the exertions of Mr. RALPH LYNN—his restless antics, perverse misunderstandings and inversions of the most obvious phrases, his fixed vacuous smile, his occasional strokes of really charming nonsense; and though all these have their value, especially for trained and loyal Aldwych audiences, they are not in themselves sufficient to fill all the gaps or prevent moments of dreariness, which are fatal to the pretensions of authentic farce. There is, in fact, only one other part besides Mr. LYNN'S (*James Milligan*, shop-manager, but really, of course, just Mr. RALPH LYNN as usual) that afforded any sufficient scope to the actor—that of the ultra-conscientious and ultra-respectable assistant, *Mr. Clement Peck*, of whom Mr. J. ROBERTSON HARE made a droll and, if you looked beneath the surface, genuinely pathetic victim of environment. A worthy man, this *Mr. Peck*, you felt, and got the impression that, absurd as he was, he was still a genuine and living character and that in fact you had seen somebody just like him at Harridges.

And there were two neat little character-sketches—by Mr. GEORGE BARRETT of a stage-costumier and by Miss ETHEL COLERIDGE as the senior lady-assistant in the shop. The rest of the players were there in the interests of the complex mechanism of the piece—the crooks (Mr. HENRY HEWITT, Mr. LOUIS BRADFIELD and Miss MARGARETTA SCOTT), the shop proprietor and junior assistants (Mr. ARCHIBALD BATTY and the Misses CONSTANCE CARPENTER, MARJORIE CORBETT and JOAN BRIERLEY), with chars, hall-porters and what-not for make-weights.

The appeal of humour is so uncertain and individual an affair that I must in common honesty qualify this rather unenthusiastic survey by reporting a sufficiently general appreciation on the part of the audience. Yet there was not that uninterrupted ripple of jolly laughter, punctuated frequently by the irresistible general guffaw, which is the accepted ritual at this merry playhouse. T.



FORETHOUGHT.

RAGUEL (Mr. HAROLD MEADE), WITH UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE OF THE MORTALITY OF HIS SONS-IN-LAW, GOES GRAVE-DIGGING "JUST IN CASE."



DIRTY WORK: A CLEAN SHAVE UNDER PROTEST.

James Milligan . . . . MR. RALPH LYNN.
Clement Peck . . . . . MR. J. ROBERTSON HARE.
Mrs. Bugle . . . . . MISS MARY BROUGH.

M. Briand and Mr. Punch's Cartoon.

The statement made last week about the original drawing of Mr. Punch's cartoon, "A Friend of Peace," was not quite correct. It was secured by the Junior Members of the League of Nations Union in London, and was to have been presented to M. BRIAND through the kind offices of the French Ambassador.

On the 15th March, at a meeting of over 1,000 children, it was handed to M. DE FLEURIAU, who accepted it on behalf of M. BRIAND'S relatives, and said that when he last saw him M. BRIAND knew the circumstances and was very much touched by this tribute.

Pearls of the Pellucid.

"Sir Malcolm, asked whether he intended to go out again, replied: 'I do think that a speed of 300 miles per hour and over is quite possible, providing one has the car that will do it."—*Evening Paper.*

"In large departments, such as the Ministries of Health, of Labour, or the Post Office, typists are segregated in a large pool, upon which officials draw haphazardly as required."
Evening Paper.

See picture on p. 309.

An Ethereal Underworld.

"WEELSBY ROAD SUBWAY.
STILL IN THE AIR?"
Grimsby Paper.

An Impending Apology.

"'THE ROTTERS'
PERFORMANCE BY CO-OPERATIVE DRAMATIC CLUB.
Miss —— plays a natural part."
Midland Paper.

"For several years the greens of Rye Golf Course have suffered severely, and in dry seasons it was noticed that the leather-jackets congregated in moist places."
Daily Paper.

We have frequently seen swarms of them propping up the 19th hole.

ELEGY ON A VILLAGE CRICKET PITCH.

[It is reported that the Southwick (Sussex) Council has decided, in the face of much local opposition, to ban cricket on the village green, where it has been played since the earliest days of Sussex cricket.]

SUPPOSE in this forbidden spot is found
Some heart aflame to guard the ashen pegs;
Hands that can bump the fast ones off the ground
Or curl the googly round the batsman's legs;

Shall WISDEN'S pages bear no record which
Their centuries and wickets may unroll
Because the Council keeps them off the pitch,
Refusing them the right to bat or bowl?

May only ghosts of players after dark
Perform upon this field where sport is crime,
And phantom catches drop without remark
In the abyss of butter-fingered Time?

Nay, let some village HAMMOND take his guard,
Some rustic PEEBLES bowl with artless tricks
Th' innocuous-seeming ball across the sward,
And some mute DUCKWORTH crouch behind the sticks.

Be theirs th' applause of yokels to command,
The threats of fine and prison to despise,
To scatter sixers o'er the smiling land
And steal their runs beneath the Council's eyes.

ON CIRCUIT.

(*By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.*)

A DERBY Vicar mentions in his Parish Magazine that of thirty replies to his advertisement for a curate half the applicants were confirmed butterflies, whose records showed that they were in the habit of changing their curacies as often as they got a new suit of clothes.

The Vicar, I fear, is no entomologist, for there seems little doubt that what he has discovered in the Cloth is moths.

* * *

Moths which, for protection, resemble hornets were found in Jesmond Dene and have been exhibited at a conversazione at the Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Frequenters of Jesmond Dene will be well advised to adopt protective measures against hornets which look like moths which look like hornets.

* * *

In a discussion of the proposal to convert the Winter Garden at Cheltenham into an ice-rink the Mayor told the Town Council that this building had been a white elephant ever since the Corporation purchased it, and must have been a bugbear to the people who owned it before that.

His Worship, I gather, takes the view that the Garden is destined to be zoological in character.

* * *

In *The Staffordshire Weekly Sentinel* publicity is given to the good work done by Mr. F. C. MILLINGTON, formerly of Hanley, in mobilising the Boy Scouts during the time of the Shanghai emergency.

China, of course, has always had a special interest for the Potteries, and it seems only fitting that a worthy part in the Far East crisis should be played by a representative of the Five Towns.

* * *

At a meeting of the Westmorland County Council, when a protest against the use of the expression, "Ullswater Lake," was under consideration, the Chairman pictured Lord ULLSWATER as having a walk by the lakeside and meeting somebody who said, "How beautiful is Ullswater!"

I venture to suggest that a safer opening would be to ask the former Speaker of the House of Commons whether the lake had caught his eye.

* * *

When a mouse appeared in a passage at the Pump Room, Bath, while a dance was in progress, ladies are said to have behaved with commendable sangfroid, especially one girl, who sat smoking her cigarette within eighteen inches of the creature.

I can't help wondering whether she would have displayed the same courageous indifference to the appearance of BEAU NASH.

* * * .

Lecturing at Chesterfield on Derbyshire folk-lore and superstitions, the Rev. W. L. COLEMAN mentioned the belief that when a person sends a dish of pig's-fry to a neighbour it is considered unlucky to wash the plate before returning it.

In point of superstitious sensitiveness I should go even further than the folk of Derbyshire and regard the original arrival of the plate with the pig's-fry on it as most unfortunate.

A TRIBUTE TO "LEWIS CARROLL."

Mr. Punch has sincere pleasure in supporting an appeal for funds to endow a "LEWIS CARROLL" Ward for Children at St. Mary's Hospital in this the centenary of his birth. He is moved to support it not only by the thought of "LEWIS CARROLL'S" love, which he shares, for children, but by his own personal pride in the unforgettable association of *Alice* with the art of a member of his Round Table, Sir JOHN TENNIEL. Both these thoughts are embodied in the following lines which Mr. Punch published at the time of "LEWIS CARROLL'S" death:—

LOVER of children! Fellow-heir with those
Of whom the imperishable kingdom is!
No longer dreaming, now your spirit knows
The unimagined mysteries.

Darkly as in a glass our faces look
To read ourselves, if so we may, aright;
You, like the maiden in your faërie book,
You step beyond and see the light!

The heart you wore beneath your pedant's cloak
Only to children's hearts you gave away,
Yet unaware in half the world you woke
The slumbering charm of childhood's day.

We older children, too, our loss lament,
We of the "Table Round," remembering well
How he, our comrade, with his pencil lent
Your fancy's speech a firmer spell.

Master of rare woodcraft, by sympathy's
Sure touch he caught your visionary gleams,
And made your fame, the dreamer's, one with his,
The wise interpreter of dreams.

Farewell! But near our hearts we have you yet,
Holding our heritage with loving hand,
Who may not follow where your feet are set
Upon the ways of Wonderland.

The promoters of this appropriate tribute appeal for a minimum sum of £10,000 for the endowment, special equipment and suitable decoration of an ideal ward for children, and Mr. Punch joins them in commending the proposal "to the generous consideration of all lovers of *Alice* throughout the world." Donations to the "Lewis Carroll Memorial Fund" may be sent to the honorary treasurer, Mr. ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD, at St. Mary's Hospital, W.2.

CABARET—WHAT WILL IT BECOME?



THE PEP AND ENERGY ONE USED TO ASSOCIATE WITH CABARET TURNS—



ARE GIVING PLACE TO A MORE LANGUID TYPE OF PERFORMANCE—



WHICH MAY POSSIBLY DEVELOP INTO AN EXHIBITION OF COMPLETE COMA.



House-Agent. "A MOST DESIRABLE MAISONETTE, SIR."
Client. "AH! AND I SEE IT'S ALSO GOT A GARDENETTE AND A GARAGETTE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

St. Patrick.

I SEEM to remember Mr. BELLOC, in malicious reproduction of the methods of GIBBON, alluding to ST. GEORGE as a saint of whom very little was known, and adding in an obscure footnote, "I should say practically nothing." Undoubtedly you cannot claim so little for ST. PATRICK; but, seeing that the best life of him was a largely topographical record of his missionary journeys compiled in the eleventh century, and that the saint himself flourished from 389 to 463 or so, it is obvious that an intimate portrait is not easy to come by. Miss WINIFRED LETTS has been doubly inspired in writing *Saint Patrick the Travelling Man* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 12/6). She has plenty of topographical facts to go upon, and she offers them as an additional lure to those lovers of Ireland who will enjoy tracking the vestiges of the saint. PATRICK'S British origins are shadowy things; but the *dun* of his Irish kidnappers is graphically described and the character of its ruler, MILCHO, handled with justice and sympathy. The saint's own *Confessions* are responsible for the angel who inspired his journeys—a very credible and ruthless angel who brought the escaped slave back to Ireland as a Roman Bishop and kept him "in bondage to the end." "Tender to the sons of life, rough to the sons of death," PATRICK has perhaps suffered in his benigner aspects from his countrymen's enjoyment of the militant. Miss LETTS has faced this difficulty with sensibility and grace, both of which qualities are happily exemplified in the work of LESLEY BLANCHE, who has illustrated this attractive book.

The Grand Tour.

The eighteenth-century English gentleman was fortunate in completing his education with the Grand Tour. Subsequently he seems to have seized every possible opportunity to slip across the Channel in the most precarious of packets, arriving (it may be) pick-a-back at Calais, but always arriving and welcomed. War never held him up for long. Revolution served to fill his diary with portraits of heads on pikes. Even the exchange was not as a rule more extortionate than his own taxes. The adventures of a score of him—with a delightful introduction on the habits and manners of the species—are described by Miss CONSTANTIA MAXWELL in *The English Traveller in France, 1698-1815* (ROUTLEDGE, 15/-), and I congratulate the gifted historian on a spirited, scholarly and extremely entertaining book. SMOLLETT, STERNE and ARTHUR YOUNG are not allowed to monopolize the stage. The honours of the day are with Dr. JOHN MOORE, who was in Paris for the Terror, and PHILIP THICKNESSE, Esq., who travelled in '76, with his wife, small daughters, monkey, parakeet and four stringed instruments to play dance-tunes for the peasants. BIRKBECK the Quaker, who made post-Revolution inquiries into farming, and TWISS the dilettante, who specialized in rare plants and obscene books, are characteristic of their respective poles; and I must not omit the unconquerable Lord BLAYNEY, who enjoyed himself so thoroughly as a prisoner of war that he

returned and bought a château under the Bourbons. A fascinating bibliography of other tours of the period omits, I note, the HAYDON-WILKIE visit to Paris of 1814.

Beachcomber is Romantic.

There's a mountain peak which towers
From the Pyrenean ranks
Armed with legendary powers
Over those who scale its flanks.

Through some brand of necromancy
Climbers languish on the spot
With an ailment that they fancy
To be love—which it is not.

It's a myth, but *Maladetta*
(7/6 from CHAPMAN, HALL)
So presents it as to set a
Stamp of truth upon it all.

We are shown as leading actors
Youth poetic, maiden fair,
And you'd say a team of tractors
Couldn't separate the pair.

Yet they're doomed to dislocation;
Even J. B. MORTON'S charm,
Grace and humour in narration
Cannot keep them arm-in-arm.

For the mountain looms above them
Till they slip apart, but you
Learn to like and then to love them,
Which may compensate the two.

Sorrowful Marriage.

Although the tale of *Mary Hansyke*, shipping queen and matriarch, was told to the end in a memorable trilogy, Miss STORM JAMESON is evidently as loth to let her go as is Mr. GALSWORTHY to part from his *Forsytes*. She makes no personal appearance, but her august presence is felt in the background of *That Was Yesterday* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), which is the record of the lustreless lustre of wedlock endured by her granddaughter, *Hervey Vane* (born *Russell*). A tincture of inherited tenacity enables *Hervey* to survive her ordeal, but whether she will make good in the salaried sanctuary which she has reached remains to be seen. For she is an uncouth and incompetent young woman, a rudderless dreamer, as incapable of the literature to which she aspires as of the domestic efficiency which she despises. But, be it said in her defence, she is cursed with a husband calculated to shatter not only love's young dream but sanity itself. Mean and dishonest, boastful and vindictive to the point of physical violence—a schoolmaster in peacetime and during the War an airman who takes care to keep his feet safe and firm on English soil—*Penn Vane* is as unpleasant a character as the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter* combined. The humiliations which he and poverty inflict on the unfortunate *Hervey* are chronicled by Miss JAMESON with the loving particularity which the pre-Raphaelites bestowed on the painting of a primrose. *That Was Yesterday* is an ably told but unexhilarating story, without a single character to engage full sympathy.

Pickwick and Soda.

Possibly there are some to whom the humour of Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK does not appeal. But then we have heard of women—and a few men—who could not see where the fun of MARK TWAIN came in either. Let us admit that neither of these eminent jesters is always at his best. Who is? There are one or two sections, for example, in *The Dry Pickwick* (JOHN LANE, 5/-) which strike us as less happy than usual—as though Mr. LEACOCK (horrid thought!) were almost forcing himself to joke. The first "incongruity," as the author calls them, is that which gives its name to the book, and it gives his idea of how the *Pickwick Papers* should be altered for American consumption—how, in fact, the innumerable drinking-bouts at Dingley Dell and elsewhere could be revised in order to harmonise with United States legislation. It is done, and done very cleverly, but somehow it is less amusing than it ought to be. Possibly the sight of *Pickwick, Winkle, Wardle* and the rest at the mercy of bootleggers and wood-spirit is too painful a subject to rouse our laughter. Nor (and this is something in the same line) does "Confessions of a Soda Fiend" arride us greatly. But "A Mediæval Hole in One," carried through after the manner of the tournament in *Ivanhoe*, is really funny, and so is "The Great War as Recorded by

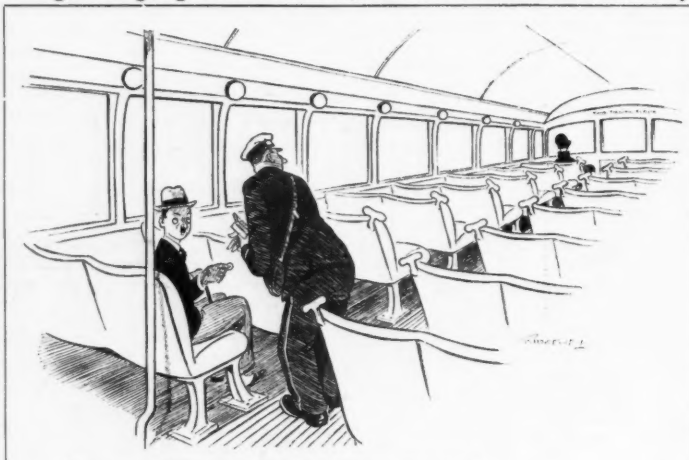


"MOTHER, WHY DIDN'T WE HAVE A BABY WITH A HEAD AT EACH END?"

Mr. William Shakespeare." In his own peculiar vein, which I should take to be satire that is at once amusing and a serious criticism of life, the best things are perhaps the peeps into the future, such as that extract from the Annual Register of 1933 which he calls "Ratification of the New Naval Disagreement," and "Why the Next War Didn't Happen."

The Charm of Birds.

It would be hard to imagine a more beautiful book about birds or about Nature than *Why Birds Sing* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). M. JACQUES DELAMAIN writes it, RUTH and ANNA SARASON translate it from its original French into fine English, and the French Academy have crowned it with the academical bays. The book is divided, like the Muses, into nine parts—the first of them lending its title to the whole. The author does not pretend to teach new things. He loves birds with a passionate enthusiasm. And he has the God-sent gift of being able to make his love articulate and to colour a page with words as a gathering of goldcrests colours a winter birch-tree. M. DELAMAIN takes us into the intimate heart of birds. He shows us the loves and the hates of his friends for each other. He presides over their nuptials. He shows us the rhythm of the seasons and the opening and the shutting of doors. Indeed I think that in all this beautiful book the chapters that treat of migration, the mystery, the impulse that takes, by arduous ways, the tiniest bundle of feathers from a Surrey orchard into perhaps an African jungle, only to twitter there for a brief space before beginning the long journey home again to the nesting site in an English apple-tree, are the most interesting. Then there is "The Circuit of the Titmice," a chapter as full of autumnal magic and fairy-tale caprice as an October wood. And at the end of the book is the story of a family of MONTAGU'S harriers which is a pocket classic in itself.



Passenger. "TWO TO CASTLE SQUARE, PLEASE."
Conductor. "TWO?"
Passenger (feeling explanation is due). "YES, THE LADY IN FRONT—MY WIFE. UNFORTUNATELY WE'VE JUST HAD A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION."

Deep Waters.

When I read on the jacket of *Three Fevers* (CAPE, 7/6) the publisher's reference to stark realism I was afraid that I knew exactly what to expect. I mention this in case my prejudice may be shared by those who have disliked similarly-labelled books, for Mr. LEO WALMSLEY'S work is too beautiful to be missed. He has chosen a curious method of telling his tale, for, though the story is written in the first person, the narrator barely mentions himself. He goes out in the boats with North Sea fishermen and records their conversations but never their thoughts, except as revealed through speech and action. Even when describing a violent storm this self-effacing victim of it does not mention his own feelings. So far as the reader is concerned, the "I" of the story might be the familiar in a fisherman's household. The result is that we get a record of facts and observations that is uncluttered by emotion. The story, which is very simple, gives an account of the eight months' fishing experiences of the *Lunns* and their rivals the *Fosdycks*, and contains descriptions of the making of lobster-pots, the excitements of salvaging, and the restless fever that attacks fishermen between the close of one season and the beginning of another. There is no mention of love in the book, nor any stressing of the picturesque, nor any attempt to make high-falutin romance out of the lives of men who are tough and humorous and valiant. The author writes as vigorously and sincerely as the Psalmist about those who occupy their business in the great waters.

Volcanic Eruptions.

The earth behaved none too well in *The Survivors* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). Indeed we see her "kicking and heaving in her travail, striving to throw off, like one in delirium, her stifling quilt of sea." In this most disconcerting ambition she was successful to the extent of wrecking an American passenger steamer and of grounding a British cruiser on land that had suddenly bulged up in mid-ocean. All of which may sound sensational and even silly; but if you follow my suggestion and sample Mr. FRANCIS SIBSON'S story you will find that it is redeemed from sensationalism and silliness by his manner of telling it. The chapters that deal with the rescue of the two American survivors by a small party from the cruiser are especially admirable, both as regards adventure and in their revelation of character. I shall remember Mr. SIBSON, for he has an original mind and an attractive style. Odd as it may seem, sentimentalism rather than sensationalism is the danger in his path.

The Grip of the Gangster.

A few years ago I should have thought that Mr. W. R. BURNETT, in his story of gangsters, *The Silver Eagle* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), was stretching the long-bow. To-day fact is so far stranger and stronger than fiction that, if his tale relied upon lurid incident alone, it would not attract any attention. Happily, however, he is not dependent upon sensational events and most foul crimes. *Saint Johnson* was of its kind a fine story; this in the crispness of its dialogue and its observation is finer. Quite clearly we can see *Frank Harworth* getting into deeper and muddier water as he is lured on by his love of money and by social ambition. His associates, unhampered by moral precepts, were a tough crowd, but Mr. BURNETT gives each one of them such a distinct individuality that it is almost possible to be oblivious of the gross and greedy atmosphere in which they spend their licentious lives.

A Case for the Anti-Vivisection Society.

"Sir Samuel Hoare replied that in exercising the normal control of the postal and telegraphic correspondence the Indian authorities would naturally consider primarily the contents rather than the status of the addressee. . . ."—*Indian Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

"BILL TO LEGALISE SWEEPS," announces a headline. Surely it would have been more respectful to have called him Sir WILLIAM?

***

Hops are to be controlled; but confidence is felt that this will not prevent them from getting into the beer.

***

According to a paragraphist the modern child who really loves cakes is rare. We seem to know a lot of rare children.

***

As an instance of the cuckoo surviving the winter in England, a newspaper reader relates that he gave one to the cook in charge of an officers' mess-kitchen, who brought it back alive and well the following year. Officers never eat cuckoo.

***

An M.P. thinks that Parliament should only meet in the evenings. A large body of opinion, however, still favours the continuance of matinée performances.

***

Visitors to the Zoo are warned that the inmates resent gloved hands. We should never dream of offering a gloved hand to a Fellow.

***

The Ruislip resident who complained to the local Council that more burglars than policemen visited his road did not, however, suggest a fifty-fifty arrangement.

***

It is disclosed in *The Evening Standard* that Lord BEAVERBROOK is not an impeccable speller. Yet his stuff is accepted.

***

The French meteorological expedition to the Arctic which sails from St. Malo in June in the yacht *Pourquoi Pas?* is to be accompanied by the ice-breaker *Pollux*. A smooth voyage would be assured by the attendance of the oil-pourer *Castor*.

***

Beauty-specialists undertake to remove the effects of a depression; but it does not appear that they have perfected a painless process of heart-lifting.

***

The financial difficulties of Continental casinos, which have become acute, are ascribed to the effect of economic conditions upon the type of visitor who used to put the dough into Deauville.

***

Artificial eyelashes tipped with gold, to be worn at dinner, are a New York fashion which is calculated to revive in many New Yorkers regretful memories of dinners when even the waiters were tipped with gold.

***

In view of the possibility, which has been mentioned, that Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN might be elected King of the Gipsies, conjecture is rife as to whether this would involve his abdication of the throne of Chelsea.



THE GOLF MANIAC PROPOSES.

One-thousand-and-fifty pounds was paid during the current financial year to persons giving information to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue as to the incomes of other taxpayers. Taxpayers of course don't get paid for giving information as to their own incomes.

***

A lady describes how she had just laid a newly-cleaned carpet on her lawn when a pack of foxhounds ran over it. Towards the end of the season considerate hunting-people should keep their ears open for the cautionary cry of "'Ware carpet!"

***

A French scientist declares that a mosquito will always bite a rabbit in preference to a human being. In the same way a human being will always prefer a rabbit to a mosquito as a delicacy.

A Christmas parcel posted last year at Gillingham has just been delivered at Shoeburyness. Presumably because it was addressed to Shoeburyness.

***

We read that a boy charged with stealing a motor-car was congratulated upon his pluck. If it was anything like some second-hand cars we have seen he certainly deserved it.

***

In connection with a recent statement in a morning paper that owing to the absence of rain there is likely to be a shortage of milk, we have decided to pass on just as if nothing had been said.

***

A poultry-farmer says his hens do not pay when he has to sell their eggs at a penny each. Could he not persuade them to lay more expensive ones?

***

A Government official complains that a lot of petty thefts take place in post-offices. He should have "Not To Be Taken Away" scratched on the ink.

***

A woman reader of *The Daily Telegraph* describes the B.B.C. Orchestra as a cuckoo in the nest. We are afraid it is too late for her to claim that she was the first to hear it this year.

***

A speaker recently suggested that what Britain needs more than anything is a first-class publicity-agent. But we doubt if the public would stand for the Crown Jewels being temporarily stolen for advertising purposes.

***

An ornithologist points out that a rook's nest always contains an even number of twigs. Very odd.

***

It is worry more than anything else that makes people's hair fall out, says a doctor. We know a barber whose racing-tips ought to create a heavy demand for his hair-restorer.

An Impending Apology.

"To mark the conclusion of Mr. ——'s forty-five years as organist at Solihull Parish Church a fund has been raised to restore the organ."—*Daily Paper.*

"Mr. —— was at the organ, and for the first time in the history of —— the choir were completely robed. The boys and girls, of course, were robed before."—*Southport Paper.*

We are relieved to hear it.

NAPOLEON'S REVANCHE.

[He is supposed to be soliloquising over the ruins of Waterloo Bridge.]

SINCE the occasion of my going West,
If there was one thing—and I know of many—
That always rankled in my ghostly chest,
It was this curséd bridge composed by RENNIE.

Far more it angered my disgruntled spook,
Recalling Waterloo (where I was beaten),
Than any graven image of the Duke,
More, even, than the playing-fields of Eton.

Though ancient enmities one day lie dead
And victory's record they no longer cherish,
Never will Englishmen (that's what I said)
Allow so great a masterpiece to perish.

Their sense of line may not go very deep;
In point of art they may be none too clever;
Shops they may keep; but they will also keep
This thing of beauty as a joy for ever.

And now a hammer-blow undreamed by me
Descends and leaves it brutalised and broken;
I am avenged, and beg the L.C.C.
Of my best compliments to take this token.

No more shall my vexed spirit haunt the place
Now that mine eyes its glory stripped and bare see;
So to the Goths who did this act of grace
"*Messieurs les meurtriers*," I cry, "*grand merci!*"

O. S.

MY NEW EYE.

AT the cost of several good guineas I have just bought a new eye from a Mr. Retina of Harpole Street. As a matter of fact it isn't really new, because I had the pair of them at birth; but you will see what I mean later on.

Lately I have been having some rather good headaches—those dull dark-red ones—without any apparent reason. I knew that I was none of those revolting things that the more obscene sections of the advertisement columns accuse one of being, and so for once I took the advice of that queer legion of people whose business in life is the enjoyment of other people's bad health and went to see an oculist.

As soon as I had been admitted to Mr. Retina's waiting-room an attendant harpy sprayed what I took to be vitriol into my eyes with a fountain-pen filler (a punishable offence, I believe, if I cared to take the matter up). This, she said, was in order to dilate the pupils. I was eventually handed on to Mr. Retina with my eyes in a horrible state of confusion—the yolk having run all over the white, as with a mis-poached egg. He peered into my soul as though I were a watch that had come to be mended. Then he did the most amazing things with lights. I was flood-lighted and spot-lighted alternately; I felt that if he kept me bathed in light much longer I should break into a theme-song of some sort. After that we had a little elementary reading-test on a chart some miles away. At first I couldn't get one of the lines right, which annoyed me, as I can read quite fast to myself. However, he kept sliding things in front of my eyes until I was perfectly fluent.

Then he gave me a secret missive addressed to some optician and unfeelingly turned me adrift into the outer world. This was extremely difficult for me, as I was only able to see men as trees walking. I anchored for some time under the shade of a stately blue tree until it told me to move on. Thinking to thwart Mr. Retina, I opened the sealed orders—none of your *Hamlet* nonsense for me—but the contents turned out to be merely another educational test, a geometrical theorem with a dash of algebra, which cost me a further three guineas to get solved.

But, to come to the interesting part, Mr. Retina told me that I had not been using my right eye for several years. Since 1927, perhaps, I had been leading a Cyclopean existence and seeing just half of what everyone else was seeing. What is going to happen when the spectacles arrive and the other eye is declared open for play? I hope and pray that everything is not really twice the size I thought it. For one thing, I have been married since I entered the monocular state, and if Freda turns out to be 11ft. 2in. tall I shan't care for it a bit. I think, though, she would have told me if there had been anything like that in her family.

However, if the worst happens I shall find one consolation—on the links. It seems that the eye I have been keeping on the ball all this time is the one that doesn't work. I have attained my present degree of skill and my handicap of 24 *using a half-sized ball*. When the spectacles come I shall go straight out and play Sumsion and give him the shock of his life.

* * * * * * *

Later.—Have played Sumsion. I was four down and was just going to spring a surprise six on him at the short fifth when the new glasses decided to take a more active part. They leapt from my face at the moment of impact and were sliced into the rough. Altogether a most expensive little round; it cost me three guineas, not counting lost balls and the usual half-crown.

OUR GORDIAN KNOT.

[The Committee appointed in 1927 to codify the law relating to Income-tax and to "simplify its expression" has started on the final stage of its labours under the chairmanship of Lord MACMILLAN.]

FIVE years ago you undertook your task
To drive the dark impenetrable mist hence
That shrouds our *bête-noire's* movements and unmask
This bugbear of the average man's existence;
Ere long, we trust, you will unveil the villain,
Under the chairmanship of Lord MACMILLAN.

Soon, when that hateful form arrives, we'll be
Able to size him up in half-a-minute,
Settle old scores with Schedule A or E,
And find there's absolutely nothing in it,
Save that, of course, the total of our ransom
Will be, as usual, extremely handsome.

Which brings me to the point I have in view:
For, when at last you've managed to unshackle
This minor fetter binding us (and you),
There is a tougher task that you might tackle:
So that our lives may prove serene and sunny,
Please simplify the means to find the money.

A. K.

The New Camera Obscura.

"There was a burst of excitement, a short spasm of talk and noise—and things became normal while photographs were faken."
Daily Paper.

A Needless Reminder.

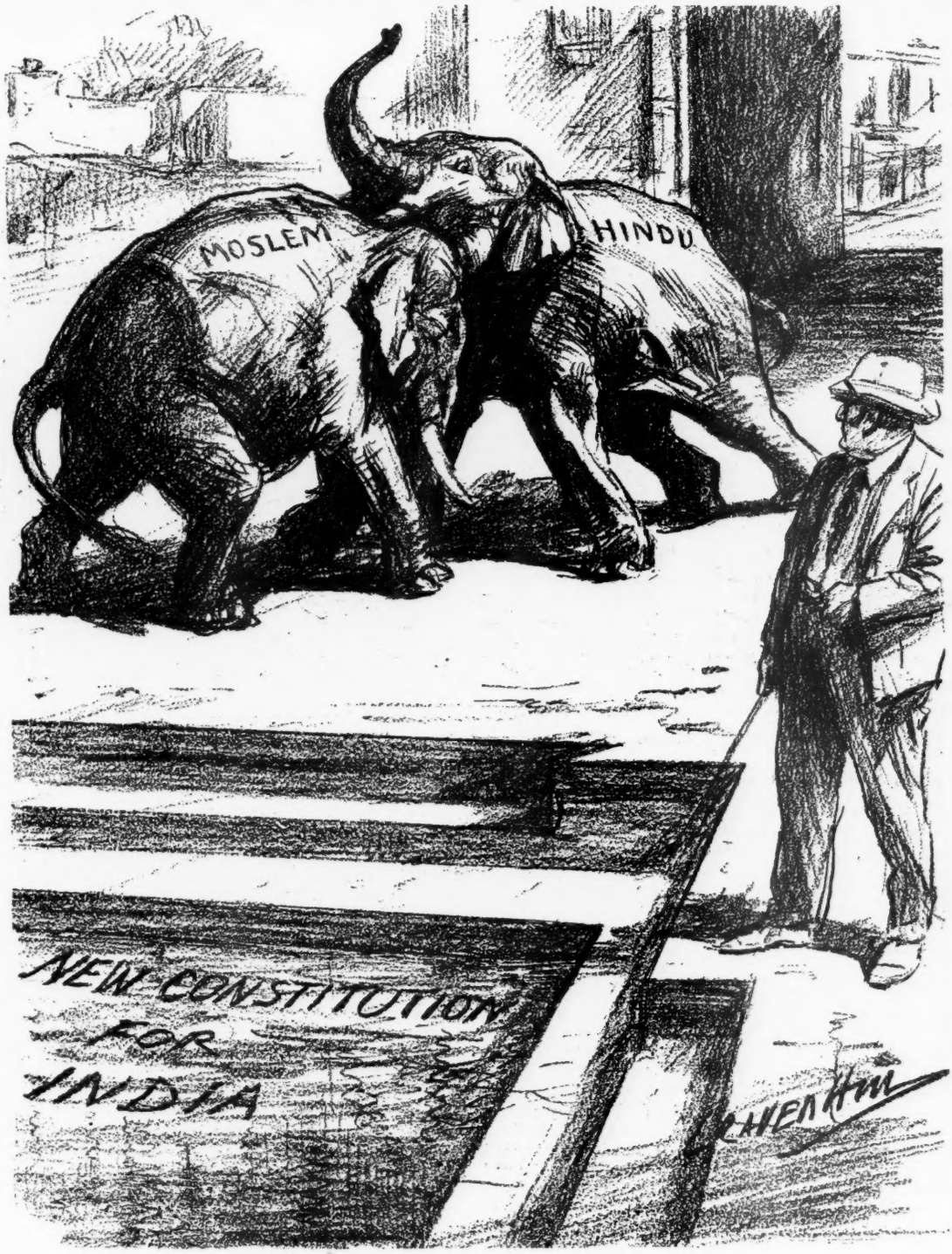
"Remember Scotland's motto, 'Memo Me Impune Lacessit.'"
Letter in Glasgow Paper.

But even the gentle Sassenach feels like that to the tax-collector.

Lifting the Cup.

"The burglars entered by forcing a catch on the window of a boudoir. The missing articles include a bold beaker, beautifully chased, depicting a stag and boar hunt, weighing 5 oz., sixteenth-century German."—*Daily Paper.*

The boldest beaker we know was WILLIAM THE CONKEROR.



THE UNPERSUADABLES.

JOHN BULL. "YOU 'RE BOTH THIRSTY AND I 'VE BROUGHT YOU DOWN TO THE TANK, BUT YOU SEEM TO PREFER FIGHTING TO DRINKING. I MAY BE FORCED TO ADOPT A SCHEME OF COMPULSORY WATERING."



[*The new Police Order regarding motorists requires the constable to warn for minor offences and not to prosecute.*]

Fair Motorist (*cause of slight accident*). "NOW-NOW-NOW! PUT THAT NOTEBOOK AWAY. A FEW GENTLE WORDS OF WARNING ARE ALL WE NEED."

THE COLOURED COUNTIES.

NOTHING pleases me so much in the B.B.C. programme as the direct personal contact which I establish with a lecturer on the beauties of England and the memories which cluster about her ancient villages and country towns.

The fact that this man, this voice, has been seeing and enjoying so much, much more than I am ever likely in my laziness to see and enjoy almost prevents me from taking a holiday at all.

How dull, when I visit a place, seems the guide-book that I read! How lackadaisical is my own pursuit even of that dulness which it contains! But how different, how very different, is the hero of those adventures that reach me by air from the little box in the drawing-room!

The guide-book, you know, says something rather like this:—

"In 1637 one Robert Cook was nearly drowned in attempting to reach Godmanchester from Huntingdon in a time of flood, and left some property for the repair and maintenance of the causeway; the present excellent roadway dates from 1784. An inscription on the wall of the bridge over the backwater commemorates this gift."

Very likely it does. All praise to Robert Cook. Yet I know what would happen if I were staying at Godmanchester or even at Huntingdon now. Half-a-dozen times I should look lazily at the guide-book and say, "We *must* look at that inscription on the wall of the bridge."

Yet some foolish and trivial matter would intervene. I should leave without ever craning my neck over the bridge to look at the inscription, without dropping one solitary tear in the place where Robert Cook so nearly died.

But this man of the air, this voice so casually introduced by this other refined yet weary voice, what enthusiasm he kindles in my heart from the very moment that he begins—

"I want to take you to Huntingdon," he says, and already there is a kind of huskiness born of deep emotion in his tones—"I want to take you to Huntingdon. I am there now. I have just had breakfast—an excellent breakfast of eggs and bacon, followed by marmalade."

Vividly I conjure the scene. It might be myself at Huntingdon. Perhaps, if my chair is comfortable and my pipe going well, it is better, I feel, that he should be at Huntingdon than I.

"It is a grey morning, but there is an indescribable Englishness in the air. I have just seen two yellowhammers and an old man following a plough—or is it a harrow? Most likely a harrow, I think. There is a red cottage by the roadside with a smiling lass at the door. I am about to follow the route which Robert Cook tried to follow in 1637 when he failed to reach Godmanchester owing to the swirling flood-waters of the Great Ouse—if it is the Great Ouse—yes, it is the Ouse.

"Come with me for a moment if you can and picture the scene. The round head of Robert Cook, his leather jerkin, his boots splashed all over with yellow mud. It happens to be quite dry now, but the thought of Robert Cook taking this walk on a day when it was very wet in 1637 somehow means more to me than my own walk on a day in 1932 when it is very dry. I can feel his sturdy Puritan intention to get to Godmanchester anyhow, somehow, even if he has to swim all the

way. His feet slip on the stones. He is floundering in the mire like *Christian* in the Slough of Despond. His bullet head disappears. Not much wonder if he leaves (as he did) some property for the maintenance of the causeway in after years.

"At present, as I said before, conditions are quite different. There is an excellent roadway, dating from 1784, and an inscription on the wall of the bridge where I am now sitting—I have just lit a cigarette with some difficulty because my petrol-lighter has gone wrong—an inscription on the wall of the bridge spanning the backwater—a beautiful backwater; there are two ducks on it and a crested grebe (at least it seems to be crested)—an inscription, as I just said, commemorating Robert Cook's great deed and pious testament in 1637.

"I have talked to a country lad who came over the bridge—a fine healthy-looking lad—and asked him if he had ever heard tell of Robert Cook. He said 'Naw.'

"I wish you could have heard him say 'Naw.' There was something amazingly English about it. After he was gone it was all indescribably lonely. I don't know whether any of you have ever experienced the amazing loneliness of the county of Huntingdon when you are sitting on a bridge over a backwater under a grey sky with nothing all round you except fields as far as the eye can see—a flat country watered by four sullen rivers flowing out into the Wash."

Well, there he is. And there in spirit am I. Turn back to the guide-book for a minute, and how colourless it all seems to become:—

"The risks of the highway were not altogether annulled by this improvement, for we read that in December, 1811, the Cambridge coach was set upon and robbed by highwaymen while passing over the bridge from Huntingdon to Godmanchester. COBBETT considered the prospect over the Portholme from the bridge the finest that he had ever seen. . . ."

I doubt it not. But COBBETT also was a B.B.C. talker born before his time: a man who could keep his enthusiasm for bridges and backwaters and reproduce it afterwards with a depth of sentiment we could hardly hope to share unless we had him for our companion.

"Somehow, as I walked on," says our present comrade of the air, "I seemed to see another shade beside that of Robert Cook. Could it be—yes, it was—the sturdy shade of WILLIAM COBBETT himself? Not less than he, I considered the prospect over the Portholme from the bridge. . . . There were two more yellowhammers, a male and a female. . . . I lit a pipe . . . the weather is still grey but extraordinarily English . . . a cart containing wood, with bright contented horses . . . the swinging sign of an inn. . . . *Click, click.* . . . I wish I could make you see Godmanchester as I saw it! . . . *Click, click, click.*"

Yet I *did* go away for Easter—and played rotten golf. Why, oh, why?

EVOE.



JUST TOO REFAINED.

Mistress (giving lesson in cookery). "YOU TAKE THE *WEIGHT* OF AN EGG IN BUTTER, SUGAR AND FLOUR——"

Maid. "AND WHAT ABOUT THE YOLK, MUM?"

RECONDITIONING.

THE architect took an original line,
And the owner, surveying the spot,
Admired most profoundly its cunning design
And labelled the place "Cutey Cot."

Then a subsequent householder used the abode;
I am shy in conjecturing what
Was his reason for changing its titular mode,
But he printed it thus: "Q.T. Cot."

When I told it to tradesmen, shame coloured my face,
For the title seemed vulgar to me
And my taste is refined, so I christened the place,
In a whimsical vein, "Mon Abri."

I shall set up this name in a style to endure,
When the painter arrives with his pail,
For the old sign is dimming, the stops are obscure
And the Q is fast losing its tail.

Said the greengrocer's lad to his master this eve,
"O.K., Chief, I've packed up the lot;
On my way to the pictures I'll drop in and leave
That basket of sprouts at 'Ot Cot.'"

E. P. W.

SEA AIR.

Now that we have reached the calm blue waters of the Mediterranean (*Oh, gosh! the wind—the noise—the rain!*) —now, I say, that we are breasting the velvet blue of the Mediterranean (and the spindrift whistles through the upper rigging), we had better face the question of sea air.

A question which has never been honestly faced before—*Is sea air really healthy?*

Let us take the *pros* and *cons* fairly and systematically.

Pro (1). The chief *pro* evidence is that of the doctors, and therefore tainted. However, the doctors, whether from habit or conviction, do still maintain that sea air is good for you. One of the two final infallible injunctions of the doctor in doubt is, "Go and get some sea air" (or, if the patient is exceptionally hard-up, "Go for a long sea-voyage to the West Indies, returning by China"). Well, it is not for me to argue with that great profession, but I must point out that the *other* final injunction is: "Go and have all your teeth out;" and you know what a mess that is making of the race. I know scarcely anyone, male or female, who has a self-made mouth. When the Yellow Peril does descend upon the West there will be no war, no battle; the East will simply sneak in overnight and take the dentures of the West away. Harley Street has invented recently a really original and clever technique to keep the recalcitrant invalid in play, so to speak. In the old days, when the doctor seemed to be doing you no sort of good, you gave up going to him, and that was that. But now the dear fellow says, "*I* can't do anything for you until you've had all your teeth out. And as it happens there's a charming fellow across the road who's all ready to take all your teeth out. But before you have all your teeth out I think perhaps you ought to have them photographed with X-rays. You'll want to have a photograph of your teeth, if only as a memento. And as it happens there's a charming fellow next-door who does delicious photographs of people's teeth just before they come out. When you've had your teeth out you come back and see me and we'll see what's wrong with you."

Well, full of new hope, you go off to the X-ray photographer and he sends you a set of memorial studies of the teeth; and your G.P. looks at them and says that all your teeth are the work of a maniac and must come out at once. And you have all your teeth out and that makes you so ill that you *have* to go back to Harley Street. What happens of course is that all the poison which Nature had wisely concentrated in the teeth is now distributed all over the body. Generally after this you have to have a kidney out, and a gland or two. And after that the doctors look at you and say, "Well, this mess is not much of an advertisement for the trade; we'd better send him away to sea; he'll come back sunburned and people will say it's a wonder he's alive. So it is."

You think I'm wandering. I only wish to support my original suggestion that the medical evidence about sea air *may* be tainted. Anyhow, that is, I think, a fair statement of *pro* (1).



Absent-minded Professor. "SOLED AND HEELED, PLEASE."

And now for *con* (1). The chief *con* evidence is my own poor experience. And my experience is that on a long sea-voyage I suffer from all sorts of ills which I never had before. The moment we pass the Needles my teeth go wrong, though they may have been quiescent for years. Off Ushant, as a rule, I break an old tooth on something in the minced chicken, and this leaves a sharp edge which lacerates the tongue. One arrives at all the Mediterranean ports on Sundays, when Mediterranean dentists selfishly cease work. Many a time have I travelled through this fabulous sea with the certain conviction that I had cancer of the tongue; and generally, through smoking in the sea air, this spreads to the throat. I can hardly enumerate all the incurable diseases I have developed on the long run from Tilbury to Australia. I have never yet seen Pompeii, for every time I approach Naples I have something worse — queer pains that might be kidney-disease, duodenal ulcers or cirrhosis of the liver. Who can tell? The ship's doctor heartlessly speaks of good living and gives me a common pill. But I maintain that it is sea air and nothing else.

(I should add perhaps that since I began this essay the storm has abated and the sun emerged, and the Mediterranean is now doing its stuff—blue sky, sea, frocks and everything. While I am indicting the sea air in the hot March sun, they are filling the swimming-bath and I contemplate a swim. Nevertheless the water is icy and there is always the danger of shock, not to mention sunstroke afterwards, *and* prickly heat. We must be judicial).

Being judicial, let us pass to *con* (2), the evidence of children. The seaside-holiday ramp is very simple. Mothers like to put their children on the beach because there they can be left alone without fear of motor-cars, wild bulls or angry property-owners. But the fathers know the other side. The healthiest child cannot resist a protracted dose of the sea air. They break out in heat-bumps, rashes, boils and carbuncles; they get mysterious pains, temperatures, fevers and stomach-complaints; they scratch and wound themselves upon the rocks; they stay in the sea too long and go blue; they have ear-ache, colics and



"WHAT ARE THEY PLAYING NOW, DEAR?"
"SCHUBERT'S UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, AUNTIE."
"THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, DEAR; I ONCE KNEW A MR. SCHUBERT."

dandruff. Even these troubles, which are passing, would not matter of themselves, but, as we fathers know, the children come home for the winter with their resistance weakened, almost at once they contract measles or whooping-cough and miss the first half of the term.

Pro (2). All the same, the sun is really quite hot, and for two pins I'd go in and swim.

Con (3). *It is not generally realised that the sea is septic.*

Well, if you don't believe me, watch little Willie's rock-wounds next August. Meanwhile, if you fall down on deck in the Bay of Biscay and graze your knee (the sort of graze which heals up in two days in dirty London) you'll find that, if you take sea-baths, that wound will still be mildly septic when you reach Ceylon. It seems quite idle, in the face of this evidence, to maintain that the air about this poisonous liquid has any particular health-giving properties.

Con (4). If there were any substance in this strange hypothesis we should expect to find that the inhabitants of Folkestone, Brighton and Blackpool were definitely superior in health and physique to the citizens of London. Is this the case? I don't know. Fishermen live long, I believe, if they are not drowned; but that is because they are not worried to death by the telephone, don't have to answer letters, don't go to the cinema or read the newspapers. And these advantages, not the sea air, are the blessings of a sea-voyage. One day some really clever doctor will discover the virtues of land air. He will purchase a large area of land in the heart of England, and in it he will permit neither telephones, letters, bills, cinemas or newspapers. He will send all the sick and weary from the sea-coast towns to this sanctuary and they will all get well.

Con (5). Sea air is not so dangerous in these waters, I confess, where one can creep into the sun now and then. But look at the stuff they have on the Atlantic. The sea air there is so bad that everybody lives indoors, from Staten Island to the Isle of Wight.

Con (6). Sea air——

I have swum. It is March 16th, three days from London and I have swum. A little fresh? Well, yes. But now I am in the sun again ,and really it is almost too hot. Gosh, I feel good! All previous parts of this essay are cancelled.

A. P. H.

Unpremeditated Art.

"Vocalists who sang the quartet very beautifully were, Mrs. J. ——, Miss M. ——, Mr. J. —— and Mr. F. ——, the latter's rendering of 'Honk, Honk, the Lark,' was full of charm."—*Belfast Paper.*

In England, of course, only owls may hoot.

"Merely by pressing a button the organist can change his combinations without moving his feet."—*Notice on New Organ.*

We too, when changing our combinations, rely almost entirely on our manual dexterity.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

THE Census (viz., Preliminary Report,
Including Tables of the Population)*
Is filled with facts of the most thrilling sort
Which very well deserve examination;
We haven't come across a book for ages
With so much incident in so few pages.

We read of men and women trekking South
From Berwick and from Alnwick and from Amble;
Of twenty males who fled from Cockermouth
And staked their little all upon a gamble;
Of minor alterations in the sizes
Of Shap and Wem and Walmer and Devizes.

We find that girls abound in Sussex East
While down in Monmouth there are hardly any;
That Cornishmen have gradually increased—
Ten years ago there were not quite so many;
Who was it said that when the Cornish die
They always want to know the reason why?

We learn how monstrous Dagenham has grown;
How Hendon and how Kingsbury have expanded,
With the result that, as one might have known,
West Ham begins to find itself shorthanded;
With moistened eyelids, in a kind of dream,
We learn that Sutton is a part of Cheam.

We read that they have lately learned to miss
(One feels that their replacement would be welcome)
Four of the male inhabitants of Diss,
And that a lot of Weymouth and of Melcombe
Has suffered its enthusiasm to cool
And moved away apparently to Poole.

In fact, this little book contrives to show
So vividly in Table after Table
The rise or fall of places which we know
That once we took it up we were unable
To put it down again and go to bed
While there remained a single page unread.

LETTERS TO END ALL LETTERS.

MOST of the letters which appear in the papers have done so already over and over again. It would seem that certain subjects have an hypnotic influence on editors and constrain them to print correspondence which their predecessors have dealt with repeatedly. Among the most popular subjects are Our Astonishing Climate, Links with the Past, English Hotels and Choosing the Team.

The letters which follow deal with these themes in the approved manner and may be used without fee or acknowledgment by anyone who wishes to take a hand in the game and thus perhaps end it.

A start may be made with

OUR ASTONISHING CLIMATE.

SIR,—I sat in my garden yesterday wearing a pith helmet and basking in heat which is unusual even for Torquay, the spot from which I write. The wet bulb thermometer has completely dried up; a cuckoo has laid an egg in the village postman's hat; the tortoise is stirring madly in his bran-box and my gardener is so overcome that he has knocked off work for the day. I venture to think that these incidents are singular enough to deserve recording in your columns. Why do people go abroad in search of sunshine when so much of it may be enjoyed in our own homeland?

This letter may be signed GLORIOUS DEVON, BRITISH PATRIOT or WONDERFUL ENGLAND.

Then we come to

LINKS WITH THE PAST.

SIR,—I was greatly interested by "Stonehenge's" letter in your journal last week, but I venture to say that my experience caps his, unusual though it was. I was born in 1842 and am thus ninety years of age. Our family nurse was a woman named Hannah Snook and she was eighty-eight years old at the time of my birth, but still lived with the family. She often told me how well she remembered Mr. HORACE WALPOLE fishing for lampreys off Eel Pie Island. If I remember rightly he used bread-paste. I have heard my dear mother say more than once that no one could tell a tale like Hannah Snook.

To be signed SERE BUT NOT YELLOW, LOOKING BACKWARD, or OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

The third classic is

OUR HOTELS.

SIR,—I am reluctantly compelled to return to this unpleasant subject. Our innkeepers have learnt nothing since the days of KING ALFRED, and the conditions prevailing in their establishments are such as to make the visitor curse the day he left home. The food is all canned, and anyone capable of using a tin-opener is qualified to act as chef. At the last hotel in which I stayed the waiter wore dress-clothes which were obviously in their death-agony, and the waitresses gave their undivided attention to self-decoration by the two-colour process. After dinner the manager pointed out a moribund aspidistra, which he called a palm lounge, and I had to read *The Ironmongers' Quarterly* until it was time to go to bed, but not to sleep, in a sarcophagus upstairs. This, I am ashamed to say, is a typical experience. Can you wonder that people go abroad?

To be signed INDIGESTION, A HATER OF TINNED APRICOTS, OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.

Lastly,

WHAT ARE THE SELECTION COMMITTEE ABOUT?

SIR,—The team chosen to represent England in the Trial Match cannot win. That is certain. If we are to do ourselves justice radical changes must be made. I hate to say so, but Gaffer has had his day, and Stopham is too cautious. After all, it is better to have hit and missed than never to have hit at all. Smacker and Lashout, who are still on the right side of eighteen, would at any rate give the Lillywhites of the field some excuse for existence. They should certainly be included in the team, if only to prevent confusion between St. John's Wood and Kensal Green.

For signature a choice may be made from DAYS OF GRACE, NO MORE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH and SWAT THAT BALL.

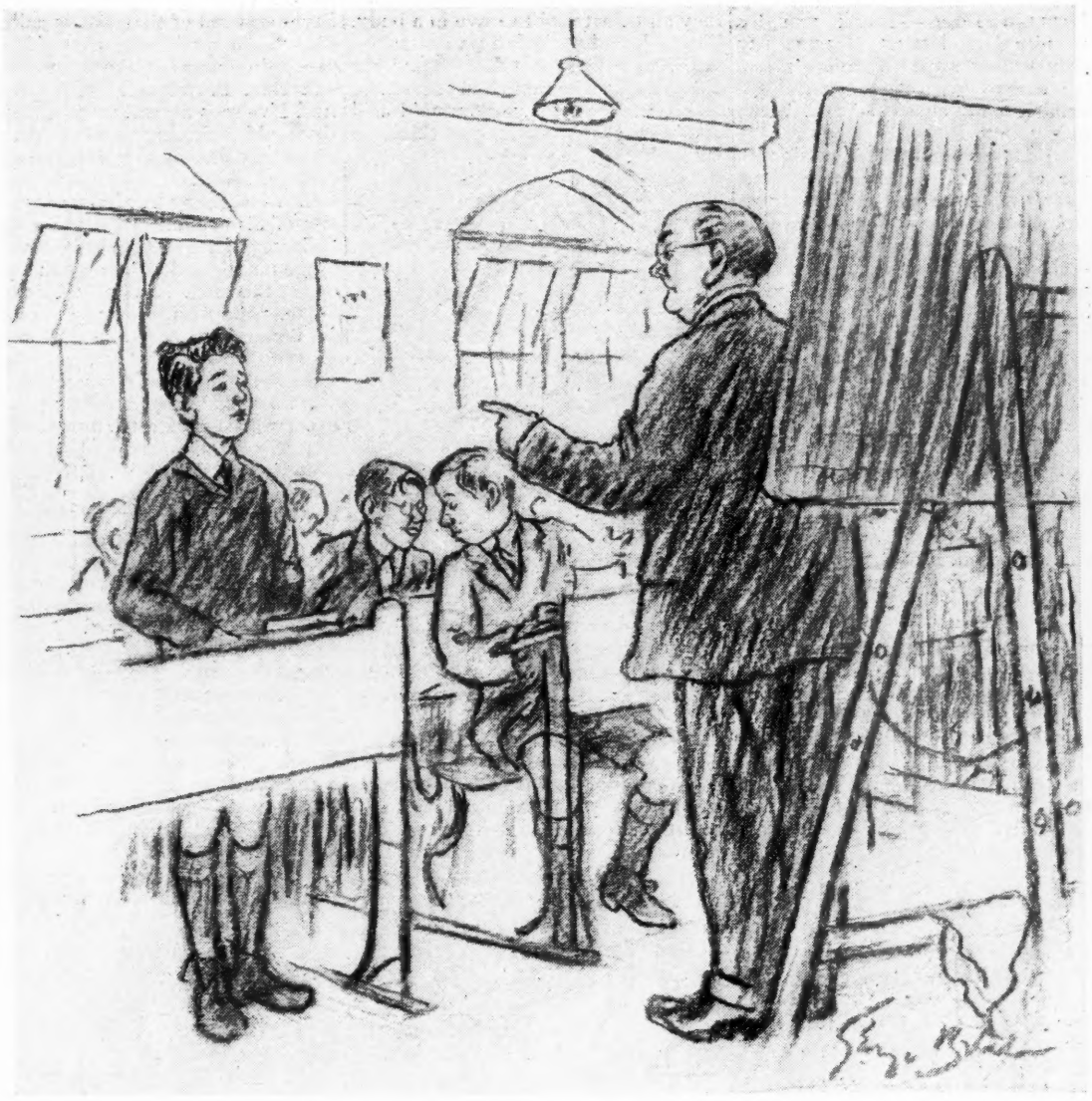
A MORAL SPRING-CLEAN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—With the passing of winter the more wanton pleasures of the people tend to increase. All too soon earnest souls like myself will once again be at moral grips with such vices as sun-bathing and mixed hiking. But sufficient for the day, etc. What of the present? What of Spring itself?

Can it be that you have not yet fully realised what a sinful season this is? Sir, I implore your influence in obtaining the appointment of a Commission to inquire into and deal drastically with the evils of Spring.

I learn that the Spring poet is having what I believe is technically known as "a thin time." Sir, he must have a

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Schoolmaster. "WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A NOUN, BRIGGS?"
Briggs. "DECLINE IT, SIR."
Schoolmaster. "AND WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A VERB?"
Briggs. "CONGRATULATE IT, SIR."

much thinner time. I maintain that, so far as Spring poetry is concerned, our country should go absolutely "dry."

Ever since, if not before, TENNYSON wrote that voluptuous line, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," the influence of the Spring poet has been deplorable. Even I, Sir, was once so far swayed by it as to be tempted into something of that kind myself. That she eventually married my cousin William confirms my belief in a merciful Providence but does not alter the fact that a temporary enthusiasm for TENNYSON was largely responsible for my proposing to her.

Then there are what are insidiously referred to as "signs of Spring." I can scarcely bring myself to mention them, but—well, lambs, you know, and mating birds and things like that. It is not only that no attempt is made to screen them from the public gaze, but quite brazen references to them are made in the newspapers.

Can you not invite support for an anti-gambolling measure as a step towards the total prohibition of—well, of such things?

As to Spring flowers, I confess that success does not attend my constant efforts to discover the evil in them. Yet I feel sure it is there if only we look for it hard enough. I do not despair. While our beloved "Dora" continues to function, who will dare to say that the daffodil is without sin?

Yours Grundily,

D. C.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—Thank you for your nice long letter. I must say Starlings does sound a divine place, and I'm sure you'll have frightful fun altering it to fit you, so to speak. What a mercy that Richard's mother lives abroad and doesn't sit in a dower-house across the park moaning and groaning whenever you move a single chair or root up a single flower-bed. I'm told that's what some mothers-in-law do—though I don't believe I'd ever have had that sort of bother with William's mother even if I *had* married into a Place, like you, instead of (thank goodness) a mere London house. In fact I think the boot would have been on the other leg; she's so *bone* modern that she'd probably have stuffed all the Chippendale away in the attics long ago and I'd have had to take over a house filled with chromium chairs and black glass tables.

Really she is marvellous! Do you remember when I took you to that lunch-party of hers about a year ago, she was in the middle of a bad attack of limed oak? Well, that only lasted three months, and then she relegated it to the servants' hall and took to steel-tubing and jade-green leather. That kept her happy till last week, when she happened to go into Raguly's and fell in love with this new furniture made of asbestos sheeting fixed together with ordinary brass-headed nails. *Too* ghastly. She won my poor pa-in-law over to it by pointing out how



"THEY ALL THREATENED TO LEAVE IN A BODY."

nice and fireproof it was and how he wouldn't have to pay so much in insurance premiums, and then she went and ordered a complete set of it for the drawing-room.

However, when she broke it to the maids that she was going to send all the limed oak down to her new country cottage and that they were to have the steel-tubing stuff in the servants' hall, they all threatened to leave in a body. The cook said she'd had six operations in her time (with full details) and she didn't want to be reminded of no more hospitals. And the parlourmaid said that the chairs made her think of



"TWELVE DOZEN DUSTERS."

bicycles, and that bicycles were all very well in their proper place, but she didn't want to sit on one when she was feeling tired in the evenings. So that's that; and I don't quite know *what*'s going to happen—unless she palms off the steel stuff on Poodles Vane as a wedding-present.

By the way, I met her the other day (Poodles, I mean), and she's in despair because all the wedding-presents she's had have been so appallingly "useful." The Tollworthys sent her a complete set of stainless frying-pans, and someone else sent a vacuum-cleaner, and someone else a kitchen-table, and Lady Sludge (I don't mean *Mimi* Lady Sludge, which would have been more understandable, but the smart young one) gave her twelve dozen dusters! Poodles says it's monstrous, because you've got to buy all those things anyway, and the whole point of wedding-presents is to set you up with all the things you wouldn't dream of affording otherwise.

I told her not to have such extravagant ideas, and that anyway dulness and domesticity were the height of fashion at the moment. If you come to think of it, it's only too true. The influence of the slump, I suppose—sort of making a virtue of necessity. Look at these "dull" leather shoes we all wear nowadays (or "matt kid," as they *will* call them in the shops). And look at this craze for "dull-surface" silk stockings—you feel quite wrong now in shiny ones. And one or two of the dress-shows have been full of the most appallingly dingy colours with the most hideously depressing names—Cobweb and Mildew and Dust Brown and Mouldy Green. And I've seen several women wearing these odd little check coats that really do look as though they're made out of dusters.

Worse still, my hairdresser says that lots of his customers are going in for "Vicarage" hair—*bone* straight, parted in the middle and twisted up in a plain bun at the back. He says he'll go quite broke, poor man, if it really catches on, because of course it needs nothing doing to it at all and you can wash it at home. (Don't worry, my pet, you won't see *me* going in for it; it needs a marvellous profile to carry it off, no good to us mere *piquantes*.)

As for food, people think nothing of giving you quite "nursery" things. Tinda Bochs had a women's lunch last week and gave us plain boiled chicken followed by stewed prunes and tapioca! I think I shall have to give a Domestic Evening Party soon, consisting entirely of married couples. I shall provide an evening paper for each of the men, and ask all the women to bring their knitting, or, better still, a nice little pile of their husbands' socks to darn. There will be one or two photograph albums to look at, and a halma table for the more frivolously inclined. Tea will be served at ten P.M. and everybody will be expected to leave at half-past. It'll be *so* chic.

Well, good-bye, angel. My love to Richard, and tell him I'd adore to



"VICARAGE" HAIR.

come and stay some time (even if William can't manage to get away) so long as he promises not to turn to me at dinner and say, "Wheat's a shilling." People who live in the country so often *do* say that, and I never know what the right answer is. "Splendid"? Or "Ghastly"? Or simply "Shilling a what?"? At any rate I know enough

now not to say "Why?" ever since Tubby Walchester (the *most* wheat's-a-shilling man in the world) spent two solid hours trying to explain to me about the Country's Food Supply the last time we stayed with him at Pudgett. Your loving LALAGE. JAN.

Disarmed to the Teeth.

"The Japanese claim that the retreating troops were utterly demolarised by the intensive Japanese bombardment."
Edinburgh Paper.

Hope Springs Eternal.

"Wanted, Dance Dress, bust 34; state price."—*Evening Paper.*

Perhaps the 35th will be luckier.

"Wanted, cash register, good condition, for cash."—*Leicester Paper.*

And we always thought they were used as incubators.

"Finsbury Pk., Rink Cinema. Terrific Prog."—*Advt. Evening Paper.*

Undergraduates went elsewhere on Boat-Race night.

"Wanted—To buy Indian Prince, any condition."—*Tasmanian Paper.*

The demand for sovereigns continues unabated.

UPLIFT.

["At Zagreb a bomb exploded in a lonely spot. No damage was done."—*Reuter.*]

IN this drab age whence every thrill has fled,
Where all is standard, mass-produced, machine-made,
Where gilt has vanished from the ginger-bread
Of duke and dustman, mistress and between-maid,
Athwart the monochrome of life's dull web
A sudden glint of flaming gold is shot
By REUTER'S simple statement: "At Zagreb
A bomb exploded in a lonely spot."

Ah me, the sense of tears in mortal things!
Its fiery heart by loneliness corroded
(It *may*, of course, have been defective springs),
In solitary spleen the bomb exploded;
Waiting the clasp of loving hands in vain,
Piqued by its Bolshie owner's cold neglect,
It ceased upon the midnight with no pain
And also utterly without effect.

What heart but at the words more swiftly beats
As at the music of some master-rhymer,
Some wizard phrase of COLERIDGE or of KEATS
(See for examples any shilling primer)?
We seem to hear the horns of Elfland blow;
The trumpet of romance sounds faint and far;
In fact it fills us with ideas, although
It's hard to say exactly what they are.

Let others turn when weary of life's ills,
Its petty jars, its failures and abasements,
To fairy meadows pranked with daffodils
Or perilous seas that foam 'neath magic casements;
For me, when hope is at its lowest ebb
And all my copy-book is one vast blot,
It brings relief to murmur, "At Zagreb
A bomb exploded in a lonely spot."

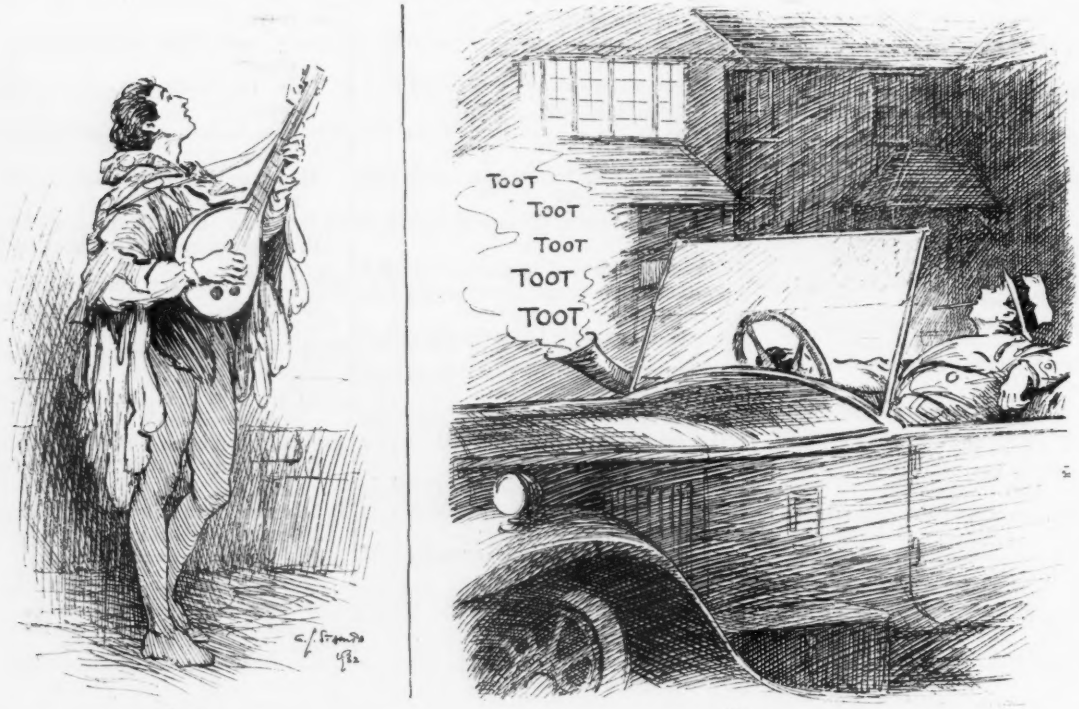
Smith Minor Forgets Himself.

"Florence Nightingale was a young lady who became a nurse and at her own risk attended soldiers."



Countryman. "BY GUM, BILL, 'ARK TO 'IM! IF HE TALKS LIKE THAT TO A LORD FOR KICKIN' ONE OF 'IS DOGS, WHAT WOULD 'E SAY TO THE LOIKES O' YOU 'AN ME?"

THE SERENADER.



THEN. NOW.

THE MAN WHO STOOD ON HIS RIGHTS.

Smetting had a peculiar kink in his nature. Its symptoms were a passion for unconventionality and an ungovernable urge for insisting on his rights. Some people said that these characteristics were attributable to his having been roughly treated by his nurse; others added cynically that, if so, the rough treatment had no doubt consisted in dropping him on his head. Anyway, Smetting was always looking up ancient regulations, obsolete statutes, by-laws and so on of every kind, and then embarking on some outrageously eccentric line of conduct, which he claimed on their unimpugnable authority to be within his rights.

While he was up at Cambridge, for instance, he discovered a very old University statute which laid it down that a certain busy street near the market-place might be completely cleared of people at such times as the undergraduates wished to practise archery. A week later, market day too, Smetting appeared, clad in Lincoln green and carrying a bow and quiver, and demanded that a startled constable should clear the street for him. After being reasoned with for hours by most of the police and University authorities, he was only persuaded to waive his claim by having it pointed out that while possibly the right still existed there also existed the certainty of consequences, which in these unromantic days would work out at a charge for obstruction and several claims for damages.

Later on, Smetting went to live in the country, and within a month at least three farmers were on the verge of risking a good pop at him with a shot-gun because he had unearthed forgotten rights-of-way through their cow-sheds or kitchen-gardens and insisted on using them at inconvenient times. Luckily for him his interest was distracted by the discovery that the cottage he had bought carried with it an ancient right to graze two sheep on the downs. Smetting at once bought two sheep, named them Rose and Robert, gave them collars with his name and address, and for a week was pretty unpopular with every shepherd in the neighbourhood.

As a final effort, and when Rose and Robert had been reported "Missing, believed killed," he appeared one day without warning and with two buckets in the scullery of his neighbour's house —a retired Colonel and a total stranger —and proceeded to fill them at his sink. It appeared he had traced in the title-deeds of his cottage a "water-right" dating from the time before water was laid on to the village and when the Colonel's house had a well and the cottage had not. The Colonel took out actions for trespass, burglary, barratry and half-a-dozen other things, but, though he lost them, Smetting decided to go and live elsewhere.

Established in London, the banking regulations next claimed his attention; and when he discovered that there was no definite law insisting that cheques should be written on cheque-forms, though custom and commonsense decreed their use, life became for him one long game. For two months he did not pay a single bill except by cheque and, with one exception, not a single cheque was on a conventional form. His bank was flooded with cheques on the backs of envelopes, cheques on menu-cards, cheques on detachable cuffs and cheques on tails of shirts. The one exception caused the bank more annoyance than any, for it was made out on the back of a proper form and endorsed on the front. Later, as he found his feet, came a cheque on a tennis-ball, a cheque written in tar on a fowl-house door, and (for by this time he had read his "A. P. H.") a cheque stencilled on a

shaven white rabbit. The fur grew too quick for the embarrassed payee, and this particular cheque was eventually returned "R.D."

When subsequently the bank suggested that he should either transfer his account to the Zoo or else use a cheque-book Smetting dropped the game and turned his attention to the postal regulations.

And that was where he made his great mistake. There is a certain atmosphere about the Post Office—you notice it in the employees' manners—which gets hold of you like a drug. Once you have definitely "gone post-office" you can't escape.

He was all right at first; indeed for some weeks he had the success of his life. He would be asked out to dinner, and just when his hostess was beginning to think he must have got plastered at a cocktail-party or forgotten all about it there would be a ring at the bell and a messenger-boy would deliver an express letter. The express letter would of course be Smetting himself, duly stamped, addressed and posted by a companion earlier in the evening for the fee of one shilling. It used to go down terribly well, especially when Smetting refused to talk till he had been "opened and read." Sometimes he would ask to be posted back; sometimes at bachelor parties this course seemed obligatory.

Then he took to flying over to the Continent by air-mail for a while. He went, he said, as a "sample packet" after being weighed, stamped and labelled as such. He travelled at about half-fare, and, though of course there was no seat provided, he found the surrounding mail-bags extremely comfortable.

It was about then that he began to develop a wild look in his eyes. He carried the Postal Guide about with him and referred to it continually. Once he was brought home by a policeman who had found him, covered with penny-halfpenny stamps, trying to force and enter a pillar-box. Twice he had to be removed from post-offices for climbing over the counter and hiding in mail-bags. The postal authorities began to complain of him; he was sued and had to pay heavy damages for frightening a nervous suburban post-mistress into fits by appearing suddenly behind the counter with a "FRAGILE — WITH CARE" label across his face and asking for the *Poste Restante* department and saying he was "To be called for."

Finally he just disappeared. No one quite knows what happened, but the accepted theory is that he had at last managed to send himself somewhere as a parcel, had not enough money for his weight, and so was "insufficiently stamped." The addressee, no doubt wisely, refused to pay twice the deficiency, and so the postal authorities, after keeping him three days as per regulations, must have destroyed him quietly as "perishable matter." A. A.



"YE MUN TAK IT FRAE ME, ANGUS, HUMOUR'S A GEY FUNNY THING."

RUGGER RHYMES.

THE REFEREE.

MIRACULOUSLY "with" the ball,
Astonishingly fit,
He runs the game and sees it all,
Every bit of it.

The dribbling pack rush thundering by
Then give the ball the air . . .
A pass—another pass—a try?—
The Referee is there.

"*Pheep!*" shrills his urgent whistle,
"*Pheep!!*" . . .
"The last pass forward . . .
Scrum!"—
Whereat upon his head we heap
Unjust opprobrium.

There breathes no harsh dissentient breeze
O'er Twickenham's crowded pile,
And even adverse rulings please
If only "Ref." is VILE. WOON.

Cupping the Lip.

"Moustache Cups and Aeolian Harps Wanted for use."—*Daily Paper.*

Aeolian harpists have to keep a stiff lip to prevent getting the wind up their moustaches.



HOW OUR LANGUAGE IS MADE.

First Season Young Lady. "DON'T YOU CALL HIM TOO DEVASTATING FOR WORDS?"
Second Season ditto. "I MIGHT HAVE DONE SIX MONTHS AGO, BUT WE'RE NOT 'DEVASTATING' ANY LONGER, MY DEAR—WE'RE 'SHATTERING.'"

LITTLE TALKS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

II.—NACKTKULTUR.

(*With acknowledgments to a recent letter in "The Times".*)

"IT would seem, dear Mamma," shouted Emma and John,
"From the medical books which we study,
That only by not having anything on
Can our skin become healthful and ruddy;
Then, pray, give us leave during holiday-time
(Be it Easter, or Summer, or Christmas)
To cast off our clothes when we scamper or climb
And enjoy the effects of *Nudismus*."

"I too," said their mother, "have been much impressed
By whatever the technical term is
For the action of sunshine, when put to the test,
On the totally bare epidermis;
But magistrates, sitting in summary courts,
Have, in cases, I think, fairly recent,
Condemned the procedure, and stated that shorts
Are the minimum wear which is decent."

"How comes it about, then," the children reply,
"That the theatres ask us for payment
(Not to mention the talkies) for shows that rely
Such a lot on removing the raiment?
For surely a thing that is lawful for Art
Should be practised without hesitation
When it tones up the system and strengthens the heart
And improves the physique of the nation?

"Can we really suppose that an actress would do
For the sake of obtaining her living
What out in the open and under the blue
Is observed with a sense of misgiving?
If rules so outrageous and harmful as these
Have been framed by tyrannical bullies
The sooner we flout them the better. So please
Let us take off our undies and woollies!"

At the word, while Mamma stood in doubt what to say
On the difficult points which had risen,
They flung off their mufflers with cries of "Hooray!"
And would soon have been clapped into prison;
But before they had taken their underthings off
There descended a merciful blizzard
Which gave Master John a most terrible cough,
Whilst Emma had gripes in the gizzard. EVOE.

The Value of the Pledge.

"Council then adjoined for tea and, on resumption, Mr. —— said took a pledge from matter when they taken up in that the members had the position that part and parcel of the House. It was proposal now before to agree to the not bring himself he, but he could Income Tax than of the principle of stronger supporter that there was no the Leader of the House. The pledge should continue."—*Ceylon Paper.*

We must try some of this Ceylon tea.

"Other suspicious characters were seen in a car whose figures proved to be those of a steam roller."——*Evening Paper.*

They will find it hard to escape detection.



THE PLAY-BOY INNOCENT.

DAME BRITANNIA. "I 'M TOLD THAT YOU DID THIS, EAMON, WITH YOUR CATAPULT. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT IT?"

MASTER EAMON DE VALERA. "NOTHING FOR THE MOMENT, EXCEPT THAT IF IT LEADS TO ANY BAD BLOOD BETWEEN YOU AND ME THE FAULT WON'T BE MINE."

["At this stage I will only say that if bitterness and differences are revived the fault will not be with the Irish people."—*Reported statement by* MR. DE VALERA.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 21st.—Mr. T. WILLIAMS asked the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA for particulars of the shooting at Zalum, Burma, of a young barrister who was a delegate to the Burma Round Table Conference. Sir SAMUEL HOARE pointed out that it was the victim's partner, U NI, who was the delegate. It will be recalled that another member of the family, *Bil Ni*, brought trouble on himself by sitting round a table.

"Abandon hope, all ye who have invested money in South America," was roughly the gist of Sir JOHN SIMON'S reply to the appeal of Sir CHARLES CAYZER and others that "representations" should be addressed to the Governments concerned. Even Lord SCONE could not persuade the FOREIGN SECRETARY that he ought to shoulder the financial troubles of the British holders of Brazilian bonds. The seeker after high interest who loans abroad cannot, it would seem, have his scone and eat it.

The House looked incredulous when Sir JOHN GILMOUR informed Mr. MCEWEN that there had been no demand for a Reorganisation Committee for potatoes. The MINISTER hastened to make it clear, however, that when the horde of Commissioners descends upon our farms the "Great Scot" will not get off scot free. Members registered agreeable surprise, on the other hand, when Mr. ORMSBY-GORE said that he was considering proposals to limit the Office of Works' consumption of soft woods to Empire products. It looks like the right moment for the Empire Marketing Board to trot out its samples.

Mr. D. GRENFELL seemed rather sceptical when Mr. HORE-BELISHA assured him that the Chinese crew of the British steamship *Sheaf Lance*, picked up at Rotterdam, had passed a language test at Barry. If Mr. GRENFELL had ever heard the Liverpool Chinese singing "Lule, Blitannia!" he would quickly abandon the notion that the Welsh are the only true bilinguists.

It took the House no little time to complete the Committee stage of the Wheat Bill. Such problems as whether flour brushed off the floor should continue to be flour within the meaning of the Act; whether a biscuit-maker is to be regarded as a baker or what the anthropologists call a *sui generis*; and whether Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR is a Free Trader or an Agricultural Acrobat—are not to be lightly disposed of. At last the task was completed and the House, abandoning the language of flowery compliment, bent its accumulated wisdom to the question of whether dihydrohydroxycodeinone is as dangerous a drug as it sounds to Mr. C. WILLIAMS. Mr. OLIVER STANLEY explained that it is the stuff that builds bonny eukodal addicts. Being a National Government they had preferred to insert in the Dangerous Drugs Bill an honest British word like dihydrohydroxycodeinone instead of employing the scientific jargon of the League of Nations' Health Committee, and disguising it as CH_2O_N.



AN EXPLORER OF EMPIRE WOODS.

MR. ORMSBY-GORE.

[With acknowledgments to a poster of the Empire Marketing Board.]

Tuesday, March 22nd.—It was presumably only a happy accident that found the Lords, at the instance of Lord LOVAT, discussing, on the eve of the Easter holidays, the imperfections of our road and rail transport systems. Lord LOVAT was unfortunate in that the Government had, since he put his Notice of Motion on the Order Paper, appointed a Committee to look into the matter; but he made the best of a bad job by altering his Motion so as to point out that it was the wrong kind of Committee.

With this conclusion their Lordships seemed in pretty general agreement, and after Lord LONDONDERRY had promised that the Government would only move forward with the approbation of the ratepayers of the country, and Lord HOWE had put in a word for the humble people who pay through the nose for the privilege of moving forward in baby cars, the Motion was withdrawn.

The return of the Ulyssean Mr. CHURCHILL, looking considerably less battered, in spite of his encounter with New York's Cyclopean traffic, than the "stout bald-headed seaman" of whom HOMER sang; the announcement by Sir JOHN GANZONI that only British beer is served on the premises, and the permission granted to Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, by 176 votes to 123, to introduce his Lotteries Bill—all gave the House obvious gratification.

Less satisfactory was Mr. J. H. THOMAS'S statement that he had just received from the High Commissioner of the Irish Free State a "very serious and important document"; but it helped to set the scene for the ensuing debate on the Far East, a debate that added fresh laurels alike to Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S placatory eloquence and to Sir JOHN SIMON'S even more placatory diplomacy.

It added nothing, it is true, to Mr. LANSBURY'S political stature, but the truth is that the LEADER



The South Kensington Hen. "IT HAS BEEN WELL AND TRULY LAID, BUT WILL THEY GIVE ME A CHANCE OF HATCHING IT?"

SIR WILLIAM DAVISON.

OF THE OPPOSITION belongs to that by no means inconsiderable number of well-intentioned persons who allow their hearts to govern their heads and their feet to lead them into the thick of any dispute that happens to be going.

Not always adequate where a display of the emotions is called for, Sir JOHN SIMON, on the other hand, is the ideal international negotiator, and if there were more like him the League of Nations would have nothing to fear. His statement of the considerations which must guide our policy at Geneva—a sturdy assertion of the League's principles; the avoidance of harmful entanglement; the spanning of the natural cleavage between the small members of the League with large voices and the big members with large interests; the maintenance of friendly relations with both the disputants, and the winning of the cordial assent and respect of the United States—was a real masterpiece of politico-legal synthesis.

The House has a reputation for always being able to produce the Man with First-Hand Information. On this occasion it produced Mr. PICKERING, who has not only lived in Japan but has been a ratepayer there. The Sino-Japanese dispute, he said, dated from the Russo-Japanese War, since when China, jealous of Japan's prestige, had been continually intriguing with Russia in order to thwart Japan.

Mr. EDEN replied for the Government, but there was little to reply to. His reference to people who "brandish the sword in the name of peace" was clearly intended for a wider consumption than that of the Opposition.

The Consolidated Fund (No. 1) Bill having been read a second time and a Select Committee having been appointed to consider appliances for projecting written and other displays on the sky (not to be confused with the writing on the wall, which Parliament never bothers its head about till the worst has happened), the House, already exhilarated by the holiday spirit, adjourned.

"SPRING IN AN EASTER EGG."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Perhaps rather a strained way of saying that Oval activities are about to begin.

"Tragic policemen in London will have electric torches in their helmets, if a suggestion which has found favour in certain quarters is adopted."—*South African Paper.*

It sounds more like a comedy.

"BRITISH WORKMAN'S HIP BUILT THIS BRIDGE."
Caption in Daily Paper.

This rivals the record of OG, the King of Basan, one of whose bones was used to span a river.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

RIVER CRAFT.

THE dug-out canoe will be missed by all who knew it. Well, perhaps that is rather a sweeping statement. Let me qualify it a little and say, by almost everybody and with one notable exception only. Things will certainly not be the same on our Colony's river when a motor-boat takes its place.

The canoe itself was a never-failing source of interest. The age of the latest patch on the hull gave rise to many arguments, and where exactly H. M. STANLEY had sat was a vexed question; while a Forest Officer's discovery, at the bottom of a crack, of what he said was part of the original tree caused much discussion, as that species no longer occurs in the country.



THE INTERNATIONAL HARMONY DUET.
SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AND SIR JOHN SIMON.

Navigation, though restful, was never dull. For one thing, Wasauti boatmen are very vocal and we like music. In the canoe one did not miss a single word or note of what the seven paddlers sang, and the syncopated drumming on a tin by stroke could plainly be heard. Mechanical noises would drown all that. It is a pity that those quaint songs were not collected. If only someone with a trained ear had recorded the note we could have spelled the word.

For another thing, a canoe voyage meant a complete change. The boys did not upset one taking soundings, posting look-outs, wielding boat-hooks and so forth in the way a launch-crew will be sure to do. They tackled each obstacle just as it came, keeping, in fact, a very open mind on the whole subject of navigation. We could not help remarking on this when one day we rammed a hippo as it lay asleep on a little sand-bank in mid-stream. While we were swimming ashore we asked cox why he had done it and he said he didn't know.

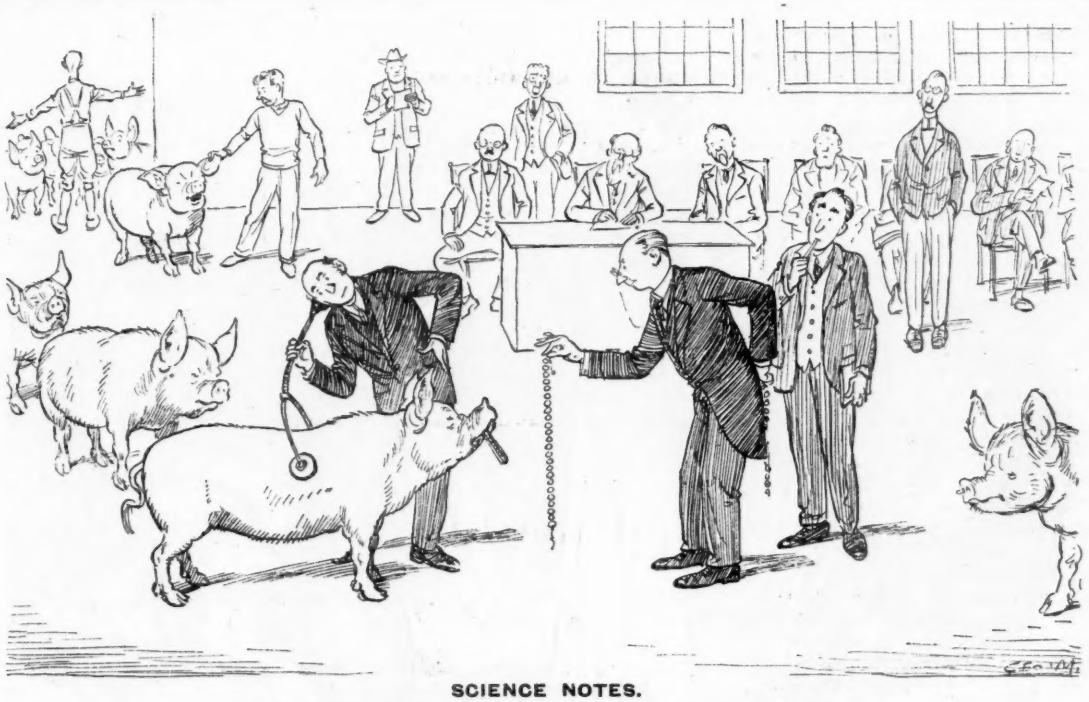
There is also the question of relief from worry. The knowledge that one will arrive somewhere in time for something must always be present during a motor-boat trip, but in the canoe one had no such assurance.

Then again one got close to nature. Instead of studying wild-life (and for this purpose the three-inch freeboard was ideal, giving a clear view of the crocodiles) or gazing up through the grass awning at the unclouded sun while the water lapped round one's feet, who would prefer to sit in a confined cabin with nothing to look at except last month's Home papers?

After dark the contrast between the two modes of travel will be very marked. When nothing could be seen; when grunts and splashes were heard all round as hippo woke up and made for land; when rapids roared ahead and logs bobbed up astern, then it was only the realisation that all things must come to an end sooner or later which made one say sharply, "Pull for the shore, sailors!" in Kisauti. The mysteries of the African night will remain hidden from the trippers on a launch, for a searchlight will be turned on.

We had known there were two people who did not seem to care much about canoeing. Curiously enough Rutherford was one of them, though he had rowed, we knew, for his college. Bahari, my personal boy, was the second. He was once heard to say, "I know about mail-boats only," when asked during the loading of kit if the canoe was very top-heavy yet. But then Bahari came out in the baggage-barge from the tidal-water pier when I disembarked from the coastal motor-vessel on return from last leave.

That there was one person who positively disliked the canoe and everything connected with it we had suspected for some time. This has now been confirmed by a letter from the Secretary of our Colony which says, "the Governor considers a motor-boat should replace the aboriginal craft which sank with all his boxes of food during his recent visit."



SCIENCE NOTES.

BEHAVIOURISTS TESTING THE REACTION OF SWINE TO ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

AMONG THE FOSSILS.

IF the Museum had not been so near Aunt Agnes's house, or if we had arrived in the vicinity at four o'clock to the tick instead of twenty minutes too soon, or if the man—— But what is the use of if's? The Museum was—still is, no doubt, for this happened only last week—quite close to Aunt Agnes's house. Aunt Agnes had asked us to come to tea at four o'clock and we had arrived at 3.40. Aunt Agnes is eighty-nine—no great age for these days, but enough to make her a little exact and exacting.

"It's nearly as bad to be too early as to be late," said Judy. "We'll go into the Museum till it's time."

"Right," said Andrew. (I am Andrew.)

We entered the Museum, then wandered a little aimlessly across the hall and paused, uncertain whether our bent lay towards fossils or furniture. Beside us was a board bearing the announcement that a lecturer would escort parties round the Museum at 3.30 and 5. There were sundry details in small type. The word "free" caught my eye, but it was a matter of indifference to me—we had no time to be escorted round the Museum, and in any case I do not much care——

"You are the only ones this time," said a genial voice behind us. "But we had better not wait. I am ten minutes overdue already. I am taking the Mammal Fossils this afternoon."

We turned to find that we were being addressed by an elderly and charming person, who might know all about fossils, but certainly was not one himself. What a pity it was really impossible for us to . . .

He was already half-way across the hall in the direction of the Mammal Fossil Gallery. He turned and beckoned, his eyes beaming benevolently over his spectacles.

"Explain to him," I said.

"No, you," said Judy.

How could I? I mean, he would be so disappointed. And we could spare ten minutes.

Meekly we trotted off after him.

* * * * *
* * * * *

The top row of stars represents a Manatee, a Megatherium, a Guanaco, a Hippidium and a Moropas—or was it Moropus? I did not quite get it. The bottom row of stars represents forty minutes, during which we endeavoured to get back into the twentieth century.

Mostly it went something like this:—

Lecturer. Manatee (*I clear my throat*) or sea-cow——

Me. My aunt——

Lecturer (*frowning slightly*). Notice the flat tail and the nostrils, which are——

Me. The fact is——

Lecturer. —set forward in the head. Steller's sea-cow——

Me. My aunt, who is——

Lecturer. —one of those animals exterminated by man——

Me. —eighty-nine——

Lecturer. No, rather earlier than that. Behring's expedition. . . .

And so on. Then Judy would take a hand.

Lecturer. Moropus [or -pas], related to the horse——

Judy. Yes, it's awfully interesting, but——

Lecturer. I'll show you a picture of it, then you'll see exactly what I mean. . . .

We trail after him, in and out among the cases, Judy almost in tears.

* * * * *

The stars this time represent the fluttering of Aunt Agnes, who thought that, being half-an-hour late, we had at least been run over. We were terribly sorry, but what could we have done? I mean, he wasn't the sort of man you could just break away from; and when he kept talking of fossils fifty thousand years old it seemed absurd to press the claims of a young thing of eighty-nine.

A. W. B.

"DUCK FILM ACTOR."
Headline in Daily Paper.

With pleasure.



"ANYBODY CAN BE A MANNEQUIN—ALL YOU 'VE GOT TO DO 'S TO WALK POSH AND WOBBLE."

TO HASTINGS.

FROM A GRATEFUL VISITOR.

[WALLINGER, mentioned in the following lines, remains, as R. L. S. observes of the young of the penny whistler, "occult from observation." But he was evidently a Hastings worthy and is commemorated in "Wallinger's Walk," a name replete with euphonious suggestion.]

THOUGH fortune till lately has held me
Aloof from your health-giving clime,
The warmth of your sun has impelled me,
O Hastings, to greet you in rhyme.

The way that you foster and nourish
The motorist earns a good mark,
And I take off my hat with a flourish
To your wonderful underground park.

But, while I salute its constructor
And proffer my praise to your band
And its famous Cæsarian conductor,*
Who keeps it so strictly in hand,

And while I applaud the supporters
Of modern municipal zeal,
Your ancient unbeautified quarters
For me have a stronger appeal.

For there, mid their boats, nets and cables,
I held most instructive confabs
With the fishers who furnish your tables
With soles and with sprats and with dabs.

There I studied the documents showing
How TITUS the Ministry taints
With the OATES of his sinister sowing
As Curate in charge of All Saints!

And there at the house where 'tis stated
The mother of SHOVELL abode—
Sir CLOUDISLEY, famed but ill-fated—
Bareheaded I stood in the road.

I thought I should see young and old rush
In shoals from the township of Ore,
But I met with no signs of a gold rush;
Peace reigned on thy road, Rockanore.

By routes which the bungalow raiders
Have fringed with new horrors I drove
To the field where the Norman invaders
With HAROLD triumphantly strove.

The Abbey stood grim and majestic,
Though crocuses blazed all around,
As though it disdained the domestic
And peaceable end it has found.*

For, whether in Heaven or Hades,
One guesses what WILLIAM would say
Of a Battle confined to the ladies,
As duly foretold in the play.

But a truce to all querulous harping
On trifles, ill fitting a guest
When you've wholly estopped him from carping
By gifts both of sunshine and rest.

So hail and farewell, home of WALLINGER,
Long, long may you thrive in the pink;
And, whether in beer or in Bollinger,
To you I eternally drink! C. L. G.

* Mr. JULIUS HARRISON.

* Now the seat of a girls' school.

Explosive Partisanship.

"ARSENAL BLOWN UP AT CANTON."
Stop-press News in Birmingham Paper.

This ought to please the Newcastle supporters.

"MERCHANDISED TERRITORIALS.

All Territorial Army brigades of the Royal Artillery will be completely mervhanised during the present year instead of by 1933 as originally planned."—*Devonshire Paper.*

The arterializing of the artillery and the carbonisation of the carabineers is, we understand, only a question of time.

"Amidst all the wretchedness was a wireless set in one bedroom, with the ear-phones hanging on the bed-irons. The Inspector's visit has led to an improvement."
N.S.P.C.C. Report.

The N.S.P.C.B.B.C. is taking the matter up.

THE WIRELESS SCHOOL.

A REVOLUTION in education is progressing under our noses, and, as we all pay school-fees or the education rate or both, this is a matter of grave concern. I am referring to the Broadcast to Schools.

Just at the moment it forms merely a pleasant interlude in school routine. When the master's voice grows a trifle hoarse, or when he realises that the solution of the theorem he has chalked on the blackboard has slipped from his mind, it saves the situation if he says crisply, "Smith Secundus, will you please switch on the National programme?" And when Smith Secundus has selected the wave-length canned knowledge oozes out of the loud-speaker and everybody takes a well-earned rest.

But this Broadcast to Schools is in its infancy. It must develop, and it can only develop at the expense of the schoolmaster. At present it makes life a little easier for him. But in these economical days school governors will not pay the Burnham scale to men who are having an easy time. Rationalisation will be applied to education as ruthlessly as it is applied to industry. If one man from a padded cell in Broadcasting House can instruct two million children, very many of our assistant masters will be replaced by loud-speakers.

Should we be likely to stop at this stage? I think not. If school governors are a thrifty race, so are parents. Why send our boys, we shall ask, to expensive schools when the ether at home is just as good? Why not let the boys listen-in at home?

This is no idle dream. Even while I am writing this, news comes that Chicago, where the schools are closing down through lack of funds, is making plans to teach half-a-million school-children by wireless. So the gangsters of the future will sit safely in their bomb-proof shelters at home and pick up their lessons on the family radio.

Our own schools will follow this example, although perhaps the more important public schools will survive for a time. They have withstood the assaults of Mr. SHAW and Mr. WELLS and so may reasonably be expected to linger on for a few more years. But the end cannot long be delayed, and we shall have to adjust ourselves to a world in which schools do not exist and the few remaining schoolmasters are officials of the B.B.C.

But we cannot permit the B.B.C. to take over school lessons while ignoring the other functions of our school system. These functions are too valuable to be lost. Let us see what can be saved from the wreck.

Waterloo, we are told, was won on the playing-fields of Eton. It is perhaps just as well we have abolished war so thoroughly. We might not be able to win the next great battle on a five-valve set. But I am sure the B.B.C. would do its best for physical education. In the U.S.A. the appropriate commands for physical jerks are broadcast at an early hour in the morning when realtors, morticians and other professional men are deemed to spring from their standardised baths. Similar words of command could be broadcast from Daventry.

In the same way home-work could be set by the B.B.C. Of course, when we all listen-in to the same lessons from the same pedagogues, we shall have sacrificed the traditions and atmosphere which gave each school its distinctive tone. We could not offer to the B.B.C. the loyalty and affection we offered to our schools. But, human nature being what it is, our *esprit de corps* could be transferred to our particular make of receiver. A man who had absorbed his education through a



"W—WHA' ROUND WAS THA'?"
"THE FIRST."

Gridiron Five-Valve Set would associate for preference with other "Old Grids" rather than with a neighbour who had been educated on a Bifco Portable; while a fellow who had merely picked up a few things on a home-made set would be rather out of it.

This would lead inevitably to Old Boys' Associations financed and encouraged by the makers of receiving-sets. Old Boys' dinners could occur as usual, and the proceedings might be broadcast for the benefit of those unable to attend in person. These latter would have to provide their own nourishment, as the B.B.C. can only broadcast food for thought. But they would be able to sleep more comfortably during speeches.

Old Boys' ties may also be left to the radio trade, who will arrange that "Old Grids" and "Old Bifconians" will be able to recognise each other at sight.

In the fulness of time middle-aged listeners will clap each other on the back and exclaim, "Are you educating your boy on the old set? So am I. Such a tone about it and no distorted ideas. Do you remember old OTTO's German Talks? And S. P. B.? And WALFORD? Splendid fellows!"

School stories will persist, though not in their present form. The hero will not be able to win his first house-match by running the whole length of the field and dropping an incredible goal, because there will be no house-matches. In fact, under these new conditions I don't see any great scope for the hero. The bad boy, of course, will throw paper-darts at the loud-speaker during M. STÉPHAN's admirable French lessons, and when he is unobserved will stealthily turn the right-hand knob to the "off" position and play truant.

So you see quite a large part of our school system may be salvaged; but how will our budding novelists rub along when they can no longer start their careers with a scathing exposure of the system which bred them?

W. E. R.

"*Home* is the most popular foxtrot of the day: it is literally sweeping the country."
Gramophone Company's Catalogue.

While everyone else is literally sweeping the home.

AT THE PLAY.

"SEE NAPLES AND DIE" (LITTLE).

HERE comes Mr. ELMER RICE with his "extravagant comedy" to redress somewhat the balance of our account with his country by making us laugh loud and long (which, Heaven knows, we need), captivating us too by the compact neatness and ingenuity of his construction, and by a plausibility of individual characterisation unusual in so light-hearted a *genre*.

It is a sort of miniature League of Nations which he gathers together at the little pension above Sorrento, in the Bay of Naples. There is the dispossessed Russian, *Prince Kosoff*, who lives by blackmail of a peculiarly offensive kind, a chronic melancholiac and sensualist (admirably presented by Mr. ANTONY HOLLES); his courier, *Hugo von Klaus* (Mr. H. SAXON-SNELL—a neat portrait); the polygamously-minded Neapolitan padrone, *Angelo* (Mr. CLEM FARACE), who spends this pleasant sultry afternoon sleeping off the effects of his morning's nap when he isn't serenading or embracing the local beauties; his Norwegian wife (Miss PEGGY CARTER), and *Luisa* (Miss GABRIELLE CASARTELLI), her little maid-of-all-work—work most reluctantly done between intervals of the most shameless flirtation. There is the English painter, *Rowlinson*, bore and passionate Puritan (which is a little unkind of Mr. RICE; we didn't, after all, drape the limbs of the piano). However, he gives us the heaviest middle-aged American female bromide and snob, *Lucy Evans* (Miss NATALIE LYNN) to even things up a bit.

We have three other Americans—the nice boy, *Charles Carroll* (Mr. BERNARD NEDELL, of whom we have the pleasantest memories in *Broadway* and who is the producer—and a very skilful and well-timed production it is); his former *fiancée*, *Nanette Dodge* (Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY), now, as part of the blackmailing *Prince's* price, married to that plump scoundrel—formally, not actually, married, we understand; and *Nanette's* sister, *Elizabeth* (Miss ROSEMARY AMES), a former mistress of the ineffable *Kosoff*. A mysterious Roumanian, *General Jan Skulany*, and his reluctant Viennese mistress, *Kunegunde Wandl* (Miss STELLA ARBENINA), inhabit the villa opposite. Two swarthy chess-players (Mr. E. W. GREENHILL and Mr. ALFRED ATKINS), who sit in the background motionless through two-and-three-quarters of the piece and of whom I must not say more lest I spoil one of the author's most delightful surprises; the native driver (Mr. HENRY CASS), who passes with his mule back and forth on the terrace, uttering the loud noises of invitation and invective peculiar to his tribe and nation; a Fascist guard or two—these complete the international kettle of fish which Mr. RICE stirs with a callous disregard of national susceptibilities as reprehensible theoretically as it is amusing and justified in fact.



SEEING NAPLES: A WORM'S EYE VIEW.

Nanette Dodge Kosoff . . . . . MISS OLIVE BLAKENEY.
Ivan Ivanovitch Kosoff . . . . . MR. ANTONY HOLLES.
Charles Carroll . . . . . MR. BERNARD NEDELL.

The fun of this affair does not depend upon plot, but the skilful handling of plot adds zest to it. It is the author's business to unite his hero, young *Charles*, to his heroine, *Nanette*, which he does very deftly after appropriate delays and misunderstandings. The disgruntled boy thrown over, heartlessly as he thinks till explanations are forthcoming, by his girl, seeks consolation with *Skulany's* Viennese. *Nanette* bursts in upon the scene (Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY is in her most attaboyish whirlwind mood). She treads on the worm, *Kosoff*, who turns towards forcible abduction, but is duly foiled and artistically disposed of; scarifies poor *Charles* with her gibes and manufactured grievances as a prelude to letting him know that misadventure, not

change of heart, had caused her temporary defection, and raises hell generally before the final kiss of reconciliation—a most attractive and vivacious performance.

Mr. ELMER RICE is a versatile person. We now know him in three widely differing moods, as the experimentalist in *The Adding Machine*; as grim realist in *Street Scene*; and here as lively, irresponsible and yet withal neat jester. I hope the exaggerated and apprehensive patriotism of the moment will not prevent his taking from us many depreciated pounds to turn into gold for hoarding in American bank-vaults. For he gives us something to offset the inconvenience. A good jester is, after all, above the battle, and we salute and thank him and his interpreters. There wasn't a weak member in the cast or a dull patch in the piece. T.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

"REVUDEVILLE NO. 4" (WINDMILL).

ANY enterprise which helps to keep alive the English Variety tradition deserves the sympathy of all right-minded folk. The management of the Windmill Theatre, a pleasant little territory captured from Filmland, brings new ideas into the business. For one thing, it keeps the show going continuously from 2.30 to 11.30 or so, turn following turn with a speed that not even Mr. COCHRAN in his most headlong mood can rival. This means that each of the eighteen items is repeated four times, a thing obviously harder for flesh and blood to bear than mere celluloid. Perhaps indeed a little too hard on the artists, who occasionally showed signs of stress and nervousness. As, moreover, there is a general free-and-easiness and a more or less continuous coming and going, a further exceptional strain is thrown upon the performers; while their nearness to the audience in this intimate little theatre puts them under a close scrutiny that is an additional handicap in any but the most quiet and confidential turns. I suggest then that one should deliberately accept this entertainment in the spirit in which it is offered, of giving generous crude measure at small charges. It cannot escape the least reflective that the artists are paying rather more than their share in this concession to our purses, our convenience and the cruelly exacting modern god, Hurry.

Good marks then are good marks more than ordinarily well earned. And they must be awarded without qualification to the eccentric of the two silent tramps, THE HOBOES, who carried over from an earlier programme "for the benefit of the youngsters." It seemed to me easily the best item of the programme, touching an old theme in a new way, and distinguished particularly by the flowing rhythmic movements of two particularly well-made lithe figures, of which the clumsy, tattered black gingham suitings could not destroy the grace. These two artists, new to me, should have a future.



TROPICAL OUTFITS FOR WINTER SPORTS.

MISS BETTY BURKE AND MR. G. REYNARD.

VAN and RAY sang and flirted with an easy humour and imported duly bowdlerised references to Mademoiselle from Armenteers—a sound turn. GEORGE HAROLD made clever quiet nonsense with a violin; and IDENTO juggled angrily and skilfully with tennis-balls and top-hats. It seems a queer and old-fashioned thing to want to play tunes on sleigh-bells sewn to straps, but VALMA, a graceful giantess, did it very well.

An ancient jest of rude flavour was given a tactful twist in "The Anæsthetic," the embarrassing adventure of a nervous and beautiful young lady in the operating theatre; and we were agreeably disedified by "The Colonel's Lady" (Miss JANE JOHNS), who had original views on what was to be done with the last cartridge when a horde of savage warriors was about to burst in upon herself and her boring gallant husband (Mr. JOHN TILLEY).

The charms of the WINDMILL GIRLS and the WINDMILL SIX were not hidden from us with any niggardly hand in "Winter Sports," "Spring," "A Winner" and "The Slave Market," in which last affair an exacting Caliph (DON), dissatisfied with the selection of goods offered by the slave-retailer, suddenly hurled off his robes and appeared as an immense Iberian in cloth of silver and whiskers and began to fling the best slave about the stage in a deplorably violent manner which made us feel that if the lady (DORRETTE) has to suffer this four times a day she is not long for this world, poor thing!

The stage, however, is too small for satisfactory spectacle—everybody seemed over life-size—and the amiable prancings of the healthy and comely young ladies in the ballet, "Spring," did not, I fear, quite convey the poetic and fanciful motions presumably intended.

Altogether not a sophisticated affair for the sophisticated, but a full and varied meal for hearty appetites. T.



NOT SANCTIONED BY SIR WALTER GILBEY OR THE JOCKEY CLUB.

The Happy Dispatch.

"So, needless to say, all ends happily, in the end."
Daily Paper's Dramatic Critic.

Then why say it twice?

"I have obtained my information from an unimplacable source."
Daily Paper.

It sounds almost unimpossible.

"If you wanted to preserve a document for all time, how would you set about it?"
Newcastle Paper.

We should leave it in a dentist's waiting-room.

A STRANGE ANIMAL IS MAN.

How varied is the human show
  Of forms and facial features.
And inconveniently so,
Contrasted with the ones that grow
  On some of Nature's creatures!

The intervals, when horses race,
  Between the first and second
Or one that occupies a place
In rear of this successful brace,
  Are physically reckoned.

Both those that punt where horses are
  And would-be fortune-moulders
From office-desk and booth and bar
Are versed in the vernacular
  Of heads and necks and shoulders.

Where men engage, for joy or meed,
  In tests of pedal quickness,
These methods never could succeed,
For humans are a motley breed
  Without a standard thickness.

A casual survey of man—
  The merest glance—discloses
How ill-conceived would be the plan
Of calculating such a span
  By reference to noses.

With frames of every shape and size,
  And beaks like hawks' and finches',
When athletes race and gaps arise,
Small wonder that the judge relies
  Instead on feet and inches.

The thought has made my cheek grow
    warm
  That, with his other trammels,
Man is denied the working norm
Of corporal and nasal form
  Allowed to lesser mammals. C. B.

DREAMING FOR "PUNCH."

WHEN, as may easily happen after many years and amid much competition, I have difficulty in thinking of a subject for this page, the problem often engages my thoughts through the night. I go to sleep still unsupplied, but, though a thousand fancies occur which at the time seem possible, I invariably wake to find them, in the cold light of day, nonsense.

But last night I was more fortunate; my dream really had something in it.

I dreamt that I was the head of an establishment for the well-being of cats, and among them was a Siamese cat of great attraction, with a black-and-brown head, a white body and blue eyes, who never left me, and rubbed confidingly against my legs, and by-and-by began to talk.

"Couldn't you," she said, "do something for us in *Punch*?"

"How do you mean?"

"Put us into one of your articles?"

"Is that why you have been making such a fuss of me?" I asked. "Wheedling, in short?"

"Partly," she said—for she was an honest cat. "The others said that as I am more rare than they are, even the white Persians, you would be more likely to pay attention if approached by me. Although it needn't be you who writes about us, if you don't want to. One of the poets would be even better. 'JAN,' for instance. I'm sure she would write some lovely lines. There must be a cat in Sycamore Square."

"But why do you want publicity?" I asked. "Isn't that rather vulgar?"

"Not in the way *Punch* would do it," said the Siamese. "You see, we're tired of hearing the praises of dogs. Everyone has a dog nowadays, and every dog is perfect, and *Punch* is full of them. You've written about them yourself often enough—too often—but when did you last write about cats?"

"Not for a long time," I said.

"Why not? Don't you like us?"

"The more I see of cats," I was mean enough to say, "the more I like dogs."

The Siamese lay on her back, groaned and put a paw to each ear. "I was so afraid you'd get that off," she said. "But tell me why you don't like us. Aren't we beautiful?"

"Intensely so," I said, "particularly when you're young."

"Do we give any trouble?"

"No."

"Don't we perfect the household? A cat on the hearthrug, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so," I said.

"Haven't some of the most illustrious people loved us?" she continued. "Weren't we worshipped in ancient Egypt?"

"Surely," I said.

"Then what's the matter? Why have you let a clumsy obvious creature like the dog dominate your lives and become the subject of a thousand eulogies? To-day it's dogs, dogs, dogs everywhere. Cats are hardly mentioned."

"*Felix* had a great run on the films."

The Siamese shuddered.

"*Dick Whittington* is played every Christmas," I said.

The Siamese shuddered again, more convulsively.

"We are talking about cats," she said. "Domestic cats: tortoise-shells, tabbies, Persians, soft sinuous creatures that lie in your lap and purr and, as I have said, complete the home. There are millions of them in England and all of them have friends among human beings who stop to stroke them, and yet hardly a word is printed about us any more. Why is it?"

"I suppose," I said, "they don't make the same appeal as dogs."

"They don't."

"There's an old poem," I went on, "which begins—

'The dog will come when he is called.
The cat will turn away.'

Perhaps a good deal of what you complain of is explained there."

"Oh, I see," said the Siamese, "you expect obedience?"

"I think we do."

"You can't be happy without the feeling of being boss?"

"Oh! . . ."

"What a humiliating thought!" said the Siamese. "Don't you want any individuality in your pets?"

"It's a better arrangement when they come when they are called," I said.

She was silent for a while. "I see," she said. "Anything else wrong?"

"Well, we are not in love with your way with birds."

"I thought that would come soon," she replied. "But what about your way with salmon? Don't you play them?"

"Good Heavens!" I said. "You don't mean to compare——"

"Think about it," she said. "Anyway, we're not killing birds and mice all the time, any more than your sportsmen are never idle. And there must always be allowances and concessions. Don't you like me?"

"I do," I said. "I like you exceedingly. But . . ."

"You like your dog more?"

"Well, differently," I said.

"But then we are different," she exclaimed testily. "You wouldn't really have us the same, would you? Haven't you room in your heart for both? It's absurd always setting us off one against the other. Anyway, I'll tell you one thing," she said, "dogs can't have kittens. Puppies may be appealing enough, but they're not in it with kittens. Now, are they?"

"No," I said, "they're not."

"Then if you can't lower your great mind to write anything in praise of cats, write something in praise of kittens. We shan't mind. It will be the thin end of the wedge."

"I'll think about it," I said, and so awoke. E. V. L.

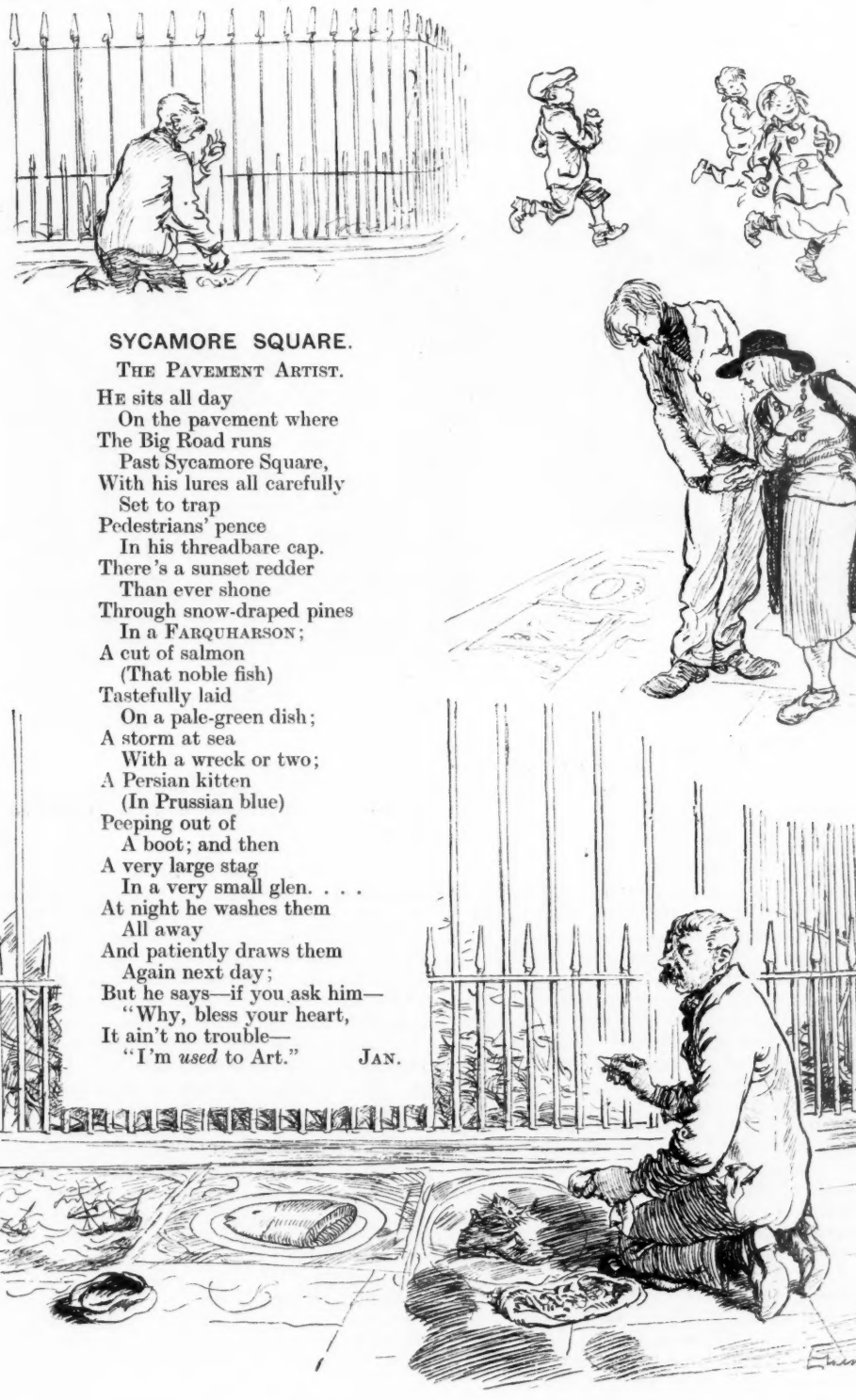
Striking Coincidences.

"MR. CHURCHILL RETURNS FROM AMERICA."
Morning Paper Heading.

"HAT KING ARRIVES IN LONDON."
Same Paper, same day.

Imperial Cannibalism?

"EMPIRE BACON.
The Product of your Kinsmen.
Smoked Canadian Back . per lb. 9½*d.*
Green Canadian Back . . per lb. 8*d.*"
Provincial Grocer's Circular.



SYCAMORE SQUARE.

THE PAVEMENT ARTIST.

HE sits all day
  On the pavement where
The Big Road runs
  Past Sycamore Square,
With his lures all carefully
  Set to trap
Pedestrians' pence
  In his threadbare cap.
There's a sunset redder
  Than ever shone
Through snow-draped pines
  In a FARQUHARSON;
A cut of salmon
  (That noble fish)
Tastefully laid
  On a pale-green dish;
A storm at sea
  With a wreck or two;
A Persian kitten
  (In Prussian blue)
Peeping out of
  A boot; and then
A very large stag
  In a very small glen. . . .
At night he washes them
  All away
And patiently draws them
  Again next day;
But he says—if you ask him—
  "Why, bless your heart,
It ain't no trouble—
  "I'm *used* to Art."

JAN.



"YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ABROAD, HAVE YOU, MRS. MCGREGOR?"
"NO, I HAVEN'T. FROM ALL I CAN HEAR, IT'S NOT A VERY NICE PLACE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks).

Lightning Well Directed.

IN writing the biography of her father the late Lord ST. ALDWYN, Lady VICTORIA HICKS-BEACH has rather reversed the normal order of things, for she has chosen to present an almost entirely historical account—*The Life of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach* (MACMILLAN, 15/-)—of the public affairs, once momentous but now faded in perspective, with which he was associated, leaving any estimate of his character to her readers rather than herself aiming to establish it by the publication of personal and intimate memories. Indeed one learns almost more from a short appendix by Sir LAURENCE GUILLEMARD—for seven years his official private secretary—as to what manner of man "BLACK MICHAEL" really was behind the scenes than from the intensely reserved clear-cut paragraphs of an author for whom indeed her father could do no wrong, but who is too firmly established in his own tradition to be able to overflow in wordy commendation. In these two volumes Sir MICHAEL finally emerges as a political thinker of rare judgment and sagacity, a steady speaker whom opponents dreaded to have to follow in the House, an ideal chairman or arbitrator, and the last exponent of genuine Treasury control; but one is left in no doubt that his normal perfect politeness was matched by a really inspired faculty for sudden explosive and shatteringly violent anger, which he did not hesitate on occasion deliberately to employ. All the same he could enjoy a joke against himself, and behind the impatience was a tenderness and a deep religious sense fully known only to a few.

Welcome Revivals.

It is only to be expected that, reviving old memories as he does in *Lost Lectures* (PETER DAVIES, 10/6), Mr. MAURICE BARING should occasionally stir the same embers twice. What strikes me as more to the point is that every such stir provokes a glow of the old fire. Four of the book's fourteen "lectures" have been actually delivered, and three of them printed. The rest are new. They can be roughly divided into reminiscent and critical, though each division borrows lustre from the other; and the critical are the more inspiring. Mr. BARING's panegyric of Eton, however, suggests more than one valid line of defence for the old *régime*; that the tyranny of athletes, for instance, is less deplorable than the tyranny of intellectuals. My own vote goes to "Actors, Actresses and Goldfish"—a noble and pathetic little essay on the evanescence and mishandling of genius. "Music" amusingly justifies Madame MARCHESI's verdict that the English like music immensely, but get along very well without it—a state of things not wholly unconnected, as Mr. BARING sees it, with the coterie spirit of our professional critics. I should question "Punch and Judy's" assertion that reasonably realistic scenery is not favourable to "the opportunity of make-believe"; but I can endorse every word of "Gilbert and Sullivan"—even Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY's claim that the most permanent and enduring achievement of the Victorian age was theirs. For what it revives of other men's *obiter dicta* and what it

enshrines of its author's, *Lost Lectures* should not be overlooked by the discerning.

Family Jars and Joys.

ELISSA LANDI's *House For Sale*
Gives us the quite delightful tale
Of one engaged in closing down
The pleasant residence in Town
Whence all her mated brood have flown
So that she now lives on alone.

The book (from CHATTO, 7/6)
Puts me in something of a fix;
For truly to appreciate
Its grasp of the maternal state
I think one really needs to be
The mother of a family;
And, seeing Nature's settled plan
Debars the ordinary man
From figuring in the matrons' list,
There may be points that I have missed.

But those (and they are not a few)
Which I have spotted ring so true;
So very charmingly she limns
Her husband's moods, her children's whims,
The joys and griefs reduced by Time
To fractions of their bulky prime;
The constantly recurring clash
Of elder calm and younger dash—
That I can safely (as may you)
Accept on trust the residue.

Talking Animals.

I wish that during my reading of *The Woodcutter's House* (ELKIN MATHEWS AND MARROT, 6/-) I could have shared half the enjoyment Mr. ROBERT NATHAN must have felt in the writing of it; for the book seems to me to be filled with tantalising and peculiar treasure, only to be appreciated with difficulty by any but its own discoverer. There is a lack of clarity in this half allegory, half fairy-story in which a little green man, the god of good-humour, talks to a girl, *Metabel*, with a curious mixture of philosophy and whimsicality. All the creatures of the book discuss life. A mouse asks marriage-counsel from a dog that is such a traitor to its kind as to describe an excursion drearily as "a long walk up and a long walk back." A beetle and a horse are pensive, and "the largest apple-owning wasp in the country" makes itself disagreeable. Interspersed between the big talk of small creatures there are snatches of story and a description of a love-affair between *Metabel* and a wood-cutter, who, for a reason that may possibly have had something to do with the Ygdrasil myth, refuses to cut down the profitable ash-trees. After he has asked *Metabel* to marry him he feels the need of money and begins to cut down the trees, thereby distressing the small beasts of the wood. It is at this point that the book becomes particularly confusing. It is clear that Mr. NATHAN is pointing some sort of moral, declaring his faith in the possessions of the spirit and his horror of the material, but the whole fantasy baffles me.



Tipster. "I'LL TELL YER WOT. IF THE 'ORSE I'VE GIVE YER IN THAT ENVELOPE DON'T WIN, COME BACK 'ERE AN' WATCH ME COMMIT SUICIDE."

Viva l' Italia!

Fighting among mountain ranges at seven and eight thousand feet above sea level, Italian troops in the Great War on some occasions advanced to the attack roped together or traced their trench-lines across deep snow-folds, or lived in danger from avalanches or, failing ammunition, used rock-splinters for missiles. In another sector of the front the wide and erratic Piave river, liable to sudden flooding that might sweep away bridges and cut an army uncomfortably in half, added an element of varied uncertainty to a conflict very different in many aspects from those most familiar to English soldiers. The story of Italy's war not having been written as a whole for

English and American readers, Mr. LUIGI VILLARI, equipped with comprehensive knowledge of his topic and a perfectly satisfactory command of our language, has set out to make good the deficiency in *The War on the Italian Front* (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 18/-). He thinks—wrongly, I hope—that the burden borne by his country is not properly realised by us. But he is fairly entitled to remind us that more than two-thirds of a million Italian soldiers were killed in action, and, further, that if Italy was called upon to face and recover from one catastrophic defeat that might well have proved irreparable the final crash-through to triumph was perhaps the most convincing victory of the entire war. The only defect I find in Mr. VILLARI'S book is the lack of a general map of the whole field of operations.

Grim but Engrossing.

Mr. NEIL BELL certainly has the gift of making his crowded characters stand out stereoscopically, as it were. In *The Marriage of Simon Harper* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6) he forces us at first, and after easily persuades us, to be interested in the grim and godly *Simon*, honest and competent carpenter, in his progress from casual wage-earning to independence and affluence as a builder. (A good builder, Mr. BELL says, but I wonder!) *Simon* never succeeds in losing his grimness, his blind narrow judgment and overbearing ways, and the author proves his honesty and faculty of observation in his development of this crabbed character. Nor does the patient gentle *Bessie*—a charming invention—ever seem to recover from that first deflation of the spirits which was due to her husband's crude handling of her ignorance and shrinking sensitiveness when they first came together. If we can accept the strange interlude of her single act of infidelity we shall admire the author's treatment of this episode in its effect upon the husband—his first savage rages, his forgiveness, which was never real forgiveness but more than three parts diplomacy and pride, and his abiding hidden resentment. We may be disposed to protest that too many and too dire sorrows are piled upon the pair through their children and friends, and that in particular death is given too wholesale a commission towards the close. But here is real stuff, alive and obviously sincere, with no sham-romantic nonsense about it.



Industrious Barber's Boy. "THIS CUSTOMER IS READY WHEN YOU ARE, MR. JONES."

Cat and Angel.

Though Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES'S story, *Love is a Flame* (BENN, 9*d*.), is now published for the first time, it has an old-fashioned flavour. The heroine, *Nan Pavely*, is uncompromisingly heroic, and the villainess, *Doris Langton*, is a perfect specimen of a cat. She wore white Indian muslin in the evening, had golden hair and periwinkle-blue eyes, and was cold, calculating and acquisitive. The two girls met while doing war-work, and, as is natural in this sort of story, the nasty one acted as a magnet to the nice one's young man and married him secretly. After some months of unhappiness the man was reported "Missing—believed killed," and *Doris* once more began to enjoy herself. *Nan*, who had meanwhile refused an offer of marriage, began for altruistic reasons to interfere in *Doris's* entangled affairs. It would not be fair to the reader to reveal any more of the plot, which is neatly worked out and ends sensationally, though quite satisfactorily as far as the right people are concerned. Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES is an excellent story-teller. She does not trouble herself with lights and shades of character, but her book is readable, though not particularly brilliant. At its worst it is a little priggish, and at its best an interesting reminder of the way we lived and thought in England during the time of the War.

Twenty-Four Hours.

I cannot say that Mr. OLIVER STONOR'S theme in *The End of Mr. Davidson* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) attracted me, but I can admire his treatment of it. Here we are given a detailed account of the last hours of *Mr. Davidson's* life. Competent in his profession, *Mr. Davidson* devastated his family life by craving for appreciation which he made no effort to gain. Physically ill and mentally unbalanced, he at last ran amok and left his home in a rage. Then his adventures and misadventures both began and finished. By dying he may be said in the end to have scored off his captious family, who were extremely surprised and inconvenienced. The book left me wondering whether so introspective and drab a character was worth the trouble and skill Mr. STONOR has spent upon him.

Espionage.

At the beginning of the War MAX WILD was in command of the German Secret Service in the East, and, although the earlier chapters of *On the Russian Front* (GEOFFREY BLES, 10/6) may be lacking in interest except to those who wish to study spying as a fine art, the tale as a whole is one of thrilling and dangerous adventure. As regards spies it is interesting to note that he divides them into three classes—the international spies, the dual spies, and those who work loyally for their own country. And he asks that these loyal men should in war-time be treated "exactly like any other soldier." Whatever hindrances there may be in the way of such recognition, the author, in virtue of his own terrible experiences, has certainly gained the right to ask for their removal.

CHARIVARIA.

WE read of an artist who considers it unlucky to mention a picture intended for the Academy until it has actually been hung. There is, of course, another foolish superstition against mentioning it afterwards.

***

The immunity of doctors from colds is ascribed by a medical writer to their practice of standing at their open windows for a few minutes whenever possible and taking deep breaths. This also accounts for the "soughing" sound heard occasionally in the neighbourhood of Harley Street.

***

We are glad to deny the rumour that a High Court judge recently asked, "Who is Mr. Justice MCCARDIE?"

***

In the opinion of a writer in *The Daily Express* there are only two possible future Prime Ministers of Great Britain, namely, Mr. MAXTON and Lord BEAVERBROOK. It is a solemn thought.

***

A writer in *The Evening Standard* tells of a taxi-driver who believed that Shoe Lane was in Whitechapel. The fellow can't have been a careful student of the tone of the BEAVERBROOK Press.

***

Mr. MOLLISON's first meal on reaching Capetown consisted of twenty-four oysters. It must be remembered that there is an "r" in "record."

***

"What, after all, does Mr. MOLLISON'S record flight prove?" asks a cynic. The answer is that he was in a hurry.

***

An author remarks that he works best on a diet of sausages and onions. We presume that he writes stories with a strong atmosphere of mystery.

***

In asking whether the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would cause to be issued nickel coins of the denomination of 1*d.* and ½*d.*, but less bulky to carry about, Mr. MACQUISTEN, Member for Argyll, is understood to have been acting in the interests of constituents suffering from bawbee-strain.

***

Girls studying for the Diploma in Journalism are described as looking like débutantes. Real débutantes who contribute to the Press don't bother about diplomas.

***

A hundred-and-fifty fat men of Stamboul who are starting on a tour of Europe may visit this country in the course of the summer. It will be the fault of the "Come to Britain" movement if they fail to squeeze in.

***

The writer of an article on bad cinema manners complains that during a pathetic scene which caused her to bite her nails the audience laughed. We ourselves always frown upon neighbours who bite their nails.

***

Charged with breaking into a house in Dorset, a burglar complained that the householder threw him down the stairs. What did he expect the man to do? Make him a cup of tea?

***

A New York man has been sent to prison for life for stealing the equivalent of six shillings. He doesn't seem to have thought of throwing the police off the scent by committing a murder or two.

A leading seaman has summoned a neighbour for striking him with a garden spade. So much for the belief that sailors don't care.

***

Burglars who broke into a shop in Dumfriesshire caught the watchdog and took him outside. We appreciate the broad humanity of the gangster who takes the dog for a run rather than for a ride.

***

A doctor says more people would take up walking as a hobby if only they could be roused to action. Self-starters for hikers seem to be indicated.

***

A news-item states that a large whale was washed ashore near Grimsby. Some Spring-cleaning!

***

A Princetown resident reports that the convicts now resort to singing and shouting in the afternoons as well as the evenings. The matinée-habit seems to be spreading.

***

An M.P. says every man's heart should be in his garden. As the risk of ground-frosts is not yet over, it is as well to bring it in at night.

***

According to a naturalist, a grey or drab suit is less likely to attract wasps than a highly-coloured one. Those who have already been stung, however, may be advised at once to put on blue bags.

***

A medical officer of health says that a good cigarette should be made to last ten minutes. An American can make a cigar last indefinitely if he masticates in moderation.

***

When a man was charged with shop-breaking, a juryman promised to find him work. In burgling circles this is regarded as vindictive.

***

Safety-razor blades were used recently by a burglar to open a window. This method of solving the safety-razor blade problem is not quite fair.

***

A scientist says that sharks are harmless except when attacked. A bather who inadvertently kicks a shark in the ribs when swimming past is liable to have his action misconstrued.



Wife (to gangster failure). "SAY, PETE, THERE'S TWO INSTALMENT GUYS CALLED FER THE MACHINE-GUN."

RETROGRESSIONAL.

["The flight from the dollar would be extremely awkward for everybody concerned."—*The Times.*]

EASY the entrance-way, my friend,
But stiff the exit from Avernus!
These clever thoughts, by VIRGIL penned,
To you and me I recommend,
So nearly they concern us.

I love the Transatlantic guy,
And frequently am moved to choler
When people with a jaundiced eye
Say that his soul is blasted by
Addiction to the dollar.

But, *if* he lightly flew to win
This goal (alleged) of his affection,
I'm certain he must hate like sin
The bare idea of flying in
The opposite direction.

Or if, in other terms (a view
I scarce can bring myself to cite), he
Knelt daily in his Wall Street pew
And worshipped (no, this *can't* be true)
The dollar as almighty;

How sad to find, when he would pray,
His dearest faith grown dim and foggy;
To see his god unstuck to-day,
His idol's feet composed of clay,
Its knees distinctly groggy! O. S.

POTCHIM, AND WHAT AFTER?

"Is it cricket," everyone is asking—"is it cricket to urge a racehorse on to victory by the blast of a patent whistle?"

Yet this is what happened to Potchim, the winner of the Prince of Wales' Plate at Leicester last Wednesday. Responding to the music he knew and loved so well, the gallant animal dashed past the post three lengths ahead of his nearest rival.

For my own part, I answer the question emphatically. It is *not* cricket. No, and it is not rowing, nor football, nor golf, nor any other pastime at which men of British blood and nationality are met together to do honour to the sacred name of Sport.

I speak without bias. I had nothing on the race myself. But the admission of this new principle into any athletic encounter can only be fraught, it seems to me, with incalculable harm to all concerned. There are those who are encouraged by noises, musical or otherwise, to strain every nerve and sinew to give of their best. There are those who are not.

Let us leave the Turf for a moment with the mere observation that many a horse in many a race, given orchestral accompaniments at the proper moment, might be led to dance, to lie down, to sleep or to swerve madly from the course and bite the conductor on the baton-arm. But racing is only one out of innumerable contests in which either melody or cacophony might ruin the whole spirit of the game. LINDRUM has stated clearly more than once that he abhors the use of the bagpipe during the closing periods of a long break; and there is a similar dislike of community-singing amongst first-class performers during chess-matches. The thing is simply not done.

At the Horned Toad Derby, which took place at Palm Springs, California, last Friday, in spite of the enormous enthusiasm aroused throughout the whole of the Western Hemisphere, the ukulele was *tabu*, nor was any owner permitted to wring the last ounce out of his panting reptile by means of the saxophone. It is true that at the *concours de pêche* which I witnessed a few years ago near Boulogne the town band played consistently by the lake-side, and a carp was actually landed to a solo on the French horn. But this was in a Latin country where sport is not properly understood. So little, indeed, that a friend of mine was once arrested by a gendarme for unfairly catching trout with a fly, instead of using the local method of bottom-fishing with Gruyère cheese.

In any case, chivalrous pier-anglers at Brighton and other seaside resorts have told me that even the use of an ocarina or a triangle spells immediate disqualification.

We are forced to the conclusion that where single competitors are matched against each other in any of the nobler forms of athletic rivalry emotional "dope" is no more permissible than physical. Football-teams may be encouraged by cat-calls, by rattles, by the firing of guns, by the trombone or by college yells, but no individual, be he pigeon or dog or man, should be goaded by instrumental music to do more than his normal best. Otherwise the fat will be in the fire, Wimbledon will be reduced to a farce and St. Andrews become the laughing-stock of the world.

ARCHIE COMPSTON and several gifted young amateur golfers have confessed that they putt better to the sound of the flageolet on the green; and both Mr. PERRY and Mr. AUSTIN, if they had their way, would like a kettle-drum during long tennis rallies. Nothing but the fine tradition of English sportsmanship has restrained them hitherto from employing this stimulus, with the aid of willing friends, in the Centre Court. But there is a thin yet clearly visible line that divides good form from bad in the realm of sport, and no high-souled combatant will care to cross it, certainly not if he be of the Anglo-Saxon breed. Let CARNERA, if he chooses, employ an operatic tenor to sing during his bouts; our men would sooner lie down and take the count than indulge in these questionable tactics. A leading recumbent British heavyweight, when asked if he would care to fight the Italian again with an oboe to assist him, replied simply, "I hope I am an Englishman before everything."

There remains bridge. This being a team game, it might be contended that any form of vocal or instrumental accompaniment was well within the limits of fair-play. Yet there exists, and I think rightly exists, a strong feeling that dummy ought not to yodel in order to brace the nerves of his partner. Still less should he play the harp.

Let it be remembered finally that noise is not the only excitation of the nerves which might be brought to bear upon sporting encounters in the hope of securing a victory. Odours of all kinds, chemically produced, might be wafted on to the field of play. Horses unstirred by the whistle, unmoved by the harmonicon, might prove susceptible to opoponax or new-mown hay. Golfers, billiard-players, draught-champions, greyhounds, weight-lifters, pudding-eaters, curlers might be daunted or spurred to unhoped-for success by the perfumes of M. COTY sprayed at the psychological moment around them.

Sport stands at the cross-roads. It is for the Jockey Club and other governing bodies to see that it does not from this moment take the wrong turning.

EVOE.

RUGGER RHYMES.

VICISSITUDE.

BEGINNING as half in the "C" XV.
I appeared in the "B" and the "A,"
And once had a gallop with *the* XV.,
But signally failed to stay.

I figured as three in the 1st XV.
As a substitute—never again;
The 1st was a carefully-nursed XV.,
And I was the cause of pain.

"You haven't, old fellow, the pace," they said;
"You're better at back—in the 'A';
That is your natural place," they said,
And there I perform to-day.

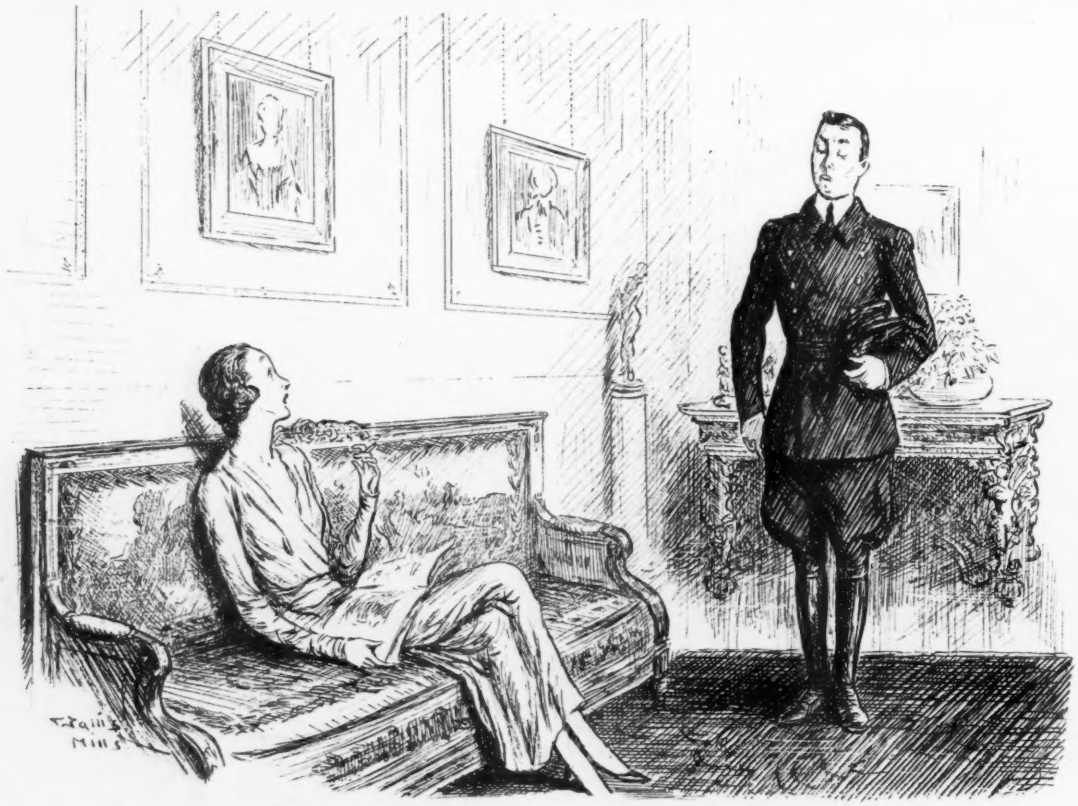
I've never emerged as a three again,
But the "A" is a haven for me
Till I must go down to the "C" again
By way of the loathly "B."

WOON.



THE NOT-QUITE-ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

POUND NOTE (*to Dollar Bill*). "I KNOW THAT SINKING FEELING. GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THE SAME STUFF AS I TOOK. PICKED ME UP A LOT."



Chauffeur. "I REGRET THE CAR WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE THIS AFTERNOON, MY LADY."
Mistress. "WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Chauffeur. "YESTERDAY WAS ONE OF HIS LORDSHIP'S DAYS WITH THE CARBURETTOR, MY LADY."

A HOME TARIFF MOVEMENT.

FOLLOWING the example recently set in another place, this House has profoundly modified its economic policy by injecting a strong dose of Protection into a system which hitherto has been one of Lopsided Free Trade. A basic import duty of ten per cent is now payable on purchased imports in general. There is a short Free List, including (in view of long-standing connections) water, gas and electric light and heat; but the great majority of the commodities that come in by the tradesmen's entrance are and will continue to be dutiable. The letter-box is regarded as a free-port area.

The change will be watched with much interest. It was high time to take such a step, for the position until lately has been that, whereas practically everything we have eaten, drunk, smoked, burned or otherwise consumed has had to be imported (for all that we ourselves have raised on English soil is a few apples and—in lucky years—some broad beans), *we are not permitted to pay for those imports with our exports.* The balance of trade in consequence is cock-eyed in the extreme.

The fact is that the entities with whom we traffic *do not need our products.* In some cases, no doubt, they themselves are rival producers; for instance, on Mr. Onion's bags (the paper-bags in which he purveys his merchandise) is printed a four-line stanza that appears to be of Onionian manufacture; but mostly they seem either to content themselves with contributing to the advertisement columns of *The Plough and District Argus* and *Plashet Advertiser*, or to do without poetry and literature altogether; and *as we produce nothing else* we have been compelled to liquidate our trade accounts by exporting gold or its equivalent. Moreover, although we have not lacked levers to bargain with—Mr. THOMAS always bargains with levers—it had somehow never occurred to us that we possessed also the indispensable fulcra, and we have felt ourselves virtually compelled to accept almost anything our suppliers cared to ship to us *at prices which were fixed by them.* The situation, when one came to think of it, was intolerable.

We therefore took a strong line, intimating to J. Milk, P. Sago, Herbert Herring, Wm. Kidney, Chas. Hose, Sole and Hobnail, Coke and Cinder, old Uncle Jas. Onion and all the other principal exporters that as from March 1st their exports to this House would be subject to the said impost and that we reserved to ourselves the right to increase the duty and even to exclude their commodities entirely should circumstances so demand. For convenience of collection, we informed them, we proposed to deduct the percentage from their monthly accounts — a method so simple, direct and economical that one wonders why it never occurred to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

In the conferences subsequently held with individual exporters in the main hall of this House the chief arguments advanced on their side were that we could not mean it; that they had always endeavoured to give satisfaction; that their goods were the best procur-

able and were sold to us at what was for all intents and purposes cost price; that the course we threatened to adopt would deprive them of all their profit and a bit more; that they must live; and that the depression was bad enough already.

We for our part studiously avoided all haggling and bickering and maintained our position. The alternative, we suggested, was Reciprocity. If they were to continue to enjoy commercial relations with us on the old basis they must in common fairness purchase our products, a price-list of which we handed to each of them as he came to make his protest. Our terms were not exorbitant (they worked out at something like a sonnet for a sirloin), but apparently they did not even merit the courtesy of consideration. Our proposal to offset Mr. Onion's consignments of early rhubarb to date with a new and more grammatical four-line stanza was declined rather curtly, the old fool saying that he desired no tampering with his propaganda.

The Reciprocity idea having been rejected, as we rather expected it to be, we fell back upon our original proposition. We pointed out, where appropriate, that our garden has an area of nearly one acre and that with a little persuasion on our part its productivity could be greatly enhanced; that it was our intention to start a poultry-breeding industry of our own, to instal pigs, rabbits and a small cow and to stock the pond with some suitable species of fish; and that at the north-east corner of the lawn there were indications of what might be a rich seam of coal. We hinted pretty broadly that if the development of these potential resources should prove inadequate (as, one may say in confidence, they certainly would), we should be constrained to revise all our most-favoured-tradesman treaties and import our necessaries from London.

It is not clear which of these fulcra brought home the bacon, but one by one the exporting entities, after obtaining our promise to observe secrecy in the matter, consented to the deduction—several of them so readily as to create the suspicion that they proposed to counteract its effects by a little previous addition or some other Machiavellian manœuvre. Such attempts to evade the duty will, however, easily be detected by our experts; and in these particular cases the change will be watched, or rather counted, with special interest.

Unlike the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we can foretell with tolerable precision the yield of this epoch-making impost; it will just about warrant our running the car again. (We noticed that the exporters were never depressed enough to cease running theirs). Thus from this momentous alteration in our fiscal system vast local benefits will flow—the resumption of this House's salubrious beanos at the seaside; joy in the hearts and cash in the pockets of Messrs. Juice and Spanner; probably the re-engagement of the garage-hand they had to "stand off." Multiply these results by the millions of similar Houses in the kingdom and the nation's economic problems are solved.

The Movement which our bold and resolute action has initiated will doubtless require a battle-song for use at meetings and on marches. In that case this House trusts that it will be invited to quote for the words. A sample verse is appended:—

The hour has struck for all Houses with pluck to throng to the aid of the Movement;
Trade (so they say) is booming away and the £ soaring into the blue;
Shall the exporter, the grasping extorter, monopolise all the improvement?
Slice off a margin from what he is chargin'; out with your levers and hew!



"Anything known about this man?"
"Yessir; he's an ex-reformed character."

A Rival of the "Breeches" Bible.

"£106 a line, £1700 altogether, was paid for Burns' manuscript of 'My love is like a red, red hose,' when it was sold at Sotheby's, London."—*Dundee Newspaper.*

THE FLASK OF CHIANTI.

THIS is the story of a scientific experiment, undertaken not in any selfish desire for gain, but simply in the cause of sheer disinterested research.

My friend George had bought a litre flask of Chianti in Soho for two shillings—quite why I don't know; every time we asked him he went into abstruse calculations about actually buying it at the equivalent of as little as one-and-six a bottle, because a litre flask held practically a third as much again as an ordinary bottle, the rigmarole being complicated throughout by allusions to good red wine of Tuscany, reputed quarts, and the lovely dark eyes of the Italian girl in the shop.

All of this was, no doubt, correct—except the reference to the beverage as the *good* red wine of Tuscany. We each tried a little—a very little—at supper that night and then we hurriedly corked it up and put it in a corner. Later on we put it out in the kitchen; it seemed to be having an evil influence. Later on still we got even more nervous, and George took it right out of the house. Here, in a spirit of strict scientific inquiry, he stood it on the pavement outside, unobserved by passers-by, and we all sat down at an unlighted window to watch exactly what happened. We had some sort of idea that it would be highly informative to study the reactions of passers-by to the phenomenon.

Soon it began to dawn on us that there was something inexpressibly wicked about that Chianti flask standing all by itself in the pale light of a street-lamp. It may have been just the shape, something like the dwelling-bottle of an Eastern genie; or it may have been that evilly seductive straw cradle which persuades dare-devils from Tooting to order it in Soho restaurants; or perhaps it was merely recognition of the iniquitous fact that grapes had ripened under soft Italian skies merely to stand on the pavement of a gloomy London square. Whatever the reason, the thing gradually began to get on our nerves, and we were just considering the idea of sending over a raiding-party to bring it in when the spell was broken by the arrival of the first passer-by, a postman, who merely stared at it as he went by, stopped and stared at it again from a distance of five feet, shook his head and went on into the night. Obviously he could make nothing of it and didn't want to.

Two girls came next. They were talking volubly and simultaneously—no doubt about Clothes and the Man, for they never even saw the thing. Then came a well-dressed old gentleman with a bowler-hat and umbrella. He stopped and looked at the strange object for a long time from the south-east. Then he went round and gave it the up-and-down from the north-west. Finally he approached and touched it gingerly with his umbrella. Learning little from this, he took out his glasses and bent down, but his further investigation was cut short by somebody approaching, and he straightened up and strolled off in the highly casual manner of the well-brought-up fellow who is far above examining street treasure-trove. All this we vaguely felt was informative and interesting in some way or another. George was even taking notes.

The newcomers were two young men wearing opera-hats and good dinners. One promptly said "Attaboy!" to the flask and the other gave a "View-halloo!" Then they picked it up and were obviously surprised to find it nearly full. One shook it up vigorously and the other remonstrated with him for such sacrilege. (We could have reassured him on that point.) Then they put it down again and evidently started to think of something funny to do with it. Something really witty was what they were after, I could see—like tying it to a door-knocker or putting it on top of a lamp-post. They argued for a long time about this and then were reminded (so it appeared) of other screamingly funny things they had done in their day; thence they drifted on to reminiscences of good Varsity rags they had had together, and finally strolled off arm-in-arm talking about the Dear Old School.

The next man was a fellow who came up briskly, lost in thought, suddenly saw the flask sitting there, sheered off and passed round it at a good safe distance, eyeing it apprehensively the whole time. Evidently an instinctive judge of wine. After that a dog arrived and was much startled by the object. He pointed at it from some yards off and then seemed to find something personally offensive in its attitude, for he barked furiously at it for two minutes till called in from further down the road.

A small boy was next on the scene. Being a small boy he led off by taking a kick at it. Being full it hurt his foot. He said "Coo!" and, picking it up, successively examined it all over, tried to take the cork out, did a few Indian club exercises with it over his head, attempted to stuff it in his pocket, failed, carried it a little way slung on his arm, had an idea and, replacing it on the pavement, began to throw stones at it. From this pastime and before he had scored a hit either on the bottle or neighbouring area-windows he was scared away by the approach of an old lady.

The old lady was prim, precise and as respectable a dame as you could wish to see. Straight, no doubt, from one of the residential hotels round the corner, she looked at the bottle in disgust, pushed it slightly with her foot, sniffed and walked on in a superior manner.

Then came an old man, and we knew



Plucky but diminutive Householder. "I'M AFRAID THIS MAN IS A TRIFLE BEYOND ME, AMELIA."



Travelled Bore. "Night and day for over a week I carried my life in my hands."
Vague Listener. "Couldn't you find a publisher?"

at once our flask would not be long with us, for he was one of those pathetic nondescripts who trawl the London streets and dustbins for food, cast-off clothing, cigarette-ends and other débris. The flask of wine, we felt, would be a godsend to him, better even than a loaf of bread or a book of verse. His eye lit as it fell upon it; he hurried forward and examined it carefully. He, first of all the investigators, sampled its contents. . . .

As I had predicted, our flask did not remain long *in situ*. But it wasn't the old man who took it. After one taste of the good red wine of Tuscany he put it down again with a muttered word, fortunately inaudible, and went on his way, a disillusioned man. And a moment later our respectable old lady returned furtively and hurriedly, carrying a market-basket. She stooped to adjust her shoe-lace in the immediate neighbourhood of the flask and when she passed on it had passed on too.

Our scientific experiment was over, but we felt that for the sum of two bob —and that George's—it had been well worth it. A. A.

SPRING'S BETRAYAL.

The Plaint of the Poet.

Of old when every season kept
An eye upon its reputation
And knew its place nor overstepped
The limits of its proper station,
Then Spring was gay with warbling birds
And sunlit streams and gambolling herds
(According to the book of words)
And general jubilation.

And when, rejoicing with the throng
That hit it up in field and spinney,
The poet eased with honeyed song
The pangs that surged beneath his pinny,
Some editor who also felt
Spring's balmy influence would melt
Enough, it might be, to unbelt
And throw the wretch a guinea.

How different the modern Spring!
The wind is East; the lambkins shiver;
The birds are all too hoarse to sing;
The raindrops patter on the river;
The pangs within the poet's breast
Are due to no divine unrest,
But to a cold upon the chest
Or else a touch of liver.

And, should he valiantly essay
To pull his torpid wits together
And voice in some mendacious lay
The regulation vernal blether,
Unhappiness is still his part—
However eloquent his art
He finds the editorial heart
As frigid as the weather.

Small wonder then the critics find—
The accusation is familiar—
Too cynical the poet's mind,
His view of life too atrabiliar;
How should his Muse be blithe and spry
When as the dreary days go by
From January to July
The year grows ever chillier?

The Acme of Emancipation.

"The clothing, particularly of the women, caused considerable comment. . . . some wore wore trunks and 'panties.' The two latter ought to be discarded at once, as they do nothing whatever to enhance female charm."—*Burton Paper.*

Mr. Punch puts it all down to the last "wore."



"I suppose you must have lived most of your life on a barge. Perhaps you can tell me the origin of that curious term, 'Lucky bargee'?"

"No, Sir, I can't. It's one of them sayings like 'Nosey Parker' as I've never been able to understand."

CRICKET DISARMAMENT.

With another cricket season close upon us much interest has been aroused by the proposals made at the recent Conference of All the Counties.

The President of the Huntingdonshire Club, who was in the Chair, said that he was glad to welcome the delegates from every shire. He was convinced that, if they all put their heads together in a spirit of goodwill and co-operation, they would be able to hammer out the details of a new era in county cricket. He would welcome suggestions from any of those present with a view to limiting the scope of unsportsmanlike antagonism on the cricket-field.

The Rutland delegate said that for his part he looked forward to the time when such warlike accoutrements as leg-guards and wicket-keeping gauntlets should be abolished for ever. In the meantime he stood for the limitation of weapons of offence. Bats should be of a smaller calibre and the ball should be of some less injurious material than leather.

Flintshire wished wholeheartedly to be associated with these suggestions. But they would go further and control all insidious methods of attack. Leg-traps should be *tabu* as inhuman, nor should "off" and "on" theories be allowed to be put into practice; while swerving or breaking deliveries should be strictly no-balled and their perpetrators blackballed from the game.

Several other of the smaller counties concurred in this view.

Yorkshire maintained that their position was unique. It was a matter of supreme importance to them that they should have full freedom of action in competing with a certain very near rival. Apart from this, said their delegate, they had concrete proposals to submit. In their view the M.C.C., as independent controlling body to whom all appeals were made, should be strengthened in its powers and equipped for the enforcement of its decisions. It should be able, for instance, to send down professionals of approved ability to aid counties which were menaced by powerful rivals.

Lancashire, while willing to co-operate in every possible way, demurred from this proposal. They would want to know how any player so employed could suddenly sink his inborn sense of local patriotism for such occasions. In Manchester, at any rate, they believed that blood is even thicker than rain.

If one thing more than another emerged from this most successful meeting it was that one and all are determined, short of sacrificing their chance of the championship, to eradicate once and for all the dreadful cancer of rivalry from the national game of cricket.

A Little Lower than the Archangels.

"Miss Dora Labbette sings 'With Verdure Clad,' one of Haydn's most inspired compositions. In the original it is rendered by the Archangel Gabriel."—*Gramophone List.*

The Archangel, however, is not exclusively retained for this series of records.

"Bungalow Size Mahogany Clock, Silver Dial, strikes hours and half-hours (soiled)."
Jeweller's Catalogue.

Whereas the silly sun-dial *horas non numerat nisi serenas.*

O. SPARROW!

O. Sparrow, Esq.

Dear Sir,—This is not the first time that an author has addressed a bird, or birds, in writing. Shelley did it, as your people may have told you, though it is doubtful, now I come to think of it, whether the skylarks of his acquaintance would ever have had anything to do with your ancestors, frankly a low lot. Wordsworth also kept bombarding birds with impertinent questions, such as:

"O cuckoo, shall I call thee Bird?"

To which, one feels, the well-bred retort would have been, "*Mr.* Bird to you, Sir."

I, on the contrary, shall call you Osbert, and if you dislike Osbert I can only say that Osbert is nothing to the names I have called you when you have awakened me at 4.30 a.m. I ask in all courtesy, is it necessary? Need you build in the thatch of my cottage and need you sing so loudly at your work? I admit your energy, which human builders might do well to copy, but there is a time and a place for everything.

I sing (critics have informed me) in my bath. Do you sing in the bird-bath I have provided for you at great expense? Not you. You never go near the beastly thing.

Consider the legend of rural peace and quiet. We know, you and I, that it is a colossal fraud and that a man may sleep more peacefully in the back-bedroom of a railway-terminus hotel than in a country cottage; but surely it behoves us as loyal countryfolk to keep up some sort of pretence! When my guests survey their porridge with a bleary eye and say, "Never slept a wink for those confounded birds," do you think I am pleased? Only in certain cases.

You have no discrimination, Osbert. You don't even seem to know the difference between friends and relations. I have often thought we might arrange a code of signals at the bedroom window; say, a white flag for people I like, a red flag for people I barely tolerate and a black flag for Uncle Stanislaus. The white flag would enjoin strict silence; the red flag would suggest a little noise in moderation; while the message of the black flag would be, "Come, and bring your friends. Hearty singing." You and your family could give Uncle Stanislaus the "Hallelujah Chorus" and I shouldn't mind. Yet I doubt if you would be willing to co-operate to that extent.

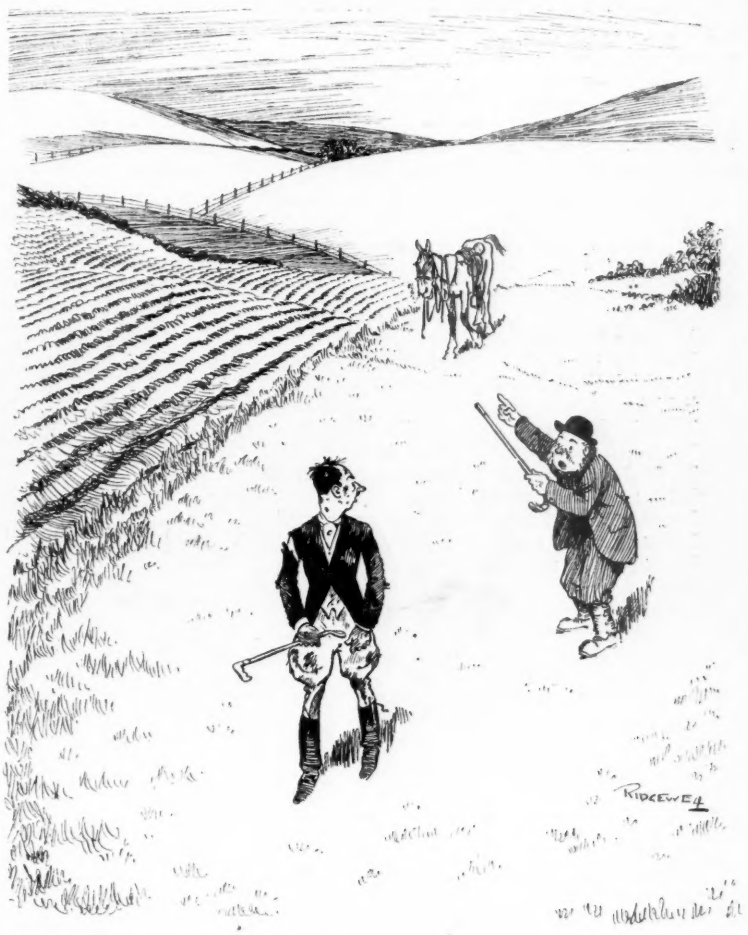
And if you *must* dig holes in my thatch need you leave your spare parts all over the lawn? *Must* my garden look like a rick-yard and my roof like the Woosung Forts after the bombardment? If you spend all your time destroying my roof you'll miss the broad beans and the early peas which Ephraim has so thoughtfully planted for you. You'll look silly if you let the starlings take all the young pea-shoots before you have had your whack. Or am I wrong? Have you been racketeering in the kitchen-garden in your spare time?

You notice I use temperate language. Uncle Stanislaus said this morning at breakfast, "I'd shoot the lot!" The lot that Uncle Stanislaus would shoot (at breakfast) is a large lot, including all foreigners, all workmen and most of our revered statesmen. You are in jocund company.

Why have I not shot you? The other day, goaded to exasperation by you and your little friends, I seized an air-gun and discharged it three times, as they say, over the heads of the mob. This did not disturb you in any way, but it caused a crisis in the Church. At least, if three slugs through the Vicar's hat do not constitute an ecclesiastical crisis, perhaps you will inform me what does. That is why I prefer to appeal to your better feelings.

So, my dear Osbert, if you must sing in the mornings and steal straw and destroy roofs, may I request that you will fly across the road to the Vicarage, where a good time, I assure you, may be had by all? You can't possibly mistake the Vicar. He has a charming personality *and three bullet-holes in his hat.*

Yours, etc.



Local Person. "Hi, Zur! Hi! 'Ere cooms yer 'orse!"
Sportsman. "Yes, I know; the beastly thing keeps following me."

"A Message to Rubber Shareholders."
Daily Paper.

Inflation may prove your ruin!

WHAT SHYLOCK MISSED.

Shylock was one of those unfortunate people who are born before their time. It may not be generally known that the recent invention of a surgical instrument which is charged with a diathermic current has at last made it possible to perform bloodless operations. Had *Shylock* anticipated this invention, the trial-scene in *The Merchant of Venice* must have taken a different course. Something, perhaps, like this:

Portia. Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Shylock. 'Tis no matter.
I have a knife of such uncommon parts
That, by the very magic of its blade—
In which the fettered lightning captive lies,
Which once was free among the winds of Heaven,
Transformed by Science and the wit of man
To diathermic currents—it has power
To heal the wound it makes as soon as made
With most miraculous incision.
For thou must know the body is compound
Of many several cells, invisible,
Being smaller than the human eye can see;
And ev'ry cell the cruel blade divides
From his sweet fellows in the general plan,
Ere the swift blood can find the time to flow,
The heat it generates unites again.
And so the knife his unstained course pursues,
And, innocent of bloodshed, cleaves in twain
The unresisting flesh. This being so,
Young man, I'll have my bond.
[Portia *faints.* *Exit* Antonio, *closely followed by* Shylock.

LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.

When Colonel Skinner invited the Highlow Harriers to hold the last meet of the season at Crendon Court, Gerald's enthusiasm was slightly tainted by unworthy suspicion.

"Why on earth should he want the hounds at Crendon?" said Gerald. "We ran a hare through his best shoot early in the season, and only last month the hounds had a burst of nearly a mile with one of his setters. Is he about to bury the hatchet or has he got the ground poisoned?"

Declining this psychological conundrum, I suggested that the bright side was the best side to look upon and then assisted Gerald to accept the invitation in language which would not convey any sinister misgiving.

The meet at Crendon Court was an event with which the Highlow Harriers could end their first season feeling that their fine qualities had been given definite recognition by the County. It was the first lawn meet in the career of the Hunt. We were all *point device*. The hounds, put on fresh wheat-straw for two days, were unrecognisably clean. Gerald had a new velvet cap, his spurs burnished to silver and the cob shining like artificial silk stockings. The Colonel was ubiquitous in his attentions and hustled his minions to serve us continuously with cherry brandy, old ale and other potent liquors. Altogether the meet was an immense success.

Having buried the hatchet in a stirrup-cup and in a few simple words advanced the discipline and high character of his hounds, Gerald threw off and drew a large fallow behind the Court. Here a straight-necked jack-hare was found and away we went into the vale. It looked like a good hunt, but a westerly drift was blowing in from the sea, and just when all appeared to be going well we found ourselves in thick mist.

"This is the devil," exclaimed Gerald as his cob floundered through a cow wallow. "Hounds running like blazes and we can't see five yards in any direction."

By sheer knowledge of gap and gate we made our way on what we hoped was the line. When we finally threw up with a conviction that the hounds were in the next county the pack came back upon us. They were casting aimlessly along the headland and some of them were rolling in the larger tufts of grass. They had a most damnable appearance of contentment and a supreme disregard for the call of either the higher or lower chase.

Gerald regarded them with a look of extreme disfavour. "They've killed," he exclaimed, and then added ominously, "but what they've killed I don't know."

I slipped off the Quaker, who possesses the one good quality of staying where you leave him, and went amongst the hounds. Old Ravager came up to me. I rated him soundly; but, quite undisturbed and unrepentant, he shoved his wise head against my knee. There was something adhering to his muzzle. It had the appearance of a feather. I brushed it away.

With the mist thickening and hounds obviously ready for bed, Gerald blew them off and we groped our way back to the kennels.

On the following morning he came along soon after breakfast. Even to my early-morning eye he appeared to be troubled. "Look here," he said—"old Ennefer, the Colonel's keeper, came over this morning. He told me that the pheasant-hatching run at Bluebell Wood was broken into yesterday and thirteen hen pheasants are missing. He thought the hounds had been that way, but admitted that the cliff badgers have been worrying him lately. What do you think?"

"Of course," I replied, "thirteen is a very unlucky number, but I'm certain it's the badgers. Just suggest to the Colonel that they'll have to be dug this summer. It will give us a bit of exercise and we can try out his terriers."

Gerald was immensely relieved. But some day, if the Home Farm does not respond to tariff reform, I may be compelled to tell him about that feather and so make good the deficit by a reluctant gesture of blackmail.

"GALLOP!"*

To the Author, with Gratitude.

We've read all we want of the blood and the mire,
Neurotic base-wallahs and funk under fire,
So here 's to the man who does justice to men
And sets gallant souls in the saddle again!

Our pride 's not forgotten in leather and steel,
The hand on the rein and the spur on the heel;
Our hearts will be cold ere they fail to beat fast
When "Stand to your horses!" rings out from the past.

What matter the critics, whoever they be,
If never they've ridden in line, knee to knee?
For, whether they praise or protest or ignore,
You've rallied the squadron to gallop once more!

W. K. H.

"Shorts from the Courts."

"—— is to play in the Wimbledon championships this year. . . . A few years ago he was playing among junior schoolboys in shorts. Having cleaned them up, he ventured into senior ranks a little more than a year ago."—*Sunday Paper.*

But will he dare to appear in them at Wimbledon, however spotless?

*By John Ressich, published by Ernest Benn.



A PAVEMENT-ARTIST HOLDS A PRIVATE VIEW OF SOME NEW WORKS.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XVI.—Fanny Runs Away.

During the absence of Miss Smith, who was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Clott, at the seaside town of X, the Birdikin children, owing to lack of guidance in their hours of recreation, were apt to run into mischief, and the switch, birch or strap with which Mr. Birdikin enforced upon them the necessity of propriety of conduct was more often called into play than before. To spare the rod and spoil the child was no part of a parent's duty as he saw it, but it cannot be doubted that bodily punishment, while efficacious in keeping *some* upon the straight path, with *others* serves only to aggravate the offence it is designed to remove. The intractability of disposition shown, for instance, by Fanny was *not* to be softened by such chastisement, and, although the opinion of Bodger, the coachman, that she was a "limb of Satan," may be taken as an exaggeration, the more she was beaten the more her unruliness increased.

One afternoon when Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin had driven out in the family chariot, the four children found themselves in their father's study. Upon a table were displayed twelve copies of a local news-sheet, which contained a portrait of Mr. Birdikin in his character of magistrate and member of the County Road Board, and it occurred to Henry to *dare* his sister to write under one of them, "Silly old Birdikin."

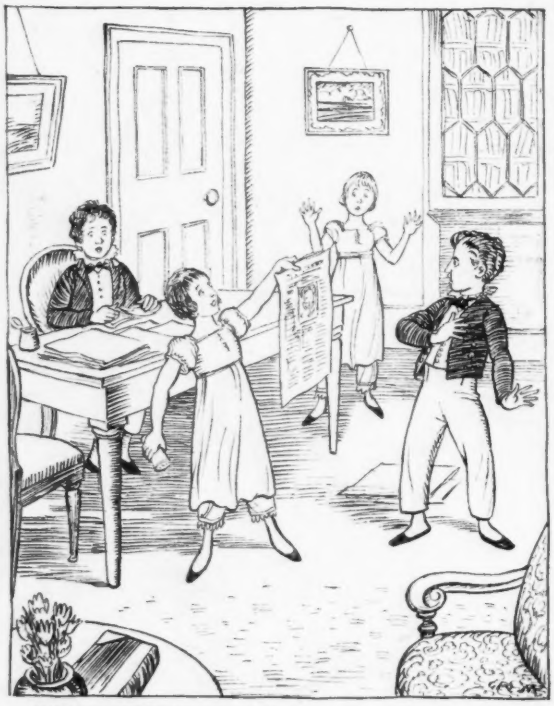
Fanny instantly accepted the challenge, seized a quill from the writing-table and inscribed the insulting words upon the paper.

"There!" she said. "Now my Papa will know what I think of him, and if he says anything about it I shall tell him that you told me to do it."

Henry, who was horrified at the sight of the offending words, vowed that he had had no idea of his challenge being accepted, but Fanny, who had been sprinkling sand upon the wet ink, threw the china dredger at him and ran from the room.

It was agreed between the other three that the best way of keeping the outrage from their father's observation would be to abstract the copy of the paper and trust that it would not be noticed. But Mr. Birdikin had already decided to whom the copies were to be sent, and when he discovered that there were only eleven where before he had counted twelve it was not long before the truth was elicited and he saw with his own eyes the obnoxious inscription for which a child of his had been responsible.

It is not to be wondered at that punishment was immediate and condign. All four children shared in it, but Fanny received the first and most severe beating while Mr. Birdikin's vigour was still fresh and his indignation warm. Her wrigglings prevented the full force of his strokes impinging upon that part of her body towards which they were directed, but her punishment was a heavy one, and, instead of being brought to contrition by it, she made the announcement through the tears which followed that she should go instantly to Captain Rouseabout and ask him to take a horsewhip to her father.



"'Now my Papa will know what I think of him.'"

Such an idea, entering the mind of a child of no more than nine years of age, could only be taken as a sign of deeply-rooted depravity. Fanny was sent to bed while Mr. Birdikin exercised his suppleness of wrist upon the other three children. When this correction had been administered and they had retired from the room howling, he consulted with Mrs. Birdikin on what further steps were to be taken to bring Fanny to a state of contrition for the enormities she had committed. Mrs. Birdikin recommended reasoning with her, and her husband was willing to try that course; but upon entering Fanny's bedchamber he found it empty, and subsequent inquiries elicited the fact that she was nowhere to be found. Fanny had added to the iniquities with which her cup was already full by running away.

It was hardly to be believed that she had fulfilled her threat of going to Beechcroft, the residence of Captain Rouseabout; for Mr. Birdikin had no dealings with his disreputable neighbour and judged that Fanny had brought in his name simply for the sake of the additional naughtiness involved in doing so. When no inquiries, however, brought any report of her having been seen, he despatched a groom to Beechcroft to make inquiries, who returned with the information that nothing had been heard or seen of Fanny in that direction, but informed his master that Captain Rouseabout had said that he should be pleased to see the little lady at any time.

This seriously annoyed Mr. Birdikin, but his vexation was presently absorbed in the anxiety which Fanny's flight was beginning to cause him. For it was nearly three hours since she had been missed, and with gipsies and other bad characters known to be in the vicinity the escapade was seen to involve serious danger to the child's safety.

But Fanny was fortunately in safe hands. Exasperated by what she considered her father's injustice, she had set out to walk the six miles that lay between her home and the town of X, where she designed to seek consolation from Miss Smith. It was a long distance for a child to travel, and she arrived footsore and weary, but without having suffered molestation by the way. The fatigue she had undergone had reduced her childish irritation, and when she had been given refreshment and a hot bath by kind Mrs. Clott, who was shocked to find on her body bruises caused by what she regarded as Mr. Birdikin's brutality, she was none the worse for her adventure.

In the meantime anxiety on her behalf had reached fever point at Byron Grove; but just as Mr. Birdikin had decided to rouse the countryside and to have bills printed with a description of the missing child a mail phaeton drove

up to the door, which contained Captain Rouseabout, Miss Smith and Fanny. Miss Smith and Fanny alighted and entered the house. Captain Rouseabout, who had given Fanny a smacking farewell kiss, called out to Miss Smith, "Now don't be long, Sally. I don't want to keep the horses standing."

These remarks were overheard by Mr. Birdikin, who could scarcely believe his ears at such an address to the governess, whose name, as he was aware, was Harriet. Miss Smith, however, did not appear to be outraged by the impertinence, but said to him, "I have brought the child back, Sir, and should wish to have a short word with you apart before I return to my aunt."

Mr. Birdikin led the way into his room, where Miss Smith addressed him thus: "I think it is time, Sir, that you refrained from lifting your hand against your *girl* children, and if I am to return to you in the capacity of governess I should wish to make the stipulation that you shall do so."

Mr. Birdikin was so taken aback by this change of attitude on the part of Miss Smith, who but a short time before would never have thought of venturing upon any criticism of him, that he could only stammer out that with Miss Smith once more installed at Byron Grove it was to be expected that the behaviour of the children would be such as to call for no further chastisement from him.

Miss Smith bowed her head. "I will charge myself," she said, "with their good behaviour. Children are to be ruled by *affection*, Mr. Birdikin, and not by *terror*. You and Mrs. Birdikin must have suffered distress by Fanny's long absence, and I have no wish to add to it. But, had it not been for Captain Rouseabout's kindness in tracking Fanny to my aunt's establishment and offering to drive us back here, you would *still* have been without news of your child. Let this, I pray, be a lesson to you. I will stay no longer, but wish you good evening."

She left the room with an assured step that Mr. Birdikin did not recognise as belonging to the Miss Smith whom he had hitherto known, and he saw her from the window mount up beside Captain Rouseabout, who drove rapidly away.

After a pause of bewilderment, Mr. Birdikin sought his wife and expressed to her his doubts of Miss Smith's sanity. "She to lecture *me*," he exclaimed, "to whom she owes everything! And to adventure herself alone with that boor! What is the world coming to? I shall not leave the matter as it is."

"Miss Smith is quite right," said Mrs. Birdikin. "My apprehension now is that the news of your beating your daughter as if she were a dog or a menial will spread to our neighbours. You had better call on Captain Rouseabout to-morrow, Mr. Birdikin, and assure him that it is the last time it will happen. He is not so bad as you have always made him out to be, and is quite well thought of by the Earl and Countess. And I would point out to you that you would do well to show discretion in this matter, unless you wish to have it noised abroad that your own children have no greater respect for you than to dub you 'Silly old Birdikin.'"

A. M.



Wife (accompanying dud golfer for the first time). "THIS CLUB IS FAR TOO EXPENSIVE, LESLIE. I'VE CALCULATED THAT IT COSTS YOU ABOUT SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE EVERY TIME YOU TRY TO HIT THE BALL."

It is announced that during this month a certain Film-producing Company will commit "Mata Hari."

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the City Art Gallery, Leeds, from April 18 to May 14; at Derby, May 26 to June 23; at Ipswich, July 7 to August 4, and at Aberdeen, August 18 to September 15.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



Member of ultra-respectable Night-Club. "WHO'S THE SPORTSMAN IN PLUS-FOURS, WILLIAM?"
William. "WELL, SIR, HE'S—ER—NO ONE IN PERTICLER, SIR. THE GUV'NER HIRED HIM TO WALK ABOUT LIKE THAT, SIR."
Member. "WHAT FOR?"
William. "WELL, SIR, I BELIEVE IT MAKES SOME OF THE MORE ELDERLY MEMBERS FEEL THEY'RE SEEING LIFE."

LITTLE LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

III.—MARY AND ANNA.

"WHAT makes little Mary so anxious to knit
And to read educational books
When she ought to be striving to cultivate '*It*'
And improving her hands and her looks?

"Does she think that by working at algebra, pray,
Her life will be properly full?
Or that anyone cares at this time of the day
For a sampler embroidered with wool?

"Not so little Anna, who stays by her glass
Or, whenever she walks in the street,
Makes languishing eyes at the people who pass,
Which they think is too frightfully sweet.

"She loses her thimble, she cannot be made
To get anything right in her sums,
But she hogs all the jam when the table is laid
And she knows a good thing when it comes.

"Have you seen how the tulip on top of its stalk
Is the queen of the neighbouring bed?
For it fixes attention and makes people talk
By the poise of its exquisite head.

"But the violet, modestly couched in its leaves,
Though it also appears in the Spring,
How small is the public *réclame* it receives
When they bother to notice the thing!

"Fie, fie, little Mary, your sister may rise
To respectable fortune and fame
By making grimaces and moving her eyes;
And then she will put you to shame.

"But conduct like yours means a want of success
That at last may remove every hope
Of having your photograph used in the Press
Recommending a popular soap."

* * * * * * *

When the sisters grew up it was just as she said;
Their mamma had been perfectly right,
For Ann to a neighbouring Viscount was wed,
While Mary made shift with a Knight.

She remained to the end an impossible dunce
At obtaining a place in the news,
And was never implored on the telephone once
To expound philosophical views.

But Ann, on account of her great sex-appeal,
Had thousands of thoughts to impart,
Which editors begged her with tears to reveal,
On Religion and Science and Art.

EVOE.



THEN AND NOW.

THE EARLIER LLOYD GEORGE (*to the Later* LLOYD GEORGE). "I SAY—BETWEEN OURSELVES—DID I REALLY SAY WHAT YOU SAY I SAID IN 1919?"



SOUS LES TABLES DE LONDRES.

A MAN OF KENT.

One by one the great figures pass away. For many decades, until, in fact, last week, to think of English cricket without thinking also of Lord Harris was impossible; but now Lord Harris has gone, and the Kent grounds will see him no more, and the pavilion at Lord's will see him no more; nor will his presence again enliven the Fourth of June at Eton, where until almost his eightieth birthday he was still in the habit of playing against the College and, in a spreading planter's hat, taking wickets with his insidious lobs. Few, if any, enthusiasts of the game can have been as persistent and vigilant as he: persistent in defying the attack of Time, vigilant in watching the interests of cricket, denouncing retrograde influences and championing everything that was best.

In the field in his palmy days, which were also the days of Grace, Lord Harris was tense and emphatic in everything he did. Commanding and eager as a captain; instantaneous as a field, with a low hard return like a baseballer's straight to the wicket-keeper's hands above the stumps; decisive and punishing as a batsman; not too much fun for a slow runner to be in with; between innings genial, stimulating and irascible by turns.

Cricket has lost its warmest friend.

E. V. L.

BRITAIN RESURGENT!

[Optimistic lines composed to celebrate the Glad New (Financial) Year.]

The golden pound is worth a little more;
The Bank Rate's lower than it stood of yore;
Securities, they say, are looking up.
O bright, O rapturous day!
Sterling is quite O.K.
And blessings fill the City's brimming cup!
Slowly the shadows of the Crisis fade.
Hark! they are singing at the Board of Trade.

Whose noble toil achieved this transformation
And caused the Chancellor's subdued elation?
Yours, brother, yours, and in like measure mine;
'Twas we who toed the line,
Who bore the stringent cuts of dire economy
With modest pride and patriotic *bonhomie*;
Who fought in queues to pay our income-tax
That filled the Treasury's capacious sacks
And once again restored the nation's credit.
So, should you mention that we have good cause
To shake each other's paws,
I'll tell the world you've said it.

Then let us celebrate
Our somewhat happier state.
Ring out, wild bells, and fill the skies with cheer
To usher in the New Financial Year!
Salute with boisterous and triumphant chimes
The dawn of Better Times!
Ay, rock the windy steeples with your mirth!
Financial instability has fled,
Depression hides its head,
The Budget's balancéd
And mild Prosperity returns to earth!

C. L. M.

The Latest Mining Diploma.

"Man with blasting certificate, capable of taking charge of natives; country job."
"*Situations Vacant*" *in S. African Paper.*

"After the Battle of Sedgemoor the Duke of Monmouth was found laying in a ditch disguised as a pheasant."—*Smith Minor.*

Hatching another plot?

"Torquay United.
Half-back changes for Match at Bristol."
West-Country Paper.

His appearance in a lounge-suit might well have led to a serious split.

"French Premier for Britain."
Dundee Paper.

If the home industry is to be protected, ought not the dumping of Premiers to come under the Abnormal Importations Bill?

FOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.

MOST amateurs think they can write a saleable novel or dash off a successful play, and when, having attempted both, they discover that they were wrong they write cookery-books.

My friends send me signed copies. One of them even dedicated the work to me, "With My Thanks For My Delightful Birthday Dinner." The poor toad didn't know that on the afternoon of the anniversary in question our cook, suffering from the usual obscure distemperature, had walked out on us, and that the entire feast had been rushed down from Messrs. Fattenham and Basin, in Piccadilly. It was a marvellous dinner, but the hands were the hands of Esau. Meanwhile it has established me in my friend's mind as a notable housewife and caterer, just as she now believes herself to be a culinary expert and dispenser of recipes because she enjoyed her meal.

She gave me her cookerybook with disarming diffidence; hoped that I would excuse deficiencies, and added flatteringly, "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*," to which I, repolishing my French, responded, "*Tout qu'on prend c'est tout pour diner.*" And when she had left I skimmed the book, muttering, and put it into the waste-paper basket.

Now, in the days of Mrs. BEETON, recipes thought nothing of beginning "Take a quart of cream, half a bottle of sherry and the yolks of two dozen eggs," together with such minor matters as ratafias, pistachio nuts, angelica and a gallon of peeled peaches, and when you were not being told to simmer a lobster in white wine or old brandy you were recommended to fill in the time by "wiping" four pounds of rump-steak. And your kitchen rocked with servants (even down to that forgotten personality the "vegetable maid") who carried out these instructions on the run.

The revulsion from this type of recipe drove us, in and just after the War, to the opposite extreme, in which stews of tripe, swedes, "one medium onion" and a prized commodity known as "offal" ("total cost about tenpence") carried all before them.

Now comes a fresh reaction: a type of cookery-book, on which my friends unanimously model their own works, has arisen which seems to me to possess a vice all its own. It is neither as extravagant as the Victorian cook-book, nor as religiously nasty as that of the War years. In a modest way its recipes are quite palatable. But in in their efforts to make inexpensive ingredients appetising the authors overlook the fact that most people today keep one servant or none, and their instructions in the cause of daintiness are so elaborate that the preparation of one dish of creamed carrots on fried toast (only it's called *croûtons*, because, though just as tiresome to prepare, it sounds prettier) involves three saucepans, one frying-pan, a sieve, a knife, wooden spoon, fork, basin and the dish in which the microscopical result is placed. The *plat* itself is called *Bouchées Larochefoucauld* or *Petits Médaillons En Surprise* But it tastes very like carrots, though we try to sink that in the *Larochefoucauld* part.

Meanwhile the kitchen looks like a junk-shop, garnished with rejected tops and tips of carrots and surplus breadcrumbs, to say nothing of the mound of crusts from which they derived. Also the dish has taken me three-quarters of an hour to prepare.

Similarly my friends and their model writers bid us "take" various cheap fish in the name of appetising economy and transform them into alleged French messes that fairly sweep our shelves bare of utensils, leaving a welter of accumulated crockery, pans and steamers piling up in the sink.

When last I honestly tried to cook (a curry of beef skirt) from a friend's cookery-book, my family, peering into the kitchen and surveying the wreckage, said, "At least we've still got the chairs to sit on."

And who is to eat the waste scraps? Not they! Not I! The opulent leftovers of Mrs. BEETON most of us would consume without complaint. But tasty economy's products! Those trimmings of herrings! Those weary whiskers of skate! The eternal half-onion that always confronts one, calculate as one may! Those remnants of "skirt"! Of carrots!

The crusts! The crusts! . . .

Must we learn to Keep More Pets to cope with the overflow? Or is the true solution a Whipsnade cookery-book, in which, as a foot-note to every "method" and recipe, a list of likely animals to dispose of the bits and pieces would be appended?

And if I write a Whipsnade cook-book will the Whipsnade van call regularly with a sack, or agonize me by being "uncertain"?

RACHEL.



Modern Sculptor (coming upon an ancient cromlech). "I SAY, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? SOMEBODY'S HAD THE NERVE TO COPY MY 'SEA-NYMPHS DANCING.'"

NEW PRESS FEATURES.

Now that actresses, boxers, countesses and footballers have firmly established themselves in the art of journalism it is felt that the time may soon arrive when the newspapers will tempt them to excursions into the sister art of Illustration.

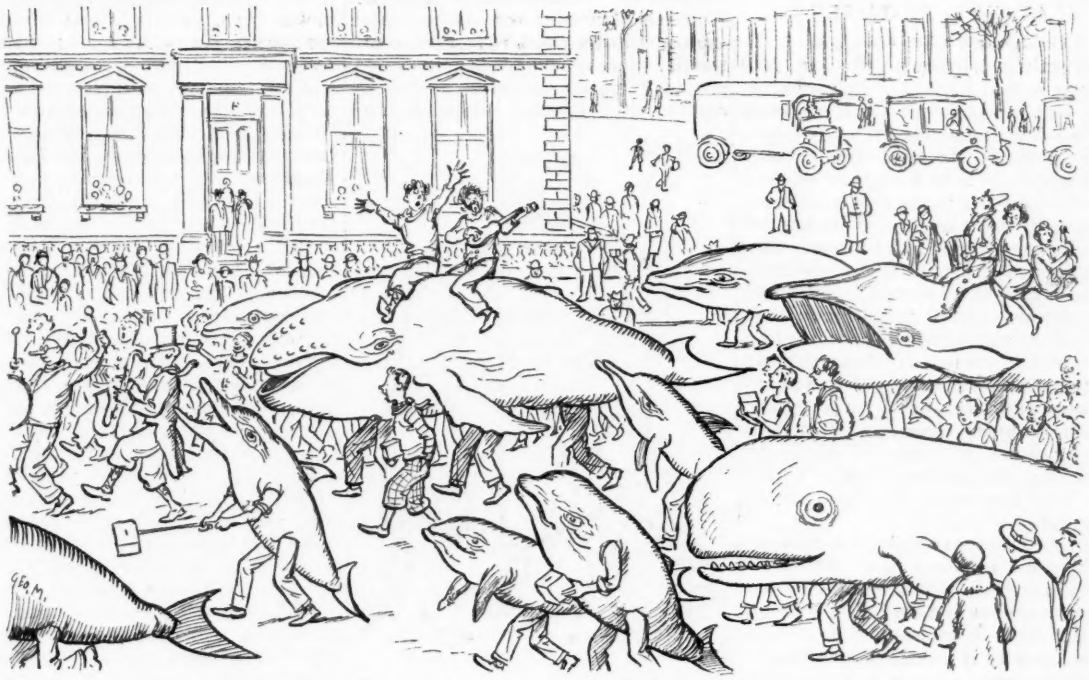
After all, it is becoming a bit commonplace to-day to find these people merely *writing* on the subjects in which they have special knowledge. Anyway, I make this suggestion in all humbleness and sincerity, hoping that the day may not be far distant when we shall see announcements like the following in the pages of our enterprising Press (the announcements, of course, are often more interesting than the features themselves):—

THE DAILY DICTUM.

Flora Flatspin draws for "The Daily Dictum."

How it all happened!

One day last week we sent our Special Representative to ask the famous musical comedy star, Miss Flora Flatspin (who this year is Lady Scare-Crow in private life), to write us



[A new Whale Room is about to be added to the Museum of Natural History.]

WE MAKE THE SUGGESTION THAT THERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY ON THE OPENING DAY FOR STUDENTS OF NATURAL HISTORY TO ORGANISE A CETACEAN RAG IN AID OF SOME DESERVING CHARITY. WHY SHOULD MEDICAL STUDENTS HAVE A MONOPOLY OF THIS KIND OF THING?

a series of personal articles on "Viscounts I Have Vamped." Our readers doubtless know that Miss Flatspin has contracted a marriage every year of her adult life since she came of age, except in 1912, when she contracted goitre.

"To tell you the truth," said Miss Flatspin to our representative, "I am a little tired of seeing my name over articles in newspapers. Couldn't I do something else for a change? What about sketching?"

So that is how it all happened; and Miss Flatspin is already installed in a suite of offices at Dictum House, teaching herself to sketch her own smile.

"Does it come a bit hard?" we asked her the other morning, referring, of course, to her work.

"Oh, no," she laughed brightly; "you see I am using a 4B pencil."

The Evening Eye-Opener.

Battling Bathsalts, the Boxer and Journalist, sketches for YOU!

We have asked this distinguished boxer-writer to do us a series of sketches in his own inimitable style, dealing with incidents of the ring-side. His deft and brilliant draughtsmanship (absolutely exclusive to *The Evening Eye-Opener*) marks a new era in newspaper enterprise. Do not miss it. In to-morrow's issue he will be illustrating some of his own boxing experiences with that sureness of touch and delightful frankness characteristic of his work. "Taking the Count at the Albert Hall" and "Halving the Purse at the Crystal Palace" are among the subjects that he illustrates. He is entirely self-taught and always works in his boxing-gloves.

"What do you find it most difficult to draw?" asked our representative when fixing up the contract.

"A large crowd," he smiled with a flash of that witty candour for which he is so famous among fighting fans.

The Morning Marvel.

Lady Lettie Lipstick, Society Beauty, draws for "The Morning Marvel"!

Our readers are aware that, catering as we do for the tastes of the more cultured homes of England, we always make a point of presenting in our pages the writings of the best people only. Enterprising as ever, we now propose to bring the illustrations of *The Morning Marvel* into line with its articles; and to this end we are probing the artistic abilities of well-known Society beauties.

As a start we have induced beautiful Lady Lettie Lipstick to sketch for us, and now all our fashion drawings (previously done by Miss Peabody) will bear this honoured name.

She puts in a lot of time at the Café Aulait, where she roughs out her sketches with a fork on the tablecloth. Our representative found her there the other day rapidly working on a new idea.

"Lightning sketches?" he queried.

"Fork lightning," she laughed roguishly, stabbing a large hole in the corner of an artificial silk doyly.

The Afternoon Anodyne.

Heel-and-Toe Sketches.

We have just secured the artistic services of Syd Hammertoes for *The Afternoon Anodyne*. He of course plays half-back for Ash Wednesday, and does the football full-column on Thursday. At first he seemed a little uncertain when we outlined our scheme.

"There's my journalism to think of, you know," he said.

"And your football?" we ventured.

"Oh, that," he replied—"well, yes, there's that too."

However, he eventually capitulated; so look out in Monday's issue for his amazing series of caricatures: "Referees' Faces."

Other startling features soon.

AT THE PICTURES.

REALISM AND FUSTIAN.

WALLACE BEERY'S *rôle* in *Hell Divers* is that of *Windy Riker*, one of the best air-mechanics in the United States Navy; and his private exploits as a practical joker, lover and Chevalier Bayard in one have been very skilfully woven into the pattern of aeroplane-bombing manœuvres, photographed the dickens alone knows how. Sky and ocean and battleship are the authentic backgrounds—with a Panama bar thrown in so that *Windy* may fight there and be arrested and jugged; and among the real incidents that we watch is the destruction of two abandoned men-o'-war, one by naval guns, which occupies eleven minutes, and one by attack from above, chiefly the work of *Windy's* plane, which occupies far less time—an amazing camera triumph.

My usual charge against cinema stars and cinema producers is that they all do too much, so that there are far too many new films and they are made too quickly and there is no time to see them. But for the moment I withdraw this complaint in order to urge upon WALLACE BEERY (not, as someone near me at the Empire anxiously inquired, MAURICE BARING) the importance—more, the necessity—of rushing out a successor to *Hell Divers* as quickly as possible, or even sooner, so that we may all rid our memories of his weighted corpse sliding into the Pacific with full naval honours. It is true that he dies like a hero; but he must not die at all. He must live, to be so ugly and so ingratiating and so ready with his fists and so impudent with his tongue and, in short, to hold us, whatever he does. If any film-star is to remain dead in our thoughts let it be that arch-impostor as a laughter-maker, CHARLIE CHASE, who was in the same programme the other evening and reduced even a holiday audience to depths of depression amounting almost to despair. How can such things be?

Another film like *Good Night, Vienna* and London's infatuation with the Austrian capital—city of laughter by day and kisses by night, as the superstition has it—will be over. For we could not get much nearer absurdity than here—stark absurdity, with almost no pains taken to make it attractive or even plausible, and not a novel moment in its hour-and-a-half. In CHAREL'S *Congress Dances*, in whose fields it would reap, there was nonsense enough, it is true, but there was splendour as well, and real gaiety, and music to remember, and the illusion succeeded. And much the same criticism applies to a still earlier Viennese picture, in which ERIC VON STROHEIM wore the inevitable uniform. But in *Good Night, Vienna* two inferior tunes are plugged to weariness, the high spirits are confined to the actors, who mistake laughter and



AIR-MINDED.

Mame Kelsey . . MISS MARJORIE RAMBEAU.
Windy . . . . . MR. WALLACE BEERY.

drink for wit, and we might, so far as topographical exactitude is concerned, as easily be in Tooting on a pageant day.

It is almost description enough of *Good Night, Vienna* to say that the name of the hero, an officer and (dubious) gentleman, played by MR. JACK BUCHANAN, is—but need one say?—*Max*, and the name of the flower-girl whom he intends to marry is, as you have guessed, *Viki*. They part because it is 1914 and war has been declared and the Austrian Army, whom we see in a very small detachment awfully hurray'd, needs *Max*; his note of farewell and explanation never (as might also be guessed) reaching her, because the messenger drops it and it is trodden into the mire by the cavalry; later, lest there should be any doubt about it and some of the audience miss the first occasion, being trodden into the mire again, probably by the same hoofs. So *Max* goes to fight, emerging after four years younger than ever, and unscathed, except possibly by the bottle, to serve, as one of the impoverished rich, very offensively in a bootshop, while *Viki* has exchanged flower-selling for the triumphs of the operatic stage. Good Night, Vienna, indeed!

MR. BUCHANAN confers upon the scion of a noble military family the accepted musical comedy attributes with his accustomed ease, but curiously enough is never allowed to dance. Miss ANNA NEAGLE as *Viki* sings prettily; but the entertainment cannot be praised, and one comes away asking how it is that at this time of day a British studio, with its many resources and a modicum of ambition, should be content to do nothing better than imitate foreigners and imitate them so ingloriously. E. V. L.





LOVE IN DISTRESS.

A LONG AND LARGE EFFORT.

Capt. Maximilian Schletoff—
MR. JACK BUCHANAN.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The ex-Kaiser called the British people a 'nation of shopkeepers.' "—*Evening Paper.*

We often recall how NAPOLEON spoke of our "contemptible little army."

"PEACH NEGOTIATIONS."
Japan Paper.

These at any rate should not prove fruitless.

"Three stars engaged for films to be shot at Ealing."—*Evening Paper.*

They may have deserved it, but it sounds rather drastic.

". . . two new telephone exchanges are approaching completion. . . . The one at South Harrow is to be called Byron, and the one at Kenton, Wordsworth."
Evening Paper.

The authorities obviously finding a happier augury in BYRON'S

"To stun the public ear,"

and WORDSWORTH'S

"Applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely. From within were heard
Murmurings,"

than in SHAKESPEARE'S

"But answer made it none."



Friend (to distinguished painter). "It's no good sending this thing to the Academy, old man—cows have been done."

THE COMMON COLD.

The Common Cold! The Common Cold!
The doctors really must be told
It's really time that they controlled
The horrors of the common cold.

I love the doctors—they are dears;
But *must* they spend such years and years
Investigating such a lot
Of illnesses which no one's got,
When everybody, young and old,
Is frantic with the common cold?
And I will eat my only hat
If they know anything of *that!*

Mark with what long and patient care
The doctor studies what is rare.
He cannot do too much for you
If you have something strange and new,
Nor can he quite conceal his bliss
If it should chance to end in *-is.*
Moreover, if the thing's obscure
He may be slow but he is sure;
He knows the perfect pill or paint
For every tropical complaint,
Which is not likely to occur
In Battersea or Westminster.
But there are fortunately few
Who suffer from the strange and new;
I do not know a single case
Of Indian Itch or Persian Face,
Nor do I think that I have met
A man with sleeping-sickness yet.

But all of us have *one* disease—
We all sniff, snuffle, cough and sneeze.
The common cold! The common cold!
If all the populace was polled,
A large majority, I'm told,
Would register a common cold.
This is the universal plague,
And here I find the doctor vague;
To *poly-* this and *poly-* that
He plays a straight and pretty bat,
But when it is the common cold
The man is absolutely bowled.

And you would think that Harley Street
Would be ashamed of this defeat;
You'd think, I say, that here and now
The Street would vow a holy vow—
"Whatever any doctor's at
We will desist from doing that,
No more inquire the cause of twins,
And stop inventing vitamins,
And drawing teeth and drawing fees
Till we have done for this disease;
We will not sleep, we will not eat,
Nor shave the face nor wash the feet,
Nor shall our boots be heeled and soled
Till we have killed the common cold."
But if, in fact, you chance to meet
A specialist in Harley Street
And say to him, "Look here! Behold!
I have—*again*—the common cold,"
The gentleman will only stare;
He really does not seem to *care*.
He then remarks without remorse,
"Oh, well, the thing must take its course."
But I reply with frank chagrin,
"Why must the blasted thing *begin?*"

The Common Cold! The Common Cold!
The doctors really must be told
It's really time that they controlled
The horrors of the common cold.

A. P. H.

Smith Minor's Revised Version.

Q. What do you consider the greatest miracle in the Old Testament?

A. When Joshua told his son to stand still and he did.

"When Nerves are Worn, try ——."
Advt. of Patent Food.

Have you seen our new endopsychic ones for wear at bridge tournaments?

"The mater is still under consideration."
Daily Paper.

And sometimes receives a good deal less than she deserves.

AT THE PLAY.

"I LIVED WITH YOU" (PRINCE OF WALES').

THIS is a queer, unexpected and distinctly original comedy of Mr. IVOR NOVELLO's, with its slightly disingenuous catchpenny title. It deals with the impact made upon the lower bourgeoisie by a completely undisciplined Russian prince in exile. It has amusing and audacious lines. It is not a slice of life, but it is good theatre; and if it carries a patch of seriousness heavier perhaps than the texture of the piece can strictly bear we should all have been sorry to miss the touch of genuine feeling, of quiet tragedy in the well-invented character of staunch *Auntie Flossie*, the only member of the Fulham household who takes the measure of the heartless, reckless and feckless *Prince Felix* so oddly imported into it.

The comely young typist, *Glad Wallace* (Miss URSULA JEANS), finds a handsome young foreigner wolfing her abandoned sandwiches in the heart of the maze at Hampton Court. He declares himself quite casually to be a Russian prince; but he has no money and nowhere to go and has certainly a most unprincely kit and kit-bag. But he can show a miniature of his dead mother, given her by the late Tsar, to prove his title. And he has obviously something of an air. The perfectly natural little snob is overwhelmed by this quite too gorgeously romantic encounter. Her pity, too, is touched. Her affection also, it is clear. He is ill and unhappy. She will take him back to Fulham and Dad and Mum will put him up till he finds his feet. After the first orgy of abject adoration is over in "Malmaison" the *Prince*, who declares himself happy for the first time in his life, offers himself and is accepted as one of the family. He is to be "Felix" to them all and "My boy" to buxom vulgar *Mrs. Wallace*. Grim competent *Auntie Flossie*, who runs the house, alone remains detached, disapproving and dignified.

The jewels in the Tsar's miniature naturally prove to be stones of great value, and on the proceeds of their sale, one by one, fur-coats, fine gowns, expensive chocolates, caviar and vodka appear in profusion in "Malmaison"—which begins rapidly to disintegrate. For *Felix* has, and airs with an unrestrained candour, ideas hitherto unknown or disapproved in this respectable household. *Dad Wallace*, faithful spouse of twenty-four years' standing, takes up with a lady in a white fox stole, financing the adventure with moneys kept back from the sale of



TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.

Felix . . . . . MR. IVOR NOVELLO.
Mr. Wallace . . . MR. ELIOT MAKEHAM.
Glad . . . . . MISS URSULA JEANS.

Felix's stones; *Glad's* mannequin sister, *Adrienne*, shares a flat with her manager; even honest *Glad* loses her job and doesn't seem to care. She likes to be near the man she loves but, sensibly, does not aspire to; *Ma Wallace*, carelessly instructed by her new son, takes to vodka with enthusiasm, sees her daughter in her mind's eye as a future princess, and the heads of Fulham bent in obsequious homage.



VODKA AND COLD WATER.

Mrs. Wallace . . . MISS MINNIE RAYNER.
Auntie Flossie . . MISS CICELY OATES.

The lady in the white fox breaks in on the triumph of her first "At Home" to "meet *Prince Felix Laniev*," with results that in the main can be imagined, though the manner in which the *Prince* deals with the intruder and *Auntie Flossie* deals with the *Prince* will not be guessed. And it must be said here that this final scene, which begins naturally on a note of extravagant caricature, works up to a fiery climax, which moves us in a queer way and makes us so desperately uncomfortable that we can't deny tribute to its real power.

Mr. NOVELLO has provided an excellent acting part for Mr. NOVELLO in the dejected outcast aristocrat, unprincipled, generous, drifting, unhappy and therefore eager to give happiness, surprised at nothing, with strange outbursts of savagery and cruelty—the barbarous semi-Oriental of tradition, in fact, in a new and original setting. He doesn't indeed persuade us that *Prince Felix* could have put up with "Malmaison" for two months and ten days or the betrayed *Mrs. Wallace* with the fishwife's tongue for two minutes and ten seconds, or that he would have offered honourable marriage to the honest and attractive *Glad*; but he did hold our interest and build up a sufficiently credible character in however incredible circumstances.

There was an unexpected note of pathos and subtlety in the relations indicated between the *Prince* and the ex-lady's-maid, *Auntie Flossie*, in whom he recognises a character of much finer texture than the others, who sees through him, despises yet loves him in a queer strangled way, and finally dismisses him before he can work more harm upon his demoralised victims. Miss CICELY OATES cleverly held herself in check, unobserved and negligible, till her great moment, which was genuinely moving. Miss URSULA JEANS gave us a most thoughtful and sympathetic study of the genuine unsophisticated *Glad*, getting her effects without a hint of caricature. Miss MINNIE RAYNER's voluble vulgar *Mrs. Wallace*

and Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM'S unobtrusive shabby *Mr. Wallace* were excellent performances. And all the minor parts were without exception more than merely competently done. I can conscientiously commend this experiment. T.

"MARRIAGE BY PURCHASE" (GARRICK).

This is the queerest and most uncomfortable play I ever remember to have seen, plunging as it does back and forth between the tragic and the frankly ridiculous. The theme is legitimate and intrinsically interesting—the turning of unrequited love into hate, into the morbid desire to torture the disdainful beloved. Nor, needless to say, is it the first time it has been presented. What is original is M. PASSEUR'S odd characterisation, his background and mechanism.

Two old cronies retired from business, *Pierre Fontaine* (Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT) and *Philippe Cortot* (MR. ALFRED CLARK), live together in *M. Fontaine's* comfortable house in a small French country town. *Pierre's* well-loved daughter *Eloise* (Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT), has money of her own, is thirty-six, no beauty, and extremely masterful. *Philippe's* idolised son, *Paul* (Mr. HENRY DANIELL), is, or rather is by a fond father reported to be, a brilliant man of affairs; thirty-four, handsome, well-groomed, with excellent manners and manner. *Eloise* has loved *Paul* secretly and with increasing passion since her sixteenth year. *Paul* is completely enchanted by his mistress, the seductive, possessive and completely unscrupulous *Madame Borelli* (a description confirmed when she appears later in the person of Miss MARCELLE ROGEZ).

Eloise, whose frustrated passion has now become a morbid obsession, driving out all sense of proportion and such elementary worldly wisdom as a provincial spinster may be supposed to possess, insists on her father's demanding *Paul's* hand from old *Philippe*—who is frankly shocked that anyone so ineligible as *Eloise* should be proposed for his paragon.

When *Paul* appears he shares this view and dismisses the suggestion. But he is in the devil of a hole. He must find 400,000 francs before nightfall or go to prison for an error of judgment which may be mistaken by an unsympathetic Court for a crime. *Eloise's* opportunity. She will buy him, and she will *make* him love her. *Paul*, after a fight against selling himself and overborne by his father's despairing pleas (the old man has changed his views with the circumstances), consents with a good enough grace. And he will honestly try to make a success of it. *Eloise* has her charming side; she is obviously devoted to him and he is fond of her. Many strange marriages have been successful. He begins to think they may be very happy, and says so. *Eloise* is radiant.



HOW TO KEEP HUSBANDS AT HOME.

Eloise Fontaine . . . . . MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT.
Paul Cortot . . . . . MR. HENRY DANIELL.
Gedeon . . . . . MR. ARTHUR STRATTON.

So far all goes well and is sufficiently credible; and we have been interested and entertained by Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT'S clever exposition of a queer character, have genuinely sympathised with the suffering *Eloise*, while Mr. DANIELL'S smooth and finished playing of the personable *Paul* has won our sincere admiration. . . . At this point some "elemental" seems to have seized control of the author's pen.

Paul and *Eloise* return from church. The wedding-breakfast is being prepared. *Madame Borelli* is announced. She is making a scene outside. *Paul* will not see her; dare not. *Eloise* commanding, he does; is as wax in her hands, in her arms; will come away with her forthwith. "If you go," says *Eloise*, "you are a dead man. *Gedeon*" (Mr. ARTHUR STRATTON), "my devoted manservant" (a convicted manslaughterer), "has a revolver and my orders to shoot to kill." The *Borelli* hurriedly leaves. *Paul* prudently remains. . . .

"You are revolting to me," says *Paul* to *Eloise*; "I would rather die than make love to you." "We shall see," replies *Eloise*. "But meanwhile" (I summarise but don't exaggerate) "you shall be a prisoner here; you shall wear reach-me-down clothes from the village shop; you shall eat what and when I like; I shall persistently torture you in every way my ingenuity suggests; you shall go daily to work in a mill I have bought, escorted by *Gedeon* with his revolver." And we are left to infer that *Gedeon* slept on the mat outside the bedroom of this strange pair. And meanwhile old *Pierre* and *Philippe* dodder about, distressed indeed, but acquiescent, and making their little jokes and having their little quarrels.

Three months of this sort of thing pass. *Paul* is now a crushed worm; *Eloise* obviously nothing but a sex-ridden madwoman (incidentally she practises revolver-shooting before breakfast). We are embarrassingly let into their most intimate secrets. We are given to understand that in a way she has won her battle. When, the screw having been turned by the torturer a shade too far, *Paul* breaks out and uses violence, *Eloise* exults. And so forth (the Viennese School has much to answer for). At the very end *Paul*, released by his creditor, who has now become his late mistress's lover, is free to go. He can hardly summon up the spirit to do so. Can he live without his torturer? *Eloise* thinks not. He slinks out, however, and the curtain falls as *Eloise* puts the revolver to her gibbering mouth.

All that is essential in this, however distressing, could no doubt have been presented in such a way as to be credible and moving and to have a certain human dignity. It is a tribute, a fine tribute, to the discretion of Miss NESBITT and Mr. DANIELL that even towards the close there was only an occasional giggle. Perhaps we were all partly stunned. T.

Our Overbuilt Countryside.

"TWO HAMLETS IN THE FIELD."

Headline to Dramatic Gossip in Daily Paper.

THE ORGAN VOICE OF ENGLAND.

O THUNDERER, whose formidable bolts
Were launched of old at Emperors and Kaisers,
Impartially rebuking silly dolts
And highly-placed professional advisers;
Administering editorial jolts
Without the least regard for advertisers;
Punch in the main, with reverence and gratitude,
Welcomes the change in your Olympian attitude.

You still can thunder, though your loudest peals
Never degenerate into a bellow;
Your voice still rings through Europe, but one feels
Its notes are now comparatively mellow,
Unlike the strident and discordant squeals
Of your contemporaries, Red or Yellow;
Yet still on great occasions you attain
The magisterial accents of DELANE.

Averse alike from slogan, stunt and scare,
In the old style you steadfastly continue,
And your opinions lucidly declare
In forthright diction full of pith and sinew;
Heedless of those who cry for spicier fare
And of the plaudits which its use might win you,
But falling swiftly, like a ton of bricks,
On mischief-makers and their monkey-tricks.

You cater for a multitude of needs;
You're not afraid of quoting Greek or Latin;
You publish articles on cults and creeds
And the new substitutes for silk and satin;
You celebrate the meritorious deeds
Of travellers from HANNO down to SLATIN,
And give more space to games and crossword-puzzles
Than to the gilded throng that gapes and guzzles.

And so *Punch* welcomes in its later stages
The progress you have made, *poco a poco*,
In gratifying readers of all ages
By your resolve *desipere in loco*.
For even on your sacred leader-pages
You mix adroitly *seria cum joco*,
And lend our breakfasts a digestive aid
As indispensable as marmalade.

With you as journalistic *Censor morum*
We are assured of decency and brevity;
We know your deviations from decorum
Will never sink below judicious levity;
And *Punch*, who "looks towards you" with his jorum
And drinks to your felicitous longevity,
"Confides" that at the deadliest danger point
The Times will ne'er be out of heart or joint.

C. L. G.

Queries That Take the Bath-bun.

"I have two tiles said to have been removed from Queen Anne's bath in Endell Street, London. Did Queen Anne have a bath in Endell Street, and, if so, where in the street was it situated?"
Correspondent in Somersetshire Paper.

Even Peeping Tom did not ask questions like this.

Almost Impossible Ski-running.

"Valvaser, the famous chronicler of the former Duchy of Carniola . . . mentions the proficiency in the 16th century of the men and women of Inner Carniola in gliding about the snow on their curved beards."—*South Slav Paper.*

Specimens of the *curvibarbarossa feminea* are now extremely rare, and seldom found outside circuses.

ON CIRCUIT.

(*By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.*)

"WHO would like to adopt a Granny?" is the title of an appeal, which also applies to grandfathers, made by the Rev. J. G. SUTHERLAND, of Leeds, in connection with a scheme to assist elderly people who are past work and not yet old enough to draw their pensions. Mr. SUTHERLAND suggests a contribution of five shillings a week, or half-a-crown each from two benefactors.

The mortality among office-boys' grandparents is notoriously heavy, and it occurs to me that some of these lads might consider the idea of clubbing together with the dual object of helping a good cause and replenishing their own stock of ancestors.

* * *

During a debate conducted by the Stony Stratford Literary and Debating Society on the motion that "our civilisation has within itself the germs of its own destruction," which was carried by a substantial majority, a speaker observed that Nemesis was written on the wall.

I would urge him, however, to repel the disquieting thought that Mene, Tekel and Upharsin are on his track.

* * *

The daffodil-field known as "Dora's Field"—adjoining Rydal church—which WILLIAM WORDSWORTH gave to his daughter DORA, has been open to the public on recent Sundays by courtesy of the present owner, Mr. GORDON WORDSWORTH, who personally attends to the care of the field.

A good show of blooms is reported, and visitors will have appreciated the privilege of inspecting descendants of the very flowers with which the great poet's heart used to dance.

* * *

In *The North Mail* attention is drawn to the neglect of Gateshead by excursions, though the district has many possibilities for development as a holiday-resort, and the stationmaster is quoted as saying that he had heard Gateshead described as "the bedroom of Newcastle."

It is conceivable of course that not all the occupants of this dormitory would view with equanimity the progress of a "Go to Gateshead" movement.

* * *

Alderman JOHN POTTER, M.P., a member of the Blackpool Council, speaking at a luncheon of the Lytham-St. Anne's Rotary Club, referred to the proposed absorption by Blackpool of the whole of the authorities between Lytham and Fleetwood (inclusive), and said, "We in Blackpool want more elbow-room and we are bound to have it."

Visitors to the Lancashire littoral have spoken feelingly of Blackpuddlian elbows.

* * *

"Man o' Mendip" contributes to *The Western Daily Press and Bristol Mirror* the news that he has been shown at Winford Market a chicken with four legs, each one perfectly formed, and remarks that he never heard of such a thing before.

Evidently "Man o' Mendip" has never made one of a *partie carrée* at a Soho restaurant when *poulet rôti* has been served.

"*Croquettes à l'Américane*—Free cooked cod of its own bones and skins. Mash it and mix it with its own weight of potatoes and a little bechamel sauce. Roll into balls, flour it and fry in butter. Tomato sauce should be served with this.

Candidly, I felt ill at the tragedy of it—and I determined to find out a few further details."—*Irish Paper.*

It seems to have possessed the cathartic properties inseparable from all really tragic productions.

THE LACQUERED LADY.

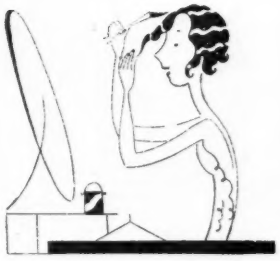


WITH shouts of joy Miranda hails
The craze for lacquered finger-nails;

And when the vogue still further goes
She lacquers—and displays—her toes.



Like wild-fire now the fashion spreads
From painted feet to painted heads;



Behold her, with a reckless air,
Applying lacquer to her hair.



A happy thought! while Edward sleeps
Behind his chair she softly creeps . . .



And later greets his waking eyes
With "Edward, look! a nice surprise!"

JAN.



Girl (who has been upset by clumsy partner). "WHAT OTHER STEPS DO YOU KNOW?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks).

England's Rural Beauty.

MR. EDMUND BLUNDEN'S enchanting little sketch-book, *The Face of England* (LONGMANS, 3/6), is at once a confirmation of our national pride and a challenge to it. It rests with us—as Mr. SQUIRE points out in a delightful preface—whether this inventory of English perfections represents an indefeasible heritage or an epitaph. Is Mr. BLUNDEN, in GEORGE HERBERT'S phrase, "making a chiming of a passing bell"? I think not, for there are still gay notes left in our landscape, though they are increasingly jangled and tuneless. As "still merely an old young man" the writer has watched the tragic passing of rural beauty and real utility that he chronicles in "Just a Victorian": local markets decay; "'oppin' is (almost) over"; windmills and watermills fall into disuse; rabbits move out of the meadows and bungalows move in. The dominant powers are hard on the things he loves—particularly "hard on trees." Yet enough is left for the pattern of a revival, if the will to revive were there. In verse and prose the immortal landscape and its rightful, because beneficent, custodians are described. Now and again the choice of medium strikes me as arbitrary—prose enshrines poetry and verse tends occasionally prose-ward. But even this caprice has its charms. A few casual portraits of rustic worthies—in particular the rarely beautiful "TATTY"—leave me wishing for more; and the same may be said of an acceptably caustic humour, vented supremely on the female of the new democracy in "Janus," and its architecture in "The British School."

Belated Justice.

The one man of his period "able to think more clearly and coldly than any other in Europe" came to be regarded by a succeeding generation as the typical representative of an age of waxen flowers, "intellectual acquirements," puns, odes and preposterous delicacy. In *Albert the Good* (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 25/-) Mr. HECTOR BOLITHO addresses an audience a stage further from the event and the less obliged therefore to scorn such Victorian "sloppiness." To-day we can enjoy, without any sense of shameful responsibility, the exquisitely over-burdened domesticity of the coloured prints, here pricelessly reproduced, that our grandparents loved in all sincerity; and it is time we revised our opinion of the man so ridiculously portrayed. PRINCE ALBERT never was happy in an England that could not forgive him for being a foreigner. Mr. BOLITHO shows him as an immense lonely figure, inconsolable for the loss of his native Coburg, remorselessly driven by a sense of duty, unable to descend from cold immaculate heights, carrying with him some mystery of unrevealed despair. With no ancestry that could warrant any expectation of virtue he drew the English Court for ever away from the squalor of the Hanoverians, while his practical services to this country place him in the front rank of educationalists and reformers. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he gave our Army, our Navy and our Universities a new lease of life, yet we have been shown him playing at gee-gees, garlanded with daisies. He started London's slum-clearance, and we are asked to remember him in the Albert Memorial.

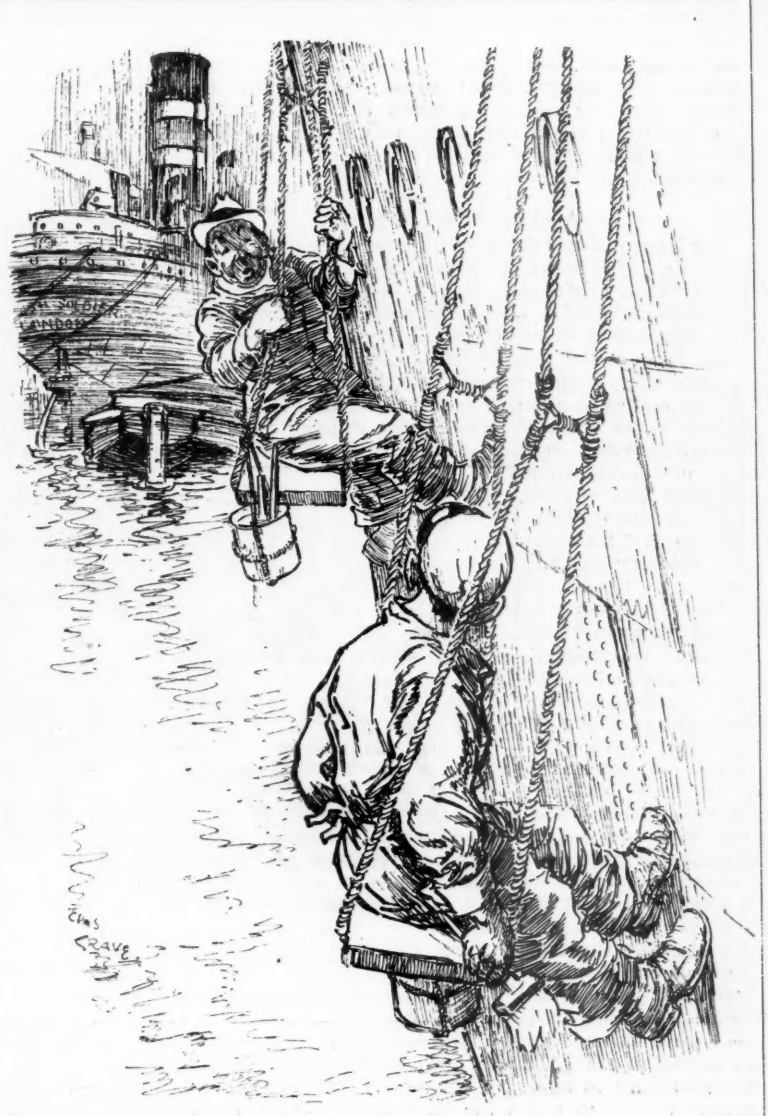
Love and Salt Water.

Mrs. MARGARET DELAND,
In *Captain Archer's Daughter*,
Mingles with skilful hand
Love and salt water.
Here is no Babbitt-wise
Record of small-town meanness,
No Main Street spite and lies,
Greed and uncleanness.
The scene 's a Down East port,
Haunted by ghosts of clippers,
To which oft-times resort
Veteran skippers.
Its fairest, "hottiest" miss
To swift and sudden wooing
Adds flight and short-lived bliss
And lifelong ruing;
But, spite of vanished dreams,
And tresses early greying,
The price of love she deems
Well worth the paying;
And so, to young love's fears
Courageous counsel lending,
Finds after many years
A happy ending.

This author has not lost
Her fresh distinctive manner;
The book 's from CAPE—its cost
Seven-and-a-tanner.

A Middle-class Saga.

It is not only a coincidence that Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER and Miss PHYLLIS BENTLEY should recently have published books of the same name; both, though one is fiction and the other autobiography, are fine and thoroughly English histories of the English middle-class, and in both the long chains of lives with which they deal are composed of characters who are obviously members of a family and yet absolutely individual. In Miss BENTLEY's novel, *Inheritance* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6), we are taken to the West Riding in 1812, just when the cloth manufacturers were beginning to instal machinery and the workmen to resent it. The chronicle of the tug-of-war between master and man is brought down to the present day by means of a masterly family history such as few novelists alive to-day could have created. Miss BENTLEY has written a very long novel, but she has justified its length and, with a magnificent grasp of her subject and its implications, has made her last page the true and just pendant of her first. Likeable recognisable men and women throng her pages; economic history under her touch becomes absorbingly interesting, the charm of the West Riding for its sons and daughters understandable. From the moment when we meet young *Will Oldroyd* of the early nineteenth century riding off to make love so fatally to his lowly sweetheart, down to the time when his great-great-grandson *David* finds that he cannot turn his back on Yorkshire, it is a splendid performance difficult to overpraise.



Painter. "SAM, WOT WOULD 'APPEN TO OLD ENGLAND IF, INSTEAD O' GOIN' UP AN' DOWN, THE POUND WENT SIDEWAYS?"

Rome and Its Surroundings.

The chief end of Mr. LUIGI VILLARI's book on the Roman Campagna is politico-economic; and, though a dozen other strands of interest are wrought into an effective narrative, it is primarily as an account of Fascist measures against unemployment that *On the Roads from Rome* (MACLEHOSE, 12/6) is important. True, the book begins with an admirable account of the city's unique surroundings—a rural commune wherein civilisation has waged immemorial war with brigands and malaria. But this description of the district, and a section no less absorbing devoted to its traditional life, are practically mere preludes to an account of modern activities. Land reclamation is the backbone of Italy's anti-unemployment campaign, the authorities sagaciously encouraging an objective that requires the maximum of workers and the minimum of outlay in materials. It is of course to be regretted—and Mr. VILLARI duly regrets it—that much of the new life, with its mechanical processes and standardised housing, is a poor thing compared with the old. But a policy which

puts fine men first, fine beasts second—horses, oxen, sheep and the mild and adaptable buffalo—and profiteering a bad third, will obviously make as little havoc as possible with the traditional virtues of the worker. Education is wisely directed towards fostering a pride in the land; and the author assures us that his wealthiest friends among the *mercanti di campagna* have sons as hardworking as themselves.

A Good First Helping.

Sir HECTOR DUFF describes his random book of reminiscences as *African Small Chop* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/6)—a singularly modest title, for in the course of his talk he raises profound questions and begins to deal with them in a confident manner. Unfortunately he is rather apt to leave them at the point at which the reader expects him to be decisive. His general attitude is that of the high-minded official, and as an administrator he is inclined to exalt the official career above the commercial, running counter to the present prevailing opinion of mankind; but his vindication of the official is eloquent and sincere. His interests are catholic, so that his views on colonisation, big game and the use of coloured troops in European quarrels are equally entertaining. He contrasts Scottish and English missionaries with a dry humour, and his passages on insects are animated by a supreme loathing. When he becomes cosmic he stands, like Sir THOMAS BROWNE, between an old world and a new, and cannot always reconcile the two. For instance, although he has spent his life in spreading civilisation, he is not satisfied that such spreading is desirable. He should have written more on this topic. Well, "small chop," which signifies "snack," has also come to mean *hors d'œuvre*. I look forward to a further volume in which the same material may be expanded into an orderly banquet.



THE MYSTERY DRAMA.

"IS THAT SOUND SUPPOSED TO BE A GALLOPING HORSE BEHIND THE SCENES?"

"NO, IT'S YOUR TEETH CHATTERING."

Souls for Sale.

Mr. GEOFFREY DENNIS has named most of the people in his new book, *Sale By Auction* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), with such Dickensian cunning that he really need hardly have commented on their characteristics. *Miss Prudence Euphemia Hyssop's* name whispers malevolence, and its owner is, in fact, a backbiting and vicious gossip who is supreme among the hags of the town and sets household against household with her hints and hearsayings. She busies herself with the affairs of *Mr. John Taylor*, *Mr. Moses Smeanly* the chemist, and *Mr. Paradine Fanshaw-Foyle*, a cultured and consequential auctioneer. All these people have coveted the Red House for years before the story opens, but its owner, guessing their aspirations, had left it to a more disinterested relative, the wife of *Cecil Cass*, whose suicide provides the motive for the book. *Cecil* was the chemist's assistant, and his conscience, though active, did not prevent him from making love to his employer's wife. The intrigue was discovered, and *Cecil's* razor was the indirect cause of an auction preceded by something very like a sale of souls and by several conversations containing elements of blackmail. Seldom can a more unamiable and petty group of people have been collected between the covers of a book. Mr. DENNIS introduces them to us with the air of one who is amused by their intrigues and antics, but neither sympathetic nor particularly disgusted. His story is a brilliant piece of construction, and his clear economical style of writing is relieved by a dry and unobtrusive humour.

Forty Years of Strenuous Life.

Born in 1865, Major TUDOR G. TREVOR was the sixteenth child of a family of seventeen. At an early age he was "packed off" to a public school, and of this experience he tells us that "there were about thirty boys in my house—young ruffians, but not half as rough as the family I came from." It is a statement which readers of *Forty Years in Africa* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 12/6) will find to be significant. For however rough Major TREVOR'S upbringing may have been it taught him to be ready, and additionally it helped him both to be human in his outlook upon life and generous in his judgment of his fellows. During his long career in South Africa he knew intimately many of the people who were of real importance; and though he was in active opposition to some of them he is never blind to their good qualities. Nothing, for instance, in this informing and entertaining chronicle is finer than his tribute to General COOS DE LA REY.

Recovery.

It is quickly obvious why Mr. JOHN LAMBOURNE has called his story *Strong Waters* (MURRAY, 7/6). *James Manners*, who in London was of repute as a surgeon, had been jilted, and when we meet him in Rhodesia he is already notorious as a consumer of alcohol. Twice interrupted, however, when intent upon suicide, he lived to perform a wonderful operation and to engage in a series of hair-raising adventures. It is a tale into the possibility of which I never stopped to inquire; but even if some of the incidents tax ordinary powers of belief, *Manners*, in his struggle to overcome his temptations, is a character of whom his creator has reason to be proud.

The Mailed Fist in Fiction.

"He rose, and thrust a hand through Charles's elbow."

From a new novel.

We gather that *Charles* was never able to lift it again.

"I was asked yesterday what a four-shilling-piece was like. It has been out of circulation for some years now, but as far as I can remember, it was like the florin, but larger, of course—larger than the half-crown, but not so big as the 'cart wheel,' as the five-shilling piece used to be called."—*Gossip-writer in Daily Paper.*

Just as a sixpence tends to be larger than a threepenny-bit, but not so large, to the best of our recollection, as the "bob" or shilling piece.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is estimated that the beer consumed by passengers in one Atlantic liner would fill the swimming-bath. Still, most people prefer to bathe in water.

* * *

At the time of the First (and last) Reading of the Bill to legalise sweepstakes, a prominent member of the Anti-Gambling League is said to have offered ten to one against its passing into law.

* * *

An evening paper asks, "What is the Dangerous Age?" Everything seems to point to the fact that it is from 0 onwards.

* * *

We are asked to deny the rumour that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has offered to purchase the provincial touring rights of the Paris theatre strike.

* * *

The father of a retired postmaster writes to a contemporary complaining of those who poke fun at the postal service. Can it be that blood is thicker than post-office ink?

* * *

Frenchman are said to be drinking milk instead of cocktails, but we do not anticipate a vogue for the milk-party in London.

* * *

Complaint is made that a B.B.C. rendering of *The Ancient Mariner* was overpowered by the orchestral accompaniment. The listener-in he cursed the din, for he heard the loud bassoon.

* * *

Every baby born in the town of Metz is being presented with a five-shilling bank-balance. A pretty variation of this idea is to start the little one with a tiny overdraft.

* * *

When a tooth of GABRIELE D' ANNUNZIO's was put up to auction and bought for the commune of Milan it was generally felt that the hero of Fiume had put the tusk in Tuscany.

* * *

The mate of a plumber acted as best man at his wedding. We understand that he played a practical joke on the guests by not forgetting the ring.

* * *

A novel is described in the publisher's announcement as "A cleverly handled and searching study of a *crime passionelle*" (*sic*). Our regret is that more searching study is devoted to sex than to gender.

* * *

The enthusiastic crowds that celebrated the end of Prohibition in Finland are believed to have been saving up for a wet day.

* * *

An exhibition of drawings and paintings by children included a seven-year-old girl's picture of a scene in a dentist's waiting-room. We can only deplore that one so young should be attracted by the macabre.

* * *

"Free Trade is not dead in this country," says a Labour weekly. Perhaps not, but a lot of people seem to have been attending its alleged funeral.



Onlooker. "HOW MANY GOALS HAVE THEY GOT AGAINST YOU?"
Goalkeeper. "WELL, I THINK OUR CAPTAIN 'AS CLOUTED ME FOUR OR FIVE TIMES."

In view of the adverse criticism to which meteorological experts are subjected, we feel impelled to point to the accuracy of observation revealed under the heading of "Yesterday's Weather."

* * *

A news-item mentions a jockey who came back after twenty-four years. Yes, but did he bring the horse with him?

* * *

The Sunday Express warns Americans that it is too early to squeal. We understand our contemporary will ring a bell at the right moment.

* * *

An international cat-show has been held in Paris with the object of popularising these pets, which are not seen to the best advantage *sur les toits de Paris*.

* * *

In the opinion of Dr. BRANCHER, very few people realise that the ears protect the back of the neck against cold winds. That decides us to wear ours larger this summer.

* * *

A daily paper mentions a member of Congress who never leaves his place while the House is sitting and sustains life with peanuts. This throws an interesting sidelight on the American constitution.

* * *

As we go to press we learn that the *Daily Mail* cuckoo and the *Daily Express* cuckoo are reported from somewhere in Africa to be flying neck-and-neck in their race to be first in this country.

* * *

New York's Fire Brigade has a special tower from which it is possible to play the hose on the upper floors of skyscrapers. The old-fashioned method of waiting until the flames burn down within reach is growing obsolete.

* * *

In America a golf-ball was dropped from a twelfth-storey window in order to ascertain its bouncing properties. We understand that the resilience of their film-comedians is tested in the same way.

* * *

"There are musical notes which are inaudible to the human ear," says a scientist. We want more of this kind.

* * *

Bees and wasps are said to have a decided preference for blue and purple. We can only conclude that at the sight of marmalade and strawberry-jam they are stricken with sudden colour-blindness.

* * *

We read of a pair of boots that has been in the possession of one family for five generations. Slippers are often handed down from father to son.

* * *

Nature broadcasts are to be a feature of this year's wireless programmes. We are looking forward keenly to the evening when the fat stock prices are interrupted to allow the plaintive cry of the peewit to come through.

* * *

In a recently-published book on big-game hunting it is related that a famous explorer who had run out of bullets shot a buffalo with a charge of sixpences. The bang would have stunned a Scotsman.

LOTTERIES DEFERRED.

[The private Bill introduced by Sir WILLIAM DAVISON to legalise Lotteries held for the benefit of hospitals and other good public causes passed its First Reading by 176 votes to 123, but was turned down by the Government and will not be heard of again this Session.]

I AM but human—let me own
This much by way of brief preamble—
A weakness which may well condone
My native tendency to gamble;
Most of us, Sir (or Madam),
Caught it, like all original sin, from ADAM.

But still inside me lurked the hope
Of frailty turned to higher uses,
Sanctified and employed to cope
With deadly germs and toxic juices;
Alas! the silly law says
I'm not allowed to plunge for noble causes.

A Bill was read to put this right,
But Government refused facilities
For any further stage, in spite
Of votes that said how sound a Bill it is;
My hope of something quick
Was thus deferred. This always makes me sick.

Our statesmen seem too faint of soul,
Like the poor pussy "i' the adage,"
To pluck the gold carp from its bowl
And lend to this so dull and sad age
A little ray of sun,
A touch of quiet philanthropic fun.

Yes, when I yearn to do some good,
Authority, supinely letting
"'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'"
Drives me to lower forms of betting,
Drives me to have my fling
In haunts of vice—the Tote or Bookies' Ring.

In aid of any useful stunt,
Promoted by a legal lottery,
I was prepared to go and punt,
Risking my balance, which is tottery;
That scheme now bites the dirt;
A horse (or dog) shall have my final shirt. O. S.

THE CIGARETTE IN FICTION.

I HOLD no brief for cigarettes. In fact, I do not smoke them myself and they cause me much trouble because often, when someone is coming to dinner, I find out only at the last minute that I've not got any and I have to borrow from the parlour-maid. But I am doubtful if fiction-writers generally appreciate all that the cigarette has done for them. Here is an instance of what I mean:—

"... Calmly she took a cigarette from her platinum case and lit it—calmly, that is, to the superficial observer. But Everard, who was anything but a superficial observer, saw that the hand which held the match trembled ever so slightly. ..."

Yes, "ever so" is bad, I know, but that's what the fellow said. And what I say is, how was he going to get that across if there wasn't a cigarette? In the good old pre-cigarette days, what could he have done about it? How was the observant Everard to know about that trembling hand? The book might have said, "Calmly she met Everard's gaze, though the hand that toyed with the bugles on her corsage trembled ever so slightly." But it doesn't really give that idea of feigned nonchalance, does it?

Delving in the lighter fiction of our era, I find countless similar examples. Take this, for instance:—

"Savagely he stubbed the end of his cigarette in the ash-tray."

Take away the cigarette and where are you? People do not stub cigar-ends savagely. Cigars are too precious. He might have "muttered an oath and flung out into the night"; but if you want him in the room it is inconvenient to have him flinging out. To make him fling in again five minutes later would be weak.

I'll admit that snuff, where men are concerned, might occasionally have met the case. It is true that a man could close his snuff-box with a savage snap. Although it hasn't the viciousness of the stubbed cigarette-end, it would serve. But take this:—

"He lit a cigarette and the smoke rose slowly into the limpid evening air. 'For as long as this cigarette lasts, you live,' he hissed. 'When it is finished, you die.'"

Snuff simply can't touch it. Besides, now I come to think of it, there was quite a period when snuff was out and cigarettes not yet in.

Here is another, culled at random from a magazine:—

"... 'Just threw her away with no more compunction than I have in throwing this,' he cried, as he cast his half-smoked cigarette into the sea."

I contend that nothing but a half-smoked cigarette will meet the case. A slab of half-chewed gum would be merely disgusting.

Or again:—

"Cuthbert, a limp cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth ..."

or,

"Harold, a cigarette behind his ear ..."

Can a Corona Corona Corona, even without its waist-band, droop limply? No, no. Or snuff-boxes be worn behind the ear? Several times, no! A. W. B.

MILITARY BRIDGE.

OUR Bridge four has broken up.

I never clearly grasped what the Colonel did in the War, but at Bridge he is shattering. In his post-mortems—and he seldom lacks a corpse—he adopts a hectoring manner which is modelled, so I understand from him, upon the Great Captains; indeed he frequently quotes their maxims in support of his methods. His favourite victim is our Curate, whom he delights to reduce to a state of nervous prostration.

But the Colonel's self-assurance received a mortal blow yesterday when, being three down on his contract, he threw the blame upon his partner in a tone so military that the reverend gentleman was not only unnerved but rendered incapable of coherent argument.

"May I ask," said the Colonel, "why you did not lead me a heart?"

"I—I hadn't g-got one," replied his miserable partner.

"Hadn't got one?" shouted the man of war; "you had plenty."

The Curate, falling back upon a second line of defence, faintly bleated, "I—I never g-got the lead."

This excuse being brushed aside with what the Colonel regards as soldierly brusqueness, my partner felt the moment had come to intervene on the Curate's side.

"You haven't given the right reason yet," he said smoothly.

"Well, what was it?" asked the Curate, now in a condition of pulp.

"You were dummy," said my partner.

I said that our Bridge four has broken up.

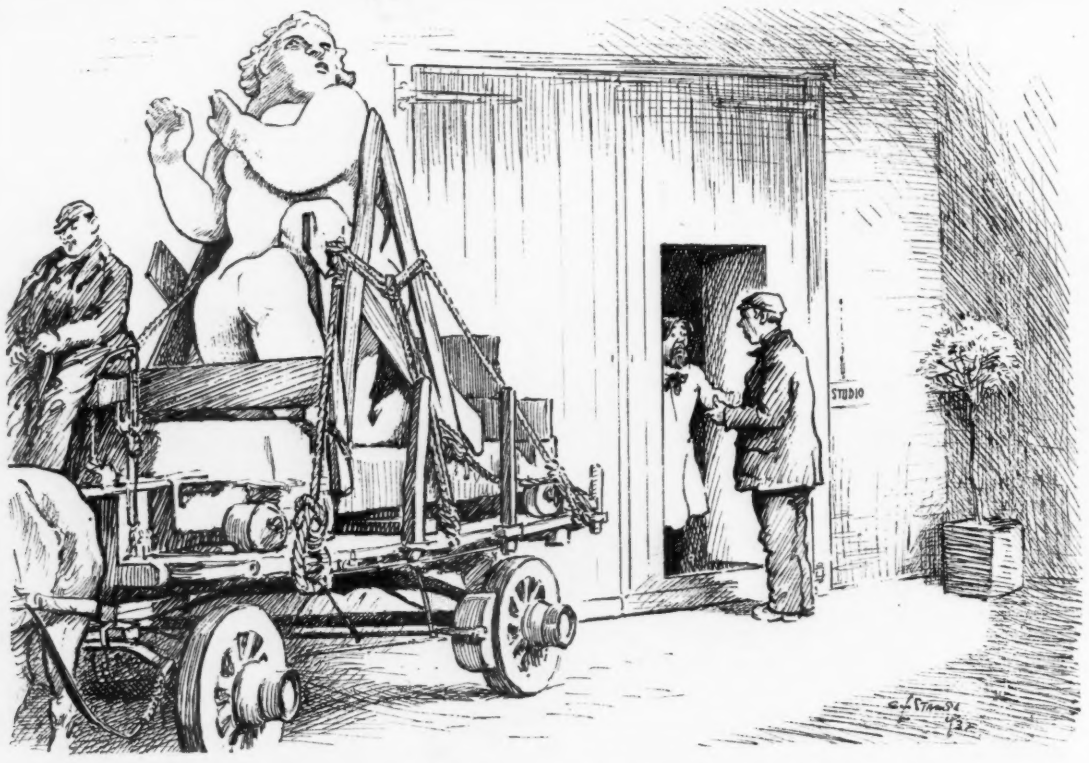


PRACTISING THE SPLITS

IN PREPARATION FOR A PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE DAIL.

MR. DE VALERA. "THIS IS NOT GOING TO BE QUITE SO PAINLESS AS I HAD HOPED."

[In support of the opposition offered by the Variety Artists' Federation to the Children and Young Persons Bill a performance was to have been given in the House of Commons last week by young acrobats to prove the painlessness of their feats; but it was not permitted.]



Carrier (with rejected statue from R.A., to Sculptor). "I 'VE BROUGHT YOUR MISSUS BACK, GUV'NOR."

HOT NEWS STORY.

I WAS talking to a visitor from New York the other day about our newspapers. He seemed to be badly missing his own home-grown articles with their seductive little headlines—"HIT-RUN AUTOIST SLAYS TWO," or "LOVE-MAD MODEL IN ARTIST'S KILLING," and so on. He said that our newspapers had no life in them, nothing that came out and took a guy by the throat and held him down and made him read with goggling eyes. Why, even on Sundays, he complained, there wasn't a single paper that you couldn't lift easily with one hand; and then he went on to talk wistfully of the Sunday Edition of *The New York Times*—"Oh, boy, twelve large sections, each as big as one of these small-town journals of yours! Close on two hundred pages altogether! *And* the headlines!" he continued, reverting to his original grievance, "Why——"

"What does the headline 'DIN CUT PROBE' mean?" I interrupted, for it had long worried me, ever since I had once read it over somebody's shoulder in a subway.

"I don't know," he admitted. "But that's just what I mean. I *read* the story on purpose to find out. It *sounds* swell."

More than any other of our papers he seemed to have a particular grudge against *The Times*. I told him it represented well-balanced and common-sense opinions and stood for moderation in an age of hyperbole; and he replied that he guessed that was what was wrong with it too. Did I think it would ever improve?

"Look here," I said, rather nettled—"I'll tell you that *The Times* to-day has practically gone tabloid compared with the way it handled its stuff in the old days," and to prove it I took him along right away to a certain London club.

There, after a lunch of steak and draught-stout, I showed him framed on a wall two centre double pages of *The Times* of some considerable while ago. To be precise, one was from an issue of the year 1805, reporting the Battle of Trafalgar, the other from an issue of 1815, reporting the Battle of Waterloo.

"Two of the most vital battles in England's history," I said, "and moreover recognised as such at the time. Read on, Macduff, and it'll give you something to think about."

It did. Once he had pointed out that his name was not Macduff I could hardly tear him away. Certainly those pages were well worth studying. For the Waterloo scoop was handled like this:—

Nearly the whole of the left-hand page—four-column pages—was devoted to the official despatch from the Duke of WELLINGTON. It was modestly headed at the top of the first column in small italics, "*Tuesday Morning, 11 o.c.*," which was followed by the announcement, "We again stop the press to insert a copy of the LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY." After this the reader was solemnly given the whole works, verbatim, for three-and-a-half columns in ordinary-sized type and unbroken by any cross-headings or insertions of any kind. In fact the only word printed slightly bigger than normal was the signature, WELLINGTON, at the end.

The right-hand page, the news-page proper, in which the story was written up—presumably by an excitable desk-reporter—actually did, I must admit, break into a single headline. But not on the model of "BONEY TAKES COUNT: IRON DUKE GETS DECISION IN ALL-DAY MÊLÉE," or, "'UP, GUARDS,

AND AT 'EM!' STARTED ROUT, SAYS WELLINGTON," all in letters two inches high across the whole page. No, the solitary headline was only one column width, was merely in capitals of the usual fount of type, and read austerely, "OFFICIAL BULLETIN," followed by the date of the issue, *June 22nd, 1815*. The story then began lyrically:—

> "The Duke of Wellington's despatch, dated Waterloo 19th June, states that on the preceding day Buonaparte attacked with his whole force the British lines, supported by a corps of Prussians; which attack after a long and sanguinary conflict terminated in the complete overthrow of the enemy's army with the loss of ONE HUNDRED and FIFTY pieces of CANNON and TWO EAGLES."

It went on in this strain for four full columns, though at the end the writer had apparently so far exhausted the dramatic and descriptive possibilities of his theme that he was filling up with the casualty lists.

The "Trafalgar" issue was in a way even better. As above, the left-hand page was taken up with the GAZETTE containing Vice-Admiral COLLINGWOOD's despatch in three closely-printed columns, while the victory, as a news-story, was dealt with on the right-hand page. In this particular case, however, it was not even considered important enough to start with, for the leading item in the first column was a bit of theatre-gossip:—

> "THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
> *This Evening,*
> 'VENICE PRESERVED.'"

Then there were about a dozen lines explanatory of the show, ending with—

> "*To-morrow*, 'WILD OATS.'"

Next came the date and a brief couple of lines:—

> "The publication of the Newsmen finished this morning at half-past seven."

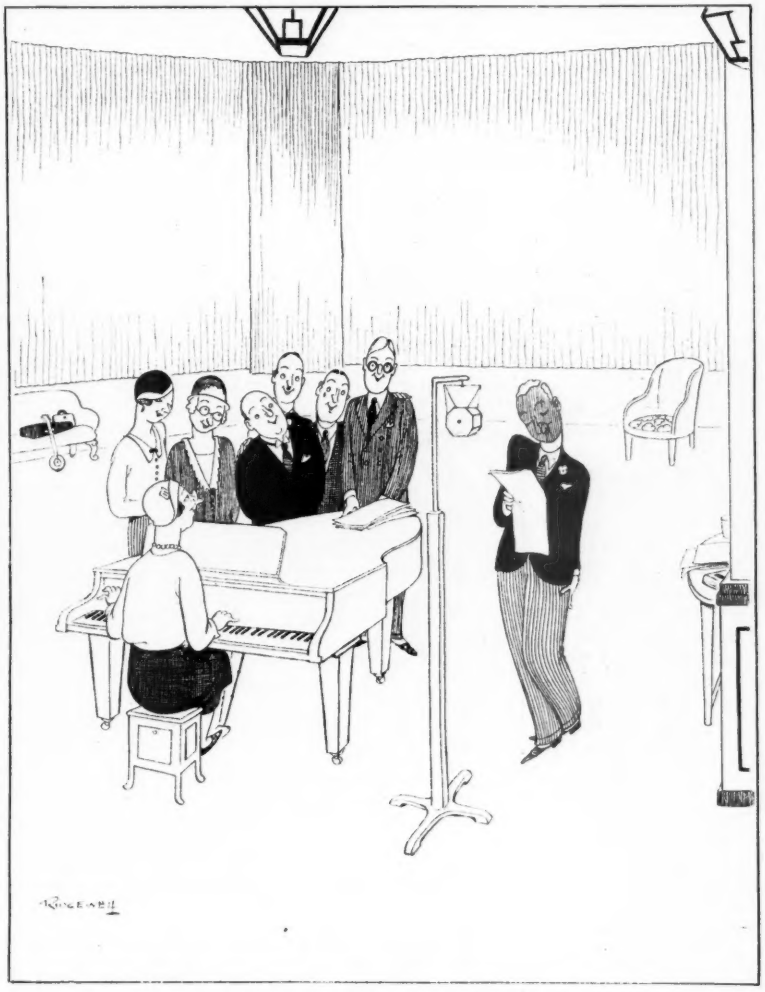
After this the fellow really *did* think about his Trafalgar story. He spread his shoulders and went straight into his stuff. Apparently, however, it was not worthy of any headline at all, and started like this:—

> "The official account of the naval action which terminated in the most decisive victory which has ever been achieved by British Skill and Gallantry will be found in our paper of to-day." (He meant the mass of close print opposite.)

He developed his theme for nearly four columns or so without interpolations of any sort, and found he had finished. Trafalgar had been reported. Having an odd corner to fill up at the bottom, he shoved in a few small-type paragraphs, of which the following one speaks for itself—

> "Yesterday morning at 8 o.c. a messenger was sent off to His Majesty at Windsor with the joyful news of the late victory. The King's own Militia being in Little Park exercising fired a *feu de joie* on the occasion."

Slowly my New Yorker friend turned away, awe in his eyes. All he said was, "Well, what do you know about that?" Since then he has not referred in my presence to British newspapers. But there is little doubt that, with the exception of the club draught-stout, that exhibit was what impressed him most during the whole of his visit to England. A. A.



TOUCHING SCENE AT THE B.B.C.
"UNCLE CYRIL" ANNOUNCES HIS OWN TWINS.

SURPLUS MEN.

[The Press reports the shooting of a rare species of hawk.]

BECAUSE a bird or beast is rare
Some sportsman marks it down to kill,
And, counting any game as fair,
Contrives to make it rarer still.

O *homo sapiens*, who must
At any cost your trigger pull,
I sometimes find *your* species just
A little bit too plentiful. W. K. H.

The Tin Douanier.

"Dundee is to have more tariff control automatic signals."—*Dundee Paper.*

Trials of a Duce.

At a recent meeting Mr. JOHN BROMLEY, the Chairman of the T.U.C., was called a Mussolini.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

IT has now been my privilege to interview, after many endeavours, a lovely film-actress—none other, in fact, than Miss Opal Hyacinth, the Moonstone of the Movies—amidst the amaranthine surroundings of her idyllic Hollywood home.

Running about under the deodars and magnolia-trees or splashing each other with water from the porphyry fountains on the lawn were Miss Hyacinth's nine charming young. Their names are Billy Mort, who is six-and-a-half; Florence Hunyadi and Angela Rosencrantz, who are six-year olds; Abraham Lincoln de Vere and Carol Carlovski, who are five; Mariana Ankerstrom, four; René Parados, three, and angelic little Bunty Washington and Stradivarius Passada, both in their prams.

[*Editor.* I thought you said they were all romping about under the trees or splashing each other with water. How could babies in perambulators do that?

Author. Some of the ones that were not in perambulators were pushing about some of the ones that were, I imagine. Anyhow, that was my visual impression. I assure you if you had seen little Straddy blowing bubbles out of his dear little mouth——

Editor. All right. But there's another thing I don't understand. You say there were nine children, of whom the eldest was six——

Author (*with a trace of* Honi soit qui mal y pense). I had forgotten to say that little Florence, little Angela and little Carol are all of them adopted chicks. May I now go on?

Editor. I suppose so, if you must.]

The occasion of my visit was the fact that Miss Opal Hyacinth has just announced through the medium of her Press-agents that she has found happiness at last, and millions of gratified admirers on both sides of the Atlantic are rejoicing with her. I was privileged to have a peep at her mail-bag, which was just being unloaded from a trolley, and it was positively bursting with felicitations from all over the world.

[*Editor.* Excuse me if I interrupt you again. Just how had Miss Hyacinth found happiness at last?

Author. In the nuptials she had just celebrated with Count de Grog. I should have thought you would have known that. They were wed recently after a romantic elopement which startled the whole of Los Angeles, and spent a romantic honeymoon being photographed front and back on Palm Beach. The Count de Grog is a talented xylophone-player, and Miss Opal Hyacinth herself is devoted to gathering clams.

Editor. I see.]

What made the occasion so particularly epoch-making was the circumstance that on no fewer than six previous moments in her marvellous career Miss Hyacinth had been practically certain that she had found happiness at last. But she was wrong. She knows it now. They were only brief periods of intoxication——

[*Editor.* Intoxication?

Author. Figuratively, I mean. Mad rapturous moments, I ought to have said, when it seemed that her yearning for love had found fulfilment, only to have the cup dashed from her lips——

Editor. There you go again.

Author. —only to find that what she had taken for a serene harbour—or, to make myself quite clear, an oasis in the sands of disappointment—was in reality Dead Sea fruit, and had turned to dust and ashes in her mouth.

Editor. You have been reading a cinema magazine.

Author (*with pride*). I have.]

It was at this juncture that I entered the charming—no, I said that before—entered the fascinating paradise at Beverly Hills, on which Miss Hyacinth has elected to rear the luxurious mansion where she makes her home. She was dressed in something or other frightfully good, which I cannot exactly describe, and was being manicured before gardening. Outside the front-door stood a pawing saddle-horse and a panting limousine, in case she cared to use them afterwards.

Count de Grog himself was in the aluminium bathroom, where I did not venture to disturb him. I merely asked Opal to give me a message for my readers about the way she had won through to Heart's Desire.

"It was this way," she told me. "I had known Georg for years, when he was married to Biddy Johnson and Etna Stromboli and Dorothy Munkhausen, and I was starred with him in *What Women* and *Hell's Ante-room* and *Moths Without Wings*. But I never loved him till last week, when we found ourselves at Reno together, both heart-whole, both wondering if the great thing would come into our lives that turns everything to a beautiful golden dream, and 'blip,' one day at a Casino it suddenly did! And now it's just me and Georg, Georg and me."

I looked at the kindergarten. She followed my glance.

"And the little ones, of course," she crooned gently. "But here comes Georg himself. He shall help to tell you how happy we both are."

The strong virile figure of Count de Grog strolled across the lawn as she uttered the words. It was clothed in a bright yellow bath-wrap with a purple edge. Cocktails were brought us by an Abyssinian slave. The Count corroborated what Miss Hyacinth had said.

"We found ourselves two lonely souls on the shore of a great sea," he told me. "We had but to take a step forward and the bird of happiness was in our grasp. We knew that up to then we had been following Will-o'-the-wisps. But now it is just me and Opal, Opal and me."

The Count, who had been standing hitherto, now sat down on a malachite seat under a pomegranate-tree. There was a slight scrunching sound.

At once and quite suddenly I realised the secret of Miss Hyacinth's



Producer of Amateur Theatricals. "BUT, MR. JONES, YOU MUSTN'T STAND WITH YOUR BACK TO THE AUDIENCE LIKE THAT."

Mr. Jones. "CAN'T HELP IT. I'M DEAF IN MY RIGHT EAR, SO I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY OTHER ONE TURNED TO 'PROMPT' SIDE."

amazing success on the screen. She rose like a fury. Her face was transfigured, and in tones of magnificent dramatic intensity she shrilled, "Beat it, you great stiff!"—and then, as he still stayed irresolute, "Right now!"

As the Count rose the cause of her indignation was revealed. He had sat on Opal's pet lizard, which had been sunning itself on the marble seat. The poor little reptile had passed into the Great Beyond.

"I'll have a divorce to-morrow," she told me fiercely as her husband, overwhelmed by the catastrophe, staggered away from the scene. "The big bonehead! The mutt!"

I thought it best to make my own adieux also. As I turned to go I saw that great globular tears were flowing from Miss Hyacinth's eyes as she looked towards the trees where the children were still happily playing as though nothing had occurred.

"Poor lonely little ginks!" she murmured sympathetically. "Orphaned again."

Then, as I was about to put on my hat, she recalled me.

"Tell your readers this," she said with a catch in her voice: "I have been disillusioned so often that my heart sometimes despairs. But I mean to attain the big thing in the end. I mean to find happiness, even if I have to marry half Central Europe to do it. Somewhere there must be love."

She was telephoning to her lawyer about the arrangements for this when I finally crept away from the cedar-wood door. EVOE.

". . . THAN IN ANGER."

[Mr. E. E. KELLETT says that "downright hard crushing thought is not the mark of the literary man as such." He seems to ignore the heavy brainwork needed for the literary expression of any idea, however little thought may have been expended on the idea itself.]

How comes it, critic, one so wise
Should condescend to wipe the eyes
Of us dejected writing guys?
  Your cynic pen has wrought
A commentary most inept,
For how do we become adept
At literary tricks except
  By hard and crushing thought?

We hunt the forests of the mind
For words and tropes of every kind.
Pursuing what we want to find
  Until the prey is caught;
We rack our brains from early morn
Until the web of day is torn;
Our most spontaneous jokes are born
  From hard and crushing thought.

You think our noble works are planned
On any scheme which comes to hand,
With metaphors at random and
  With similes unsought;
That any bunk will serve at need
Our simple readers' maw to feed—
Oh, Mr. KELLETT, 'tis indeed
  A hard and crushing thought!

E. P. W.

The Fettering Bonds of Alliance.

"Mr. Latham is reported as saying that 'the Labour Party is anxious to secure agreement with the co-operative movement, who are anxious to forgo the closest possible bonds between the two.' "—*Daily Paper.*

"RACQUETS TITLE.
GIANT NEGRO WANTS TO MEET CARNERA."
Daily Paper.

Very well; but there must be no hitting below the board.



"HAIR CUT, PLEASE."
"BUT WE CUT YOUR HAIR ONLY AN HOUR AGO, SIR."
"I'M SORRY; I DIDN'T CROSS IT OFF MY MEMORANDA."

HORSE-DEALING BY BARTER.

SOME months ago Jenifer decided that her pony was too small for her. With the aid of delay, loss of memory and other serviceable weapons convenient to a hard-pressed parent I might have evaded the issue for a considerable period. But when Margery (her mother) also joined the battle against me I abandoned my defences immediately. In the stud-book of the Home Farm I knew that space must soon be occupied by another name *vice* The Dreamer, erased. But I made one condition. In a time of acute economy there must be no question of cash. The transaction must be conducted by barter only. It was a rash stipulation which I have not ceased to regret.

It is not easy, even when armed with a sufficiency of ready money, to buy the horse you desire, but when you are turned into the world with a bay riding-pony, thirteen hands, good manners (except when it bites), hunted four seasons by present owner (bolting at least three times each season), and perfectly sound (if you don't know too much), and you are instructed to exchange this for a clean-bred, made and mannered lady's hunter, big and willing jumper, warranted sound, you will feel the soreness of defeat before your blade is so much as drawn.

With the close of the hunting season in sight it was in my favour that hunters, even desirable hunters, might be upon the market, but the people who wish to exchange a hunter for a child's pony are just as rare at the end of the season as at its beginning. Without the effort of a gesture towards such a deal, I was aware that even MACHIAVELLI, *Mr. Jorrocks*, TALLEYRAND and Mr. TATTERSALL, perfectly compounded, could not bring it off. So I did not attempt it. If it were to be a matter of exchange the exchange would have to be oblique. I sought for advertisements of people who desired to buy a pony.

After a great deal of futile correspondence I found at last an earnest seeker, a lady of mature age, who desired a pony capable of pulling a bath-chair. After I had interviewed her in the bath-chair I felt that The Dreamer had come to his pre-ordained state of existence. He would never be able to bolt with that combination.

Following the programme of barter I had, greatly to the lady's astonishment, to refuse her proffered guineas and eventually closed the deal by accepting three portable hen-houses and fifty hens. As a matter of fact it wasn't a bad exchange for anyone who was in need of hens.

My next move was obvious. I had to find someone who was giving up hunting and starting a poultry-farm. So I wrote to several scores of people who had hunters to sell, but only one of them continued the correspondence after receiving my offer of hens. For the moment the hen appeared to be mud to the hunting community.

My one surviving correspondent wrote that he had a very nice cob which he had hunted for three seasons; it had also carried a lady. He did not require hens, but was starting a pig-farm of Middle Whites, and if I had the pigs to suit him an exchange might be effected. I had only to find a pig-fancier who no longer loved his Middle Whites and then by sheer resolution thrust upon him three portable hen-houses and fifty hens.

The path of barter is extraordinarily rugged. I found several people going out of pigs. One had Berkshires, another Tamworths, and yet another Gloucester Old Spots. Nobody had Middle Whites. Reluctantly I resorted to Farmer Bugden. He, I knew, had Middle Whites, but Farmer Bugden never wishes to part from anything which you want.

The best exchange I could drive for the poultry outfit was fifteen eight-week-old weaners. Turned out in our paddock they looked extremely unlike a possible swop for any kind of horse. They looked, in fact, a pretty bad exchange for the old pony. When my only correspondent came over to look at them his view coincided very exactly with my own. "If," he concluded, "they were eight-month porkers, I'd be glad to do a deal, but, hang it all——!"

I suddenly perceived that unless I made an instant bargain I should be involved in a series of diminishing exchanges which, in the end, would probably land me with a skep of bees or a tortoise, and so destroy for ever my prestige as a dealer.

"Look here," I said, after explaining my difficulty—"summer your cob in our paddock and I'll guarantee you fifteen porkers in October." The man was a gentleman, so we have now in the paddock a most attractive cob and fifteen pigs. If between now and October I can conceal from my family the corn-merchant's account for pig-food (which, after all, has only a very distant relation to cash) I shall be acclaimed as a horse-coper of superlative acumen.

An Impending Apology.

"Those who saw and enjoyed the pantomime will be glad to hear another performance is to be given in the Parish Hall, and this will also give those who missed seeing it another chance of doing so."

Parish Magazine.

LONDON GATES.

CLERKENWELL, A.D. 1593.

[Clerkenwell Priory, the ancient headquarters of the Knights Hospitallers in England, was occupied in ELIZABETH's reign by her Master of the Revels; there were gathered all the tailors, carpenters, painters, etc., employed in the preparation of Court revels and masques, and there vast stores of stage properties were kept.]

WITHIN the gate of Clerkenwell
The Brethren of St. John,
Those monkish warriors, fierce and fell,
Dwelt in the days agone;
Then by the gate
Poor folk would wait
At Yule-time lean and cold
For doles of bread, as much, 'tis said,
As hands and hoods could hold.

Once from the gate of Clerkenwell
St. John's good knights would ride,
To fight against the infidel
And bend the paynim's pride;
They failed not then,
Like prudent men,
To harbour mighty stores
Of lances grey and banners gay
For use in holy wars.

Now by the gate of Clerkenwell
Things are in different case,
For there the revel-mongers dwell
Who serve the Queen her Grace;
To make disport
For her at Court
Is all their Christmas task,
When carpenters and broiderers
Must furnish forth the masque.

Beyond the gate of Clerkenwell
Are stores of weapons still,
Sword, halberd, spear and mangonel,
Axe, caliver and bill;
But ne'er a blade
Of steel is made,
Of oak is ne'er a hilt;
Lath, osier, pith, men make them with,
And all their gold is gilt.

Now, when the gate of Clerkenwell
Swings open, men come out
Bearing this one a triton's shell
And that a dragon's snout;
Then one will haul
A painted wall,
Two bear a plaster corse,
Another brings bright gear for kings
Or drags a hobby-horse.

Ah, may the knights of Clerkenwell
Sleep quietly with the just,
And never any moonlight spell
Awake them from the dust,
Lest they should see
How things now be
Where once their high halls stood,
And vent their wrath on toys of lath
And strive with beasts of wood!

D. M. S.



Lady to Friend (relating her dental experiences). "YOU SEE, IT WAS LIKE THIS, MRS. BINKS. A FRIEND GOT ME A FREE TICKET TO 'AVE THE ONE REMOVED IN ME UPPER JAW, AND THE VICAR 'E INTERESTED HIMSELF IN ME LOWER JAW."

THE CHARM OF ALGIERS.

"*PANORAME!*" said the taxi-driver, and drew up on the cliff's edge. "*Grand panorame!*" said the taxi-driver, and waved his hand towards the rain-swept sea. "*Panorame!*" said the taxi-driver, and pointed proudly downwards to the warehouse roofs.

It was to see this *panorame* that the genial Algerian had driven us two miles out of our way in defiance of orders and at about twenty francs a second. There is no escaping this "superb view." You may shout till you are speechless that you wish to return to the ship, that you wish to drive in the opposite direction, that you wish to get out; but sooner or later your taxi will find its way to this spot and the patriotic Frenchman (of Arab-Maltese-Levantine extraction) will proudly say, "*Grand panorame!*"

And personally I never have the heart to express my profound dissatisfaction with the view. I have now seen it four times. Three times it was raining. But it is perhaps a view which looks its best in the driving rain. When it is not raining you can see a long way from this spot; and to guides and tourist agencies, and, alas! to most of us poor tourists, whenever it is possible to see a long way, that is a "view," and it matters little what particular objects are visible. To me, however, vile Philistine, this matters greatly. From this spot, I repeat, you can see a lot of Algiers, a lot of warehouses, hotels, lodging-houses and villas, two mosques and large quantities of the sea. There is generally something to be said for the sea. But nobody can really want to look for long at a lot of Algiers, unless he has paid money to cross the seas and look at Algiers and is determined to get his money's worth.

Such a one will endear himself to the Algerian taxi-driver, and I wish

them both good fortune. But personally I would just as soon stand in the rain on Campden Hill and look down on Kensington or Notting Dale. The "view" in both directions is extensive and therefore "superb"; and if they were on the north coast of Africa these views would definitely count as "*panorames*." The roofs of Algiers are cleaner, it is true, but on the whole they are much more modern and just as dull; though here and there a post-office, bank or municipal building of Moorish design gives the untravelled visitor a thrilling sense of the immemorial East.

I cannot say very much more for the superb view of Algiers as you approach it from the sea. This has always reminded me of Hastings, and I suppose it always will. Certainly the "front," with its long line of rectangular "blocks," solid hotels and offices and shops, is pure Hastings. And very nice too. On the other hand, it is perhaps a disappointing introduction to the mystery of Africa.

Yet everybody bounded out of their bunks this morning to catch the first glimpse of the celebrated Algiers. I came up a little later and saw a large black gasometer and two tall factory chimneys standing nobly on the very shore of the Muddyterranean. In the driving rain they had a sort of wistful beauty which is not attained by the gasometers of England.

At lunch-time, true, the sun shone gloriously for half-an-hour, and up at the fine hotel on the hill one sat under the palms and looked at the gorgeous flowers of Africa — nasturtiums and roses, cyclamen and stocks. And after lunch, wandering through the garden in the rain, we had an intimate contact with Oriental life—two French ladies in *yashmaks* and Arab dress collecting money for a charity (unnamed).

I would not discourage anyone from the pilgrimage to Algiers. They tell me the African sun shines there; I only know that in my experience three times out of four the African drizzle is at work. But no doubt I have visited the place at the wrong time of the year. I find that I generally do go to places at the wrong time of the year. Invalids, I believe, survive at Algiers for quite a long time. And, tucked away in a corner of this large French town, there is a genuine and insanitary Arab quarter, where many of the Arabs, I should say, have pure Arab blood in them. And there are gentlemen in the *fez*, *tarboosh*, or what-is-it, walking thrillingly about the wide French streets. Imagine the thrill, brothers, if you saw an Arab (with *fez* or *yashmak*) in the streets of Hastings—on the Leas at Folkestone!

That is really the point. Are we making enough of our English Algerias? The excellent spring "cruises" of our steamship companies are a great success (I should make it clear, perhaps, that the good ship *Orange* is visiting many places more satisfying and stimulating than Algiers); but what about the summer months when the South is too hot? Why no cruises round the fair coast of England? Say that the good ship *Orange* anchors off Folkestone, off Brighton, off Blackpool. Imagine the tourists—French, American, German (and even British)—crowding ashore to see the beauties of the land and the queer life of the "natives." "Expeditions" into the interior—Sussex villages, the Downs (which can knock spots off the Atlas Mountains), the wild tribes of Cornwall and Lancashire. A special trip, of course, to see the Furry Dance of Helston, which, I am confident, is far more strange and exciting than the drivelling exhibitions of any brown and black men. I have suffered "native" dances all over the world, and never saw anything worth looking at, except the Maoris. Dash it! why not a village of Ancient Britons? They would be at least as genuine as the Arabs of Algiers. Algiers is only a French town with an Arab slum at one end. Well, England has a slum or two and a foreign quarter or two. Only we don't attempt to persuade the foreigner that he ought to sail across the seas to see them. Algiers has nothing——

No, I am wrong. Algiers *has* something. She has an absence of ridiculous laws, regulations, restrictions, Watch Committees, *et hoc genus omne*. You can drink her somewhat dreary wines whenever you wish to; you can go to the Casino and recklessly gamble away ten shillings without becoming amenable to the law; and the people whose business it is to entertain or refresh you are not harried by magistrates or spied on by policemen. Algiers, with all its defects, is civilised; our British counterparts, with all their attractions, are mediævally or barbarously governed. But never mind, in a British ship at least the Briton can still be free, buy beer when he likes, and even enter for a wicked sweepstake on the Derby. The British liner is not, as the lawyers have it, a floating bit of Britain, but, Heaven be praised! a floating bit of the Continent. So he who goes upon these "cruises" of mine will be able to see England by day and sleep abroad. And if I had a liner or two I should get busy at once.

A. P. H.



Salesman. "THIS WIRELESS, SIR, IS GENUINE CHIPPENDALE."

Venerable Vellum.

"271 —— HOUSSAYE (Amelot de la) REFLEXIONS, SENTENCES, ET MAXIMES MORALES, 12mo, old sheep (one joint weakening), PARIS, 1714. 6/-."

Bookseller's Catalogue.

Clearly a case for the humane killer.

Government Stock.

"The Hen Flea . . . . . each 1*d*.
per dozen 9*d*.
The Gape Worm of Poultry . . each 1*d*.
per dozen 9*d*."

H.M. Stationery Office Catalogue.

Not even the reduction for quantity will tempt us.



ALTHOUGH IN THE MEANTIME HE FEELS THE DRAUGHT A BIT, THE STRUGGLING ARTIST WHO HAS SUBMITTED HIS OUTSIZE MASTERPIECE TO THE ACADEMY THINKS IT UNWISE TO BEGIN REPAIRS UNTIL HE KNOWS THE VERDICT OF THE SELECTION COMMITTEE.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

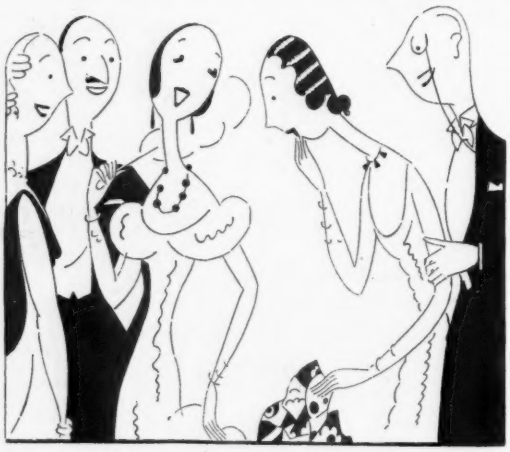
DARLING DODO,—Just back from a week-end at the Cudlipps'. I think I told you about them—rather nice; we met them dining somewhere and William discovered that he and Oliver Cudlipp had been at school together. They don't remember each other in the least, but it seems to make them feel tremendously matey. Whenever the conversation begins to flag it can always be revived by William saying, "Were you ever up to Cabface Tilbury?" And Oliver C. says, "No, not actually. But were you there the time somebody played the coalscuttle joke on old Benjafield?" And William says, "No, but I remember Hoggy Woodruff's glass eye." And then they both laugh like anything, and Mary Cudlipp and I smile vacantly and ask each other about kitchenmaids. I always say that men are only great big children. . . . (I *did* say that, by the way, to Mary C., and she didn't hear the quotation-marks and replied quite seriously, "Yes, aren't they?" But she is charming really, so long as one remembers that she is *quite* deaf to quotation-marks.)

Oh, and I've got caught up in the patchwork craze. Mary Cudlipp was doing a piece, and so was a Mrs. Gurnet who was staying there, and another woman who came over to lunch on Saturday spent her whole time



"THEY BOTH LAUGH LIKE ANYTHING."

begging Mary for "scraps" in a way that would have got her turned out of the room if she'd been a dog. I was rather surprised at the time, but now that I've taken to it myself I quite understand. My dear, it's simply a *disease!* After a bit you find your fingers *itching* to cut pieces out of people's clothes and curtains and cushion-covers. In fact I hardly dared put on my blue angelskin evening frock on Sunday night because I knew that Mrs. Gurnet was desperately short of pieces and particularly needed some blue to make her pattern come right. She looked at it longingly all the evening, and you could see it was all she could do to keep her hands off it. My own bit is to be made entirely of stripey stuffs—material no object—and I can see William getting quite nervous about his shirts and ties.



THE PATCHWORK CRAZE.

"IT WAS ALL SHE COULD DO TO KEEP HER HANDS OFF MY FROCK."

We drove back at a godless hour on Monday morning because of William's work. Extraordinary how virtuous it makes one feel to be up early. Sometimes I'm tempted to make a regular habit of it, but when I remember how bleak and bloggish I feel by tea-time I come to the conclusion that I'm nicer as I am.

Poodles Vane came to tea yesterday, still moaning about her wedding-presents. Some rich cousin of hers that she was counting on for jewellery has sent her a dire little necklace made of nutmegs and coral beads, with a note saying that she knows Poodles likes to be absolutely up-to-date. You know, of course, that "curative jewellery" is the new smart thing, especially for wearing with tailor-mades. Nutmegs are supposed to be good for gout and coral for indigestion. "Do I look," said Poodles furiously, "as though I suffered from gout and indigestion?" I tried to soothe her by saying that it might have been one of the amber and horse-chestnut ones—chestnuts are supposed to cure shingles and amber is for "double chins and glandular swellings of the neck." Poodles says that's all very well, but she'd rather have *all* the diseases and a few diamonds thrown in, which would leave you quite a nice little sum to play with even after paying the doctors' bills.

I don't know whether people wear these things just because it's the fashion, or whether they really believe in them. Perhaps they think that in these hard-up times it's as well to be on the safe side. Mimi Lady Sludge (needless to say) has made a regular Thing about it, as it appeals to her sense of stinginess as well as to her taste for new cults. She hasn't been so keen on anything since she took up those two road-sweepers who used to see ghosts of highwaymen in Piccadilly. There was quite a row about that, you remember, because the L.C.C. stepped in and said it didn't pay its road-sweepers to go "seeing things."

Anyway, she's dug up some old book or other from the late Sludge's library and keeps on discovering fantastic cures which she wants other people to try. Some of them are simply too revolting to repeat, and nearly all of them are difficult to do in London. For instance, she told Adela Fossick, whose children have got whooping-cough, that the way to cure it was to "take the advice of a man riding on a piebald horse." Well, I mean, there are very few piebald horses in the Row, and you really can't go bothering perfect strangers like that.



THE BOOT-BOY AND THE SPIDER-CURE.

And her own son, Toffy, who has just spent the whole of his leave having jaundice, poor wretch, told me that she was perfectly determined to try out the "tench" cure on him. You "take a live tench, tie it to your bare back and carry it about with you for a whole day; the tench will turn yellow and die"—this I can well believe—"and the



Customer. "EXCUSE ME, BUT I'VE GOT TO CATCH A TRAIN."
Post-Office Lady. "REALLY? WELL, THIS ISN'T A RAILWAY-STATION."

jaundice will depart." The only thing that stopped her (to Toffy's relief) was that she simply couldn't find a live tench. The same difficulty applies to using mole's-paws to cure toothache.

But she did somehow manage to do the spider-shut-up-in-the-hazel-nut one, though even spiders aren't too easy to come by in these days of vacuum-cleaners, and her housemaid was frightfully insulted when Mimi finally found one in the box-room. Even then everybody flatly refused to pick it up, except the boot-boy, and getting it into the nut-shell was the most *tedious* job. However, she now goes about with it hung round her neck and swears that her eyesight is tremendously improved. Toffy threatens to report her to the R.S.P.C.A., but *she* says that spiders simply don't count.

Much love, darling, from LALAGE.

JAN.

"Attractive small house vacant May—July. Excellent cook left."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We should like to know the cause of cook's departure.

A PACIFIST'S LULLABY.

[A contemporary declares that the only real preventative of war is the good feeling which comes from good feeding. "The future of world peace," it asserts, "lies not with the conferences but with the cooks."]

OH, stuff thee, my baby, and take your delight
In mushrooms at morning and oysters at night,
In turkeys and toffee and treacle and tea,
In kidneys and capons and cold kedgeree.
What pleasure can come from a militant mind?
The trumpet is harsh but the crumpet is kind.
Make pancakes your passion, let jam be your joy;
Oh, stuff thee, my baby; oh, stuff thee, my boy!

Oh, stuff thee, my baby, with lobsters and stew
And pullets far softer than bullets to chew.
Can cavalry thrill you as caviare can?
Would Mars be as tasty as rich marzipan?
Yearn not for the fray; let the tramp of the troops
Be drowned by the nursery swilling its soups;
The dinner-bell, better than bugles of war,
Cries, "Stuff thee, my baby, and stay where you are!"

Oh, stuff thee, my baby; the banquet is spread;
A *bombe* on the plate is worth two on the head.
Treat war as an evil; eschew it, eschew it!
In *soufflés* seek peace and in suet ensue it!
With kippers for breakfast and crumpets for tea
And kidneys and capons and cold kedgeree
Let Plenty abide in your banqueting-halls
And Peace be within your abdominal walls!



"IT'S S-SO NICE S-SEEING YOU AGAIN. I HAVEN'T S-S-SEEN YOU S-S-S-SINCE LAST S-S-S-S-S——"
"—EASON?"
"NO. —UMMER."

LITTLE LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

IV.—HARRY'S NEW TOY.

LITTLE Harry came hurrying down from his home
With his truck on the end of a string;
His hair he'd entirely forgotten to comb
And his books he neglected to bring.

He tripped up poor Susan, who shrieked in dismay
For her gown was all covered with mud,
While old William Perkins, who stood in the way,
Was upset with a similar thud.

Near the door of the school was a very large stone—
Little Harry fell down on his head,
And the teacher observed in a terrible tone,
"Too fast, my young friend, you have sped!

"Poor Susan, who did you no possible harm,
Has broken her basket of eggs,
While Perkins, who is not insured by the farm,
Has most probably fractured his legs.

"While as for yourself, from the size of that bruise
That so largely disfigures your face
You will now, I suspect, reconsider your views
On the values of infinite pace?

"Had the truck that you pulled on its miniature wheels
And which now lies a wreck in the dirt
Been one of our up-to-date automobiles,
How severely you might have been hurt!"

"It was not," little Henry replied, "for the sake
Of my personal joy that I ran;
A record of time was the issue at stake,
And let anyone beat it who can!

"Were it not for such fine escapades by our boys,
Which are solely and simply designed
To improve the construction of national toys,
Competition would leave us behind.

"My earnest desire has from infancy been
To propel with the hand or the toe
Every possible model of moving machine
At the maximum rates they will go.

"I am sorry for William and Susan, of course,
Whose limbs and whose eggs have been burst,
But I cannot regard this event with remorse,
For civilisation comes first."

So saying, young Hal, who had made his reply
With a logic relentless yet cool,
Had a large lump of butter put over his eye
And repaired to his place in the school. EVOE.



"CONGRESS DANCES."

JOHN BULL. "CAPITAL WALTZ, 'THE BLUE DANUBE.'"

MADAME LA FRANCE. "OR, SINCE YOU AND I UNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER SO WELL, PERHAPS ONE MIGHT CALL IT 'THE RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE DANUBE.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 5th.—March went out like a lamb and the House of Commons came in to-day in a like mood of dull serenity. It enjoyed, if the truth must be told, a foretaste of the aridity that threatens to envelop it when half the Cabinet has gone to Ottawa to discuss Dominion Preference and the other half to Lausanne to debate Disarmament, leaving the able but uninspiring to bear the burden and heat of the desiccated day. It seemed appropriate that this legislative parlour-twilight, as COWPER might have called it, should be ushered in by Mr. ALBERY with a question to the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTER OF HEALTH about the cost of non-parlour houses.

"Why are the natives of Kenya not allowed to grow coffee?" asked Colonel WEDGWOOD when Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER had informed Mr. GRENFELL that no licences to grow coffee had been issued in 1931. Sir PHILIP replied somewhat evasively that the conditions under which the natives could grow coffee were under consideration. Meanwhile the difficulty of the conditions imposed could be gleaned from the fact that only two licences had in fact been applied for. It does rather look as if the order of the day in Kenya is coffee for one and taxes for two.

A Money Resolution of formidable length and obscurity was expounded by the MINISTER OF LABOUR as a simple measure to enable the Government to go on paying to such of the unemployed as have not paid thirty contributions in the last two years transitional unemployment benefit until June, 1933, when it would finally cease, the cost of the extension to be borne by the Exchequer. Before that date, owing to the expiry of certain Acts, new legislation dealing with the whole question would have to be introduced.

Meanwhile, the MINISTER explained, they had had the gratifying experience of seeing for the first time in two years an unemployment figure that stood below that for the same date in the previous year. This was all very well, retorted Mr. LAWSON, but since September last the Government had pushed nearly 150,000 persons off unemployment benefit and on to the Poor Law. The hon. Member for Chester-le-Street was well launched upon an impassioned discourse on the wrongs of the unemployed at the hands of the Conservatives when the CHAIRMAN brought the debate back to the matter in hand. But by his explicit admission that the policy of abolishing the Means Test was the official policy of the Labour Party, Mr. LAWSON practically confessed that they were equally to blame for the present chaotic condition of unemployment insurance.

At this point, either because Members were beginning to get that "back to the treadmill" feeling or, as seems more likely, because there was really nothing much to be said within the limits very properly set by Sir DENNIS HERBERT, a note of personal if polite acidity seemed to creep into the debate. Mr. BUCHANAN denounced the "intellectual snobbery" of Mr. MACMILLAN, who came to the House pretending to have discovered something that humble people like himself had known for ever so long. Mr. MACQUISTEN expressed derisive surprise that no organs of enlightenment had enabled the constructive ideas on unemployment which Mr. BUCHANAN claimed to have laid before the Royal Commission to take the waiting world by storm. Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN kindly informed Mr. MACQUISTEN that if, as he claimed, he had made his way by his brains and energy, he must, if his speech was a good example, be very poor or else have had a very generous employer. Mr. MCGOVERN, having no Conservative speaker to "lambast," as Mr. LAWSON put it, set about the "marble-hearted" Government Front-benchers with impartial vigour, calling them burglars, gangsters, hypocrites of the deepest dye, murderous brigands and all sorts of other unpleasant things. The Government Front-bench, being largely unoccupied, took it all lying down, and even when Mr. MCGOVERN in a last throe announced that he would rather go home and put his head in a gas-oven than carry out the Government's unemployment policy it was not a Conservative Front-bencher who made encouraging noises.

Other Members now led the debate into less vehement channels, though Mr. LANSBURY was fairly vehement in his denial that he ever said a good word for the Means Test, and still more vehement in a duel with Mr. HOLFORD KNIGHT as to whether a son can be made responsible under the Poor Law for the support of an able-bodied parent.

The supreme superfluity of the whole debate was established by the fact that nobody demurred when the Question was put, and the House passed on to the subject of *Halichoerus grypus*, which is not a pet name for Mr. MCGOVERN, as some might suppose, but the scientific name for the grey seal. Sir BASIL PETO moved the deletion from the Grey Seals Protection Bill of a proviso which enables the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, if he thinks fit, to deny the animal any close season at all. Sir BASIL argued most cogently that he would rather trust a codfish to a grey seal than a grey seal to a Minister of Agriculture, especially to one with Mr. WOMERSLEY or Sir A. LAMBERT WARD at his elbow. Sir WILFRID SUGDEN went even further than Sir BASIL PETO, and urged that, if there were no grey seals to eat the conger-eels, there would be no fisheries and none of the fisher-stock from which the Navy is largely recruited. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR repudiated the charge of being bloody-minded in the matter of seals with such sincerity that Sir BASIL gracefully withdrew his Amendment, being presumably willing to take his chances with the hon. Member for Grimsby.

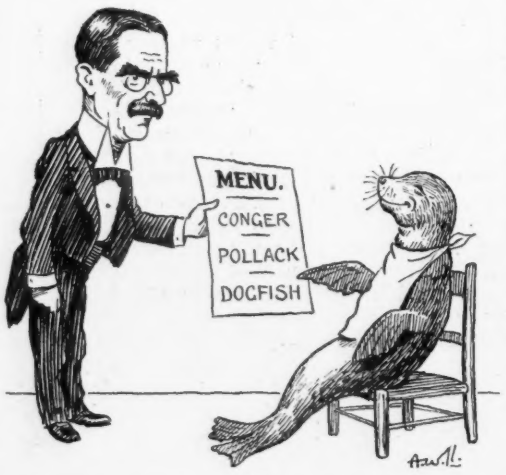


AXING WHAT THEY HELPED TO PLANT.
MR. LAWSON (LAB.) AND SIR HENRY BETTERTON (CON.).

Wednesday, April 6th.—In reply to Mr. MCENTEE, the Labour Member for Walthamstow (West), Captain WALLACE broke gently the news that the programme of H.M. ships of the Home Fleet during the forthcoming summer cruise did not include a visit to Southend-on-Sea, for the excellent reason that no invitation from Southend-on-Sea had been received.

Mr. MAXTON's appeal to the SECRETARY FOR THE DOMINIONS to divulge the contents of Mr. DE VALERA's communication at once was met by Mr. THOMAS with a polite but convincing refusal. The communication had only arrived that morning; the Government had not yet had time to consider it with the care it deserved: and in any case it was not customary to publish documents of this kind without agreement between the two Governments.

The House then addressed itself to the consideration of the Wheat Bill (Report Stage). Mr. PRICE, seconding an Amendment limiting the operation of the Act to five years, described it, in what may be regarded as the common form of Opposition criticism, as "the most despicable piece of legislation put upon the House in the last hundred years"; but the Government's majority on this and other Amendments remained pretty steady at or just under 200.



"THANKS, WAITER. I WANT NOTHING BETTER THAN THOSE."

SIR BASIL PETO.

Thursday, April 7th.—The protagonists of freedom are not likely to be greatly comforted by Sir HERBERT SAMUEL's announcement that a Royal Commission will be appointed on the questions of sweepstakes, lotteries and the anomalies of street-betting. He said that it was generally agreed that there are serious difficulties in the way of enforcing the present laws governing these matters. This was another way of saying that now that this country has declared in such compelling manner its desire to participate in sweepstakes, and has even shown its willingness to ignore the law in doing so, it would be illogical for the Government to continue to listen solely to the grand-maternal pleas of the restrictive minority. In view of the suspicions of indecision and procrastination which nowadays attach to Royal Commissions it was unfortunate that Sir HERBERT did not give any more satisfactory reason why Sweepstakes should be put on the same dusty shelf as Licensing.

Mr. VYVYAN ADAMS is strangely exercised at the scarcity of persons eligible for the Lord Chancellorship. He asked Mr. BALDWIN whether he would consider introducing legislation to remove the religious disability attaching to this office, but it seemed that Bewdley was not perturbed. Mr. ADAMS then asked whether the office carried any sex disability, but in the absence of candidates for the Lady Chancellorship there was no answer: An interesting point was made by Mr. CROSSLEY—that this is "the sole survival of legal religious intolerance in our law."

There are a good many thorns on the staff of life. In the further debate on the Wheat Bill, as amended in Committee, the House found itself in considerable disagreement in defining bread. Sir JOHN GILMOUR's official description of it is "the article produced by baking flour together with water and salt fermented with yeast, without the addition of any other substance, so, however, that no such article shall be deemed to be bread unless it is in the form of a loaf weighing not less than fourteen ounces." Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS thought the MINISTER'S definition the final insult to the House in this Bill. Every one knew that bread contained fat, dried milk, malt, phosphates and ingredients possessing self-raising properties. Did the definition cover caraway-seed? he asked defiantly. Sir JOHN replied that he was not in favour of caraway-seeds.

On the motion for the Third Reading of the Bill, Mr. SKELTON urged that it would tend to more efficiency and to careful cultivation, because no wheat-grower could afford to rely on his deficiency payments to make his wheat-growing a success, but must do his utmost to cultivate in the best way, so that the price he obtained in the open market should be a substantial foundation on which to superimpose the deficiency payments. He did not believe that the giving of this security to the farmers would stop progressive development. In moving the Bill's rejection, Mr. ATTLEE said that there was nothing new in the idea of fixed prices or of providing a market for a commodity. That was a good old mediæval policy. The Bill meant the taxation of the cheapest food of the poorest people.

Mr. G. WILSON, as a good son of the Mother of Mathematics, enlivened a dull debate by suggesting that the quota should be defined in the Bill by a simple mathematical formula. It is, however, difficult to imagine the reaction of an honest British baker to the complaint that his bread is unpleasantly algebraic.

The Third Reading was carried by a majority of 340 votes.



Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (sotto voce). "POOR OLD OSWALD; NO WONDER HE STAYS AWAY FROM WESTMINSTER."

Sir OSWALD MOSLEY, Bart. (ditto voce). "POOR OLD WINSTON; THAT MEANS THAT HIS OCCUPATION'S GONE."

"The following music has been arranged for St. Andrew's Episcopal Church at the service Sunday morning: Hymn, 'The Strife is O'er, the Bottle Won.' . . ."—*American Paper.*

The "wets" seem to have counted their election eggs before they are hatched.

A gossip-writer says it is difficult to tell a gentleman nowadays. Yes, and dangerous to tell a gossip-writer.



Employer. "WE'RE GETTING ON VERY SLOWLY. CAN'T YOU DO SHORTHAND?"
New Secretary. "YES, BUT IT'LL TAKE ME LONGER."

REMORSE.

["The War Office acknowledges the receipt of five shillings conscience-money."—*The Times.*]

WHAT twinge of penitence for some vast wrong,
What skeleton concealed in Memory's store-house
Inspired, I wonder, him who sent along
Five bob as conscience-money to the War House?

Was it some G.S.O. all tabs and braid
Who felt, despite his industry and talents,
He might have been a trifle over-paid,
And thought a cartwheel was about the balance?

Or some bold warrior of the A.S.C.
In whom the spectacle of vernal blossom
On plum and apple whitening all the lea
Awoke a conscience that had long played 'possum?

Perchance the memory of an extra tot
(Or two) of rum was gnawing like a canker
Some sergeant's breast—or was it the cagnotte
Upon a quiet game of Crown and Anchor?

Alas! the reason for that sudden pang
Lies wrapt for ever in the selfsame mystery
As veils the theme-song that the sirens sang
And other knotty points unsolved by history.

But this I know—that, though my own career
Was destitute alike of martial glories
And of the shady doings that appear
So frequently in all the best war-stories,

Yet by and large (and, looking proudly back,
Still at the thought I feel my pulses quicken)
I must have done the dear old Battle Shack
Down, at the very least, for half-a-thick-un.

ANOTHER SWEEPSTAKE PROBLEM.

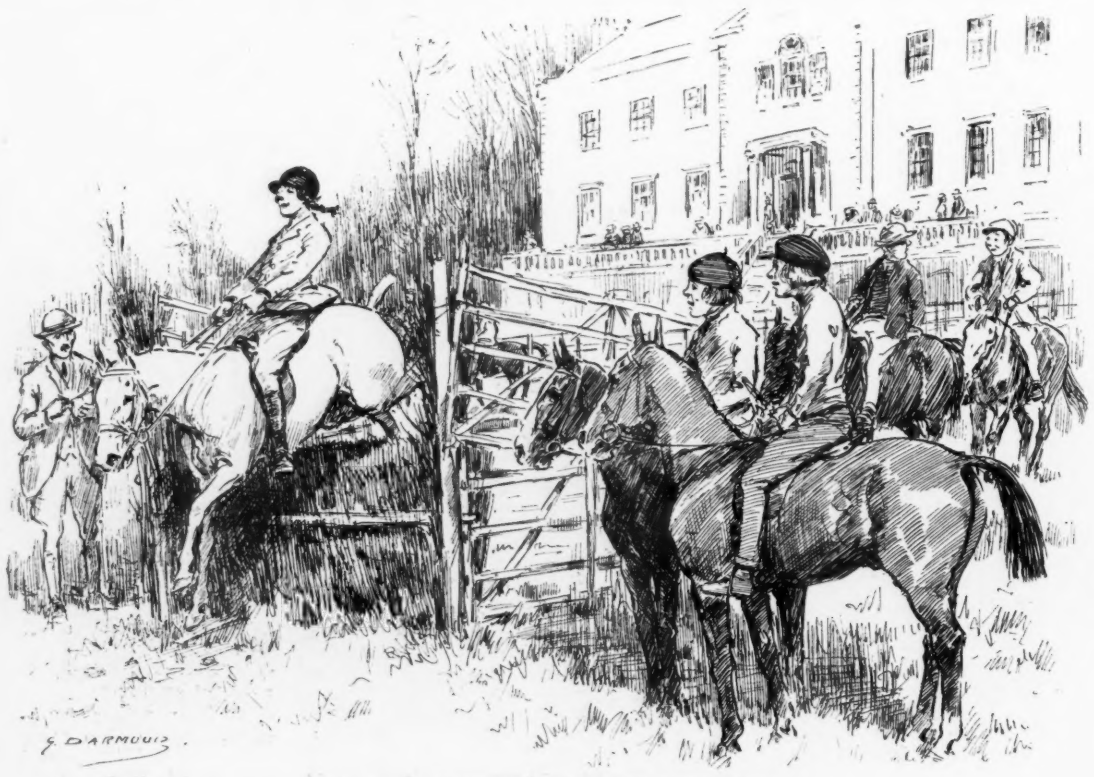
I AM anxious for expert advice, preferably gratis, on a point of law. An acquaintance of mine, whom I shall call Mrs. X, was the owner of a Pekinese named Yum-Yum. Some years ago, owing to circumstances which I need not narrate, this dog became the mother of a litter of mongrel puppies. Only one of these, Ponto, was allowed to survive, and later, to oblige Mrs. X, I agreed to give him a good home.

Last January Mrs. X bought two tickets for the Irish Sweepstake, one for herself and one for Yum-Yum. Before the draw took place Yum-Yum died from over-eating. Her ticket drew a starter, and Mrs. X has pocketed the money.

Now, I claim that, as Yum-Yum's next-of-kin, my Ponto should have interest in her estate, since she died intestate. I know what trouble Mr. SCALA has had over a similar dispute, and I should much appreciate a little counsel as to what chance I should have if I were to bring my case before the Dublin Courts, always supposing that they are not too busy with the more frivolous question of the legality of Mr. DE VALERA'S repudiations.

Life's Little Ironies.

"Lost, Gold Ring. Sardonic stone."—*Advt. in Rugby Paper.*



THE NEW HAUTE ÉCOLE (PREPARATORY).

First Competitor at Pony Club Rally. "DO YOU THINK SHE 'LL WIN?"

Second Ditto. "COULDN'T POSSIBLY; QUITE OUT OF DATE. SITTING BACK AT HER JUMP LIKE THAT AND WEARING LEGGINGS AND A PIGTAIL TOO."

DISCIPLINE.

["A tiny stream tumbling down to the beach has been given a concrete bed and disciplined to provide waterfalls at appropriate spots."—*From a Press article describing the changes in progress at a South Coast holiday resort.*]

THE benefits inherent in
A course of rigid discipline,
Though clear to elder brothers
And admirals and others,
Were never so to me until
I lately brought to heel a woodland rill.

When first its rude uncultured ways
Drew my proprietary gaze,
I conjured up reflections
Of past platoon-inspections
And diatribes on barrack yards
From certain sergeant-majors of the Guards.

For here, it seemed, the tide at last
Had turned upon my stormy past;
I'd set about fulfilling
The urgent task of drilling
This raw recruit and turn it yet
Into a creditable rivulet.

You must have seen that headstrong brook
To judge the work I undertook;
In patent need of orders
It traced its rugged borders,
O'ershot a precipice's brow
And changed direction simply anyhow!

To lend it smartness on parade
I toiled with barrow, pick and spade;
Proceeding to demolish,
By way of spit and polish,
An inlet here, and there a cape,
I gradually hacked it into shape.

No pacifist to-day could doubt
The good that drill has brought about,
And hardened men of action
Will note with satisfaction
That in the place of mud I spread
For Nature's pampered child a concrete bed.

And now ex-servicemen will share
My pride that in the places where
I order it to flow on,
To wheel, extend and so on,
It does the thing it's told to do
And even tumbles where I want it to.

C. B.

SPIRITED REJOINDER.

(*An answer to the communication addressed to Mr. O. Sparrow in Mr. Punch's last issue.*)

Mr. O. Sparrow presents his compliments to the Person at The Cottage and begs to state that he is in receipt of his rather childish communication of recent date. So far from relaxing his activities he proposes to pursue a forward housing policy with all the vigour at his command. Meanwhile he feels it his duty to clear up the points at issue without delay. Mr. Sparrow will now drop the third person, because, although it is a good medium for polite invective, I find you get rather muddled if one tries to keep it up for long.

Frankly, I never heard anything so silly. I understand that you complain of my (*a*) building in your thatch, (*b*) stealing straw, and (*c*) singing at my work. There were also some veiled insinuations regarding young pea-shoots, but these I intend to treat with the scorn that baseless innuendo deserves. Very well, then.

(*a*) *Re* Roofs. My people—the Essex Sparrows—are a much older family than you appear to be aware. For many generations we have used the roof in question as a spring and summer residence. The locality attracts us, and we must respectfully decline to leave a situation to which we have been for so long attached by family ties. We are not greedy. We only build on the south side of your roof. You may go and sit on the north side all the year round. We shall not disturb you.

I am not going to argue with you about what a nest should look like. If you wish to be abusive, write a nasty letter to those wretched martins whose messy mud bungalows constitute, in my opinion, a sad blot on the amenities of the house-side. But with the man who cannot appreciate the sweep and dignity of a large round hole in a thatched roof I decline (I repeat) to argue.

(*b*) Touching materials, builders, for use of. Why such a fuss about a little straw? In any case straw is not the only material employed in houses. Quite apart from twigs from your apple-trees I often use strips of calico—those odd lengths which you so conveniently hang over the bean-rows. I have also heard scraps of newspaper highly commended: *The Times* for solidity and *The Morning Post* for warmth. But with so much straw ready to hand it would be wasteful and unpatriotic not to support the industry nearest home. Your complaint regarding a few bits of straw left on the lawn I consider petty. Straws (and even leading articles) add a much-needed touch of colour to a rather dull expanse of unrelieved green. And another thing. Suppose you were building. Could you keep on flying on to a lofty scaffolding with, say, a couple of girders in your beak without occasionally dropping one? Yes, petty. Definitely so.

(*c*) About singing. It is very difficult to meet on common ground with those who obviously have no ear for music. There is, I concede, music *and* music, and no one is asking you to be advanced enough to admire, say, the notes of the corncrake, the Bela Bartok of the bird world; but sparrow-music is good honest conservative stuff for the sort of bird who may know nothing about Art but knows what he likes. Any bird will tell you that. The cream of the joke is that, on the particular occasion to which you would appear to refer, *I was not singing at all.* I was merely taking part in a warm but quite friendly discussion with a few relatives by marriage. That, I think, finally disposes of your laughable pretensions as a musical critic.



Quartermaster. "THE SECOND OFFICER TICKED ME OFF THIS MORNIN' FOR BEIN' TOO 'FACETIOUS,' BUT ACCORDIN' TO THIS DICTIONARY WHAT I SED COMES MORE UNDER THE 'EAD OF 'WAGGISH.'"

Finally, the entire sparrow world desires to record its contempt for your ill-timed suggestion that we should go and build in the Vicarage roof. No doubt you thought your remark very funny. *The Vicarage has a slate roof.* Oh, very funny! There is only one word with which a self-respecting sparrow can describe humour of that type—*cheap.*

Yes, my poor dear Sir, cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap!

"For Sale, Stamps of King George and Queen Elizabeth."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

Were the latter for the Tudor Beam-Service?

A Socialist Forgets Himself.

"PARTNERSHIPS.

Socialist, with shop, offers par'ship Soc. with capital."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"A collision between two motor-cars took place yesterday afternoon. The matter was investigated by Centenier A. ——, who decided that it was an accident."

Jersey Paper.

We wonder what made him think that?

"They can make or mar a picture, these lens jugglers, and frequently do so. They are beauty specialists religiously attending on the profiles of stars, the figures of film queens. Hundreds of players owe reparations to the camera kings."—*Evening Paper.*

Sex war-debts, no doubt.

AT THE PLAY.

"DOCTOR PYGMALION" (PLAYHOUSE).

THIS is a pleasant smooth comedy of Mr. HARRISON OWEN'S, with enough in the way of ideas to stimulate us, with plenty of light wit and wisdom and amiable nonsense, constructed with sufficient ingenuity to keep us guessing till the end; dexterously produced by Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, excellently played and with a central character more than ordinarily well-invented.

Lucy Haydon (Miss GLADYS COOPER) has been letting herself go—slipping into middle-age, neglecting her still quite satisfactory face and figure and, on hearing that her husband (Mr. EDMOND BREON) has been also letting himself go in a different way, has taken to her bed with the approval of that kind of doctor (Mr. STANLEY DREWITT) who believes in treating the slightest malaise seriously lest (or in hope that) it may lead to worse.

Her worldly-wise sister, *Alice*, introduces quite another type of doctor, *Rex Garnett* (Mr. RONALD SQUIRE), who makes a speciality of pulling together wives who are subsiding through discouragement into premature middle-age.

He is generally regarded by his professional brethren as a quack, or was until he took rooms in Wimpole Street. He himself is aware that, guilty of the crime of saving the lives of other doctors' patients in defiance of etiquette, he is quite likely at any time to be thrust off the register. That does not disturb his serenity. He realises that the healing art is always about three parts humbug to one part skill, has the latest psycho-analytical jargon at his command and, as will appear, something rather more than a good bedside manner. He is first introduced by *Alice* at the unlikely hour of eleven P.M., promptly disarms the obvious hostility of his new patient, and before midnight has prescribed to a languid *Lucy* sipping slops while longing for Yorkshire pudding and forbidden to smoke or leave her bed, a cigarette, *pâté-de-foie-gras* and champagne, which he shares with her at an improvised supper-table.

On the unexpected return of *James* the husband from a wash-out party, he makes the plausible suggestion that, as he (*James*) may possibly think that he (the doctor) does not know his wife sufficiently well to be drinking champagne with her in her bedroom at midnight, she should lock him in one wardrobe and the supper in the other.

The coast clear, he emerges unruffled save for a very slight attack of mothball poisoning, and proceeds to his principal treatment, which is to remind the now thoroughly interested *Lucy* of the significant (but non-existent) fact that he has met her before and loved her the first moment he saw her. On her indignant but not necessarily altogether sincere protest that his kissing her (and with such obviously well-simulated passion) is most unprofessional, he draws himself up and with a bland "Excuse me, I am the best judge of that," glides smoothly from the room.

A good opening, you will allow, and with little or no lack of cunning carried to a satisfactory end. The cure proceeds. While *James* has been to America, *Lucy* has been to Paris. So also has *Dr. Garnett*. The only complication is that the doctor's sham passion has turned real. *Lucy* returns a new woman, with two cavaliers, not counting *Rex*, in pursuit—a highly-experienced and unserious Frenchman (Mr. A. SCOTT-GATTY) and a deadly chivalrous American millionaire (Mr. JAMES CAREW), who had incidentally been betrothed to her daughter. *James*, who is in thrall to a *Mrs. Berkeley-Potts* (described tersely by *Alice* as "Gentleman's Relish"), plays the injured indignant husband and looks at his wife with new eyes which goggle esurientely. Problem: will the lady turn again to the now penitent *James*, handicapped by middle-aged spread, high blood-pressure and complete absence of humour, or to this imperturbable artist, *Dr. Pygmalion*, this specialist in bringing Galateas to life? The author solves this in a way with which we can have no serious quarrel, and we have been entertained by Mr. RONALD SQUIRE in a perfect SQUIRE part, by Miss GLADYS COOPER in finely recovered form, by one of Mr. CAREW'S amusing American thumb-nails, by Mr. EDMUND BREON suffering indignity and making himself ridiculous in his own accomplished way, and by their competent supporters. A blithe and tonic affair. T.



GALATEA SHOWS THE FIRST SIGNS OF LIFE.
Lucy Haydon . . . . MISS GLADYS COOPER.
Rex Garnett . . . . . MR. RONALD SQUIRE.

"PRECIOUS BANE"
(ST. MARTIN'S).

It was inevitable that a stage version of MARY WEBB'S gracious little book should be attempted, and unlikely, as these things go, that the adaptation should have been so successful as this by Mr. EDWARD LEWIS. Something of tenderness, fragrance and delicacy has perhaps unavoidably escaped. The story is simplified to bare essentials and the simplification is ingeniously contrived. The inevitable over-compression alters texture and balance. *Prue Sarn*, of the hare-shotten lip, whose infirmity sets her apart from her fellows and who escapes from her loneliness into the writing of her intimate thoughts, whose character is thus built up for us step by step and who quietly dominates the book, now, when reflection must give place to action, fades into the background. It is the young master of Sarn, *Gideon*, her brother, with his twin obsessions of avarice and social ambition, who dominates the play.

The adaptation brings out the simple essential dramatic structure of MARY WEBB'S story, and the sense of impending inescapable disaster growing out of the characters in their determined circumstances, which is of the essence of tragedy, is always present in this new medium. The doom of young *Gideon* is foreshadowed in his grim challenge to fate when he partakes of that queer "sin-eating" sacrament at his father's grave. This scene is the Prologue to Mr. LEWIS'S play.

Success, after seven harsh intolerable years of slavery for his mother, his sister and, above all, himself, comes

with a bumper harvest and rising prices. And at the moment of it comes disaster from the revenge of old "wizard" *Beguildy*, whose lovely daughter, *Jancis*, *Gideon* has put aside, having had his will of her, till such time as his ambition shall be accomplished. The ricks go up in flame. The broken man's reason totters. The old mother, now a burden, is poisoned by the distraught son under the influence of his master passion of meanness—and here perhaps compression makes the narrative seem much cruder than in the original; *Jancis* returns with her infant son and is rejected; and the mere closes over the tragic pair. The precious bane has done its work. To the weaver, *Kester Woodseaves*, whose character and stature are again diminished by the exigencies of compression, the faithful *Prue* turns at long last in peace.

Mr. ROBERT DONAT'S playing of the part of *Gideon* was the outstanding feature of the performance. It is, of course, a part that gives fine chances to the actor. But Mr. DONAT did much more than merely let it play itself. There was subtlety in his handling. Here was a man, alive, forceful, driven by a dæmon, retaining our sympathies, no less villain than victim. A good piece of work.

Miss GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES was perhaps less well served by her part, and there was a fundamental difficulty presented by it. *Prue Sarn* was supposed to be the victim of a facial deformity which made her a by-word, an object of pity or superstitious fear to her neighbours. She would have, I suppose, also suffered from a defect of speech. We saw in fact a very charming personable young woman that any sensible man might well admire and pursue. Miss FFRANGÇON-DAVIES was clearly conscious of this and did, I think, all that was possible to hint at the facts, and did it very tactfully; and she conveyed admirably the gradual unfolding of her belief in the love of her hero, *Kester*, and the tenderness and ecstasy of her worship.

Kester too is, as I have hinted, only a shadow of the original. We see nothing, for instance, of his heroism at the bear-baiting. But within the limits allowed him Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW cleverly develops for us the slow shy wooing of a devout and worthy lover.

Mr. MALCOLM KEEN took, I thought, too extravagant a line with the old ruffian *Beguildy*. I rather fancy *Beguildy* half believed in some of his devilry and in his gifts of healing and hurting. He was, I should suppose, not all conscious rogue, buffoon and bluffer. There should have been something formidable about him for all his charlatanism.



THE GRIEVER AND THE WEAVER.
Prue Sarn . . . MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON DAVIES.
Kester Woodseaves MR. SEBASTIAN SHAW.

Miss JOAN HARKER'S *Jancis*, whether in gay or in pathetic mood, was a delightful performance.

The settings by LEON DAVEY were excellent in a sound realistic tradition without over-emphasis, and the period flavour of the whole was convincingly and charmingly conveyed. T.



THE MAN WHO DIDN'T MIND A CURSE.
Beguildy . . . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Gideon Sarn . . . . . MR. ROBERT DONAT.

IN aid of the Blaina and District Miners' Hospital a Special Performance of *Kameradschaft*, a story of life in the coal-mines, will be given at the New Gallery Kinema, Regent Street, at 11.30. P.M., on Wednesday, April 13th. The Hospital, situated in one of the most stricken areas of the South Wales Coalfield and serving a district with a population of 40,000, is in very urgent need of funds.

The Duke and Duchess of YORK have promised to attend the performance. Tickets at £1/1/-, 10/6, 5/- and 3/- (a few special seats at £5/5/-) may be obtained from the New Gallery Kinema, and all Theatre Agencies, or from the Lady HELEN GRAHAM, 19 Lowndes Sq., S.W.1.

THE SCHOOL FOR HOSPITALITY.

THERE is a poem by HERRICK in praise of little things, and there is an old rhyme describing the aspirations of a simple rustic soul—

> "A little farm well tilled,
> A little house well filled,
> A little wife well willed,
> Give me!"

and both of these were running in my head as from time to time I bumped it very hard while making, on my hands and knees, the tour of the little house well filled which the gallant Welsh have presented to the PRINCESS ELIZABETH in honour of her sixth birthday, next week, and which is the principal attraction of the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

Under any conditions this residence (suitable for a royal spinster of tender years and not too many inches) would have been the principal attraction; but that honour has been made doubly sure by the tragic story of its injuries by fire on the way from Cardiff to London. So serious were the early reports that no one reading them can have expected ever to see the house at all; yet here it is, spick and span, and sound and smiling, as worthy of a lavish agent's vocabulary of praise as any edifice in the land. "Old-world" it may not be; but it is everything else, and oh, how "eligible," how "desirable," to the young! There

is not a child seeing it who will not be frantic for a similar possession. Parents, take warning. Safety first.

The structure, charmingly designed by Mr. MORGAN WILLMOTT, in what I suppose must be called the neo-Elizabethan style of architecture, is white, thatched, with two windows on the ground floor and three above. The door is where a door should be—in the middle—and over the door, which you reach by a path in the garden, is the name, in Welsh, "Y BWTHYN BACH," which, as every schoolboy knows, means The Little House, to which may be added, from the same euphonious language, "To GWELLT": Roofed with Straw.

The room on the left as one enters is the dining-room, where the proud owner will entertain her guests. Her guests! Here we have the kernel of the matter, for this is quintessentially a house to which others must be welcomed. So you see that, if ever a child is to be led entrancingly to develop into a hostess, it is our little Princess. "The A.B.C. of hospitality taught here" might be on a signboard; and taught, if ever lesson was, not only without tears but with fun and laughter. In fact the table is already laid for several friends of the right size and the store cupboard in the kitchen is already full with, among other delicacies, as these eyes can testify, two jars of pickles. Myself, should I by any possible chance be invited, I should crave permission to eat in the garden, for I have hit my head often enough. But for the hostess's contemporaries what a blissful excitement!

Everything is to scale (except the telephone, which is full-size) and everything has been made expressly: dinner-service, cutlery, napery, silver, furniture. All are small, but all are practicable. In the case of the Queen's Dolls' House, now in Windsor Castle, everything is far more minute, to the scale of an inch to the foot; but a Dolls' House is to be played *with*; this little house of the PRINCESS ELIZABETH is to be played *in*. Nothing has been forgotten; there is a bookcase stocked with suitable literature, a gift from the PRINCE OF WALES, a grandfather clock in the corner (a midget-grandfather he must have been), a working wireless set, and over the mantelpiece a portrait in oils of the Duchess of YORK. Beside the bed—for upstairs there is the daintiest bedroom—is a cot for a doll. In the bathroom, hanging on the wall, is the smallest hot-water bottle I have ever seen, and the bath differs from all others in being placed, not against the wall but in the middle, where—I see now—a bath ought to be. In the kitchen is a refrigerator as well as a range, and the Princess intends, I note, to cook with gas. It will surprise me very much if her guests never suggest that she may need help.

In as thorough an investigation as can be made on the hands and knees, I observed only one omission in this paradise of childhood—there are no swallows building under the eaves. But doubtless they will arrive. A little house well filled, indeed, and it is not unlikely that its fortunate owner may become as eager to remain little too as most children are to grow up.

E. V. L.

"TEA, VENIENTE DIE."

SOME in thy vale, Avoca,
Of Nature's rill may sup;
Some with the juice of Mocha
Will freely liquor up;
But I in accents trinal
Declare the true "cup-final"
To be the matutinal—
The early morning cup.

ANNA, *quondam* REGINA,
Called by her courtiers Great,
Sought in the herb of China
Refuge from cares of State;
Yet often would o'erlook it—
She only "sometimes" took it—
And when she thus forsook it
Grew stupid and sedate.

Cocoa provides nutrition
For blameless babes in bibs,
But at its deglutition
The adult palate jibs;
No man keeps up his pecker
Or swells his lean exchequer
Who makes his early brekker
Off dreary cocoa-nibs.

Let thirsty souls with flagons
Their failing forces stay,
Or plunder apple waggons
To drive the doc away,
I care not; I am stiff in
Preferring to a biffin
Or "Cox" at lunch (or tiffin)
My tea at break of day.

C. L. G.

Things Which Might Have Been Said More Gallantly.

"Mr. —— then, after seeing that his wife and other animals were safe, galloped off to Bitteswell and aroused the villagers."
Leicester Paper.

"The capital is £2,500 in 2,000 10 per cent non-cumulative anticipating preference shares of £1. . . ."—*Scots Paper.*

We hope these anticipations will be better founded than most of ours.

"Favourable winds are now blowing for the agricultural industry from all quarters." *From Report of a Speech by Lord DE LA WARR.*

It looks as if this most-favoured ship would need a bit of handling.

WHEN OUR VILLAGE PLAYS CRICKET.

THE team will again be skippered by the landlord of the "Punch Bowl," whose extraordinary luck in winning the toss is regarded as a strong qualification, and the services of the majority of last year's players will be available; but in this connection some disappointment has been occasioned by the fact that Parson and Squire, our self-appointed opening batsmen, who at the end of last season announced their pending retirement from the game, have recently changed their minds.

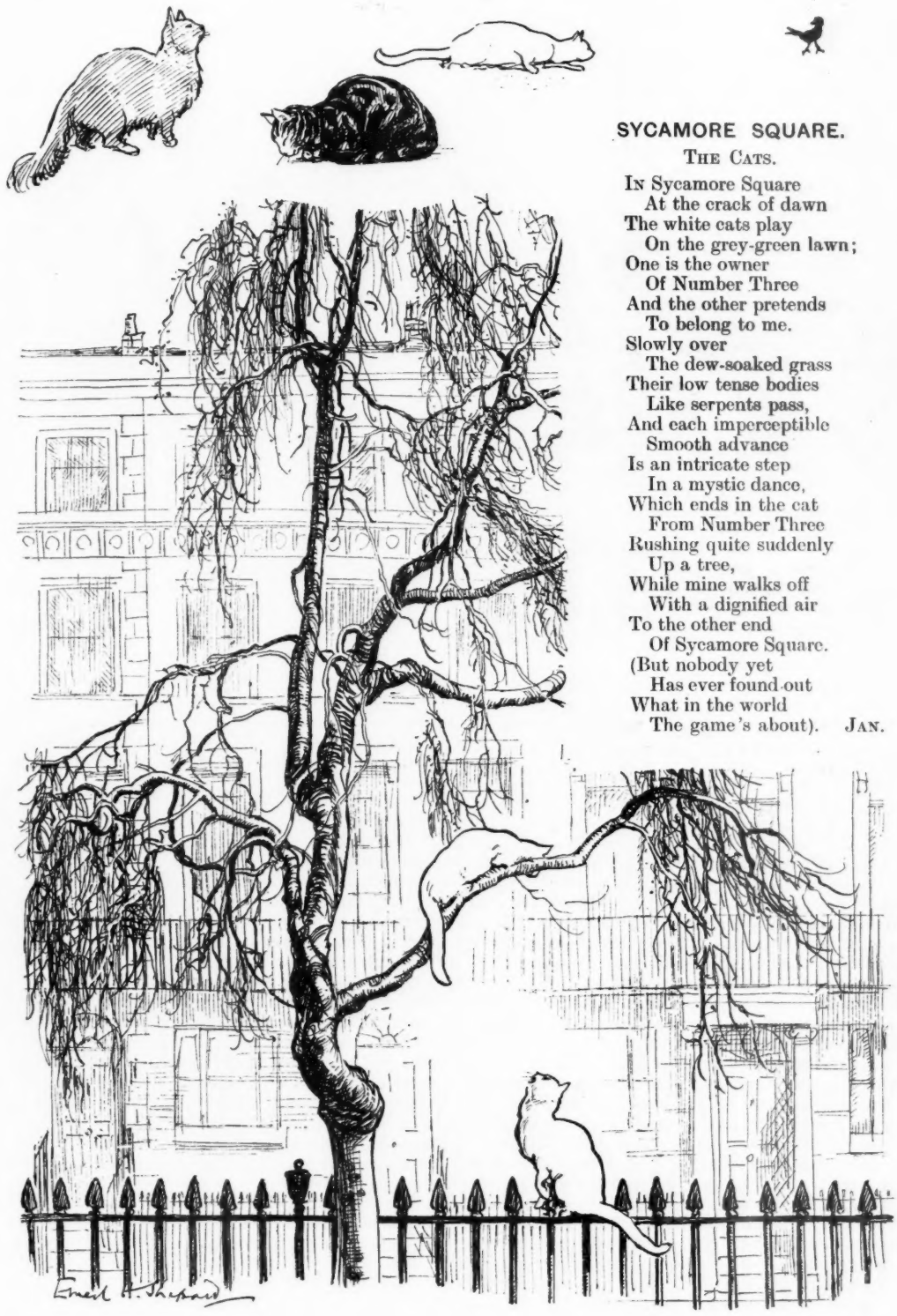
James, the under-footman at the Hall, our demon bowler and chief exponent of "brighter cricket," who has enjoyed a very successful season in the skittle-alley at the "Punch Bowl," will again be mainly responsible for the attack, and if weather conditions, unlike those which prevailed during the summer of 1931, suit his peculiar talents we are confident that he will improve on his somewhat disappointing figures of last year in the matter of "retired hurts."

Mr. Sage, the schoolmaster, who is our wicket-keeper, has been re-elected secretary, and on account of his profound knowledge of decimals will doubtless, as heretofore, be freely consulted by the players on the subject of their batting averages.

It is hoped that Mr. Sage, in arranging our engagements, which take place after tea on Thursday evenings, has avoided repeating an unhappy mistake which he made last year, as a consequence of which Slaughter-under-Weatherley and Compton-in-the-Hollow both visited us on the same evening, and, in spite of the aid afforded by "Summer Time," we could only manage our usual two-innings match with the former team, who were the first arrivals, Compton-in-the-Hollow, somewhat to their annoyance, having to be content with a single-innings affair.

William, the blacksmith, who kept goal for us during the football season and whose well-directed punches-out seldom failed to connect with something, is in splendid condition, despite his fifteen stone, and, to our satisfaction, will again afford invaluable assistance to the team by officiating as umpire.

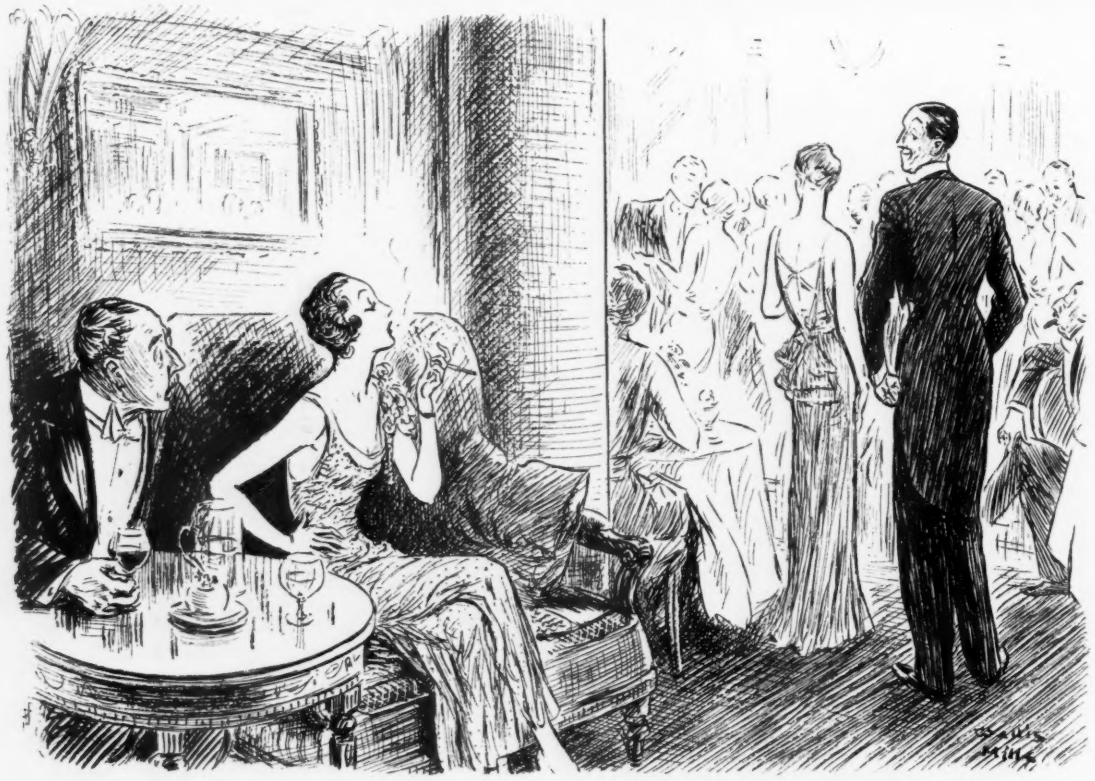
Subject to our providing an innovation in the shape of early payment of the rent, Farmer Porrett, with the view of limiting to some extent the hazards of the outfield, has promised, also by way of an innovation, that, during the progress of our matches, grazing operations, except as regards a few sheep, will be suspended.



SYCAMORE SQUARE.

The Cats.

In Sycamore Square
  At the crack of dawn
The white cats play
  On the grey-green lawn;
One is the owner
  Of Number Three
And the other pretends
  To belong to me.
Slowly over
  The dew-soaked grass
Their low tense bodies
  Like serpents pass,
And each imperceptible
  Smooth advance
Is an intricate step
  In a mystic dance,
Which ends in the cat
  From Number Three
Rushing quite suddenly
  Up a tree,
While mine walks off
  With a dignified air
To the other end
  Of Sycamore Square.
(But nobody yet
  Has ever found out
What in the world
  The game's about). Jan.



Father. "THAT MAN LOOKS MIGHTY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN VERY NICE TO HIM."
Daughter. "I WAS. I TOLD HIM THAT HE *MAY* BE A COMPLETE NIT-WIT BUT HE *CAN* DANCE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Lord of Narrative.

IN *Limits and Renewals* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), if there is nothing quite on a level with the high peaks of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's brilliant prime, there is at any rate a virtuosity undiminished by half-a-century of writing. The old qualities are all illustrated: the infallible aim at the objective, the mastery of a rich vernacular, the delight in watching the wheels go round, the appreciation alike of the absurdities and the profundities of life. "Aunt Ellen" is a bacchic nocturne to set beside the immortal *Brugglesmith*, and in "Beauty Spots" a joke is perpetrated which *Stalky* would not have disowned. Nor has Mr. KIPLING's imagination ever functioned more vividly than in his two elaborations from the recorded adventures of ST. PAUL. Where the passage of the years is apparent is in the stories in which warfare, as one of man's big businesses, is implicated. Mr. KIPLING, of course, was never dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of soldiering, but nowadays he is less interested in its actions than its agonies. In four of this baker's dozen of tales he exhibits, with his own special mixture of poignancy and fun, men broken, in mind rather than in body, by hardly tolerable experience, and brought back, by means varying from one of the most delightful little dogs in fiction to a strange conjunction of Dr. FREUD and Mrs. EWING, from limit to renewal. Mr. KIPLING holds his place among the lords of narrative. If his inventions are not quite so many as of old, life's handicap is still gallantly carried and the day's work done with the skill of a master craftsman. And he still sings good songs at his job.

The Fun of the Fair.

Miss ELEANOR FARJEON's charming fantasy, *The Fair of St. James* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), reminds me in its grace and fragility of those webs of sugar whose spinning was the pride of the Georgian cook. Miss FARJEON has gone back to folk-song for her inspiration, a fountain where all works of imagination renew their youth; and the French folk-tales she recalls are folk-tales at one courtly remove—the *contes* rather of PERRAULT than of the peasant. *Laura* and *Jimmy*, the ideal young English couple who love France, pitch their baggage in the *consigne* on arriving at the right sort of small town and wander about the right sort of small streets until they find the right sort of small inn. In pursuance of this programme they arrive at and enter the arch of a fair-ground; and immediately their adventures begin. To *Laura* falls the lion's share, for *Laura* is the King of Persia's daughter, for whom all the magical personages within are waiting. A King of France is waiting to marry her; a Suisse is waiting to preside over her nuptials; and three vendors of sweetmeats are waiting to sell her the three magic packets of courtship, affiance and marriage. How many of the magic packets are opened and how many of the personages are discovered in Gilbertian fashion to be other than they seem I will not divulge; for I am pretty sure that *Laura* and *Jimmy* will not be the last of their race to venture under the enchanted portals of *Foire St. Jacques*.

Hunting and Shooting Memories.

Listen to Sir ALFRED PEASE
On sport at home and overseas.
In all lands there's fun to please,
  But in each, I do believe, land
Naught he's found, or East or West
(Where each day has had its zest),
To compare, were all confessed,
  With hunting—and the Cleveland.

Half a Century of Sport
Is a book of good report,
Written in a simple sort
  That takes you, so you'll tell me,
    there with it—
To Afric's fountains, India's sun,
To ben and rifle, butt and gun,
Yet says, "But, oh, a hunting run,
  What ever can compare with it?"

So here a horseman stops to look
Back upon a line he took—
Plough and woodland, grass and brook
  Winking in the valley brightly;
Here's his book (I say again),
Kindly, manly and humane,
And eight-and-sixpence to JOHN LANE
  Shall show that I say rightly.

New Lights on Lamb.

The dark and tear-drenched soil which bore CHARLES LAMB is more sympathetically known to us than most literary backgrounds, and, thanks to the accomplished researches of Mr. E.V. LUCAS, there is, as a background, nothing new to be discovered about it. The contention, however, that makes Mr. F. V. MORLEY'S *Lamb Before Elia* (CAPE, 10/6) a fascinating and provocative book is that LAMB'S tragic allotment of indigence, madness and responsibility was actually the making of "ELIA," the mask behind which the real LAMB withdrew from an uncomfortable world. Now one is strongly inclined to be rushed by a preference for the LAMB of the *Letters*, or by inclination towards a fashionable hypothesis, into accepting this interpretation of both LAMB and "ELIA." But I am not sure there is much in it. Imagination is always an escape; and LAMB had more imagination and more to escape from than most men. His humour was defensive—but all sublime humour, being pitiful, is—and I see no grounds for the assumption that his children's books and MARY'S were symptomatic of their evasion of grown-up issues. As for their preoccupation with the past, this was a common trait of the romantic revival and has causes far more philosophically satisfying than the pressure of an uncomfortable present. On the other hand, Mr. MORLEY has done LAMB an inestimable service in distinguishing him as an essayist from the school of MONTAIGNE; and, though I cannot subscribe to the whole fabric of his vision, I can bear ample witness to the sincerity and interest of its presentment.

Pathologics.

The monarch who spoke half-a-dozen languages, played well on clavichorde or vyrgynalle, excelled at dancing and "tennice," and, thanks to a chest-measurement of well over fifty inches, was a fearsome champion in the jousts of either England or France until well past the age for international football, has come to be popularly associated almost solely with his extravagance in the matter of wives. Yet Mr. FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN would have it that even in this respect KING HENRY VIII. was really only one of his generation, while in all other ways he was the kingliest ruler of England for many a long day. In *The Private Character of Henry VIII.* (LANE, 18/-) so much space is devoted to assembling every scrap of evidence bearing on the sovereign's physical health in order that four eminent physicians may pronounce on it in modern terms, that the volume, otherwise cheerfully aggressive and spiced with some charming sixteenth-century English, is ruined for the ordinary reader. I am very far from saying that such a book should not have been written, its conclusions, crossing those generally accepted, being definitely important for future writers on the TUDOR period, but I have to suggest that it is too unpleasant, with an unpleasantness for which the writer must bear some responsibility, to be satisfactory reading-matter for any but the specialist.



Farmer (newly-settled in Arizona, experiencing a tornado for the first time). "I SUPPOSE THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL 'ROTATION OF CROPS'? WELL, I DON'T HOLD WITH IT."

A Comedy of Social Cleavage.

Miss SYLVIA THOMPSON'S new novel, *Summer's Night* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is full of people who behave according to

the laws of fiction, but she has such a knack of creating intimacy between reader and characters that the most obvious behaviour of the latter is never irritating. We know, for instance, that *Charles*, the young painter, will not marry *Evelina*, who is so suited to his nature; and we know as soon as we set eyes on *Jasmine* (I use the phrase deliberately, for Miss THOMPSON really does make us see her people) that he is bound to marry her and be made unhappy by her light reactions to life. But even though we know all this and realise that the author has asked rather too much of coincidence in allowing a young man to fall in love with the daughter of the plutocrats who buy his impoverished mother's house, our pleasure is not spoiled; the book is too good for its plot to matter. The author has shown amusingly and without snobbery the essential differences between people brought up according to the old traditions, of whom *Charles*, *Evelina* and the erratic *Theresa*, are samples, and the new rich or the new gay and "arty." Every character in the book is brilliantly and economically sketched, from *Vicky*, the perfect pattern of a family nurse, to a young woman whose room is described as "a sort of lying-in ward for Decorative Art"; and each one helps to make a background for *Theresa*, whose remembered amours and astonishing conversations would make any novel worth reading.

The House that John Bull Built.

To all amateurs of our native architecture I can safely recommend *A History of the English House* (THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, 3 guineas), a detailed and fully illustrated review by Mr. NATHANIEL LLOYD, whose name requires no introduction. Although this book is a mine of information to the student, the text is written so pleasantly and is illuminated by so many historical sidelights that all may follow and appreciate it. However sound may be one's knowledge of style and period, it is always interesting to have at hand a comprehensive set of visual reminders with which to compare and check one's own architectural discoveries; and the rich gallery of photographs which Mr. LLOYD has collected here, with admirable notes, should be extremely useful. Looking through them and contemplating the glories of the past, one cannot help wondering why, when the need arose in England for small houses in large quantities, it should have been necessary to abandon the simplicities of good taste and indulge an uncritical public in the orgies of bungalism and ribbon-development which, in the post-War period alone, have far surpassed the worst horrors of the 19th century. On the eve of those horrors Mr. LLOYD has wisely ended his survey.

Homage to the Mantuan.

I can imagine no better gift for lovers of the "wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man" than the sumptuous edition of *The Georgics of Vergil. Translated by R. D. Blackmore* (GEORGE W. JONES: AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLPHIN, 3 guineas). Print, paper, binding and the graceful decorative woodcuts by EDWARD CARRICK, grandson of ELLEN TERRY, combine to make this a worthy English contribution to the bi-millenary celebrations of the date of VERGIL'S birth. Professor R. S. CONWAY has written an illuminating introductory essay on the genesis of the *Georgics* and their political and ethical significance. It seems a pity that nothing is said of BLACKMORE'S special qualifications for the task. The author of *Lorna Doone* was not only a fine classical scholar, but he handled the heroic couplet with a vigour and felicity worthy of DRYDEN. Moreover, in 1862, when he brought out this translation, he was engaged in business at Teddington as a market-gardener. I also think that the value of the present edition would have been greatly enhanced if the Latin text had been printed page by page with the English.



Mr. Smith (who has just bought a tortoise to deal with the slug nuisance). "GOOD TORTOISE! FETCH 'EM, FETCH 'EM!"

A Happy Collaboration.

Amateur sleuths are as a rule treated with such absurd consideration in detective novels that I rejoiced, while reading *Where Ignorance is Bliss* (MURRAY, 7/6), to find *Roger Baldwin* receiving a pretty rap over the knuckles. RICHARD and ELIZABETH PLUNKET GREENE have put their neat and ingenious story into the mouth of *William Monypenny*, who without any qualifications acted as assistant to *Roger* in a series of investigations. But however incompetent *William* may have been as a detective he is a most lovable ass of a man, and I own to a soft spot in my heart for him. In the crowded field of fiction which the PLUNKET GREENES have invaded it is not easy to strike an original note, but they have overcome the difficulty so emphatically that they may almost be accused of thumping.

A Paragon.

Red Rory, in *The Rock and the River* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6), is so liberally endowed with vigour and virtue that ordinary mortals must be excused if they deem him more amazing than credible. My interest in him, at any rate, would have been stimulated if he had not been so immune from human error. Apart, however, from *Red Rory*, Mr. RALPH CONNOR, in his spacious romance of Canada during the earlier years of the nineteenth century, has given us a tale that artistically is sound. Especially to be praised is his picture of Canada struggling against the many difficulties that beset her. *Rory* may be the hero of this novel, but Canada is undoubtedly the heroine.

A Permanent Slip of the Tongue.

"He is a Lancashire man and never lost his accident."
Japanese Paper.

The Buffooneries of Fashion.

"Court dresses vary in price from £25 to £125, according to the amount of embroidery. Some of the gowns—those in the Bouffon style—require 30 yards of material."—*Nottingham Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement that a forthcoming play about Downing Street is without a love-interest disposes of the rumour that it deals with a lady-voter's unrequited passion for a First Lord of the Treasury.

***

An agricultural writer confirms Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's famous assertion that pheasants eat mangold-wurzels; but in political circles it is not thought that this belated vindication will assist a come-back.

***

A candid meteorologist admits that the weather for the coming summer still lies on the knees of the gods. We can only hope it doesn't give them rheumatism.

***

Japanese golfers are said to take the game with deadly seriousness. A tendency to "slice," if not corrected, is likely to end in *hara-kiri*.

***

When the floor of a Mansfield auction-room collapsed a visitor from Scotland lost her return-ticket. So much for the belief that visitors from Scotland don't take return-tickets.

***

A Winnipeg magistrate has decided that a dentist's chair is not a public place, and that a man has therefore a right to be drunk in it. Nevertheless dentists rely upon patients to keep the jollity of their visits within the bounds of decorum.

***

Attention is again drawn to the depletion of the revenue of the Hedjaz by a falling-off in the number of pilgrimages to Mecca. Our suggestion is that the "Come to Mecca" movement needs pep.

***

Jemmies found in the possession of a burglar were made of pure steel and manufactured expressly for housebreaking. It is not stated whether they bore the maker's name.

***

There is room in Yorkshire, we are informed, for nearly seventy times the present population of the world. But not, we fear, a hearty welcome.

***

"The mind that is not attuned to the glad note of spring," says a medical writer, "will react unfavourably on the machinery of the body." Spring poets, however, must be prepared to find this caution disregarded by editors.

***

In criticism of certain proposed War Office reductions a General declared that bands could not be considered a luxury. He would also of course support the view that Generals must be regarded as a necessity.

***

A Russian pianist's technique is described as violating all the accepted rules. It has this in common with the little girl's next-door.

***

In view of the claim that the newly-discovered photography by infra-red rays will enable a snapshot to be taken of a burglar in the dark, it is anticipated that every prudent householder will keep a camera by his bedside.

***

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER appeals to people not to spend their holidays abroad. Absconding company-promoters should make a note of this.

***

With reference to the plague of rats in a Lanarkshire village, it is surprising that the local authorities have not sought the help of a Pied Bagpiper.

***

A Member of Parliament says that the extra hour of daylight does not suit everybody. This may explain why our office-boy arrived an hour late on Monday.

An authority on music considers that an ounce of brain is more valuable than a ton of voice in singers. He maintains a tactful silence with regard to the fifteen stone of singer.

***

A magistrate's ruling that we may play chemin de fer if we are among friends can be of little help, as we usually find out too late whether the company really are friends.

***

A nature-writer observes that lions and tigers are too weak in lung-power to run more than half-a-mile. Explorers should remember that the first eight-hundred-and-eighty yards are the worst.

***

Sailors from Russia were charged at Glasgow with being drunk and singing at the top of their voices. We understand that their encore number was "The Song of the Vodka Boatmen."

***

Our Bright Young People feel that the doctor who has been advocating a brisk walk every morning after breakfast is just a little unreasonable. After all, one must get to bed some time.

***

"Half the enjoyment of food is in the colouring of it," says a doctor. That must be why we always prefer caviare to sago.

***

According to an American writer, wealth is a disease. Many public-spirited people have offered, in the interests of science, to be inoculated with its germ.

***

A man at Bristol Police Court expressed the view that women ought to be beaten once a week. Opinions will differ as to which is the most convenient thrashing-day.

***

"It is not very polite to smile at a bald-headed man," says a critic. And it is still worse manners to tap his head with an egg-spoon.



S.O.S.

Nervous New Announcer. "WILL THE DEEP DEPRESSION WHICH LEFT ICELAND A FEW DAYS AGO AND WAS LAST HEARD OF MOVING ALONG OUR EASTERN SEABOARD RETURN HOME AT ONCE AS HIS TWIN BROTHER IS DANGEROUSLY ILL?"

Another Impending Apology.

"The Podwra borzois, as these are known, have every opportunity of cultivating their brains, for Mrs. ——, having only a few, is able to give them the chance of becoming friendly and sensible."—*Sporting Paper.*

"In the Warden's Court, —— applied for licences to extract golf from sand on Ninety-Mile Beach."—*New Zealand Paper.*

We take out a niblick but no licence.

STAINED RELATIONS;

OR, A NEW PAIR OF IRISH BREACHES OF FAITH.

["The suggestion in your despatch that the Government of the Irish Free State contemplate acting dishonourably cannot in justice be let pass. The pages of the history of the relations between Great Britain and Ireland are indeed stained by many breaches of faith, but I must remind you the guilty party has not been Ireland."—*From Mr. DE VALERA'S reply to the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE DOMINIONS.*]

TAKE back the insult, take it back,
All ye who spread the cruel rumour
That, as a race, the Irish lack
That priceless gift, unconscious humour;
For I can point at least to one
Who—and his name (in Erse) is EAMON—
At unpremeditated fun
Has shown himself a perfect demon.

Possibly from his Spanish blood
This boon he happened to inherit;
New York, that nursed him in the bud,
May justly claim her share of merit;
Strange omens in his horoscope
Perhaps explain his head's inflation;
But there it is; you cannot hope
To beat this humorous combination.

Observe what logic, ripe and rich,
Colours the letter where he preaches
A view of Irish faith in which
Figures a pair of Irish breaches;
And in the same breath says that when
Erin [a child in all such matters]
Trusts in the faith of Englishmen
The breaches prove to be the latter's.

Has he a BOURBON complex too,
Immersed in times long dead and rotten,
Busy with learning nothing new
And leaving nothing old forgotten?
As for the rest, my simple mind,
Probing the arguments he urges,
"Explores" his screed in vain to find
What sense (if any) here "emerges."

So to the humour he imbibed,
Unwitting, from an Irish mother,
His happy thought must be ascribed
That one rude stain deserves another;
That Britain's dirty hour has passed,
And, after patient long refraining,
The day of Ireland dawns at last,
Her turn is come to do the staining. O. S.

"... when wheat fell from 55*s.* per quarter to 27*s.* 10*d.*, and gave the death-blow to our agriculture from which it has never recovered."—*Agricultural Magazine.*

The drawback about death has always been its finality.

"William —— and James —— were each fined £2, with 15*s.* expenses, on pleading guilty to taking a salmon with a snigger from Rock Pool in the Dee. . . ."—*Scots Paper.*

They like it better in Scotland if you poach with a straight face.

"Another resolution gives umpires the power, during the progress of a match, to have the wicked dried, without reference to the captains, with a view to play beginning with the least possible delay."—*Daily Paper.*

This seems very hard on virtuous cricketers with weak chests.

THIS HEALTH HABIT.

DEAR "MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT,"—I know you mean well, but I wish you wouldn't. There is something hypnotic about your newspaper contributions which compels me to listen to Doris when she reads them out, or even, in my weaker moments, to read them myself.

Doris, I may mention, has her one invariable method of referring to any newspaper-writer however distinguished. "It says here . . ." she begins, and if "it" says anything about calorific values or deep breathing or the risks of something or other I know by instinct that you are "it." You have got a grip on our household, and that's a fact. If my grandchildren are not born with a pretty shattering "health-complex" it will be no fault of yours.

Now I have no objection to your telling me how to guard against seasonable ailments. That's sound stuff, and if only I could remember and had time to follow your advice I am sure I should be much less of a wart in the eyes of the medical profession. I don't even mind your asking me those personal questions such as: "Do You Sleep Sensibly?" "Can You See Straight?" "Are You Your Stomach's Enemy?" and other posers which a less intimate writer would hesitate to put to the most constant of readers.

No, what I resent is your increasing habit of pouncing upon certain of our sports and pastimes and gutting them, so to speak, of pretty well everything except their confounded "health" elements.

Through men like you thousands of us have been induced to give up walking for pleasure and take to hiking for health. We have no time now on our peregrinations to commune with Nature or dream noble dreams; we are far too heavily engaged in wondering whether we are dressed according to your hygienic prescription, whether we are swinging from the waist (or whatever it is you say we ought to swing from), whether our diaphragm is functioning according to the rules, what our skin is absorbing, and how other important bits of us are getting on. Some of us dare not even pause to sniff the scents of earth and hedgerow because we have forgotten what you said regarding The Right Way To Sniff. Even the sight of our picturesque goal arouses no elation; we are too worried as to whether we shall be able to get enough of the right kind of vitamins at the local inn.

Thanks to you, many who used to enjoy a game of lawn tennis now take scientific exercise about the court for the sake of doing themselves good. Myriads immerse themselves in water, not from the old-fashioned motive of sheer physical gratification, but as a grim preparation for the hygienic rigours of sun-bathing. There have even been cases of people *singing* in their baths for health.

If you ask me (which you never do), this health-complex of yours is causing you to break out in far too many spots. I believe you would have our cricketers take the field as though they were doing a health-cure, their every movement and stance conforming to the printed instructions and diagrams (Side, Fielding, for Use of) issued by an M.C.C. Medical Advisory Board. You would handicap golfers according to the amount of benefit the game conferred upon a player's bi-uvular glands, if any. You would love to insist upon billiards-players breathing through the ears; you would like to show village boys how to leap-frog so as to improve the abdominal muscles; and if you had your way you would put a set of Hints on Physical Deportment inside every box of tiddly-winks.

Further words fail me, and anyhow the moment has come when I am scheduled to put on my little cellular pants and do a spot of hygienic gardening.

Yours under protest, D. C.



OTTAWA-BOUND.

MR. DE VALERA. "I OWE IT TO MY HONOUR TO CUT THE PAINTER."
MR. THOMAS. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO GET TO THE EMPIRE CONFERENCE."
MR. DE VALERA. "I DO THAT."
MR. THOMAS. "WELL, YOU CAN'T HAVE IT BOTH WAYS."



Girl (*introducing immaculate youth*). "DUCHESS DEAR, LET ME PRESENT MY NEW YOUNG MAN. *Such* A PET—ALL SPIT AND POLISH."

PROFIT AND LOSS.

As the Budget comes round again and round again I often dream and wonder about those old unrecorded Budgets of legend and romance that never passed the test of arithmetic.

Even with well-authenticated Tyrants and Emperors I should take a strange delight in poring over the precise Treasury figures if there remained on brick or parchment or monument a full record of both sides of the balance-sheet.

I would like to see the Budget of Old King Cole, with his three great spending departments, the Ministry of Music, the Board of Tobacco and the Office of Alcohol. But no outlay, so far as I know, on armaments or education or unemployment relief.

King Arthur's Budget, I take it, must have been more awkward to balance than that. Difficult to let cry a new joust in Camelot when all the churls were shouting for another penny off their honeymead. Difficult even to endow a new hermitage unless a few miscreant knights, with treasure in their castles, had been recently overthrown. And even then, I should imagine, Sir Kaye would need the help of Merlin, if not the Lady of the Lake, before the mystic surplus was declared and new damask and silver could be ordered for the Table Round.

The chronicles speak with no clear voice upon the financial stability of King Arthur's Government. Yet there persists in popular folk-lore an unexpected hint of economy and retrenchment—

"When Good King Arthur ruled this land
He was a goodly king,
He bought three pecks of barley-meal
To make a bag pudding.

* * * * *

The King and Queen did eat thereof,
The courtiers all beside,
And what they did not eat that night
The Queen next morning fried."

The third and fourth lines indicate that Agriculture may have received some subsidy. The last two are even more interesting. They recall one of the homely activities of Queen Guinevere which we are far too prone to forget.

I should like to see KING PHARAOH'S Budget for the year after the ten plagues, when the Children of Israel had departed and the great Pyramid was complete. Everybody was ill, the river was full of frogs and the air thick with flies. The cost of labour had risen enormously, since the children of Israel were working for nothing, or so I understand. And the country had gone off the Gold Standard because the Children of Israel had taken it all away with them into the wilderness. On the top of that came the enormous War Office vote for new chariots and horses to replace the unfortunate loss of military material in the Red Sea. I should be inclined to think that there was a cut in the salaries of those artificers who were inlaying couches for the third chamber of the PHARAOH'S tomb. But of that we shall never be sure.

KING SOLOMON'S Budget would be even more curious reading. The expenditure of the Office of Works was enormous, whether we consider the building of the Temple or that of the larger residence which the great amorist erected for his private home. But what exports from a barren land like Palestine can ever have balanced those abnormal importations of gold and cedarwood and ivory, of peacocks and apes and wives? The whole shipping and much of the timber trade

were in the hands of HIRAM of Tyre, and it seems to me only too probable that the Exchequer of Israel was burdened for years afterwards by the payment of instalments on the Egyptian and Assyrian loans.

Let some of those gentlemen who dig so patiently amongst the ruins of Ur or Babylon or Nineveh or in Minoan Crete explain to me how the great conquering Tyrants of these places dealt with their Sinking Fund, their pension lists and the salaries of their civil servants without going bankrupt or raising the income-tax beyond human capacity to pay. Nor are the Budgets of far later ages very easy to understand. I should like to see the full account of a Roman emperor's fiscal affairs, showing any number of thousand million sesterces on the credit side as tribute from subject peoples and bribes from foreign kings and legacies before suicide from patriotic senators who happened to fall from favour.

Yet think of CALIGULA'S Budget. Was there no one bold enough to move a reduction in the salary of the Emperor's favourite and deified horse? Or NERO'S Budget. What figures have to be put on the debit account for the reconstruction, after accidental burning, of Rome, for circuses and banquets, for the capture of wild beasts and Christians on which to feed them, for the pay of legions and prætorian guards, for acrobats and music-masters, and finally for that last splendid entry on behalf, it might be, of the Home Secretary or it might be of the Ministry of Health—"*To various devices for the murdering of his sainted Majesty's most beloved mother, Agrippina. R.I.P.*"!

The Budget of CHARLEMAGNE! The Budget of HAROUN AL RASCHID! The Budget of KUBLA KHAN!

As a matter of fact the Budget of KUBLA KHAN, if I can trust MARCO POLO, was balanced in a fairly masterly way. It was the habit of this great financial thinker to take all the jewels and gold which he could obtain throughout his empire as revenue and issue paper-money in exchange. This enabled him not only to build stately pleasure-domes where Alph the sacred river ran through caverns measureless to man, and so on and so forth, but to make arterial roads throughout the whole of the eastern part of Asia with a double post-office service on foot and horseback by night and by day, points which the poet COLERIDGE unaccountably neglected to mention after his opium dream. They need a Kubla Khan in China now.

More and more, as I look back into the past, I feel cheated by the lack of detail of profit and loss, compared with the vivid stories of battle and sieges and love-affairs and pestilences.

"The country was ruined," say the historians glibly, "by twenty years of almost continuous warfare. The Treasury was drained by the luxury of the Court."

Or, in another place, "Trade began to prosper exceedingly. The markets were busy and ships ploughed the seas."

Business be blowed and a pest on ploughing the seas! I want to see cent for cent. Give me the counterfoils of CRŒSUS, the pass-book of ALEXANDER OF MACEDON. How do the Crusades tot up in the ledger-book? What did KING HENRY VIII. pay to MAXIMILIAN for all those suits of armour in the Tower? And did he pay it in cash or kind? Let who will wage a nation's wars if I can have the fun of adding up her National Debt and comparing the lot of the ancient taxpayer precisely and minutely with my own.

As the Budget comes round again and round again I often dream and wonder about these things. EVOE.



Sitter. "PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE WORN MY MAUVE FROCK AFTER ALL?"

A MORAL DIAGNOSIS.

[According to a French scientist, the character can be deduced from the shape of the tongue.]

HE seemed an interesting child,
Perhaps an artist in the making;
The study of his face beguiled
The tea-shop meal that I was taking.

And, idly wondering if he showed
Signs of a special inclination,
I called to mind the latest mode
Of character-investigation.

I thought, "If I could see his tongue
Its shape would light the subject well up
And show (although he's very young)
The lines on which he may develop."

He saw me staring, caught my eye,
And with an impudent hilarity
Put out his tongue at me, thereby
Proving a penchant for vulgarity.

A Golden Hint to Race-Goers.

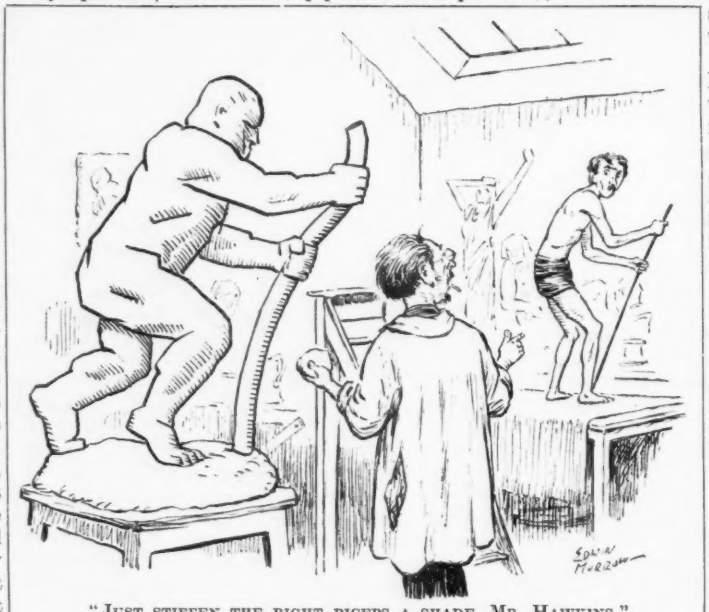
"DEAD SILENCE AS THE BEST TIP."
Racing Article in Evening Paper.

OFF WITH THEIR TAILS!

FAR off in Egypt whispers have reached us of the great controversy which rages, we understand, in London—*Should evening dress be worn by gentlemen in the stalls?*

I make no answer to that question for the moment. What I want to know is—*Should a gentleman's evening dress be worn anywhere?*

Somebody, it seems, bought an expensive stall and found himself next to people wearing the same clothes as they had worn all day. Some inconsiderate navvy had dropped into the stalls without untying the string round his trousers; or some head-waiter perhaps was there in a tail-coat. I sympathise with the complainants. I also sympathise with the arguments on the other side, which I have carefully read in *The Times*. But neither side seems to have reached the root of the matter. Because a tired business-man or two totters into a theatre without changing his braces it is not really fair to say that slackness is eating up the males of our race. We men are as anxious to shine as ever. Give us the right occasion and watch us slap on the war-paint! Look at the sailors and the soldiers! Look at the pearlies and the undergraduates! All classes, I swear, grow dressier every day. It is not true to say that men are tired of evening dress. But we are sick and tired (speaking for myself) of *our* evening dress.



"JUST STIFFEN THE RIGHT BICEPS A SHADE, MR. HAWKINS."

Not the black-tie-and-short-coat costume with which we decorate ourselves for modest occasions. That will pass. It is comfortable. It has sensible pockets. Few waiters wear it. It admits of variations—stiff shirt or soft, white waistcoat or black; and with luck one can make the same shirt do again. But implacably and eternally will I rebel against the white-tie-cum-starch-cum-tails equipment. And this is the dress that THEY really want to make compulsory in the stalls.

I am tired of pulling this fantastic rig to pieces. I am still more tired of putting it together. As I have pointed out before, ladies, it consists of twenty-five distinct pieces—twenty-five separate objects which have to be carefully assembled and fitted together before a gentleman can dine with you. And I can assure you, ladies, that a complicated machine-gun can be taken to pieces, reassembled and fired several times during the same period.

However, ladies, we men are not afraid of hard work. And we are prepared, as ever, to suffer for beauty. But we prefer to suffer to some purpose.

This dress is not comfortable, ladies, not sensible. It is not founded on reason, expediency, convenience or even beauty. If anything goes wrong in the collar-area it may be an agony. The pockets are inadequate. We men, ladies, cannot carry handbags, but we have to carry about substantial objects—note-cases, pipes, tobacco-pouches, matches, spectacle-cases and (in some cases) cigar-cases. Most of these things cannot be put in the trouser-pocket; stowed in the breast-pocket they bulge and spoil the line of the coat. So we thrust them, ladies, into the capacious pockets of our ridiculous "tails." Even there (if the objects are many) they bulge and form an embarrassing weight which flops against the legs as we dance, sometimes causing a sore. And to get at these belongings we have to perform ungraceful contortions, fumbling about our background in a furtive and unmanly fashion.

If all this were for beauty's sake, ladies, we would suffer gladly. But beauty! I *ask* you. (I address the ladies, by the way, because whenever I raise this topic some foolish woman insists that we "look so nice" in tails with a starched white chest.)

Wives, mothers and girl-friends, I beg of you, *look* at this costume. Regard it with a cold eye, as if you never saw it before. It is the wildest, silliest wear that ever man devised. Look at those "tails." What is the purpose of those appendages? In what consists their dignity or charm? Long ago you discarded the bustle. And why should Haddock wear a bustle still? Some say their function is to keep me warm astern. But they don't. They cause a draught. Another said they were a survival of the old riding- or hunting-coat, divided for the convenience of horsemen. Barbarous thought! We are discussing the uniform of evening elegance. And if this costume springs from the stable or the steeplechase it is not the sort of thing I care to wear in the stalls.

And the colour! Heavens, in these times when the busy chemists invent a hundred new colours a day, must a gentleman still spend his merriest evenings in funeral black? I do not mind what time or trouble I have to give to dressing in the evening if in the end I look colourful, distinguished, handsome or at least gay. It was worth while dressing for dinner in the eighteenth century, however wearisome the wig. It is worth while even now for the regimental Mess on a guest-night. (And, gad, ladies, if we can "look nice" in white-tie-and-tails imagine how nice we might look in those red Eton jackets, with gold braid on our trousers and a medal or two!) But all this labour and pain to look like a cross between a wine-waiter and a mute! Not worth it, girls.

All day long, like yourselves, we men struggle to distinguish ourselves from our fellows if only by wearing a different pattern of suit and a tie of a different colour. But in the evening we must struggle to look exactly alike in the same Chief Mourner's uniform—and people write to the papers if we don't. Well, listen, ladies—I strike!

O all ye Kings of Tailory and Dressmaking, who so cunningly ordain that the clothes of women shall change every three weeks, who force new styles of swimming-suits upon both sexes every year, and even from time to time push through some tiny alteration in the garments of man—a button here



Lady. "I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW LONG IT IS SINCE YOU DID A DAY'S WORK?"
Tramp. "TWENTY YEARS, LIDY. AN' IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY."

and a pocket there—now is your chance. Turn out a fine new evening dress for this rebel, and I will never sit in the stalls in corduroys again. Something comfortable but colourful, something in purple or forest-green; something in Oxford blue with Cambridge facings; something (if you will) with knee-breeches (though I have bow-legs); something that will give me a fair chance against the sailors and the soldiers and the hunting gentlemen at Hunt Balls. Let me be uncomfortable (if you must), but let me be beautiful. And, above all, *no tails!*

And you, ladies, support me in this matter. Stop this drivel about our "looking nice" in this lunatic rig and shout with rude laughter whenever you set eyes upon it. Refuse to go about with it. Make it as unpopular as it is imbecile, and something may be done. Till then, darling ladies, I will be elegant in a black tie whenever you wish, but I will only be ridiculous in tails when I jolly well have to.

We have all heard of those stern unbending Empire-builders who nightly dress for their lonely dinners in the jungle. Yes, but they wear a dinner-jacket. I never heard of one who put on tails. A. P. H.

More Ripe Fruit on the Tree of Metaphor.

"Alderman —— —— advised the Council to take the bull by the horns and wash its hands of the whole site."—*Provincial Paper.*

RENUNCIATION.

ONCE more I said, "This year I will not hymn it;
This year the wretched thing
From me shall get no panegyrics. Dimmit,
Why should I boost the Spring?

"On calm reflection is there any reason
Why one should single out
A not especially attractive season
To make a song about?

"Why fuss because a somewhat trite phenomenon
Has come round once again,
The usual deceptive prolegomenon
To one more summer's rain?

"Why should its advent thus disturb the senses?
What has it that transcends
In kick the dates when Hilary Term commences
Or poodle-faking ends?

"No doubt it sorted well with youthful follies
And young love's hectic flame
(Ah me! that blue-eyed flapper at "The Hollies"!—
I quite forget her name).

"But ill it suits a bard whose seventh lustre
Is long since past and gone
To get into a sentimental fluster
About Spring's goings-on.

"Henceforth I shall be blind to her enticing,
Her voice I shall not hear;
Others may chant her; I am blowed if *I* sing;
I hope I've made that clear."

Three weeks or so I kept my resolution,
But ere the month was o'er
I weighed in with my wonted contribution,
The mixture as before.

Musical Pamphleteering.

". . . selections on the handbills by the Bournemouth Handbell Party."
West-Country Paper.

"LEAMINGTON GOLF.—Entertaining Redditch on Saturday, Leamington won by seven goals to two."—*Warwickshire Paper.*

What time were stumps drawn?

"Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the well-known physician, supported early training in the interests of the race. 'We want to convert a £3 race into an A1 race . . .'"
Provincial Paper.

In fact teach the young to study form and pick a winner at long odds.

"The old saying, 'all over the bar shouting,' will be translated into reality to-morrow at the Albert Hall, where Carnera meets George Cook . . ."—*Bombay Paper.*

It may not be an old saying, but it frequently occurs in places of refreshment.

ADVANTAGES OF TOWN LIFE

IN THREE SCENES.

I TRAVELLED to Norfolk's marshy maze
To study the water-bird;
Though drawing a blank the first two days
I stuck to it undeterred;
And where a stream was trickling
Towards the Broad of Hickling
I spied a Mallard chickling
On the third.

Begun as the day was dawning and
The world in its sleeping-suit,
A similar search in Cumberland
Was quicker in bearing fruit;
My eyes, as daylight faded,
Binocularly aided,
Impinged, as I'm persuaded,
On a Coot.

I walked where a lakeside pathway winds
And dallied to gaze and hark
At waterfowl whose various kinds
At leisure a man might mark;
Though wild, they proved complacent
With human crowds adjacent;
I visited to-day St.
James's Park. C. B.

FULL CIRCLE.

From Mr. Alfred Drummond, impresario, to Mr. Ernest Stirling, dramatist.

I have read your play, *The Belle of St. Clement's*. It has a good central idea, but its largish cast and its many changes of scene would make it too costly to produce.

Publicity Paragraph.

Mr. Alfred Drummond writes us that owing to the dearth of plays by British dramatists he has been scouring the Continent for a suitable play for his next venture at the Acme Theatre. He has acquired *Take Me Too*, the phenomenal success of the Paris season; while in Berlin he has bought a Schwartzkopf lighting-system for installation at the Acme Theatre.

From Mr. Ernest Stirling to Mr. Alfred Drummond.

I send you herewith the MS. of *The Belle of St. Clement's*, remodelled for a maximum cast of four characters, with one simple setting throughout.

From Mr. Alfred Drummond to Mr. Ernest Stirling.

I have read your play, *The Belle of St. Clement's*. It has a good central idea, but the whole thing is too austere. Could you make this play suitable for a Schwartzkopf lighting-system?

Publicity Paragraph.

Mr. Alfred Drummond writes us that owing to the dearth of plays by British dramatists he has been scouring the Continent for a successor to *Take Me Too* at the Acme Theatre. Mr. Drummond is deeply impressed by the artistic supremacy of the Viennese stage, and he has acquired Franz Richtmeyer's mammoth flower-market play, *Blighted Blossoms*, which has been breaking box-office records in Vienna.

Publicity Paragraph.

Directly the curtain fell on the last performance of *Take Me Too*, an army of workmen arrived to begin the installation of the revolving and sliding stages that are necessary for the production of *Blighted Blossoms*. *Blighted Blossoms* is a flower-market play, and the Acme Theatre, inside and out, will be transformed into the appearance of a floral hall.

From Mr. Ernest Stirling to Mr. Alfred Drummond.

I send you herewith the revised MS. of *The Belle of St. Clement's*. This should allow your Schwartzkopf lighting-system to play a leading part in the drama, since the action calls for two sunsets and a dawn, one mirage, one cloudburst and an intermittent aurora borealis.

From Mr. Alfred Drummond to Mr. Ernest Stirling.

I have read your play, *The Belle of St. Clement's*. It has a good central idea, but there are not enough characters in it for the Acme Theatre. Could you re-write it for a minimum cast of three hundred, to suit three revolving stages, four sliding stages and an appearing and disappearing orchestra as well?

Publicity Paragraph.

Mr. Alfred Drummond writes us that owing to the dearth of plays by British dramatists he has been scouring the Continent for a successor to *Blighted Blossoms* at the Acme Theatre. He was tremendously impressed by *The Railway Queen*, the sensational success of the Budapest season, and he has acquired it for the Acme Theatre.

Publicity Paragraph.

Directly the curtain fell on the last performance of *Blighted Blossoms* an army of workmen arrived to transform the Acme Theatre from a floral hall into the semblance of a railway terminus in readiness for the production of *The Railway Queen*. The orchestra well is to become a heavy-goods lift and the box-office will be turned into a booking-office. During the production the attendants will be dressed as outside porters and the programme-sellers as buffet waitresses; while in the gallery—transformed into a third-class waiting-room—there will be a mixed chorus of excursionists. In short, no effort will be spared to give the audience the illusion that they are passengers at a railway terminus.

From Mr. Ernest Stirling to Mr. Alfred Drummond.

Herewith I send you MS. of *The Belle of St. Clement's* adapted for a multiplicity of stages. For the production of this play I think it would be an attractive innovation to transform the Acme Theatre into the semblance of a theatre. New features that occur to me are to dress the programme-girls as programme-girls and to convert the orchestra well from a heavy-goods lift to an orchestra well. Personally I would even go so far as to do away with the chorus in the gallery and throw the gallery open to the gods. All this of course would be with the design of giving the audience the novel illusion that they are an audience who have come to assist at the performance of a drama—*The Belle of St. Clement's*.

Press-cutting from Huffan Swattem's gossip-column.

At the end of the dress-rehearsal of *The Railway Queen* Alfred Drummond came up to me and said anxiously, "Well, Swattem, what's the verdict?" "Alfred, old boy," I replied, "I give *The Railway Queen* five nights." It ran for four.

Publicity Paragraph, same date.

Interviewed prior to his departure to the Continent, Mr. Alfred Drummond was very philosophical over the unaccountable failure of *The Railway Queen* to attract the public. Mr. Drummond said that owing to the dearth of plays by British dramatists he was going to scour Europe, and in particular to look at the work of Hjalmar Hjalmar, the Lettish dramatist, whose works are creating a furore.

From Mr. Alfred Drummond to Mr. Ernest Stirling.

I have read your play, *The Belle of St. Clement's*. It has a good central idea, but its large cast and its many scenes would make it too costly to produce.

Nights on the Tiles.

"Each of the houses given over to flats will provide accommodation for four families, the superior type having bedrooms on the roof."—*Evening Paper.*

"The coronet was over a century old, its owner having held baronial rank in Britain for five centuries."—*Rhodesian Paper.*

It's certainly time he was reformed.



Absent-minded Schoolmaster. "PADDINGTON—THIRD PERSON SINGULAR."

THE PAINT-BOXER.

[An evening paper reports that Mr. EDWIN JOHN, son of Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A., is giving up professional boxing, as it bores him. He can get no "pep" out of it, and has decided to settle down to painting.]

THOUGH his fisticuff renunciation vex us
(I refer of course to that of EDWIN JOHN),
It is nice to know it's not his solar plexus
Getting squeamish that prevents his fighting on;
It is not (we learn) his being smacked or smitten,
Or the fear of losing teeth or shedding gore,
That has made him give the gloves the frozen mitten;
It's because he finds that boxing's such a bore.

He pines for "pep," but finds it not in fighting,
And, although he ranked as one of England's hopes,
He allows an Art that we think less exciting
To seduce him from the ringside and the ropes;
And it isn't that his people say he mayn't box,
And it isn't that he's in the lists of Love,
But it seems that "pep" lies hidden in the paint-box,
So perhaps the Brush is mightier than the Glove.

"DEPRESSION IN DUCHY.
FAILURES OF AGRICULTURISTS AND A CHIROPODIST."
West-Country Paper.

Now what about corn-protection?

"A number of men working in a nearby coalyard on seeing the outbreak rushed to the school, and were instrumental in removing a piano from the burning building."
Devon Paper.

They might have waited to be instrumental until they got it outside.

DID FAIRY TOES WIN?

[In the certainty that his readers will wish to know the latest news of the Tumby-over-Tussock Point-to-Point, Mr. Punch has decided to print the following account which came through to him at the moment of going to press, from his correspondent, equipped with a portable wireless-telephone, on the course. There was unfortunately no time for revision.]

. . . As I expected, the start is up on the hill behind the church. The course is marked with red and white flags and goes along the edge of Farmer Sludge's plough, over a hurdle-jump, across Lady Rhomboid-Perks' meadow, over a stone wall, and then disappears. The finish is in Mrs. Barley's field, where I am standing, and the equestrians——

Mr. Punch (*at his own wireless-telephone*). The *what*?

—the blood-sports are supposed to round the corner of the Timsons' copse, leap the Tuss, which at that point is about eight feet wide, and is said by the guide-book to prove very nourishing to water-cress, and then breast, or hock, the tape. Where they go when they disappear in the middle I can't say.

I have stationed myself near the finishing-post, which supports a handsome Union Jack and two obvious Lt.-Cols. Ret., who are taking alternate pulls at a flask and debating the merits of a horse named Ballygunnion. There is already a considerable crowd of spectators, clad in checks which range from the chatty to the raucous, and many of them possess markedly equine features. One of them, whom I take to be a steward from the amount of stationery in his buttonhole, has just neighed, causing me no surprise.

Nearly all the County is here, and every farmer from ten miles round. The Bilberry girls, dressed very gaily, have just smiled at me. Lady Agatha Chortle is looking particularly charming. She hasn't smiled at me yet, but I have hopes. It's a pleasant thing about points-to-point—or would you rather I called them point-to-points?—

Mr. Punch. I don't mind which.

—that you never know whom you'll meet. Ranged in a neat row on my left are the bookies, and I should like to make it clear right away that I have never in my life seen a more imposing body of men. I am especially fascinated by Bert Scrubbs of Woolwich. He has taken up his stance on a perambulator, and the orange golf-umbrella which is fixed above his head bears the convincing legend, "*Bert Scrubbs Wouldn't Welsh if Cardiff was Just Over the Hedge.*" He is nattily clad in a tram-conductor's satchel, a green suit, co-respondent's shoes and a hat like a helicopter. His voice resembles the organ at that cinema we sometimes go to—

Mr. Punch. Which one?

I can't remember. Anyway, he's declaring his readiness to give two to one bar one, and now he's repeating himself, not for the first time. On one side of him is Mokey William of Mudhampton, who is offering evens on the field, and on the other Fat Alfred, who proclaims himself unostentatiously, on a brass plate slung round his neck, the Straightest Chap in Tufton.

There are about fifteen other bookies. They are all making the same zoological noises, their slates all show much the same odds, and each of them seems to have a hunch that Ballygunnion will win.

That metallic click just now wasn't an oscillation but me giving five shillings in Ballygunnion's name to Bert Scrubbs.

The horses are now being led out for the first race. There *is* Ballygunnion. Certainly a very nicely streamlined animal.

Mr. Punch. How many hands?

None; it's a horse, you know, not a chimpanzee.

Mr. Punch (*sternly*). How tall is Ballygunnion?

It's rather hard to say, it's jumping up and down so. I should say about an ordinary kitchen step-ladder and a rung. Looks a trifle spavined to me, but, as you probably realise by now, I don't know the first thing about horses. A very heavy gentleman with a Cockburn '04 complexion sitting beside me on a couple of shooting-sticks says it'll waltz home. I didn't think they allowed trick horses in these events, but he ought to know——

Mr. Punch. How has the money gone?

Very quickly; and Bert Scrubbs' satchel is bulging most, I'm glad to note. I've just given him another half-crown on Fairy Toes at 10 to 1, a super-charged Clydesdale weighing at least three tons, which seems all to the good with so much mud about.

Mr. Punch. Is Ballygunnion carrying any weight?

Yes, a fat young man in a pink coat.

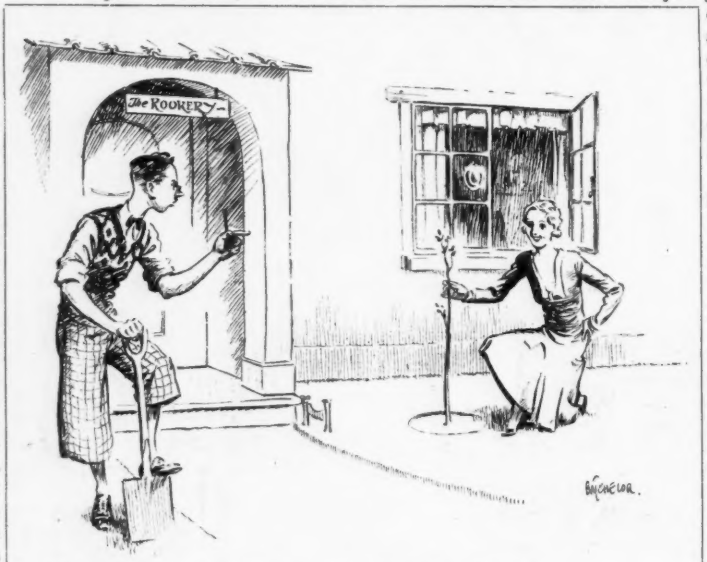
Mr. Punch. Haven't you got a race-card?

Please don't keep interrupting. I can't concentrate. I say, *they're off!* Ballygunnion's leading by a canvas. The stroke's going up a bit. Now they've all cleared the hurdle-jump. There's a great yellow brute—why, it's Fairy Toes!—on the bow side giving her ten, and—— What? Sorry, but you know what I mean. *Crumbs!* Ballygunnion's crashed at the wall. The fat boy's dropped out of bounds. That means stroke and distance for him, I expect.

All the others are over bar one. Now they're out of sight. Everybody's running down to the water-jump to wait for them. Excitement indescribable. Strange man in a monocle has also backed Fairy Toes and we are shaking hands warmly. *Here they come!* Fairy Toes! It *is!* And another, exactly level. Both over the jump. Get out of my way, confound you, Sir! Still level. Hundred yards to go. FAIRY TOES! Fairy Toes! Fairy Toes! . . .

[Mr. Punch greatly regrets that, owing to the unfortunate failure of his correspondent's battery at this point, he is for the moment unable to satisfy either his own or his readers' curiosity as to the actual result of the race.]

ERIC.



"THE ELM-TREE IS COMING ALONG SPLENDIDLY, GEORGE."
"YES, I REALLY MUST SEE ABOUT GETTING THAT BRACE OF ROOKS."



WHEN JANE CAREFULLY SELECTS A FROCK—



AND HAT—



AND ADMIRES HER COAT—



AND HERSELF—



ONE CAN BE REASONABLY SURE
THAT SHE IS OFF—



TO BUY SOMETHING NEW.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

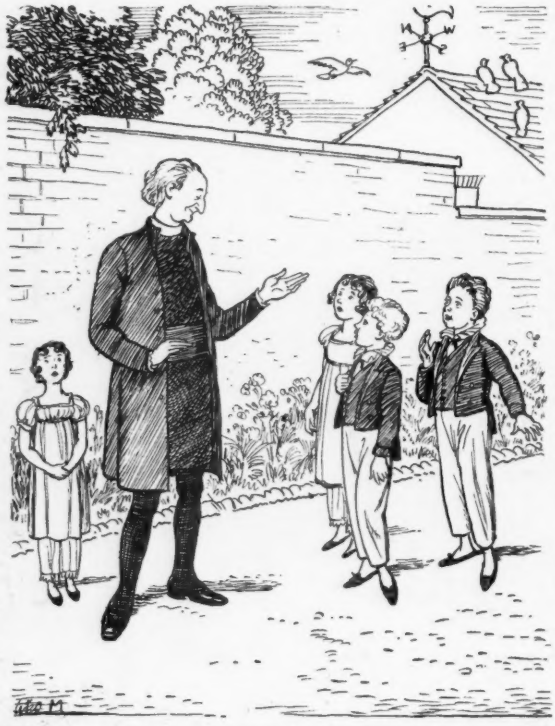
XVII.—THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

Mrs. Birdikin's maternal uncle, the Lord Bishop of P—chester, had announced his intention of visiting his relatives during a tour of inspection of his diocese, and it may be imagined that the prospect of entertaining so illustrious a guest gave not a little pleasure to the inhabitants of Byron Grove. By an unfortunate concatenation of affairs, however, the visit of the Bishop happened to coincide with that of Mr. Birdikin's Aunt Maria, whose worldly circumstances made it advisable to welcome her from time to time to his mansion, but in whom a certain *commonness* of behaviour made it inexpedient to present her to those with whom he wished to stand well. It was not possible to ask Mrs. Purport to cut short her visit, for she was pleased with the prospect of meeting the Bishop, and had she guessed that her absence would be preferred to her society during his sojourn at Byron Grove she would certainly have taken umbrage and might well have visited her displeasure upon her nephew by cutting him and his family out of her will. What then was the judicious course to take?

A solution of the difficulty occurred to Mr. Birdikin when it came to his remembrance that on a former visit of Aunt Maria's she had indulged to such an extent in a dish of dressed lobster that she had been forced to retire to her bedchamber in considerable discomfort of body, and it had been necessary to call in Dr. Affable to administer the treatment that would restore her to health. This had been of a drastic nature, and the good lady had vowed that she would not again partake of the succulent dish which had caused her such discomfort. A year or more, however, had elapsed since this occurrence, and Mr. Birdikin's expectations were encouraged when a dish of lobster had appeared on the luncheon-table on the day before his lordship's arrival, and Mrs. Purport, so far from refusing it, made the inelegant remark that it was worth the risk of a bellyache and indulged in two of the large helpings which he hospitably pressed on her.

The result was gratifying to him as the prospective host of a man of high standing if not as that of a fond nephew. Aunt Maria was taken exceedingly ill and retired to bed. Dr. Affable was summoned and pronounced it impossible for her to leave her chamber for at least two days; and the way was clear for the unencumbered entertainment of the Bishop.

The problem of Aunt Maria thus disposed of, a further complication was introduced by a letter received from the Bishop's chaplain on the morning of his arrival. This gentleman wrote that, as an undergraduate of the University of Oxford, his lordship had had a close personal friend in a gentleman of the name of Rouseabout, and that he had lately heard that this gentleman's son was resident in the neighbourhood of Byron Grove. He made the request that Captain Rouseabout might be invited to dine, so that he could make his acquaintance, and Mr. Birdikin did not feel himself at liberty to refuse this request, although his opinion of his neighbour was such that he considered him the last person in the world who was fit to be introduced to the society of a pillar of the Church. The responsibility, however, was upon his lordship, and if Captain Rouseabout should offend his father's old friend by any coarseness of speech or behaviour Mr. Birdikin would absolve himself by informing the Bishop that he should not darken his doors again. A note was sent to Beechcroft by a mounted groom, who returned with a reply from Captain Rouseabout to the effect that bishops were not so much in his line as stable-companions, but as he had heard that this one had been a sporting cove in his youth he should be glad to take his oats in his company that evening and put him on to something good for the St. Leger.



"THE EMINENT BUT BENIGN ECCLESIASTIC SOON GOT UPON TERMS WITH HIS YOUNG RELATIVES."

The Bishop's chariot drove up early in the afternoon, and his lordship, who was possessed of a benign and fatherly spirit, intimated that it would give him pleasure to make the better acquaintance of his great-nephews and nieces. Using a colloquial expression more indicative of the *man* than of the *prelate*, he said with a kindly smile that he would like to "stretch his legs" after his long drive, and requested that the children should take him round the garden. This they did, accompanied by Miss Smith and the chaplain, who, however, did not intrude upon their conversation but found subjects of their own, which interested them so much that they presently turned into a shrubbery path and were lost to view. Observing this from the window of the house, Mr. Birdikin remarked that Miss Smith was inclined to forget the subordinate position which she held in the household, but Mrs. Birdikin opined that in view of the chaplain's *sacred* profession it was unlikely that he would take advantage of the occasion to press *unwelcome* attentions upon the governess, but that if he did so she could be trusted to reject them.

The eminent but benign ecclesiastic soon got upon terms with his young relatives. Henry, who, in view of his future profession, was desirous of impressing himself upon his august kinsman, offered to repeat the Church Catechism to him, but his lordship intimated that he was already familiar with it and should prefer to visit the stables. Here he was shown Charles's pony, and gained the respect of Bodger, the coachman, by his knowledge of horseflesh. So completely did he gain the confidence of the children that Fanny informed him that it was her intention when she attained maturity to become a circus-rider, and he did not rebuke the childish folly of the remark but told her that he should prefer to see her a good wife and mother. This led Charles to the disclosure that she had

expressed a wish to affiance herself to Captain Rouseabout, and Henry thought it advisable to intimate that that gentleman was considered by his father to exercise a deleterious influence upon the neighbourhood. The Bishop made no remark upon this, but when Fanny said she had given up the idea of marrying Captain Rouseabout because she thought he was in love with Miss Smith he gently rebuked the children for making free with the names of their elders.

With his habitual forethought for the just claims of others, Mr. Birdikin had invited to his board Mr. Guff, the curate in charge, and his consort, and with *three* clergymen present he hoped that Captain Rouseabout, whose habitual talk reeked of the stable and the cockpit, would be kept in check. That gentleman, however, was by no means to be reduced to silence in whatever company he might find himself, and it was left to Miss Smith, who sat between him and the chaplain, to keep his talk within the bounds of propriety. This she did with a resource for which her employers had not given her credit, but Mr. Birdikin experienced some sense of outrage at her taking so much upon herself, and once or twice intimated to her, by taking the conversation out of her hands, that a modest silence would better have befitted her position in his establishment.

The warm summer evening made it agreeable for the gentlemen to drink their wine on the terrace after dinner; but what was Mr. Birdikin's surprise when only three bottles of port wine had gone the rounds to see both Captain Rouseabout and the chaplain rise from their seats and betake themselves to a corner of the garden in which a white dress could be seen glimmering among the trees. The wearer was undoubtedly Miss Smith, but before he could express himself upon the enormity of her behaviour in thus *inviting* the attentions of two of his male guests the Bishop said with a paternal chuckle, "The red coat and the black! Which has a better chance with the fair lady?"

Before he could recover himself a window immediately above the place in which they were sitting was thrown open and a somewhat strident voice was heard saying, "Zephaniah Birdikin, introduce me to the bish."

It was Aunt Maria, who, somewhat recovered from her indisposition and not wishing to be left out of the sociability that was going forward, had taken this opportunity of presenting herself. Mr. Birdikin could have sunk into the ground with shame when he saw his relative, whose very presence in the house he had forgotten, standing smirking at the window in a large nightcap. He was forced to make the introduction, which his lordship acknowledged courteously, recommending Mrs. Purport not to risk her health by further exposure to the evening air, and the disturbing episode was over. Another bottle of port wine was opened and praised by the Bishop, who was pleased to remark that his reception and entertainment at Byron Grove had exceeded his expectations.

A. M.



"We've had a case of sheep-worrying, Sir. I suppose you couldn't give me any information?"
"No; they never worry me."

Abbreviation's Arrtful Aid.

"The abbreviation 'arr.,' which appears so often in the programmes, is short, of course, for 'arranged by.'"—*Wireless Paper.*

And not, as many may have thought, an exclamation denoting anger or disgust.



Mother. "LOOK HERE, JOAN, YOU *must* TIDY UP THIS ROOM; IT'S IN AN AWFUL MESS."
Only Child. "REALLY, MOTHER, IF YOU'D AS MANY CHILDREN TO COPE WITH AS I HAVE, I DARESAY *you*'D FIND THE HOUSE GET A BIT NEGLECTED."

LITTLE LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

V.—THE PILFERER.

Lucinda thinks it quite a joke
(Like many other tiny folk)
To take a bon-bon here and there—
A jujube or a candied pear;
Removing stickjaw from a tin
Evokes in her no sense of sin,
And sometimes she is seen to cram
Her fingers into strawberry jam,
Till once, with half the comfits spilt,
And caught red-handed in her guilt,
She proffers, to avoid the scourge,
The plea of ante-natal urge
Combined with complexes which rose
From playing with her infant toes,
And argues, not without effect,
What might occur if she were checked,
Since all repression of desires
Endangers the internal wires.

To which her mother, greatly grieved
To know she had a child who thieved,
And often finding on the shelf
No *marrons glacés* for herself,
Explains what misery it brings
To be detected taking things.
"For first of all," she said, "it tends
To undermine the trust of friends,
Who always feel in such an act
An evidence of want of tact.
And secondly it seldom stops
At merely pinching lollipops;
In after life the thing may come
To looting an emporium
Or prowling round the basements where
They sell exclusive underwear.
These lovely scarves which as a rule
Are slipped inside a reticule
Quite easily, might seem, I own,
The simplest task on earth to bone;
But note that every drapery store
Has one detective, ay, and more,
Whose task it is to pounce upon
The patron anxious to be gone.
In vain her tears, untimely caught
With articles she has not bought;
She is conveyed by dreadful men
Into the managerial den."

"And what," exclaims the wretched brat,
"Would be my fate if they did that?"

"No psychologic argument,
Unhappy girl, in that event
Will help your cause," said her mamma,
"Save only kleptomania:
A useful yarn indeed to pitch
For those who are extremely rich,
But one that will not help you much—
The harshness of the law is such—
Unless you prove by hook or crook
You did not need the goods you took."

Distressed and overwhelmed with fright,
Yet having stanched her appetite,
Lucinda with a loud boohoo
Decided to be well-to-do. EVOE.

Decadence Defiant.

"Bravo, Porthcawl! It is something to be proud of to have the lowest infantile morality in the kingdom."—*Welsh Paper.*

Where We Refrain From Comment.

"If girl hikers would refrain from wearing shorts, much of the hostility towards hiking would disappear."—*Daily Paper.*

"Or, to use a trite simile, he is Mr. Nebuchadnezzar, reading the justly celebrated handwriting."—*American Paper.*

While Mr. DANIEL enjoyed the banquet of grass provided by Mr. BELSHAZZAR.

"There is scarcely a trade or profession that is not represented in these centenarians of commerce. . . . many firms have served the same customers for more than 200 years."
Evening Paper.

Who is ZARA AGHA'S tailor?



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

(Reading from Left to Right.)

MR. PUNCH *(to* SHAKESPEARE*)*. "I DON'T GRUDGE YOU YOUR NEW THEATRE, SIR. YOU DESERVE THE VERY BEST."

[The new Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon is to be opened on SHAKESPEARE's birthday, April 23rd.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 11th.—The lecture given by Signor GIUNTA, an Italian Under-Secretary of State, at a club in Malta, and the sentiments which he was alleged to have expressed on the British Empire, elicited questions from Captain MACDONALD, who regarded it as an intolerable interference on the part of a friendly Power, and from Colonel WEDGWOOD, who wanted to know whether a gentleman who rejoiced in the name of MIFSUD was present. Mr. EDEN allayed their anxiety by assuring them that no one lectured on the British Empire, that no Maltese were present and that the Italian Government, whose attention had been called to the incident, had given assurances that there was no foundation for the rumours that Signor GIUNTA had indulged in declarations of a political nature. We infer that Mr. MIFSUD, who is the Secretary to the Maltese Imperial Government, can continue to rejoice in his name without incurring any suspicion of hostility to the British Empire.

Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, undaunted by the PRIME MINISTER'S polite refusal to consider his plan of dealing with Russian debts, proceeded to outline various suggestions for expanding the terms of the Royal Commission on Lotteries, etc., but met with no better luck, though he prompted Captain CROOKSHANK to ask whether the PRIME MINISTER was aware that the introduction of the Bill by Sir WILLIAM was in itself a lottery, and that he had lost it.

The laughter aroused by this sally was stilled when Mr. THOMAS rose to announce that the Government, in their reply to Mr. DE VALERA, had reaffirmed in unmistakable language that they stand absolutely by the Treaty settlement. He declined to summarise the correspondence which was now laid before the House and, though this reticence awoke the protests of Mr. MAXTON, the SPEAKER maintained that it was perfectly in order.

The House then addressed itself in Committee to the Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill. Mr. KNIGHT proposed an Amendment to the clause dealing with Service entertainments, but withdrew it on receiving assurances from Sir PHILIP SASSOON that there was no intention to compete with civil entertainments. A new clause was moved and supported from the Labour benches to check recruiting under the age of 18. Many of the arguments in its favour were developed with ability and sincerity, but the Government stood firm on economic grounds and the fact that the present practice, under which, if genuine compassionate grounds were shown, soldiers under 18 were released, was adequate to meet any grievance. After Mr. JACK JONES had discoursed on the relative strength of the language of sergeant-majors and privates, and proclaimed his belief that armies and navies were a necessary evil, the new clause was negatived by 276 votes to 30.

Tuesday, April 12th.—The working of the Local Government Act of 1929 came in for some lively discussion on the Motion to go into Committee of Supply on the Civil Estimates. Dr. MORRIS-JONES, moving a rather vague Amendment, which was afterwards withdrawn, considered that too little progress had been made in the country



"THE ARMY OF TO-DAY'S ALL RIGHT."

"THE ARMY IS A VERY FINE OCCUPATION FOR THOSE WHO LIKE IT."

MR. JACK JONES.

areas in dealing with the Poor Law institutions. Expenditure on health services should be thoroughly examined in view of the condition of the national exchequer.

Fortunately the fears of the Opposition were unfounded. Replying in reassuring fashion for the Government, Sir HILTON YOUNG agreed that it would be a false economy which would reduce the efficiency of the public health services, and he quoted conclusive figures to show that in the last year few of his Ministry's schemes had suffered through a curtailment of allowances. Moreover the re-classification of Poor Law institutions was going on well, particularly in London.

The question of Housing was similarly dealt with. In a motion which was also subsequently withdrawn, Mr. CRAVEN-ELLIS urged the Government to secure the fullest advantage in return for the large subventions provided by the State and the local authorities. He estimated our needs to-day at 500,000 houses, and suggested greater co-operation with the building societies.

In reply Sir HILTON YOUNG was again soothing, statistical and convincing.

The lightest touch to an uninspiring day was contributed by the grey seals. It seemed a great pity that one of these sagacious creatures could not be present to perform a few winning antics at the Bar of the House in defence of his race; but failing this their cause was eloquently pleaded by Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR and Sir BASIL PETO. Two Amendments to the Bill for the Protection of the Grey Seal were agreed to, laying down that he could only meet an early end in a humane manner and by a permit granted by the MINISTER; and also that the islands of Haskeir Mor and Haskeir Beig, in the Outer Hebrides, should be made a sanctuary. It was not explained how the good news of this immunity would be conveyed to the interested parties.

Wednesday, April 13th.—This was a day-out for the individual conscience. Surviving the hail of intimidating post-cards aimed at the subversion of that conscience, Members assembled to debate in a non-Party spirit the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill.

The Second Reading was moved by Mr. OLIVER STANLEY in a speech that was marked by the clarity and forcefulness which the House has now come to expect from him. He began by outlining the history of Sunday entertainments in this country. The Sunday Observance Act, passed in 1780, still held, rendering illegal any form of Sunday entertainment. Many opponents of his Bill had failed to realise that not only cinemas, the chief bone of the present contention, were affected, but also concerts, Zoos, museums and debates. For the last fifteen years cinemas had been opening on Sunday, until, in 1930, those in London and in ninety-six other areas were breaking, by tacit consent of their local Councils, the law of 1780. In 1930 a test-case showed the utter illegality of this proceeding, and there was no doubt that, if the last Parliament had lived its normal life, Mr. CLYNES's legalising Bill would by now have been law.

By the terms of the Bill before the House there would be no automatic opening of cinemas, but those that wished to open could apply for permission to their local authorities, who would have full power to withhold it. The Bill contained the principle of local

option, because this was a question which must depend largely upon the need and demand of the particular locality.

It might be true, Mr. STANLEY argued, that this Bill was new law, but it was equally true that it was old practice. It would not enable anything to be done which had not been done in the past. If the Church could not create the demand for the kind of Sunday in which men relied on themselves for recreation, was it fair, he asked, to turn to the State to do by coercion what persuasion had failed to do?

The rejection of the Bill was moved by Mr. R. J. RUSSELL, who allowed himself the astonishing statement that there were clear signs that the people in this country were getting somewhat tired of the cinema. What the nation required to-day was not more frivolity but more thrift, he said—which did not seem a very convincing objection to a weekly expenditure of eighteenpence on a film which might easily possess educational or artistic value. A stern, uncompromising man, Mr. RUSSELL.

The biggest gun trained against the Bill was the ATTORNEY-GENERAL; and, though its elevation left nothing to be desired, its accuracy was at moments in doubt, and its foresight sometimes obscured by the mantle of JIX, which seems to have descended upon it in no uncertain manner. Sir THOMAS was proud to think that religious sentiment was strong enough to inform public opinion about the ultimate effect of this Bill. Whatever some people associated with him might say, he would support a measure for opening museums and genuine concerts, which were not entertainments of a theatrical character immediately involving a great deal of labour. Exactly why the citizen should be permitted a rollicking afternoon in the Mummy Room and denied access to a travel film or a peep at the Larger Ungulates at Whipsnade, Sir THOMAS did not explain.

"This was a Bill," he went on, "to enable the Sunday opening of the cinema, which could not rise above the usual sex stuff." It would seem, if it were not incredible, that in his investigations into the cinema Sir THOMAS has altogether missed the work of PABST, RENÉ CLAIR and some of our own producers, apart from the new field of informative cinematics.

The rest of the debate was mainly an elaboration of the speeches of Mr. STANLEY and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, except for that of Sir ALFRED BUTT, who put the case for the theatre and urged that, if the cinema were allowed to open on Sunday night and the theatre denied the same right, a grave hardship would be inflicted on an art that was essentially British.



"AGREEING TO DIFFER."
THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL AND THE UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

The House derived considerable pleasure from the spectacle of Lord WINTERTON and Mr. LANSBURY, an unlikely alliance, ranged together in support of the liberties of the people.



STRANGE BILL-FELLOWS;
OR, TWO ANTIPATHETIC LEGS THAT RAN AS ONE.
LORD WINTERTON AND MR. LANSBURY.

The Bill was carried by a majority of seventeen, one hundred and sixty Members abstaining from voting.

Thursday, April 14th.—It is expected that many old lags will be entering their sons for Brixton Prison during the next few months. The HOME SECRETARY to-day informed Captain BALFOUR that the results of allowing tobacco in that institution were thus far satisfactory.

The House went into Committee of Supply on Civil Estimates, which gave Mr. RUNCIMAN an opportunity to make a survey of our trade position. If, he said, we were to take the measure of the activity of British trade by our exports alone it would be found that we had suffered less than any other country from the world-shrinkage of trade, and many new industries were being set up here by foreign enterprise.

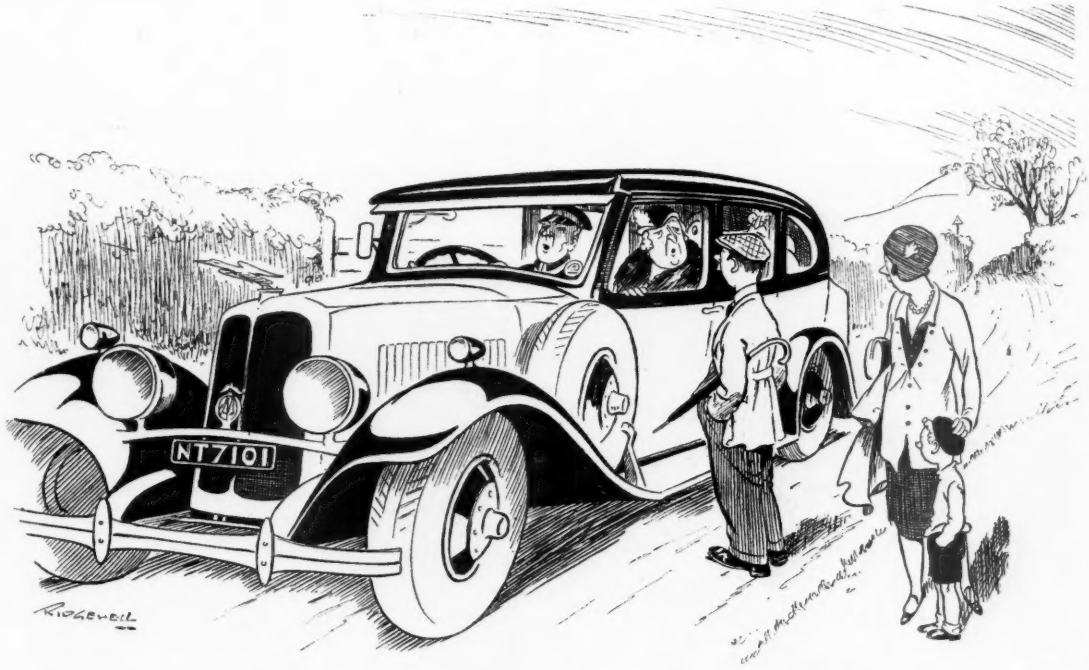
Although the coal trade was passing through as severe a depression as it had ever known he was able to tell the House that the internal consumption of it kept up miraculously. Negotiations with the French Government had achieved the abolition of the French fifteen-per-cent surtax, and it was hoped that Germany would shortly remove her discrimination against us. He admitted that such industries as iron and steel, marine engineering and shipbuilding showed no material signs of improvement.

In conclusion he expressed great hopes for the Ottawa Conference, which he felt to be a great chance to bind the various parts of the Empire commercially together.

Expressing the disappointment of the Opposition, Mr. ATTLEE said that so far there had been no statement by the Government of what their policy was, but only continual mention of a crisis. He found relief in a stream of critical interrogation. Had the Cabinet seriously sat down to discuss the trade position? Had the MINISTER any industrial plan for the future of the country?

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS is not so happy as the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE about the number of foreigners coming to set up factories in England. Had the right hon. gentleman studied the consequences of the influx of United States capital in Canada, where native factories had been put entirely out of business?

Replying for the Government, Mr. HORE-BELISHA supplied the House with a statistical nightcap in the form of a series of comforting trade figures.



"'OPE YOU DON'T MIND ME STOPPING YOU; THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU MIGHT KNOW OF A DECENT TEA-PLACE ABOUT 'ERE."

THIRTEEN CAKES WITH ONE EGG.

THERE is a great deal of talk about economy these days. Leaders of Society are throwing expensive economy-parties; husbands are dining at the club to cut down the housekeeping expenses; and everywhere everybody is spending pounds on saving money. So I thought that perhaps you wouldn't mind my telling you the story of how I once helped to make thirteen cakes only using one egg.

There is no catch in it. I mean the thirteen cakes were good big cakes such as even a schoolboy would not be ashamed to associate with; the single egg was a genuine egg, and, moreover, it was used in the correct proportions—was not, so to speak, padded out with machine-made factory eggs, egg-powder, or any kind of synthetic eggage.

What is probably puzzling you is really the result of your own stupidity in assuming that all eggs are *hens'* eggs. For it so happened that Pamela's cook had a brother who was a keeper in the Ostrich House at a certain Zoo which I will not specify. It followed that there were perks which went with his job. In other words, he got a fairly regular rake-off from his charges; for Zoo ostriches are not allowed to embark upon family life. It makes them touchy, aggressive, broody, inconsequent, fussy, inclined to kick out and—well, ask any married man and he'll explain to you what I mean.

I happened to have been asked to Pamela's house on the great cake-making day when the ostrich-egg was brought along. Though Pamela explained airily that she had thought I might like possibly to see the egg, I strongly suspect I had been asked in on purpose to assist. Probably they guessed that two lone women can't just set to by themselves and use an ostrich-egg for making cakes as if it were a couple of dozen of ordinary new-laids.

The egg itself was frankly enormous; indeed it looked even bigger than that. And because it happened to assume the shape of an egg and to be so called we instinctively contrasted it with our normal conception of egghood—a conception founded on the hen's idea of it, with the result that it definitely gave the impression of being about the size of the dome of St. Paul's. It was, in short, a magnificent structure, and we all surveyed it with terrific respect—except Cook, who'd "seen plenty of 'em afore"—a respect which was not even dispelled by the fact that, as proof that it was indeed fresh, her brother had sacrilegiously pencilled on it the words, "Wedn. 6th—Gladys."

Though previously acquainted with ostrich-eggs, it soon transpired that Cook only knew them as mantelpiece-ornaments—"sort of curios, like"—and not as culinary adjuncts, so that when we actually came down to the question of incorporating Gladys's latest work of art in the cakes we were a little at sea. Pamela said that in cake-mixing one ostrich-egg was supposed to be equal to twenty-eight ordinary eggs, and Cook replied that we were to fancy that now. Both then surveyed it for some while, and at last Cook suggested that if we were going to use it she supposed we ought to break it, which was sound reasoning if not peculiarly informative. Anyhow it seemed obviously the first step, so we selected a large bowl and Cook tapped the egg smartly on the edge. No doubt she had been accustomed to break eggs that way from earliest kitchen days and, ostrich-sprung or not, an egg a simple egg was to her, and nothing more.

Upon impact the egg gave off a sharp clanking sound but nothing happened. Cook looked at it, then tapped it again with both hands—harder. This time the noise was something like an anvil being smacked with a seven-pound hammer, but the achievement was *nil*. Cook, with the air of one who has gone as far as weak woman can go, handed the thing to me. I raised it high and brought it down really smartly on the bowl-edge. The egg was unharmed; the bowl was shattered under the blow.

We got another bowl—an enamel



Captain of Tramp (to grumbling Mate). "YES, BEIN' THE SKIPPER OF A BIG SHIP LIKE THAT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT IF IT WASN'T FOR BEING WORRIED BY PASSENGERS. PERSONALLY I'M ALL FOR THIS LIFE OF EASE AN' COMFORT."

one—and I tried again. This time the egg spun out of my hands under the impact, shot across the kitchen, cracked a panel in the dresser-cupboard, smashed a tea-cup and came to rest in the grate after sending all the fire-irons flying like ninepins. The poker was badly bent when picked up, but this may have been done before. The egg was quite undamaged. It seemed to be more of a weapon than an egg.

Pamela and Cook were by this time scared of the thing. Neither of them would touch it as it lay in the fender; Pamela because she said it seemed almost alive, and Cook because, despite her alleged experience of ostrich-eggs, she appeared to think it was a bomb and might "go off."

So I retrieved it myself—rather gingerly under the prevailing atmosphere of apprehension—put it on the table again and looked it carefully over. Short of using the coal-hammer, which would be wasteful, there was only one thing that male ingenuity could suggest. I rummaged about in a tool-cupboard and produced a bit-and-brace.

With the object firmly wedged between the table and the window-sill I was at last successful in effecting an entrance. It took some time, though, during most of which I felt rather like a burglar trying to open a safe and wishing he had his oxy-acetylene set with him.

Having bored a hole we were reassured as to freshness but seemed little nearer our goal, for the shell, apparently made of some case-hardened material, would not break away, nor would the contents pour out. And I did not quite see myself drilling further holes all over the thing until it collapsed suddenly upon itself—almost certainly with me holding it between my knees.

Again there was only one thing to do: to drill one more hole and blow it, just as one might blow an egg, for by now I had got past thinking of the monstrosity as an egg at all. We were being nothing if not resourceful, and, lung-power being quite ineffective, male ingenuity came once more into play. I blew that ostrich-egg out with Cook's bicycle-pump.

After that it was fairly plain sailing. We blew it into a soup-tureen, beat it up with the electric-fan and cake-making started.

Personally I staggered home exhausted and slept for several hours, but Pamela rang up later to say she had made thirteen cakes.

So there you are—thirteen cakes from one egg, to say nothing of a débris omelette which was carved for five.

A. A.

Smith Minor at His Monkey-Tricks.

"Alexander Selkirk was babooned on a desert island."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

"PICTURE HOUSES.
——, HOYLAKE.
James Cagney and Joan Blondell in 'Larceny Lane' (Free Car Park)."
Advt. in Liverpool Paper.

We shall lock ours.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE ENCHANTING MARLENE.

EVEN without MARLENE DIETRICH *The Shanghai Express* would be a notable and memorable film, persuading us, for all its lawlessness and excitements, that it is a slice of Chinese life



ALL DRESSED UP FOR THE SHANGHAI MAIL.
Shanghai Lil . . MISS MARLENE DIETRICH.

under the revolution; but, with this fascinating woman in it too, it is easily the most attractive entertainment that the American cinema has given us for a long while. She has never been more beautiful, her voice has never been more appealing, and again one notices the dramatic value of all that she has to say: for either the authors of the plays in which she performs are inspired when they write for her, or she herself arranges the words in the best order. This circumstance and the deliberateness of her method make her every movement significant, while the ruff of feathers from which her fey and disenchanted features shiningly emerge adds to her allurement.

As a foil to such essential and often pathetic femininity, CLIVE BROOK, with his uncompromising masculine rigour, is excellent; but the responsibility of standing as the typical strong and comparatively silent Englishman on the American screen is beginning to tell on him and he is in danger of overdoing the part. There must be soon a film in which he may smile. The other outstanding characters in this moving drama are WARNER OLAND, as a rebel Chinese General, and the inscrutable ANNA MAY WONG, who, however, has very little to do; but, as that little includes the plunging of a dagger into WARNER OLAND'S back and thus liberating CLIVE BROOK to make MARLENE happy (if he can bring himself to descend sufficiently from his heights for that purpose), all is well.

I have referred to CLIVE BROOK as Great Britain's principal representative at Hollywood; but RONALD COLMAN is English too, although he has become Americanised, and in *Arrowsmith*, a film-version of SINCLAIR LEWIS'S novel (but the programme at the Tivoli neglects to mention it), plays an American doctor and bacteriologist. I did not find him very convincing, and the film as a whole is jerky and too episodic, much time passing disjointedly and many backgrounds being offered us. It is also unduly concerned with the ravages of bubonic plague, which are more a matter for illustration in the hospital lecture-hall than in a friendly theatre. Although the American winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature receives so little attention in the programme, he is not wholly unrepresented in the film; for, if the actor who takes the part of *Professor Gottlieb*, the chief of the laboratory, were to remove his beard he would be strangely like him—or so I fancied.

FREDRIC MARCH (whom I was so base the other day as to call FREDERIC) will feel very awkward when he is next motoring in France and sees the notice, "*Défense à doubler*," for doubling has



A BOTTLE-ADDICT.
Martin Arrowsmith . . MR. RONALD COLMAN.

become his life-work. The other day he was astonishing us by the difference between his *Dr. Jekyll* and his *Mr. Hyde*; in his latest film, *Strangers in Love*, he plays twins, the magic art of the camera even arranging a dramatic scene between both of his selves, during which one of them falls dead. Up to that point, when the bad twin dies of convenient heart-trouble, we are led to expect tragedy, but no sooner does the good and living twin put on the bad and dead twin's clothes than the film turns



DAMP DOVES.
Arthur Drake . . . . MR. FREDRIC MARCH.
Diane Merrow . . . . MISS KAY FRANCIS.

to comedy, and most amusing comedy too, very well acted by everyone and made the more pleasing by the beauty, the level gaze and the deep musical tones of KAY FRANCIS. It is furthermore distinguished from too many other films by the fact that after Mr. MARCH and Miss FRANCIS have jumped into the water from a burning motor-boat they emerge authentically wet. E. V. L.

Companions of the Bath.

"Two Bath Mates, 1/6."—*Lawdry List.*

"All underwear not mentioned can be procured."—*Shirtmaker's Advertisement.*

People who shrink from the mention of underwear will appreciate this.

"She had come into the sitting-room to see after her goldfish, and there they were talking away."—*Manchester Paper.*

It looks like over-indulgence in the bowl.

"'Mr. Newton,' he continued, 'is one of those executive heads of an important department who does not believe in 'red tape'; in fact he has always eschewed 'red tape,' and his work has been sufficiently elastic to prevent that threadbare phrase coming into matters with which he has had to deal.'"—*N.Z. Paper.*

This is sheer haberdash.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MIRACLE" (LYCEUM).

YOU climb down to the cathedral from the bustling foyer, your nostrils savouring the incense expectantly, and enter by a low archway through nail-studded doors. The vergeress shows you to your seat, and I feel sure that only the shock of the gross red plush stalls, where by this time one had, I think not unreasonably, expected rush-bottomed chairs, prevented impressionable gentlemen from ceremonially looking into their hats for nine seconds or so in the English manner. It is worth while being a little more than punctual to gape for a space at the impressive detail of Mr. COCHRAN'S showmanship—soaring pillars, delicately-pierced grilles and stairways and high clerestory—all this about and above you, built apparently in imperishable stone (by Mr. BRUNSKILL and Messrs. DE JONG to the designs of Professor OSKAR STRNAD), and before you the darkened nave, the shrines lit by dim unflickering (because electric) tapers, the great main door; and below you the gloomy crypt. *Toujours de l'audace!* . . . And the sophisticated hope that the Showman will permit a knowing grin to follow the first gasp of appreciation.

Can it be twenty years and more since that crowd of nuns and courtesans, citizens and men-at-arms, beggars and roysterers, princes, churchmen and notables poured into the arena at Olympia through the great gates? Those of us who recall the vivid impression begin to wonder how the change of scale will affect the presentation. We recognise already that realism will take the place of a spacious impressionism. We are apprehensive lest there may be a tendency to overcrowd the scene—an apprehension which is in part fulfilled, certainly in the first Act in the cathedral. We know too that because we have seen many fine spectacles since and because in particular the DIAGHILEV era has intervened and Professor REINHARDT is now an institution, not a portent, we shall be more difficult to please. The best tribute to the present revival, or rather re-creation (for it is nothing less), is that we of the older generation have no sense of disappointment and must obviously all crowd into the Lyceum cathedral and renew the magic with a difference. The youngsters will obviously find Herr KARL VOLLMOELLER'S legend of the Madonna and the nun to their taste.

The first long cathedral scene was impressively prepared and worked up into the crisis of the miraculous cure of the cripple (and here Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW finely rendered the agonised struggle of faith and will-power and the hysterical reaction of joy and relief). Finely-timed and prepared too was the entry of the *Knight* (Mr. IVAN BRANDT) and the grinning capering *Spielmann* (Mr. LEONIDE MASSINE). Then follows the conflict in the soul of the *Nun* (Miss TILLY LOSCH)—a little over-dramatised and prolonged, I would suggest. Of the movements of the nuns I think it might be said that at moments they suggested in this, and again in the final, scene something not unlike a brisk game of stool-ball. The retort perhaps is that these were mediæval nuns who notoriously at times behaved rather queerly.

When the crowds of worshippers, ecclesiastics and nuns leave the church to the young portress and the *Madonna* we have occasion to wonder at the unbelievable immobility of Lady DIANA MANNERS as the *Madonna* (a miracle within a miracle) and the rhythmic beauty of her gracious gestures and movements as she steps down from her pedestal to take the place of the girl who has followed the call of her young blood. The curtain falls. The spell is broken. But even the hardier sort creep shamefacedly towards that secular institution, the bar.

After the interval the story moves at headlong pace. The *Nun*, by the *Spielmann's* devilish contrivance, passes from lover to lover, bringing death—to the *Robber Count*, to the *King's Son*, to the old *King*; is haled before the Inquisition (there must have been an international conference of Inquisitors going forward at the time so numerous were the sinister hooded figures); is crucified (a strange vagary, and the dicing of the soldiers should certainly have been omitted); is released by the *Spielmann* and, after seven years' sufferings and wanderings, returns to reconciliation and peace—in death.



WANTED, ANOTHER MIRACLE—
TO CLARIFY OUR ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS.

Miss TILLY LOSCH shows herself to be an actress of wider range than we had expected. We had naturally expected her to move beautifully and to give an impression of abounding vitality. Mr. LEONIDE MASSINE'S *Spielmann* showed his resources as a mime as well as his skill as a dancer. It was an admirable, indeed an inevitable, choice, for this strange part. Mr. LYN HARDING was really moving as the old distraught *King* fondling in his arms the puppet-image of the son he has killed. Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW'S bearing as the dissolute young prince was a second triumph for him. It was pleasant to see Miss MAUD ALLAN again on the stage as the comely imperious *Abbess*.

Mr. OLIVER MESSEL'S feat in designing so varied and so splendid a range of dresses is indeed astonishing. One is in truth a little stunned by the spectacle—as was the obvious intention of the promoters. There were errors of judgment. Thus, the saying aloud of the Lord's Prayer by the dying *Nun* seemed to diminish the artistic integrity of the presentation for the sake of an easy effect. But the thing must be taken as a whole. As a whole it sweeps you off your feet. T.

"MUSICAL CHAIRS" (CRITERION).

Serious playgoers suffer ever so often from strong wooden men striking oil or gold or whatnot, and from their dummy consorts and enemies. Mr. RONALD MACKENZIE'S *Musical Chairs* is set against a background of oil-seeking in Galicia, but the people involved are real people with genuine emotions and real human as opposed to merely mechanical, reactions to each other. The difference is one to be grateful for. The author also successfully accomplishes that most difficult thing—the lightening of the essential tragedy of his theme with a humour which is part of the texture of the piece and has not the effect of being an arbitrary uncomfortable patch.

The *Schindler* household is on the eve of bankruptcy. There is hope in the oil-well which old *Wilhelm Schindler* (Mr. FRANK VOSPER), obstinately backing his nose for oil against experts' honest or disingenuous reports, refuses to sell to an aggressive American corporation. The issue hangs suspended, but, as I say, we are concerned less with all this than with the actions and passions of the members of a queerly-assorted household.

Old *Wilhelm* has an idolised only son, *Joseph* (Mr. JOHN GIELGUD), a difficult, indeed impossible, young man, clever, hypersensitive, bitter, having lost faith in life owing mainly (temperamental difficulties apart) to a tragic accident in the War. He was in a bombing foray (the *Schindlers* are British subjects) which resulted in the death of his betrothed, a German girl. The War has also left him with a badly-damaged lung. He uses his piano-playing, too undirected and passionate to be the playing of an artist, as he recognises, for anodyne, commentary and weapon of offence.

Old *Schindler* has married again, and his comely, querulous, fatuous wife (Miss AMY VENESS) has two grown-up children—*Mary* (Miss MARGARET WEBSTER), who is abjectly in love with the completely disdainful and on occasions, when she too openly betrays herself, savagely hostile *Joseph*; and a worthy dolt of a son, *Geoffrey* (Mr. JACK LIVESEY). *Geoffrey's* more than pretty provocative American *fiancée*, *Irene Baumer* (Miss CAROL GOODNER), is staying with the family. And there is an attractive little kitten of a peasant girl, *Anna* (Miss DORICE FORDRED), a kitten with ambitions—and claws.



TOO MUCH TROUBLED WATER AND NOT ENOUGH OIL.

Wilhelm Schindler . . MR. FRANK VOSPER.
Anna . . . . . MISS DORICE FORDRED.

And now begins the game of musical chairs—the metaphor in the author's title is a little strained, but it will perhaps serve. *Joseph* and *Irene*, both despising the crude *Geoffrey*, turn to each other—an association founded as much on dislike and distrust as on physical attraction. Old *Wilhelm*, who has a roving and an expert eye for a pretty figure, involves himself with the pert *Anna*. Father and son understand each other, which does not prevent the son taking a kiss from the forthcoming *Anna* under his father's nose. He accepts his father's chagrined embarrassed protest with an affectionate, half-contemptuous tolerance. *Irene* irresponsibly and quite heartlessly gives herself to *Joseph*. *Joseph* takes the gift half for the gift's sake and half out of revenge for a savage blow from the outraged *Geoffrey*, who has surprised him in *Irene's* arms. *Mary*, overwhelmed by her discovery of the relations of the lovers and the bitterness of her thwarted passion, takes the step which leads to the final catastrophe. Here are the bare bones of the affair. The author, with a sensitive hand, gives them flesh and colour and life. And it is pleasant to see M. KOMISARJEVSKY'S clever hand at work timing the goings and comings of the complicated pattern and tactfully preventing his effects of wind and storm and lightning and fire from obtruding themselves.

The play is admirably cast. Mr. FRANK VOSPER'S character-study of the kindly old sensualist, with his humour, his wry patience, his courage and his dignified sorrow in bereavement was a notable piece of work. Mr. JOHN GIELGUD'S outbursts of savage bitterness, of sardonic humour, his neurasthenic incalculability, were finely indicated. Miss CAROL GOODNER was particularly adroit in conveying the hard fierce sensuality and truculent independence of a most modern young American woman. How admirably too she timed her pauses! Reference to the programme was necessary to identify Miss DORICE FORDRED as *Anna*—a brilliant little study. Nor did Miss VENESS (*Mrs. Schindler*), Miss WEBSTER (*Mary*), Mr. LIVESEY (*Geoffrey*) and Mr. CURRIE (a "Smart Alec" agent of the American corporation) fail their colleagues or their author. This is the kind of piece to turn the tide of theatrical bad luck. The author, we are credibly informed, is a novice. He should develop into a master. T.



Geoffrey Preston. "THAT'S JOSEPH ALL OVER—HE'S ALWAYS UPSETTING SOMEBODY."

Joseph Schindler . . . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.
Irene Baumer . . . . . MISS CAROL GOODNER.
Geoffrey Preston . . . . . MR. JACK LIVESEY.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

THE CONTRACTOR.

HE came across the compound with the sort of pseudo-jaunty air that might easily become headlong flight. He carried in his hand a straw hat with a red-and-yellow ribbon. His black face was dripping with the perspiration of Accra's mid-day heat, and his teeth shone in a smile that twisted uneasily from ear to ear. Shoes he had none, and his crumpled linen suit suggested that it did duty as pyjamas also.

Jibri, my Hausa factotum, intercepted him.

I saw a wealth of gesture and heard supplication prevail, doubtless aided by the passing of a coin.

"Master," Jibri said, lifting the chick curtains and entering, "one man wanting to see you. I think he is clerk, or foolish man wanting work. Master can see?"

Master could.

On the verandah I was greeted with deference and affection.

"Johnsing, Sar. Septimus Johnsing. Am wishful to see respected Massa. All kinds contract work for undertake, Sar! I am educate, having also plenty boys for contract work."

"What sort of work?" I asked.

"Any work, Sar. Can fit to do any work Massa giving."

He fumbled in his pocket and produced some tattered letters wrapped in tracing-cloth, together with a professional card.

"See tes'monials, Sar. Also card of work fit to do."

I looked at it. I liked it. In these days of specialists one likes to meet the all-round man. Here it is:—

SEPTIMUS ALOYÉ JOHNSON
ACCRA, GOLD COAST
ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR
BRIDGES BUILT RAILWAYS
All Kinds Earth and Contractor Work
FURNITURE REMOVED *PHOTOGRAPHS ENLARGED*

He was watching my face and talking earnestly in that throaty negro voice that has a touch of the banjo string in it.

"Massa is P.W.D. Engineer. Me, I savvy Public Works too much. Mister Grant, he my boss, Sar, at Coomassie. Seven year I work for him."

I shook my head. He became imploring.

"Massa, I beg you! I being good man and educate. Can do anything. Massa can please look my card."

"Well, Johnson," I said, "things are a bit slack in the engineering world.

"Am understanding so, Sar."

"I haven't got anything in the way of a new railway or even a bridge to offer you."

He eyed me hopefully.

"Nor can I invite you to remove my furniture. The white ants are doing that. But"—I took my wallet out of my pocket—"perhaps this will do as a standby for a bit. Enlarge this snap of Government House and let me have three copies before the mail goes out."

He beamed as he took the snapshot.

"Thanking you much, Sar. Will give bes'——"

"Good morning," I interrupted.

The engineer-contractor shuffled his bare feet across the sunblaze of the compound, the straw-hat tilted at a rakish angle.

ON CIRCUIT.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.)

IN an account of the wedding of two members of a troupe of midgets at York, it was stated that the bridegroom was thirty-four inches in height and his bride four inches taller.

For myself, I never care to see a husband stand on tip-toe to kiss a wife who towers above him.

* * *

Attention is drawn in *The Bath Chronicle and Herald* to the erection on the outskirts of Bath of signposts directing the traveller "To Llandrindod Wells."

At the risk of seeming to incite rival spas to a campaign of reprisals, I would suggest as a retaliative measure the erection on the outskirts of Llandrindod Wells of signposts directing the traveller "To Bath."

* * *

With reference to the issue of pink bags to Liverpool postmen instead of the old brown ones, which used to disappear, it is suggested in *The Liverpool Post and Mercury* that many a floor-mat and charwoman's apron, on examination, would show the Post-Office mark.

Opportunities to satisfy curiosity on this point are especially plentiful just now; but my belief is that Liverpool residents will hesitate to imperil the amenities of the spring-cleaning.

* * *

Readers of *The Cumberland and Westmorland Herald* are reminded that it was on the terrace of Dove Nest, Ambleside, that Mrs. HEMANS wrote *Casabianca*.

Literary pilgrims who fail amid mountain scenery to visualise the boy standing on the burning deck must admit that they lack the poetess's power of detachment.

* * *

At a meeting of farmers at Carlisle complaint was made that surplus Scottish milk was flooding the market.

Apart from the discomfort, Borderers naturally feel that it is not in accordance with their traditions to wade through Scottish milk.

* * *

At the presentation of the Freedom of the City of Worcester to Alderman H. A. LEICESTER, Sir EDWARD ELGAR in a eulogistic speech recalled that when they were boys together his old friend used to blow the organ for him with the sole stipulation that MOZART was played.

I feel sure that the boy at the bellows was never actuated by the thought that one good puff deserves another.

* * *

A housemaid charged at Leicester with housebreaking was stated to have admitted to a detective that she had broken the windows with a brick.

My own feeling is that it is to her credit that she didn't plead that they had come to pieces in her hand.

* * *

The "Straddlebugs," I learn, are an association of Bradford business-men who spend their holidays climbing in the Lake District.

At times my heart in fancy tugs
To clamber with the Straddlebugs.

Mandarin Ducks.

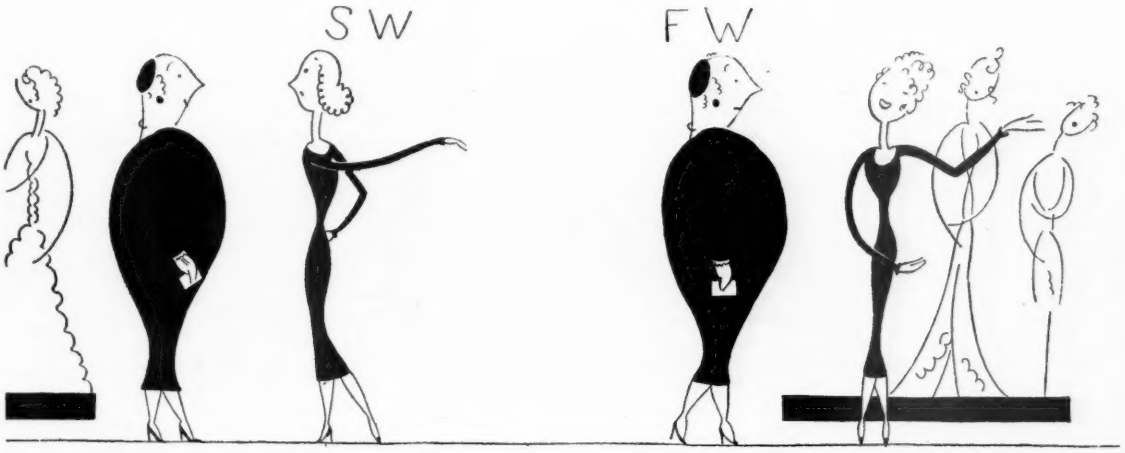
"Grasping, extravagant, and even given to debauchery, these [Manchurian] warlords . . . imposed extortionate taxes and waddled in luxury."—*Manchurian Paper.*

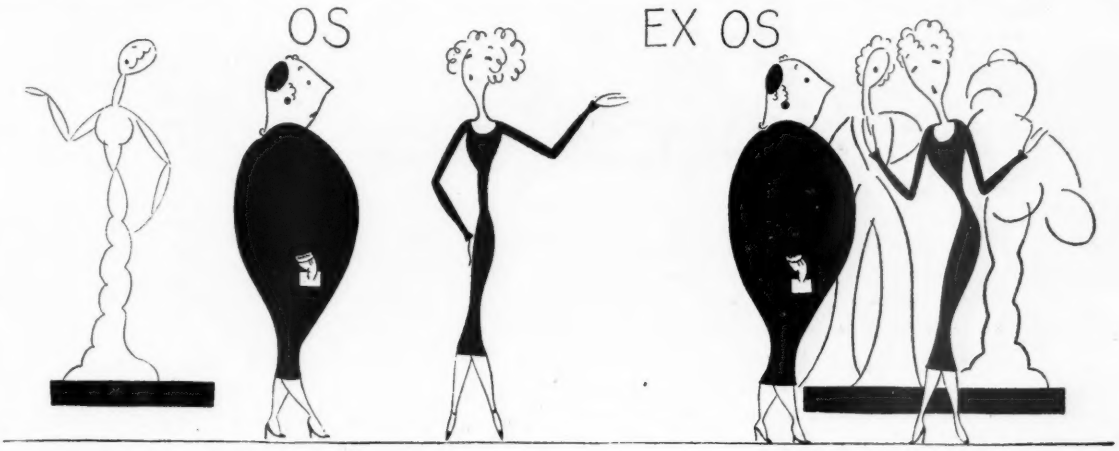
"The Bibby liner 'Dorsetshire' rescued the crew of twelve of a Sicilian felucca off the Island of Pantelleria which was on the point of capsizing."—*Rangoon Paper.*

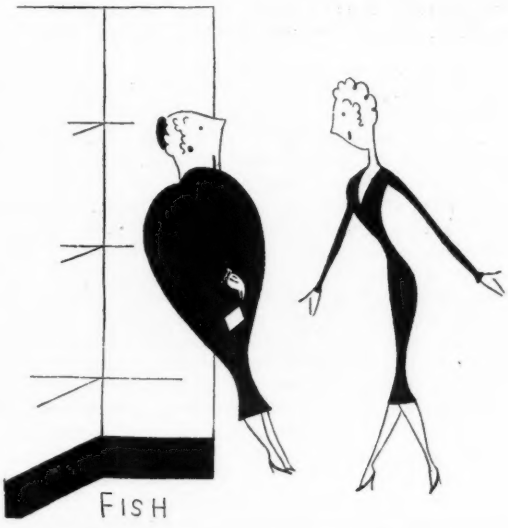
Let us hope our own little island is seaworthy.

THE OUT-AND-OUT-SIZER.

S W: Small Woman. F W: Fine Woman. O S: Out-size. Ex-O S: Extra Out-size.





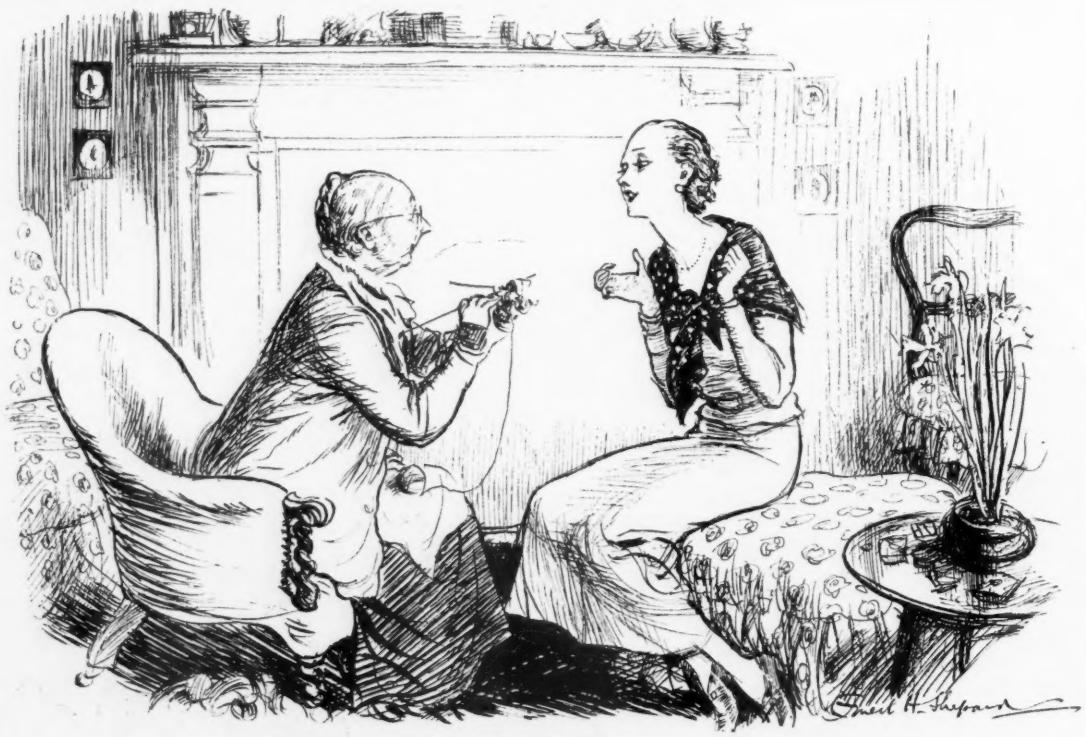


Poor Martha, though the Best of Wives,
Is less successful when she strives
To deck her form (so far from slim) in
The clothes designed for Little Women.

In vain she eyes the gowns that meet
The scantier needs of the *petite*;
Waved on by haughty hands she hastes
Toward larger, ever larger waists.

O horror! Even Ex. Out-size
Proves still too small. "Alas!" she cries,
"Is all hope gone?" They answer, "Yes;
Modom requires an *S.O.S.*"

Jan.



BACK TO THE WOOL.

"YOU SEE, MY DEAR, IT IS QUITE SIMPLE—FIRST PURL AND THEN PLAIN."
"OH, AUNT, I MUST DO MORE THAN THAT. I'M JUST CRAZY TO *CREATE*."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Victorian Medley.

Victorian Days and Ways (JARROLDS, 18/-) opens with a particularly sound insistence on the folly of generalisation under the heading "Victorian," and indeed it is high time that somebody emphasised the multifariousness of a reign that (in the domain of Art alone) could run the gamut through BAXTER, BURNE-JONES and BEARDSLEY. The dominant trait of the era was, as Mr. MARK PERUGINI points out, the levelling influence of wealth, to be followed, as he tactfully refrains from rubbing in, by the levelling influence of poverty. Looking back through his keen and kindly eyes, Victorian disabilities seem oddly like our own. Even traffic-blocks, ascribed to excessive hurry, were being bitterly resented in 1854. But youth, with a settled home to concentrate its interests and affections, had probably, he suggests, a happier time; and age went on dancing (with royal and imperial example) well on into its seventies. Popular sentiment was undoubtedly not so morbid—even an age of public hangings extracted less entertainment out of crime and criminals. And, though there are abundant glimpses of the shabbier side of life, Mr. PERUGINI'S comprehensive survey of every social activity is on the whole an exhilarating one. His most fascinating chapters trace the development of theatres and music-halls from the green-baize-curtained candle-lit period of the one and the baked-potato, stout and sing-song stage of the other. And the whole delightful medley is illustrated from the pages of Mr. Punch, who modestly acknowledges the author's expression of indebtedness to "the liveliest and most faithful of recording angels."

Vicki's Treble.

On the appearance of the third novel by Frau VICKI BAUM to be given an English rendering (from the accomplished hand of Mr. ERIC SUTTON) one may say with confidence that she is among the outstanding writers of her generation. *Grand Hotel* might have been a brilliant chance, but the doubt of that explanation engendered by *Results of an Accident* is finally confirmed by *Secret Sentence* (BLES, 7/6). Here, in a higher degree even than in the earlier books, an amazing virtuosity is coupled with an insight deep beyond the ordinary into the springs of human character. And there is an overplus of what I can only describe quite inadequately as creative poetry. The scene is Germany since the War, and out of desperate circumstances emerges a hot-headed young law-student, made drunk with revolutionary talk, to kill the Minister whom without justification he believes to be the author of his country's woes. The stage is set for a drama of crime, detection and punishment, but Frau BAUM has given us instead a spiritual Odyssey. *Joachim Burthe*, escaping the hue-and-cry, becomes a wanderer and a nameless man, in turns tramp, and miner, gardener, farmer and fisherman. His external adventures are described with the vivacious actuality of the picaresque; but more important is what goes on in his own mind, the gradual evolution of a new identity. Before the end he finds happiness, and when, all fear of material retribution past, he is offered a return to the old life by the very man who prompted his downfall, he refuses it.

Glitter and Gold.

Miss Rachel Ferguson's latest book
  Is *Popularity's Wife*;
It's the story of *Mary*, who mistook
  The glitter for gold of life,
And married, despite her father's "No,"
  The Seaside Flappers' Joy—
A charmer, head of a pierrot show,
  A regular Fancy Boy.

Now *Dion* had faults enough to rouse
  The de'il in a wife, I think,
And the glim of love 's not hard to douse
  With dregs from a kitchen-sink;
But somehow *Mary* managed to laugh
  And managed to wink an eye
At the tiresome ways of her lesser half,
  And managed him by-and-by.

The story's told with the nicest wit;
  There's seven-and-six to pay
To Benn for the fun of owning it,
  And it's worth it all, you'll say,
When you've peeped at scenes behind
    the stage
  Where the Seaside Hero tripped
And found there isn't a single page
  Of the book that could be skipped.

Chaucer and Catholicism.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's ingenuity in arriving at Bannockburn by way of Brighton Pier—or in leading up to Catholicism and the distributive state by any and every thoroughfare and by-way of literature—is necessarily given exceptional scope in a biography of *Chaucer* (Faber and Faber, 12/6). Yet, just because he was bound to accept so congenial a mandate to talk about the society and faith of which Chaucer was a delightful exponent, he might, I think, have exercised a certain austerity in exploiting his opportunities. Personally I found the chapter on "The Religion of Chaucer" the best in the book; but it would have been far more effective had we not had a foretaste of its colouring in the chapter on "The Age of Chaucer." This undoubtedly has its uses. It is largely true that we make a mess of modern politics because we miss the point of mediæval history. But it is a little unfair to the poet to start using him as a pivot for general information, however particularly one makes amends afterwards. The book, like most recent biographies, is too long; and you have only to compare it with the earlier *Browning* and *Watts* to see that it loses by its length. It is avowedly written for the simple, the reader who needs—Heaven help him!—to have Chaucer's rhymes tagged for him. I feel, however, that the man, woman or child who is equipped to cope with Mr. Chesterton's wealth of allusion ought undoubtedly to tackle his (or her) *Canterbury Tales* in the original.



"Now, you see, as I told you, it would have been practically impossible to bring the car round this way."

The Mocker.

Free-handed miser, heroic coward and satiric flatterer of kings, M. de Voltaire dodged arrest for twenty years by passing as a man at the point of death, emerging at last from a fiery seclusion to enjoy a moment of ecstatic triumph and to die. M. André Maurois, in a short biographical sketch—*Voltaire* (Davies, 5/-)—is visibly cramped for space, yet he conveys a lively enough impression of the little dancing-dervish scattering wit, sharp sayings, virulent impropriety and stark wisdom, who, having paid for an early set of mischievous verses by a year in the Bastille, at a time when Authority dealt in *lettres de cachet*, was resolved never again so to offend against himself while continuing to be as offensive as he chose to Authority. Little of his work is read to-day—M. Maurois limits it to *Candide* and the History of Louis XV.—but to his own generation his faculty for seeing what was in front of his eyes and setting down there and then just that and a little more came with a force of novelty that might either delight or horrify but was always startling. The fear and hatred as well as the enthusiasm that Voltaire's name once aroused have passed as his ideas have fallen into place in a larger perspective. He remains, in the author's balanced judgment, half prophet, weighing a world in the balance, half grubby schoolboy, grinning at his own conceit; still just a little regarded as a thinker, and eternally to be remembered as a grimacing leader among the imps of literature.

The Eternal Sexagon.

"A lady, in the sentimental derivation, meant originally a woman who gave bread to those that needed it. This is the story of a woman who gave love to those that needed it"—so runs the first paragraph of *Isabel* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), and it gives one an immediate indication of Mr. GERALD GOULD'S intention. *Rosamund* and *Isabel* were the daughters of a shady company-promoter; while *Rosamund* married and continued to subscribe to the principles of monogamy, *Isabel* married and conducted her life according to an idealistic and highly-complicated notion of free love, an unusual legacy of a Hampstead upbringing. Mr. GOULD'S thesis is that, far from being a loose woman, *Isabel* was so tender-hearted and so peculiarly sensitive to the unhappiness of others that her generosity was too great to be shackled by the conventions. My own view, at which, out of my admiration for Mr. GOULD, I reluctantly arrived, was that *Isabel* was not so much loose as a prig of the sacred-mission order. In the beginning she married in a fit of romantic kindness a drunken old journalist, and after his death she lived successively with five other men. At the end we leave her intimating to the fifth her disappointment at his suggestion that they should remain together for ever. In allying himself to such an unpromising heroine Mr. GOULD has not done himself the justice which his talent deserves.

Brothers and Others.

The Bud of the Spring (MACMILLAN, 7/6) is a gracious sensitive book. Young *Eugene Barrett* passes from the orphanage school kept by a brotherhood of monks to the modest post of apprentice-assistant in a Dublin bookshop. There is no story to speak of but a series of effective sketches of boys and their teachers to prove that MARY FRANCES MCHUGH has the gift of constructive imagination—much rarer than observation however accurate. The portrait of the old Brother Superior, ill and overworked and at last tortured by morbid apprehension as to the spiritual fate of his charges, is particularly well done. Playground and classroom episodes, boys' talk, their romantic friendships and crude quarrels, the manners and methods, the eccentricities and weaknesses of the worthy brothers are most convincingly set before us; and it is curious that the beautiful young married woman who encourages *Eugene*, in the agonies of his first love, to open his heart to her and is so cruelly disdainful, though the physical presentation is skilful, does not so easily persuade us to believe in her. Yet it seems absurd to suppose that the author doesn't know her own sex as well as she imagines its complement.



Swain (after momentous interview with damsel's father). "YOU WERE RIGHT WHEN YOU SAID YOUR FATHER WAS A PERFECT LAMB."
Damsel. "WHY? WHAT DID HE SAY?"
Swain. "BAH!"

The Game of Games.

When Mr. HUGH DE SELINCOURT writes about cricket I am always eager and willing to read, and although the greater part of *Over!* (HOWE, 5/-) is devoted to the technical instruction of cricketers, it is saved from any symptom of dulness by the enthusiasm of the instructor and by the soundness of his views. Listen to him on bowling: "What is the first most important point about bowling? Command of length. The second? Command of length. The third? Command of length." Three commandments, as it were, boiled into one and of immense importance. And I nearly broke into cheers when I read, "I have heard more piffle talk about swerve, especially of late years, than about anything else in cricket." But I fancy that some of our preparatory schoolmasters, with their elaborate methods of teaching cricket, will grunt disapproval when they find Mr. DE SELINCOURT saying in no uncertain voice, "Let Tip-and-Run be the main game at Prep Schools and among small boys." For my own part I think that in the ritual with which cricket at many schools is invested may be found the reason why some boys are bored to extinction; but, however that may be, this book, admirably illustrated by Mr. J. H. THORPE, is a most happy reminder that in a few days' time the cricket season will be opening both at Lord's and the Oval.

Good Hunting.

One of the difficulties which the police in *Have His Carcase* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) had to face was that the body of the murdered man had been washed away by the tide and could not be found for several days. As *Inspector Umpelty* said, "It makes one feel kind of foolish to be carrying on an investigation without a body to show for it." But readers of *The Five Red Herrings* will remember that Miss DOROTHY L. SAYERS' noble sleuth, *Lord Peter Wimsey*, was not a man to be discouraged by obstacles great or small. I like *Wimsey* and, when he remarked that as soon as he found anyone with a cast-iron *alibi* he began to suspect him, I, who have made an intensive study of detective fiction, felt constrained to applaud his wisdom. This is an excellent chase, in which Miss SAYERS has refused to allow any of her large field to be dummies.

"The arms, both together or one at a time, should be lowered and relaxed, because the principal cause of fatigue of the arms is the lack of circulation due to their being held above the head continuously. The feet seldom suffer in this way."—*Text-book on Climbing.*

The best climbers never hang by their feet.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD BRENTFORD ("JIX") protests against being regarded as a kill-joy. We hasten to assure him that he has contributed greatly to our gaiety.

* * *

A pigeon labelled "WPHS 368 NUPP 30" on the left leg and "NURP 30 WPH 819" on the right leg was picked up at Wrotham in a state of exhaustion. We are not surprised.

* * *

"You don't pay for a menu; why should you pay for a theatre-programme?" asks a critic. But it must be remembered that a menu doesn't tell you who makes the chef's boots.

* * *

The theory discussed in a weekly paper that the Highlanders are Hebrews is supported by their fondness for Scottish names.

* * *

Mr. J. L. GARVIN'S only holiday, we are reminded, is a change of work. On the other hand, readers of *The Observer* sometimes take a Sunday off.

* * *

A suitcase stolen from an M.P.'s car contained nothing but a speech intended for delivery in the House of Commons, but it is understood that he attached a sentimental interest to it.

* * *

The identity of the Chicago millionaire whom a famous film-actress intends to marry is a secret, which, however, he is believed to share.

* * *

A clown is to be a feature of this year's International Horse Show at Olympia; but we have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that cavalry officers will be required to jump through hoops.

* * *

An architect points out that the collapse of St. Paul's Cathedral would fill the churchyard with débris which would take the greater part of a year to remove. The inconvenience caused to traffic will be apparent.

* * *

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL thinks that if the cinema had never existed there would have been more crime than there is. But there would have been less cinema.

A household hint recommends that a bag of salt should be kept where there is a smell of fish. It is especially useful when anglers are also present.

* * *

"Dirty-white" is to be the fashionable colour for sports-wear this summer; but our prediction is that many cricketers will risk being considered *démodés*.

* * *

"Remember to take your extra fluid between meals" is the advice of a physician. If you can't rely on your thirst to remind you, tie a knot in your handkerchief.

* * *

Advertisements are appearing in London asking people to take a taxi when possible. It is feared, however, that motor-bandits will continue to take private cars.

* * *

A gossip-writer mentions an eminent lawyer who collects railway-tickets. Railway inspectors who do the same never seem to get their portraits in the paper.

* * *

More people than ever are having their faces lifted, says a facial surgeon. It is feared, however, that many of them dropped again when the Budget was announced.

* * *

Professor BRAMER declares that in every pint of milk there should be 850,000 minute bubbles of air. We must ask our dairyman if he is supplying us with the right number.

Contrary to newspaper predictions, the extra penny on beer was not taken off. This is regarded in Government circles as a scoop for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

* * *

While playing on the Knebworth links a golfer killed a rabbit with his ball. Long-handicap golfers will be discouraged from playing at Knebworth.

* * *

The spread of "watermark disease" among willows used for making cricket-bats is causing anxiety. We always thought that this complaint was confined to stamp-collectors and forgers.

* * *

An unemployed Dutchman scattered ten thousand pamphlets over Rotterdam advertising his desire for work. He might have been offered the job of clearing up the mess.

* * *

An income-tax office in Manchester caught fire; but little good was done, because some busybody summoned the fire brigade, and anyhow it was of course raining.

* * *

A mediæval collar used for strangling inquisitive people has been discovered. Unfortunately this gadget became obsolete before the introduction of income-tax officials.

* * *

A man has been fined for throwing a railway-sandwich at a porter in a Glasgow station buffet. This is the kind of incident that enables humorists to make an honest living.

* * *

The use of stainless steel is becoming popular on the Continent. It is especially appreciated by tidy duellists.

* * *

"The sky is not really blue at all," says a scientific writer. We have often noticed this.

* * *

An attempt is being made to discover the oldest mother-in-law joke. It was ADAM who made it when he said that he had something to be thankful for after all.



Friend. "SO YOU DIDN'T SEND ANYTHING IN TO THE ACADEMY?"
Artist. "WHERE'S THE GOOD? WITH THE JURY PASSING VERDICTS ON TWO HUNDRED CONTRIBUTIONS AN HOUR THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY LOOK AT 'EM."
Friend. "NOT LOOK AT 'EM? GOSH, WHAT A CHANCE YOU'VE MISSED!"

Miss Smith Slightly Bold.

"The roadman for his comfort has a brassière which is very nice on a cold day."
Schoolgirl's Essay.

THE SMILE THAT MUST NOT COME OFF.

(*Compare Cartoon opposite page* 462.)

To Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

Because apparently I wear
A jocund air,
And right across my face, from ear to ear,
A smile is permanently waved,
Do not imagine I am really glad;
It is not so, my lad;
What seems a sign of inward cheer
Is but a conscious work of art
On my outside engraved;
Deep down within my heart
I don't regard your loathsome levies as
A call to jollity and jazz;
No, Neville,
They are the very devil.

The bouquet which was handed me
The other day by you
In recognition of a grit and nerve
Worth the V.C.
(With bar)
I here acknowledge as my due.
And I shall still be brave,
Shall strain my every sinew
In efforts to observe
Your moral code
Which taught me how I must behave;
Shall still continue
My last year's smile that showed
To all the nations (flung however far)
What men we English are.

Behind that smile
As of a man who goes on gay adventures
I gnash my dentures,
Prepared to face starvation
When my remaining cash
Can buy me nothing else to gnash.
Already this long while
The horrors of emaciation
Have made my belt, that barely used to meet,
Circle me twice,
And I assume the semblance of a ghost.
But I shall follow
Your excellent advice,
Adhering closely to the text,
And, when (in January next)
I have become too hollow
To stand upon my feet,
I shall be found at Duty's post,
My pale hands grasping your receipted bill—
Prostrate but smiling still.

A word, and I have done.
There's one
Condition I must lay down here
In language of arresting clarity:—
If I am not to hedge
Then you in turn must give a pledge
Not to allow my smile to be confused
With those that register hilarity
Caused by a sense of fun;
I want to make it very, very clear
That we are not amused. O. S.

SKIN ALBUMS.

Tattooing is doomed. Like many another art it is too slow and painful and too permanent for our restless age. To replace it, a seaside photographer has evolved a technique whereby photographs can be imprinted on any portion of the body and later, if desired, removed. Since it is now possible to convert the epidermis into a film the only problem that remains is to portion out your anatomy, allocating preferential sites to the most-favoured subjects.

Above the heart will be the natural position for the leading object of your affections. The really nice girl, when assured that you still have her picture there, would never think of demanding ocular proof. Whereas if you merely tell her that you carry it in your breast-pocket she is apt to insist on evidence.

The difficulty of remembering to get out the photographs of Aunt Mary's offspring when she is expected to tea will disappear. Instead of rummaging through the box-room you will merely have to pop down to the photographer and request him to reprint little Wilfred on your right wrist and Constance in her first evening-frock on the cheek that you will turn for Aunt Mary's kiss.

Serpents and anchors of course give the arms and chest a travelled look. But as proof of odysseys they cannot compete with a snapshot of the Pyramids on the palm of one hand and a time exposure of the interior of Seville Cathedral on the nape of the neck. Those of us who treasure hotel-labels and cut notches in our alpenstocks every time we buy a ticket for a different mountain railway will now be able to carry the mementoes of our pilgrimages always with us. Alpenstocks get lost and porters take a wicked delight in removing other hotels' labels, but the man who has the front elevation of the Platinum Palace Hotel photographed on his forehead or reveals Mont Blanc when he hitches his cuffs need have no fear that his claim to the citizenship of the world will pass unrecognised.

Faces have before now been described as books; but it has been left to our age to add illustrations to the reading-matter thus supplied. So far it has been largely a matter of sign-language. A woman has réddened her lips to proclaim that she is a woman of the world; by growing a beard a man has suggested that he paints or reads in the British Museum. But facial photography will put an end to these dubious hints. Architects will now be able to carry their town-planning schemes on their temples; while a night-club snapshot on the chin or a still-life of saucepans on the Adam's apple will show us the type of woman with whom we have to deal.

Photographers under the new *régime* will become as intimate as old family solicitors or beauty specialists. Our photographer must be a man whom we can trust to keep the secret that last week he removed the shingled image of Ann from our left hip and substituted the smile of Helga, with her locks that run the entire length of our femur. It is to the family photographer that the outraged husband will come demanding that the presentment of his errant wife be removed from the small of his back. And before many months the talkies will be featuring that dark-room drama, *Should a Photographer Tell?*

THE PROMISE OF MAY.

Opening of Cricket Season.—M.C.C. Committee considers, but takes no action upon, letter from Sir Walter Gilbey deploring disappearance of top-hatted side-whiskered sportsmen from the field of play.

Opening of Close Season for Oysters.—After the strain of the last eight months oysters take advantage of the close time to remain in bed.

Unlucky Month for Weddings.—Mr. Justice McCardie points out that the epithet applies equally well to January, February, March, April, June, July, August, September, October, November and December.

Arrival of U.S.A. Tourists.—In praiseworthy attempt to make visitors feel at home all the best hotels stage twice-nightly hold-ups in their lounges.

May Meetings.—Programme curtailed by Ministry of Health on account of serious outbreak of Clergyman's Sore Throat.

Charity Ball in aid of convalescent home for victims of too many charity balls.

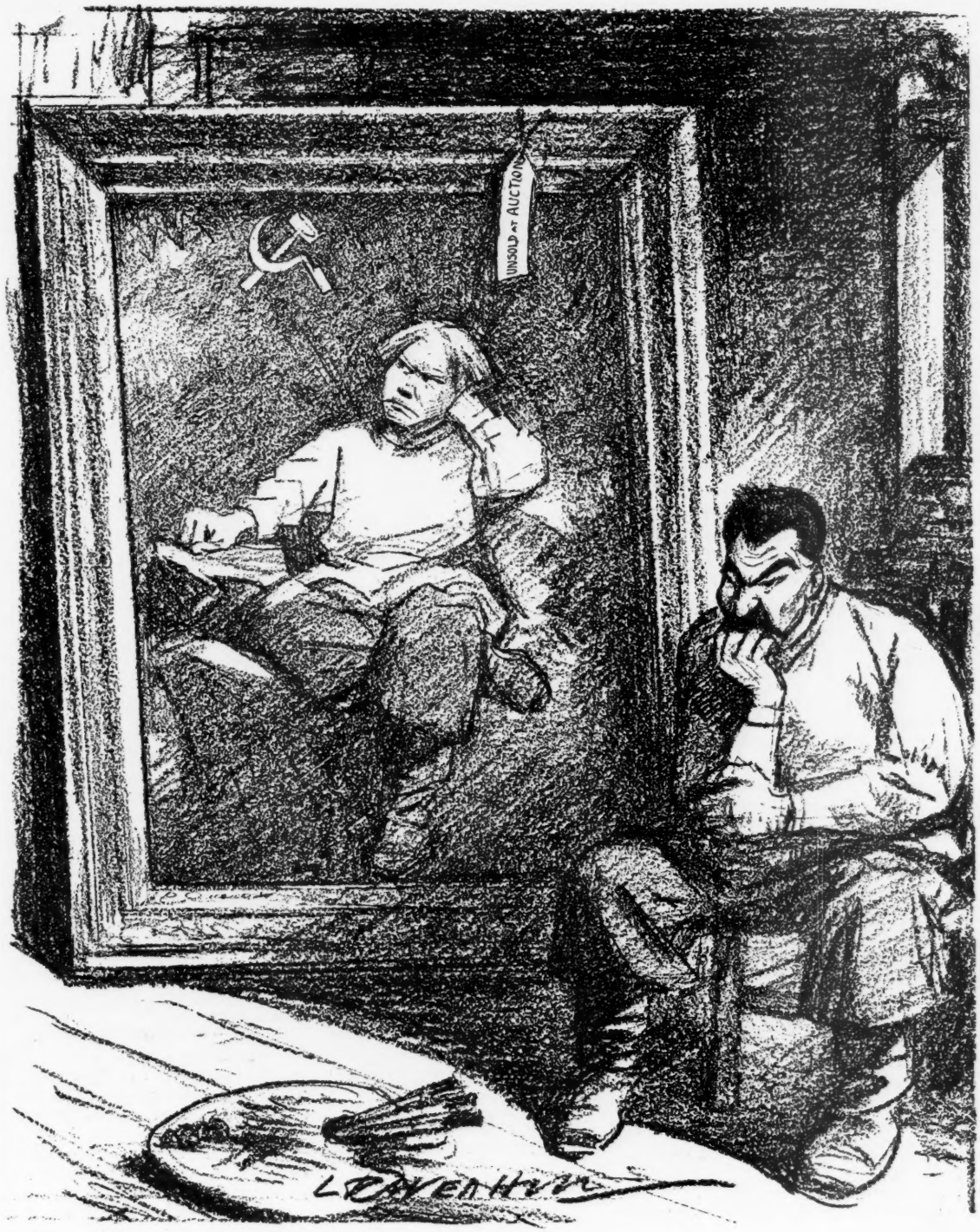
Eights Week at Oxford.—Proposal to rename it "Sixes and Sevens Week" finds support among embittered critics of Dark Blue oarsmanship.

Royal Tournament.—Soviet representative at Geneva calls attention to Olympia proceedings as evidence of British duplicity about Disarmament and demands assurance (not forthcoming) that this is a Royal Tournament to end Royal Tournaments.

"Reeves Wins the Army Championship. . . . Lt. N. R. Reeves (holder), The Bugs - - - - - - 85 75—160."
Daily Paper.

We gather that he is a scratch golfer.

We understand that the decision recently given in a jury case was regarded in some quarters as only fair to medium.



THE SLUMP IN "RED BOYS."

M. STALIN FINDS THAT HIS PICTURE, ALTERNATIVELY KNOWN AS "THE FIVE YEARS' PLAN," HAS NOT REALISED EXPECTATIONS.

[Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE'S "The Red Boy" was withdrawn from the auction at Lambton Castle, the reserve price not having been reached in the bidding.]



Satirical Lady. "WITH YOUR BIRTH, BRAINS, GOOD LOOKS AND CHARMING MANNERS YOU OUGHT TO CARRY EVERYTHING BEFORE YOU."

Young Man. "NOT AT ALL SURE THAT BIRTH ISN'T A BIT OF A HANDICAP."

TONGUES OF THE MADDER.

How doth the busy B.B.C.
Improve the shining hour
By putting people into touch
With men of verve and power!

The latest wireless thrill, so I am told, or one of the latest, is a series of reminiscences called *Rungs of the Ladder*, and the speakers are to include the POET LAUREATE, Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, Mr. W. H. DAVIES, Lord ASHFIELD and Lord BEAVERBROOK.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
The radio brings a sight
Of memories around me.

As a matter of fact the radio brings so many things around me that I often feel terribly confused. Owing to the deep wedge-shaped depression off Iceland, shorts went hurrying into cover and the captain played the ukulele while the ship went down. In the Assembly of the League of Nations M. Podowski pointed out that the Overture to the *Meistersinger*, followed by Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT, would be relayed from Weston-super-Mare. I have nightmares after what I hear on the radio, especially now that my apparatus clicks so rapidly and tends more and more to need repairs, for which I cannot afford to pay. Mysterious figures of all nationalities, speaking and singing and playing instruments, begin to haunt my dreams. Speakers who have not yet been on the air mix themselves up with speakers who have. Sometimes even the personalities of two speakers are blended into one. Only last night it was that I woke up with a startled cry after hearing something like this (could it have been projected by that *Rungs of the Ladder* series?):—

The Announcer (*in his calm unemotional voice*). Lord Daveybrook, the wandering poet of Empire, will now speak to you. Lord Daveybrook.

Who on earth was Lord Daveybrook? In my dream I did not ask that question. It seemed quite natural to me when the other voice, vibrating with deep emotion, began:—

"I think I must have been a poet from infancy. I lisped in special numbers and the special numbers came. I loved grass. Oats exhilarated me. I adored birds. But I did not know then what message they had for me. When I looked at the cowslip, when I stared at the buttercup, I did not realise that I had been set apart to put the dairy produce of the Dominion on the British breakfast-table by means of song.

"Yet how I loved them! And not only the cowslip and the buttercup, but the daffodil, the violet, the milkwort, the wild wood anemone and the little purple leaderette.

"Trees also enchanted me with their waving branches. especially the pitch-pine, in whose pulp I seemed to sense the raw material for countless articles on religion, on health, on science, on trade.

"But to write good poetry one must do more than dream. One must also understand. One must see men and cities, rub shoulders with the world. I found that there was something else besides poetry in my blood. There was the *Wanderlust*. Like many other great men (including Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS), I was a child of the expanse. The idea of free space haunted me, as it haunts me even now. I decided to become a tramp.

"I cannot remember at what age I first took the open road, with a camera in one hand and a little attaché-case containing fountain-pens in the other. But I know that while many English boys were sitting in their antiquated public schools pretending to learn forgotten and useless languages I in Canada was taking snapshots of the big bull moose, which even then belled to me with a faint imperial call; or else I was lying under a haystack writing poems of an early and imitative kind.

"Oh, happy morning of existence, while the heart is yet young! It was on a day when I had just cooked a hedgehog over my lonely camp-fire that the first words came to me of my earliest poem, which begins, as some of you will remember—

'Ottawa! awake, beloved!'

"And there is a photograph of the coyote which shared with me the remnants of my simple meal hanging even now in the tiny shack I have just erected for myself in Fleet Street now that my hiking days are done.

"For I do not think that I shall tramp again. The claims of business, of politics, of a thousand other interests are too strong, as I suggested in that other lyric of mine—the one that commenced:—

'Skylight and *Evening Standard*,
And one clear call for me . . .'

"But in this talk I must go back to Canada, to the long trail and the lonely pine. I fancy I picked up far more things that were of value to me in those old days—speaking in the spiritual sense, of course—than I have ever picked up since. Sitting in a hobo's eating-house, riding on the buffers of a train, doing an odd day's farm labour, I learnt the lessons of optimism and courage which are the predominant note in my newspapers, and attract the advertisers so much more certainly than gloom.

"At the same time I learnt to sing. I sang everywhere—sometimes a song of my own composition, sometimes a hymn. Professional sundowners, who hated my singing, would try to bump me off, but I outwitted them and sang on.

"For I had vision. The goal of London was ever before me. Even when I was peddling bootlaces in a hick town I was dreaming of large circulations in Shoe Lane.

"At last I found my opportunity to cross the Atlantic. I came over in a cattle-boat filled with delightful beasties destined for the English dinner-table, and went straight to the bar. My ambition now was to set the whole of the British Empire singing, singing my songs.

'We are the party-shakers,
We are the schemers of schemes,'

was a little thing that I wrote about that time.

"In later years I have confined myself to even simpler melodies. As, for instance—

'When I am tired of everything
I often lie and look at wheat,
And watch it waving in the wind
And wonder, is it good to eat?'

"And now! I have won my way. I have held a Cabinet post. I have reached fame and fortune. I have been crowned as the Arch-canary of the Empire by the Norwich Farmers' Union. I have led the community choir at the Open Golf Championship. I have founded the Chick Ticks and put on the armour of Bertrand du Guesclin at the North Paddington Baths. Yet even so I often look back upon the happy meanderings of youth, when a chance ride on a timber truck meant more to me than the great wagons with their miles of newsprint that roll up and down the Street of Adventure. . . ."

It was then, and not too early, that I awoke. EVOE.



"DIDN'T YOU GIVE ANY OF YOUR TOFFEE TO JOAN?"
"NO; SHE 'S THE KIND OF GIRL MEN ARE APT TO OVERLOOK."

OUR CAIRO LETTER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Cairo! The Gorgeous East!

The first night here we saw the play *Macbeth* performed, and performed very finely, by Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE and her talented Company.

The second night we saw MARIE DRESSLER and WALLACE BEERY in a talking-picture. The third night we saw another American film. During the day we watched the Grenadier Guards play cricket. Every day the spell of the East seems to tighten its grip.

The films referred to were very good, being *Min and Bill* and *Trader Horn*. But apart from their intrinsic merits the manner of their presentation had an interest of its own. We have all heard of the international film, of which different versions are made in French, German, American, and even English. But these pictures, by a simple and obvious but—to me at least—new device, were presented in four different languages at the same time. The spoken dialogue was in American—racy, colloquial and for the most part unintelligible even to a trained London ear. But this mattered little. The bulk of the foreign population of Cairo (and, I believe, Alexandria) is Greek; and every few seconds, on a sort of side-screen, there appeared a rough translation of the American dialogue in the script of PLATO. Just below the Greek the dialogue was shown in Arabic, and on the other side of the picture, at greater length, in French. The only persons in the audience not provided for were the English; but then we are such linguists.

Otherwise an admirable arrangement. The intellectual strain of apprehending American slang is often too severe for me, and when the sound-production is not good I quit pretty quickly. Under this system one can abandon the struggle at once. I very soon ignored altogether the strange boomings which filled the building, like the small-talk of monsters with no roof to the tops of their mouths, and I followed the drama comfortably by the captions in French. French is a wordy language and the French captions were three times as long as the Greek. But it was pleasant to see a vulgar observation such as "That blamed cop again!" elegantly transformed into "*C'est encore l'employé de la préfecture de police.*"

And whenever the drama did not hold the attention I derived pleasure and instruction from studying the Greek captions. Modern Greek, I confess, is rather a shock to an old sixth-form boy. It is exciting to turn the pages of the cinema-programme (where the plot is generously given in four languages and four thousand superlatives) and suddenly come upon two pages which look like THUCYDIDES. I had not realised that Greek prose was still written abroad. And it is exciting to think that at last one is getting a direct practical benefit from a classical education. I eagerly pointed out to my less-cultivated companions that

"Ἡ ΜΙΝ ΚΑΙ Ὁ ΜΠΙΛ"

meant

"MIN AND BILL,"

and they were duly impressed.

And in *Trader Horn* I was the first to see that

"Ὁ ΓΙΑΙΝΑ Ὁ ΓΕΛΑ"

meant

"LAUGHING HYENA."

But when one read a little more it was shocking to find that the modern Greek writer knows really nothing about Greek prose. The programme was full of elementary grammatical errors which would horrify the third form at any English school—Τοῦ ROBERT MONTGOMERY καὶ τὴν NORMA SHEARER—prepositions used with the wrong cases and sometimes the wrong prepositions—εἰς τὸν λιμένα instead of ἐν τῷ λιμένι—and so on.

This was saddening. When you think of all the time and trouble which our English schools and universities have given to preserve the Greek language pure and precise it *is* saddening. I know that the modern Greeks have some horrible new-fangled pronunciation of their own; and I wouldn't object to a little slang in conversation; but they might at least be expected to make some attempt to write their language correctly. Particularly in a country like Egypt, for which England has done so much.

But we English, brutal Imperialists though we are, seem to have no idea of asserting ourselves in the things that really matter. More than a hundred years ago we bundled NAPOLEON out of Egypt. Yet most of Egypt's streets are still called "Rues," and they and the shops have alien French names. The very traffic directions are in French. What other victorious nation would have been so mild and obliging? And now, as I say, the only language of Egypt's many languages which is not represented at the cinema is the language of the conqueror, coloniser, benefactor and what-not.

But let us return to the technique of this affair. Surely little Egypt's experiment is unique and deserves imitation? I may be wrong, but is there anywhere else where members of a single audience can apprehend a single entertainment in four languages *at the same time*? It is at last the solution of the problem which confounded the builders of the Tower of Babel. For the languages might just as easily be ten as four. Here is a way to speed up the proceedings of the League of Nations and similar bodies. Instead of those dreary repetitions by interpreters in one language at a time let the translation be thrown on a screen in the ten leading languages while the earth-shaking speech is being delivered.

As for entertainment, this simple scheme has endless possibilities. Why not assist the more abstrusely colloquial American talkies with a silent translation into English? And *vice versa?* The stage itself might borrow the idea. For thus you may make any play international without the trouble of training a new company of actors or teaching the old ones a foreign language. Nay, more—you may make any play intelligible to any audience without altering



Artist. "SPRING CLEANING? CERTAINLY NOT! YOU DID THAT IN 1911."



Sandwichman (to mate). "WOT, READIN' YER BOARDS IN YER LUNCH HOUR, BILL?"
Mate. "YUS, I'M WANTING A SUIT, SO I'M TRYING THEIR ADVERTISING POWER ON MYSELF."

the original text. The objection to most dialect plays is the dialect. Let the actors hold forth on the stage in the strange tongue of Cornwall, Lancashire, Whitechapel and Ireland, while the gist of their remarks is shown at the side in good plain B.B.C. English. Let SHAKESPEARE's lofty but difficult passages be made easy for the business-man with a paraphrase in prose. Let ÆSCHYLUS be done in the original but helpfully flanked by Professor GILBERT MURRAY.

Again, the naughtiest French plays might be spoken on the stage as they were written, but decently bowdlerised upon the screen, and members of the audience could take their choice. Sermons could be delivered in duplicate—one version for the wicked and another for the righteous. Egypt, this is a grand little idea. A. P. H.

Imminent Congestion in the Lobbies.

"Mr. Pybus, Minister of Transport, announced the removal of the restriction on locking cars in the House of Commons this evening."—*Evening Paper.*

"GREYHOUND CRACKS AT WEMBLEY."
Evening Paper.

But not even a fused hare worries the sporting public.

A FIG FOR MY PAINS.

MR PUNCH comma My type hyphen writer has an attachment called FIG which covers all numbers and marks of punctuation semicolon this has managed to get out of order comma so I am obliged to do without it full stop Since this FIG includes also an invaluable asset viz a single oblique line with which to strike out any mistakes comma I am placed at the even greater disadvantage of being unable to correct any errors I may make dash for even I am not infallible exclamation mark I hope you will forgive me for troubling you comma but I never can find any pen or pencil in the house when I want it bracket just my luck bracket comma so it is imperitive bother cross that out imperative that I write to you as I want the money to mend the type hyphen writer apostrophe s defect full stop Can you see your way to supplying same mark of interrogation The cost of mending will be L one S ten D six bracket think how little that means to you bracket comma and I feel sure that you would advance it me in return for this extremely humorous bracket mark of interrogation bracket production full stop For I am convincinced curse that was a slip cross out one of those incs that you have n apostrophe t in your nature the slightest soupc cedilla on bracket French bracket of meanness or parsimony full stop In any case it is all my son apostrophe s fault colon he has been playing with the type hyphen writer and surely you will not tell me that quotation marks the sins of the sons will be visited upon the fathers quotation marks interrogation mark May I then comma kind sir comma rely on your generosity in this matter interrogation mark and two exclamation marks

Yours hopefully comma
DISFIGURED

bracket or comma if you prefer it comma UNSTOPPED bracket full stop

P.S.—It *was* my son; for we discovered some chewing-gum sticking to the attachment which, now that the stuff has been removed, works perfectly; so after all I need not trouble you. Hurrah!?))////"':((½%=£-¼&???!!!**********.

The Dramatic Critic Comes Over Anatomical.

"Miss Ruby —— suddenly reveals a delicious sense of comedy, and is quite irresistible, in black pyjamas, over her kidneys and bacon."—*Review in Manchester Paper.*

QUANDARIES.

(With acknowledgments to a London evening newspaper and its distinguished correspondents.)

No. 1.—THE DISHONEST PEER.

You are a curate in a remote country village, with a wife and thirteen children to support.

At the annual bazaar in aid of Church funds you suddenly become aware, when adjudicating in the hat-trimming competition for men only, that Lord X, to whom you have been confidently looking for presentation to a wealthy living in his gift, is taking surreptitious advice from his wife by means of tapped-out signals in the Morse Code.

And you know he knows you know.

Should you disqualify Lord X for cheating and thereby incur his displeasure, or should you put him under a lasting obligation to you by affecting not to notice his delinquency?

Now Read What Other People Would Do—

LADY BERTHA FITZFORTESCUE
(*"Lilith" of Bond Street*).

Seventeen years' experience in the millinery business have convinced me that most men, whether lords or commoners, trim hats better than women. Lord X, by taking advice from his wife, would be seriously prejudicing his chances of carrying off the prize, and no good purpose would be served by showing him up.

MR. KILO WATTS
(*The well-known wireless expert*).

I should endeavour to blur Lady X's messages by sending out dummy signals on the same wave-length with the handle of my umbrella.

No. 2.—THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

You are engaged to be married to a retired hangman.

In addition to emoluments obtained by the practice of his profession he has amassed, through speculation on the Turf and in other ways, a fortune sufficient to keep you in affluence for the rest of your life.

One day, when reading your *fiancé's* reminiscences in a Sunday newspaper, you make the appalling discovery that his was the hand which sent your favourite uncle to his doom on the scaffold ten years ago.

Ought you to lead your ex-hangman to the altar, saying to yourself, "I will forgive and forget," or should you break off the engagement out of respect for your late uncle's memory?

What Other People Say—

MISS CHRISSIE TIPTOE
(*Now playing the lead in "Golly, What A Girl!" at the Hilarity Theatre*).

I could never become engaged to a hangman, even if he had retired and sworn to give it all up. I love my garden and birds and butterflies and all the beautiful things of nature; the ugly side of life has never appealed to me. Besides I have never had a favourite uncle, except perhaps my dear kind public.

MRS. KENSINGTON WALLOP
(*Who went over the Victoria Falls in a barrel in* 1929).

I would marry him, of course. My uncle would scarcely be in a position to object; and what's a twelve-foot drop, anyway?

MISS LILIAN MUNCHHAUSEN
(*Author of "On the Trail of the Wallaby in Abyssinia," "Six Weeks as Charwoman to an Arab Sheikh," and other travel-books*).

Among the Oojahs of Pogo Pogo it is customary for all uncles to be put to death on attaining the age of sixty-five, and their cattle and womenfolk (including nieces) become the property of the executioner. As I do not read other people's reminiscences in the Sunday papers the problem you outline could never apply to me.

No. 3.—A FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

You have just achieved nation-wide popularity as the first one-legged man to swim the Channel.

As a result of this feat you have been offered a highly-paid post as swimming-instructor at one of our leading public schools.

One day, when walking by the side of a deep and treacherous stream, you observe an acquaintance of yours (an income-tax official and a non-swimmer) fall into the water. You are wearing a new suit which you are anxious not to spoil, and just before the accident you have noticed your own income-tax assessment form projecting from the official's pocket.

Should you dive in at once to the man's assistance in the hope that out of gratitude to his rescuer he will allow the form to be carried over the weir, or should you disregard his frantic cries for help, pretending you have forgotten how to swim?

Here Are Some Replies—

MR. PENDLEBURY TUBBS
(*The well-known economist and author of "With Our Backs to Wall Street"*).

This is a matter of civic conscience. As a good citizen it would be my duty to rescue the assessment-form at all costs and forward it immediately to the proper authority. The premises, however, are impossible. In view of the present depreciation of the pound I could not think of encouraging foreign travel by swimming the Channel, whether with one leg or two.

MR. TOM TOMKINS, M.P. (Soc.)
(*General Secretary to the Ponders End Branch of the Third International*).

If I were so lost to all sense of the duty I owe to my class as to accept a subservient position in one of our effete public schools I have no doubt I should be capable of saving a Capitalist tax-collector from drowning. I have never worn a new suit, which I regard as the uniform of the Bourgeoisie.

No. 4.—MOTHER-LOVE AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

In the execution of your duty as a female cinema-attendant you are called upon to usher into the three-and-six-penny seats your daughter, aged fifteen-and-a-half, and her godfather, an elderly and wealthy ironmaster, from whom you have expectations. The film being shown at the moment is entitled *Twenty Minutes among the Tadpoles*, and carries an "Adults Only" certificate.

Ought you to allow the light of your electric-torch to illumine your daughter's path to damnation, thus consolidating your position with the ironmaster, or should you protect your child from the contaminating influence of a picture intended solely for those of riper years? It is recognised that you would have no opportunity of blindfolding the girl and stuffing her ears with cotton-wool.

What the Film Trade Says—

MR. C. L. U. LLOYD
(*Manager of the Mastodon Cinema, Elephant and Castle*).

This censorship business is all bunk.

Other replies, which also refer to the censorship, have been withheld.

IMPOSSIBLE TO OVERLOOK.

["Mr. G. K. Chesterton," says a writer, "is much in the public eye."]

THE tiniest mote, a microscopic speck
An optic's range and clarity will check;
Yet in the public eye, great GILBERT, you
Think to extend and rectify its view.

W. K. H.

"ESCAPED PRISONER STILL AS LARGE."
Cambridge Paper.

Who shrinks from freedom?



Indignant Young Lady. "If you can't behave properly you'd better not behave at all."

THE STICK OF THE ENGLISHMAN.

Nothing is such good fun as to be present at a jolly little row, preferably between two people of different nationality, outlook and characteristics, each imbued with the conviction that he is in the right.

Once upon a time (Gold Standard time) I went to the Louvre Museum. It was a dark wintry afternoon and the entrance, one of those side ones under a gateway, was as delightfully sombre a setting as I could have wished for the row that I witnessed.

Ahead of me was an Englishman of the type one only sees in Paris—red-faced, stolid, unimaginative, a man for whom there were only three abstract ideas in the world—Right, Wrong and, in all cases of doubt, British Commonsense. He carried—you needn't believe me if you don't want to—a silver-topped walking-stick and *The Times*. Selling tickets in one of those typical French hutches, something between a greenhouse and a tomb, was a minor French official, the bureaucratic deity of his small world of regulations, volatile of temperament, rigidly officious, ignorant of any other point of view than his own and France's. The Englishman advanced to the *guichet* and the battle was on.

At the brisk "*Deux francs, M'sieu,*" he paid out a two-franc piece, received a ticket and was for passing in when a witch, beldame or what-not popped up from a musty lair under the staircase and droned out eerily, "*Votre canne, s'i'v'plait, M'sieu.*"

The Englishman, with the respect of his race for laws, was about to hand over his badge of nationality when the old hag continued, "*Cinquant centimes, M'sieu,*" and he at once withdrew it.

"Feefty centimes," repeated the crone, giving him the benefit of a linguistic doubt—"'arf-franc, *hein?*"

"*Non, je—je le tiang avec mwor.*" He

was again about to proceed when out to the defence of his compatriot shot the little jack-in-a-box-office, bristling with indignation.

"*M'sieu! C'est défendu.*" He pointed to a regulation which said that the consigning of sticks, etc., to the *vestiaire* was obligatory.

The other studied the notice without comprehension. "*Je ne désire pas,*" he explained.

"*Mais c'est obligatoire!*" snapped the Frenchman.

"*Quor?*"

"*Obligatoire. Comprenez?*" He ran off into several yards of French, pointing rapidly in turn to the stick, the notice, the old woman, the Englishman, himself, the Louvre and the Almighty.

"*Obliggatwor,* eh?" The Englishman saw the force of that, but added, "Then I needn't pay, of course. *Pas payer,* eh?"

"*Non, non. Faut payer.* Feefty centimes."

One could almost see the spirit of Commonsense Justice hovering over the Englishman as he retorted, "*Non.* If I've *got* to leave it you can't make me pay; if I have to pay then it's for me to say whether I want to leave it. *Obliggatwor—gratwee. Payer—alors volontaire,*" he translated in kindly fashion.

The little Frenchman merely danced. "It is the law," he mouthed. "*Faut laisser les cannes, parapluies. . . . Faut payer cinquante centimes par pièce.*" He advanced and made as if to take the stick, at which the owner drew back and made as if to dot him one with it; at which he retired and talked quicker. The old lady, seeing the matter was in the hands of her superior officer, resumed some nondescript knitting. I continued to be an enthralled spectator.

The two combatants next squared off and proceeded to state their case to each other in French and English, both whole and mangled, sometimes in turn, sometimes simultaneously, and complicated throughout by gesture. At one point they appealed to me to interpret, but I said gutturally, "Tchequo-Slovaque," and shook my head; *I* wasn't going to spoil the thing.

Briefly, the Englishman's case was that, having paid the stated price, two francs, to go into the Louvre, he was definitely entitled to go in. Any additional fee, say, for the custody of a stick, could only be in the nature of remuneration for services voluntarily requested by him. He could not now be arbitrarily held to ransom for a further twenty-five per cent on the admission price before being permitted to enter.

The Frenchman in return pointed out that rules were rules. It was a rule that one had to pay two francs to see the Louvre, a rule that one was not allowed to go into the Louvre with a stick, and a rule that one had to pay fifty centimes for the custody of all articles, such as sticks. The whole thing was quite simple to a mind not entirely imbecile. To this the Englishman retorted that the other had no means of knowing that the two francs had not been his sole wealth at the time. Supposing that it was with his last money that he had purchased what was undoubtedly the legal right to see the Louvre, were they going to keep him out? By gum, they were! was the Frenchman's answer, because sticks were not allowed; couldn't he get that into his thick British skull?

Well, replied the Englishman, if they wouldn't allow him to see it they must return his two francs. No, that was unheard of, flared the Frenchman. Why, the ticket had been stamped and, more important still, torn out of the book; at best he could go and leave his fool of a stick at his hotel and come back. Though of course, he added thoughtfully, the Louvre would probably be shut by then and tickets were not valid for the next day.

This typical French official suggestion riled the Englishman more than anything else. With set teeth he tried to explain that he always brought his stick to museums because he liked to lean on it when looking at pictures. Very angrily he illustrated his words with gestures.

The Frenchman stared, then suddenly grew sympathetic. Could it be possible that Monsieur was *blessé*? He gave an illustrative limp or two.

The Englishman, evidently thinking that this was the French idea of a Briton walking with a stick, agreed and imitated his action, whereupon the official, beaming all over, said that *mutilés de la guerre* were naturally allowed to take their sticks in with them. With a magnificent gesture he then threw the whole Louvre open to the visitor and stick.

The Englishman, pleased at what he considered to be the ultimate triumph ofcommonsense over foolish officialdom, but angry at the waste of time and energy involved, gruffly started off. But the Frenchman, now thoroughly emotional, insisted on shaking hands.

"*Vive la France!*" he said.

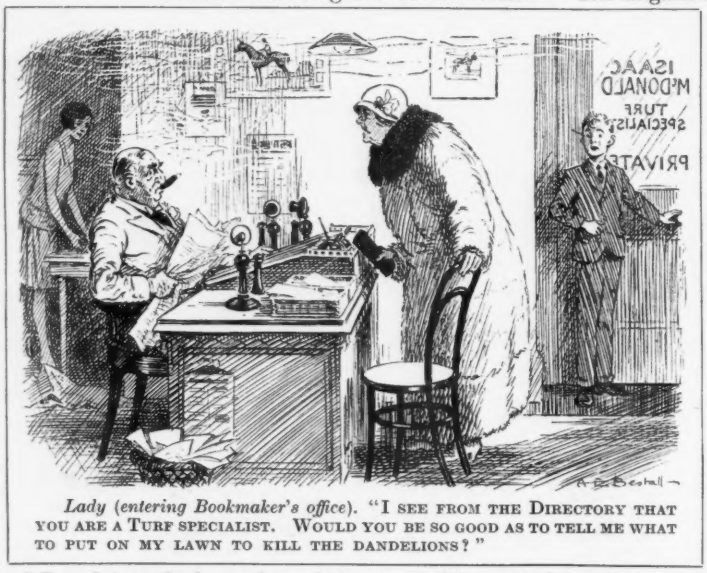
"*Veev la France!*" returned the Englishman, adding with deep feeling, "and damn her!"

The depth of emotion in his uncomprehended expression struck an answering chord in the Gallic bosom.

"*M'sieu est bien gentil,*" he simpered. Then, as the Englishman was halfway up the steps, he called out with a brusque return of authority, "*Le Musée se ferme dans un quart d'heure.*"

I couldn't wait for what looked like being the start of an even better argument.

A. A.



Lady (entering Bookmaker's office). "I SEE FROM THE DIRECTORY THAT YOU ARE A TURF SPECIALIST. WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO TELL ME WHAT TO PUT ON MY LAWN TO KILL THE DANDELIONS?"

"SWANAGE COUNCIL.
A Tribute to Retiring Chairman.
GRAZING RIGHTS ON THE DOWNS."
South Country Paper.

That should brighten his retirement.

"Miss Ahlers has a glorious voice and knows her job from A to Z."—*Evening Paper.*

Most singers never go further than G sharp.

"Ulster anxieties created by Mr. Thomas's note to Mr. De Valera have been completely alloyed."—*Evening Paper.*

But not by any prospect of amalgamation, we hope.

THE PERFECT PASSENGER.



"Pray take my seat, Madam."



"Pray take my strap, Madam."



"Pray take my paper, Madam."



"Pray take my other foot, Madam."

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—I've just come back from one of Cornelia Burgeon's sherry parties. A frightful squash, but amusing. As usual, almost every single person there wrote or painted or sculped or something except me. I sometimes wonder why she goes on asking me at all, considering I don't



He. "YOU WRITE?"
Me. "NO—I EAT!"

"do" anything. Still, I suppose they've got to have a few people they can talk to about their books and pictures and so on, and perhaps I've got a sympathetic face.

Anyway I'm quite expert now at listening to at least three conversations at once, besides the one I'm involved in, as well as making mental notes of the fillings of Cornelia's sandwiches, which are *heavenly*. There was one to-day which kept on puzzling me, perfectly delicious but very tantalising, and I kept nibbling and nibbling and getting more and more *distraite*, and when I suddenly discovered what it was I jumped like a shot rabbit and said "*I've* got it!" And the man who'd been talking to me (about RENOIR, I think) looked so surprised and offended that I had to apologise for interrupting him. "You see," I said, "I just had an inspiration."

He seemed quite soothed by that and said, "Oh—you write?"

I said loftily, "No—I eat."

Mercifully Cornelia swooped down upon me at that moment and hauled me off to be introduced to somebody else—a Norwegian sculptor this time, too ravishingly Nordic, my dear, with eyes the colour of fjords. He looked nice, so I told him about the sandwich episode, and he said, "But of course, dear lady, eating is one of the finer arts." This cheered me up a lot, and we talked about food for simply ages—in fact till Cornelia did her next swoop. I think she must have been a hawk in a previous incarnation.

I was sorry to leave my lovely Norseman, especially as the next person I was flung at was a young man with pudding-bowl hair and a green tussore tie. From the way Cornelia said, "Lalage, dear, I so want you to meet Decimus Grebe," I felt as though I ought to know who he was, but of course I hadn't the faintest idea. However, he gave me a clue by saying at once, "You have an enchantingly poetical name." I said, Yes, it wasn't bad, only it was a bore in a way because so many people thought at first it was pronounced like "Garage," and it sounded so horribly highbrow to correct them and say, "No, *Lalla*-jee, you know—as in HORACE."

He said, "HORACE? Ah, yes, he *did* make use of the name; but I was referring, of course, to Manfred Whibley Jenkins."

I felt I was getting a bit out of my depth, so I asked him to tell me about his own work. Apparently he's gone one better than the modernest of the moderns and invented a new school of poetry consisting *entirely* of masses and masses of frightfully learned footnotes. He says that intelligent readers ought to be able to supply the poems quite well from these, especially if they've already got used to reading the bleaker



"LOLA SITTING ON A DEAD LION."

Bloomsbury poets. I said I thought it sounded a nice easy way of writing poetry, and he said, "Ah, but it is difficult to *read*, and that after all is the Only True Criterion nowadays."

Oh, and I tell you who was there too, that nice young man, Timothy Martin, who was so in love with you about three years ago. (I can't think why you didn't marry him—a lamb, I thought.) Anyway, he's drowned his sorrow in interior decorating, and apparently he's making quite a success of it. His latest job is doing a new drawing-room for Lola Leppingham (you know—the exploring woman). He says it's going to be quite frightful, but she *will* have it done the way she wants. It's to have



GADGETS FROM OLYMPIA.
"'I'VE GOT THEM ALL MUDDLED UP.'"

life-size frescoes all round. The east wall is a picture of the Indian jungle, with Lola Leppingham in the middle sitting on a dead tiger. The south wall is Somewhere in Kenya with Lola in the middle sitting on a dead lion, and the north is Somewhere in Greenland with Lola in the middle sitting on a dead polar-bear (the fireplace comes in that wall, which is a bit worrying). The west wall is to be left blank until she's been on her Canadian expedition next year, but Timothy says in the meantime he feels inclined to put in a rough sketch of Somewhere in Mayfair with Lola in the middle sitting on poor old Leppingham.

He asked after you, of course, and I told him what fun you were having redecorating Starlings, just to see what he'd say. You could see Broken Heart having a hard struggle with Business Instinct. B.H. won—but only just.

Ba Beverley—who is feeling broker than ever, poor darling—gave an "Ideal Homes" lunch yesterday, feeding us entirely on free samples which she'd had given to her while walking round Olympia. I always keep away from the Food Galleries myself when I go; it's so embarrassing having presents thrust at you by perfect strangers, to say nothing of all the bites and snacks that you're invited to taste on the spot.

As for the gadget section, I'm altogether too soft-hearted; I always come away festooned with fantastic things made of tin and wire, and by the time I get home I've got them all muddled up and I can't remember which is for opening oysters and which is for making waffles and which is for taking stones out of olives and horses' feet.

William doesn't really like my going to it at all, because I practically always buy a caravan, and then when I get home William says gently but firmly, "*No*, darling, *not* a caravan," and I have to write and cancel it with many excuses and apologies. I do wish I could get out of this habit, but honestly, you know, I find caravans quite, *quite* irresistible, especially when they're sitting there all spick and span on that nice dry clean artificial grass. There was one this year I'd have given anything to possess—all painted apple-green inside and out, with plates and cups and everything to match, even down to apple-green *dishcloths*. All William said when I told him was, "Well, why don't you *get* some apple-green dishcloths? It'd be much cheaper than buying a whole caravan."

But of course that wouldn't be the same thing at all. I've come to the conclusion that men are simply *bloggs* about caravans.

Good-bye, darling. Best love from your LALAGE. JAN.

SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Observer."*)

PROBABLY the true reason why Proportional Representation was not adopted by the Ancient Assyrians was that the system of Proportional Representation was more ancient than the Assyrians and had already been ascertained by their wise men to be as unrepresentative as it was disproportional.—Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

I dislike publicity.
Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN.

There are some very good trousers made in Brixton.—CARNERA.

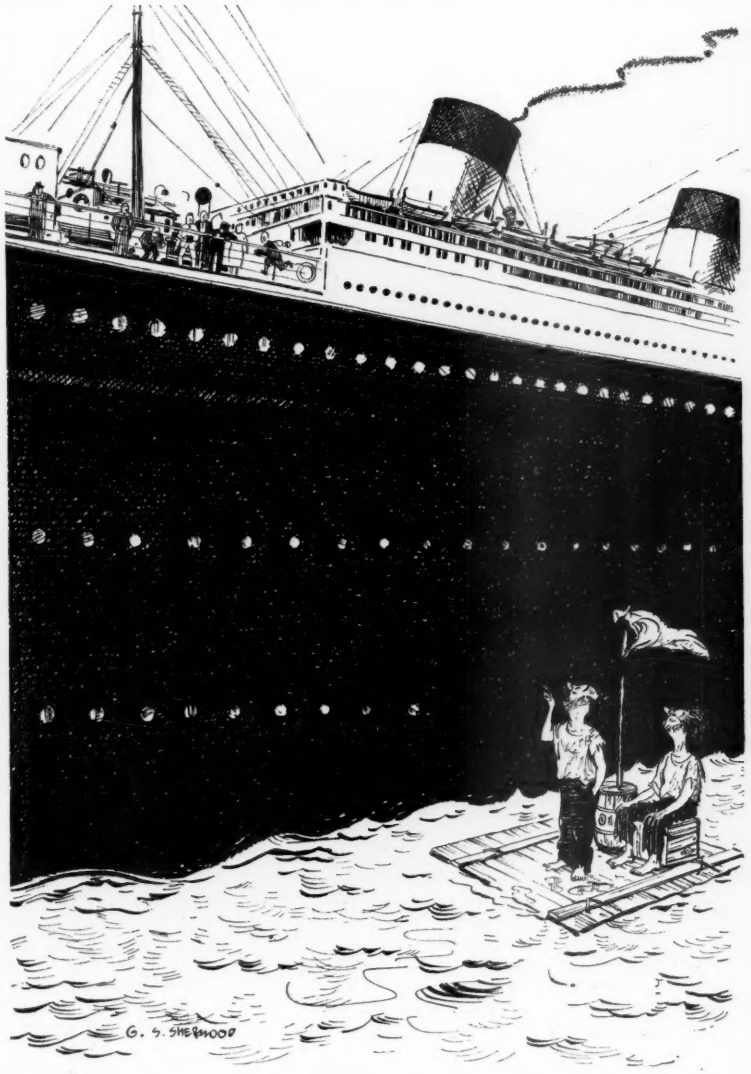
It is the Aristotelian, not the Platonist, who would most probably be confounded if Christian mysticism were to undergo delamination from its outer tissue of Platonism and be revealed as the cerebro-genetic microcosm of the Stagirite's universe.—Dean INGE.

It must be rather fun to be a policeman.—Mr. ROBERT LYND.

Why not a fork for asparagus?
Mr. DE VALERA.

Shall we turn to our Ophelias, our Mirandas, our Hermiones for the sweeter delectation of our histrionic appetites, or shall we not rather find a nearer and more enchanting fare in our San Toys, our Gaiety Girls, our Miss Hooks of Holland? See them go to it with nimble feet a-pitter-patter, Beauty Chorus a-sway, comedians brisking the show with their apposite and punctual jests! They exude a mellifluous efflux from a honey-store of sweetness. How WILL SHAKESPEARE would have roared out his commodious lungs with delight at the pretty poppets!—Mr. IVOR BROWN.

I like cats.—Miss BETTY NUTHALL.



First Survivor (*after week on raft*). "HI! HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE YOU TAKE US ON BOARD?"

Ship's Officer. "DON'T BE IMPATIENT. THERE ARE SOME FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS STILL IN BED WHO HAVEN'T TAKEN SNAPSHOTS OF YOU YET."

An Impending Apology.

"The first annual assembly of the Agricultural Party was held at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, yesterday . . . Lord Rothermere was elected president of the party and Lord Beaverbrook was elected the first vice-president. Lord Beaverbrook, in an address, held very strongly that pigs must be the spearhead of their movement."—*Daily Paper.*

"The question of the liability of shipowners to pay for guards against pirates provided by the Crown in ships trading in Far Eastern waters."
Law Report in Yorkshire Paper.

Has the Crown considered withholding its supply of pirates?



THE PLAGUE OF "FLIES."

THE WOMAN WHO WENT ONE BETTER.

LITTLE TALKS TO THE LITTLE ONES.

VI.—EUROPE.

"OH, what is the matter with Europe to-day,
And why does it go to Geneva
And talk about total disarmament, pray,
And why is it bankrupt?" said Eva.

"And who is the greatest offender, and how
Does it help us to hold these discussions?
For surely there cannot be enmity now
Between Frenchmen, Italians and Prussians?"

"Alas! that men are not so wise and so mild
As they should be," responded her mother;
"Like beasts in a tropical jungle, my child,
They stand in distrust of each other.

"And to fight is a terrible strain, you must know,
On a nation's financial resources,
On account of the cash that the combatants blow
With their guns and their mechanised horses.

"So now many statesmen most piously hope
To improve European conditions
By placing a limit on armaments' scope
And the pest of eternal munitions.

"Could we only cry out to the gunmaker, 'Halt!'
The waste places would blossom like roses."
"I espy," said her daughter, "a logical fault
In this somewhat ingenuous process.

"Are the nations of Europe so anxious for peace
And of gun-making so apprehensive
Because they desire that the practice shall cease,
Or because it has grown so expensive?

"I have frequently said that I don't care to ride
Because you won't buy me a pony,
And it may be the same with the national pride
When the nations are most of them stony.

"And perhaps, if we all kept tremendously poor,
The bells would ring out in the steeples
To announce the complete abolition of war,
So that bankruptcy *blesses* the peoples."

"Do you think," said her mother, "that minxes like you
Can attempt to resolve a dilemma
That baffles MACDONALD and Monsieur TARDIEU,
Not to speak of myself and Aunt Emma?"

"I do!" said the child with a toss of her head.
"You are pert," said mamma, "but not funny,"
And she instantly put little Eva to bed
And stopped a whole week's pocket-money.

EVOE.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Prettily.

"The mystery fiancé of Miss Pola Negri, the film actress, is believed to be the young millionaire, Mr. Philip M. Chancellor. . . . Mr. Chancellor's hobby is collecting reptiles."—*Daily Paper.*



UNRELIEVED CHEERFULNESS.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN (*directing his film "Tax Appeal"*). "SPLENDID, JOHN! HOLD THAT SMILE A BIT LONGER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 18th.—Meeting on the eve of the Budget and under the shadow of the Education Estimates, Members could hardly be expected to be in merry pin. Questions on British Funds detained in Germany, the future of Shanghai and the Danubian States did not conduce to hilarity, and only a chastened joy could be extracted from the announcements that Sir E. Grigg was to be the Chairman of the Milk Commission and Colonel Lane-Fox of that for the reorganisation of the Pig industry.

Education is admittedly of supreme importance, but as a subject for discussion it commonly engenders tedium. To-night's debate deserved the praise bestowed by Mr. Ramsbotham when he described it as at once long, very interesting and fruitful in suggestions.

Sir Donald Maclean's figures at the outset of his speech were at any rate impressive and formidable. Our bill, including Scotland, amounts to £100,000,000, or more than half the total national expenditure of the year before the War—a colossal sum, and larger than that provided for education in any other country in Europe. But his Department had played their part, and, though they had cut the cuts proposed by the May Committee by one-half, the task had been difficult and trying. There had been reductions under every head but two: pensions to teachers and scholarships to students. Teachers under the Board of Education, he added, were, so far as he knew, better paid than those in any other country in Europe.

Among inevitable new expenditures he noted one in connection with Health services. Nobody could wish such expenditure curtailed so long as it was on reasonable and proper lines, and the children leaving school to-day were much healthier and fitter than those who left twenty years ago.

After paying a warm tribute to the Prince of Wales's appeal for more voluntary workers, Sir Donald concluded on a hopeful note. Education must adapt itself to the needs of the nation; the Government were only pausing, not stagnating.

Labour criticism was mainly confined to denunciations of an economy practised at the expense of the poor children. Mr. Morgan Jones declared that the Labour Party "visualised the time when secondary education in this country would be as free as elementary education." Mr. Cocks, in accents worthy of his name, proclaimed that the Government policy was "based on the golden book of Mammon, sometimes known as the May Report." Mr. Cove, while most complimentary to the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education, could not be sure whether his chief was the friend or enemy of the teaching profession.



THE RATHER BLACK BOARD OF EDUCATION.
Sir Donald Maclean.



THE PENITENT SINNER.
[A Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons to exempt Mr. Runciman from the penalties to which he has rendered himself liable, under a statute of the reign of Queen Anne, for sitting in the House of Commons while President of the Board of Trade.]

The attitude of Liberal and Conservative speakers was in the main friendly but by no means uncritical. Dr. O'Donovan wished to see the teachers cultivate the habit practised by the doctors of kicking against Whitehall. Captain Spencer deprecated the importance attached to academic subjects. Lieut.-Colonel Fremantle wished to see the love of quiet implanted in our quicksilvery neurotic youngsters. Mr. Morgan wanted more religion and patriotism taught, while Mr. Chorlton pleaded for more attention to the brighter brains.

Replying for the Department at the close of the debate, Mr. Ramsbotham, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education, made his first Ministerial appearance and the best speech of the evening. He pleaded for a closer co-operation between industry and commerce on the one hand and education on the other, and applauded the patriotic zeal of the million boys and girls who were now educating themselves in evening classes, mostly after a full day's work. He concluded with the wise reminder that we had ceased to be pioneers in education as in industry. Other nations had drawn level with us, and our hope lay no longer in producing better machines but better men and women.

Tuesday, April 19th.—While the hewers of income-tax and the drawers of beer were waiting this afternoon with misplaced confidence, the Chancellor was breaking it gently but firmly to a packed House that in the circumstances in which the Treasury found itself there could be no question of relief for the public purse.

Beginning with a handsome tribute to Lord Snowden, who, he said, had produced a scheme which was universally acclaimed as a model of severe but sound and salutary finance, he passed on to the customary survey of the past year.

We were £9,000,000 better off than had been anticipated in the September Budget (which would be taken in each case as the standard of comparison), and this result had created a deep impression in all parts of the world.

Dealing with revenue, Mr. Chamberlain referred with mock inclemency to that small but hardy brigade of British millionaires who resisted a patriotic decease. He felt inclined, like the officer in the Peninsular, to cry, "Come on, you rascals! Do you want to live for

ever?" Estate duties had, in fact, declined by £18,000,000, a drop which was partly due to a decline in capital values. As a result of the general depression Stamp Duties also had fallen short, by £3,000,000. Generally speaking, the September Budget had succeeded only through the magnificent efforts of the taxpayers, to whom, in conjunction with their natural enemies the tax-collectors, the CHANCELLOR handed the Cake of Honour of the Westminster Prize-giving.

As regards external debt, he wished to make it clear that he was including in the current year neither receipts nor outgoings for War Debts or Reparations, but was treating them, in view of the uncertainty which enveloped them, as a self-balancing chapter in our finances. Any discussion of them at the present time would be inopportune.

Turning to prospective revenue, he warned the House that a bad quarter-of-an-hour was coming to it, and admitted that, though he had to budget for a yield of £38,000,000 less from income-tax and surtax, the limits of direct taxation had been approached. "No Government to-day could possibly afford to neglect other sources of revenue which have not been tapped to the same extent."

On the normal basis of taxation there would be a gap between receipts and expenditure of £34,750,000; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN defiantly asked the House where we should have been but for the new tariffs. They would undoubtedly save an otherwise impossible situation, and he estimated their yield at £33,000,000.

His next announcement was the outstanding item in an unromantic Budget—namely, the proposed formation of an Exchange Equalisation Account with borrowing powers up to £150,000,000, which should enable us to maintain the sterling exchange at the most remunerative figure.

The changes in taxation, which usually provide the sole excitements in the Budget from the point of view of the public, were this year quite deficient in thrill. In rapid succession the CHANCELLOR put the House over its two worst fences; there could be no reduction in either the income-tax or the beer-duty. A penny off the pint would cost him, he said, £10,000,000, and that could obviously not be spared.

The Tea Duty, last repealed by Mr. CHURCHILL, was to be reimposed, and there would be a preference of twopence for the Empire variety.

The Conservatives, who have felt for some time that they have "left their sugar standing in the rain, and it's all but melted away," were relieved to hear of a preference for the Empire in this connection, and of a Committee on sugar-beet.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN concluded a long and admirably unsentimental speech by appealing to the people for a further display of hard work, strict economy, firm courage and unfailing patience. With these we could not fail.

Wednesday, April 20th.—When the House went into Committee to discuss the Budget Mr. ATTLEE opened the attack. He described the CHANCELLOR'S speech as insular and unrelated to world conditions. America had already made it clear that there was not the slightest chance of debt relief from her. The Tea Duty was an imposition on the weak and poor, besides being likely to damage our export trade with Java.

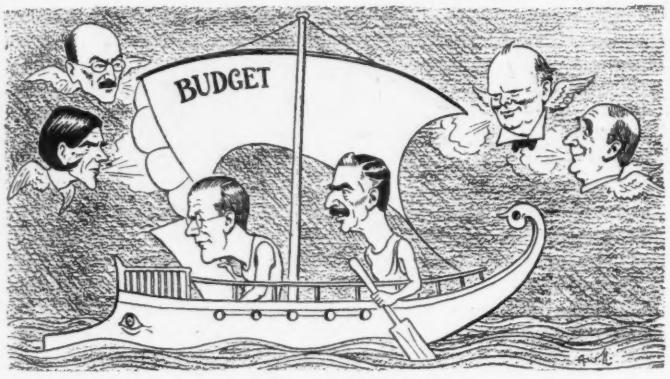
Criticising the Budget from a different angle, Sir ROBERT HORNE was much less gloomy than the hon. Member for Limehouse.

He thought it a mistake not to remit the Beer Duty, and the treatment of Scotch whisky by the Exchequer had always been a puzzle to him.

One of the chief characteristics of the Budget appeared to him to be the unfortunate factor of high expenditure. Again, the Government could congratulate itself on the success of its Tariff policy, but they must remember that the recent rise in the value of the pound counterbalanced the ten-per-cent duty, so far as checking imports was concerned. What we needed was a definite currency policy. He regarded as the most important feature of the Budget the fund of £150,000,000 for equalising the exchange and he trusted that it would be employed to keep the pound down to a sufficiently low level. It was essential to our prosperity that prices should rise.

Replying for the Government, Major ELLIOT described the CHANCELLOR'S proposals as the stern vengeance of the law of arithmetic. Addition and subtraction were always a shock.

Thursday, April 21st.—The resumed debate on the Budget was opened in the House to-day by that great banderillero of the political arena, Mr. CHURCHILL. On the whole he was approving, especially of the fund for Exchange Equalisation; but the fact that Mr. SNOWDEN had been translated "to those dim splendours at the end of the corridor" did not preserve him from the shower of barbed darts aimed by this other EX-CHANCELLOR at the late Socialist Administration. Lord SNOWDEN'S Budget, he said, had been a gross deception, and five months after it he had been forced to confess an error to the tune of £75,000,000. The Labour Government had had to fling themselves upon the mercy of their Conservative opponents. He accepted Protection, and remarked that Sir HERBERT SAMUEL had helped to bring it about by the assiduity with which he had "discharged his function of a quacking decoy-duck."



APRIL WEATHER.

A VOYAGE UNDER VARIABLE WINDS.

Reading from Left to Right: MR. MAXTON, MR. ATTLEE, MAJOR ELLIOT, MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, MR. CHURCHILL AND SIR ROBERT HORNE.

He suggested that we should form a closer comradeship with the United States with a view to reflating and revaluing commodities in relation to gold up to, say, the levels of 1928. If that should prove to be impossible, then Great Britain could set itself to establish "a congregation of sterling communities."

The retention of the extra duty on beer came in for strong criticism from Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, who spoke for the Labour Party, from Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT, and from Colonel GRETTON, who asked pertinently why cider should escape the long arm of the CHANCELLOR when its average alcoholic content was as much as four-fifths of that of the persecuted beverage of the country.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S reply was on the lines of his Budget speech, and was cut short by the eleven-o'clock rule.



Friend (bursting in). "WHAT D' YOU THINK OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION NOW?"
M.P. "THIS IS NO TIME TO THINK; I'M BUSY PREPARING A SPEECH."

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

DR. MARION THORNETT'S design for a soldier's marching costume has been accepted by the Men's Dress Reform Party. "Falling loosely from the shoulders . . . belted loosely at the waist . . . a wide 'V'-shaped opening at the neck, and with elbow-length sleeves slit on the under-side, it somewhat resembles a toga."

This must be a very comfortable garment for the marching soldier, but somehow I've got an odd suspicion that it might not suit the fastidious taste of Thomas Atkins.

Men are so peculiarly conservative about their clothes. That is why I am always careful, being a mere woman, how I describe their apparel in my novels.

Only once did I make my hero an outstandingly well-dressed man (as I fondly believed), and then I went to considerable pains to give a wealth of sartorial detail.

I know now that I was wrong. Let me therefore admit my mistakes. Too late have I discovered (the proofs of my novel having gone back to the printers) how cruelly I have misrepresented *Raymond*, my hero.

I sent him forth to a fashionable evening gathering with a ready-made bow tie and wearing a waistcoat of silk instead of white piqué. I gave him a double military stripe down his trousers, which *Raymond* (to be true to type) should have abhorred as strongly as he ought to have rejected the permanent turn-up to the trousers he wore by day.

Once, when he went to a funeral, he wore cloth-topped boots. Often he sported a fancy pin with a soft collar, and he actually proposed marriage (and was accepted too) when he was wearing brown boots with a dark suit.

He was admitted to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot dressed in a check suit in conjunction with a soft felt hat of dove-grey.

Now that I have read a booklet on men's fashions I see that *Raymond*, as I have created him, is one enormous sartorial blunder. I tremble to think what will happen to him when he falls into the hands of the literary critic of *The Tailor and Cutter*.

Let me advise all women-novelists, therefore, to adopt a vague but perfectly reliable formula regarding the attire of their heroes. Don't be technical. The most captious critic could find no fault with descriptions on the lines of the following:—

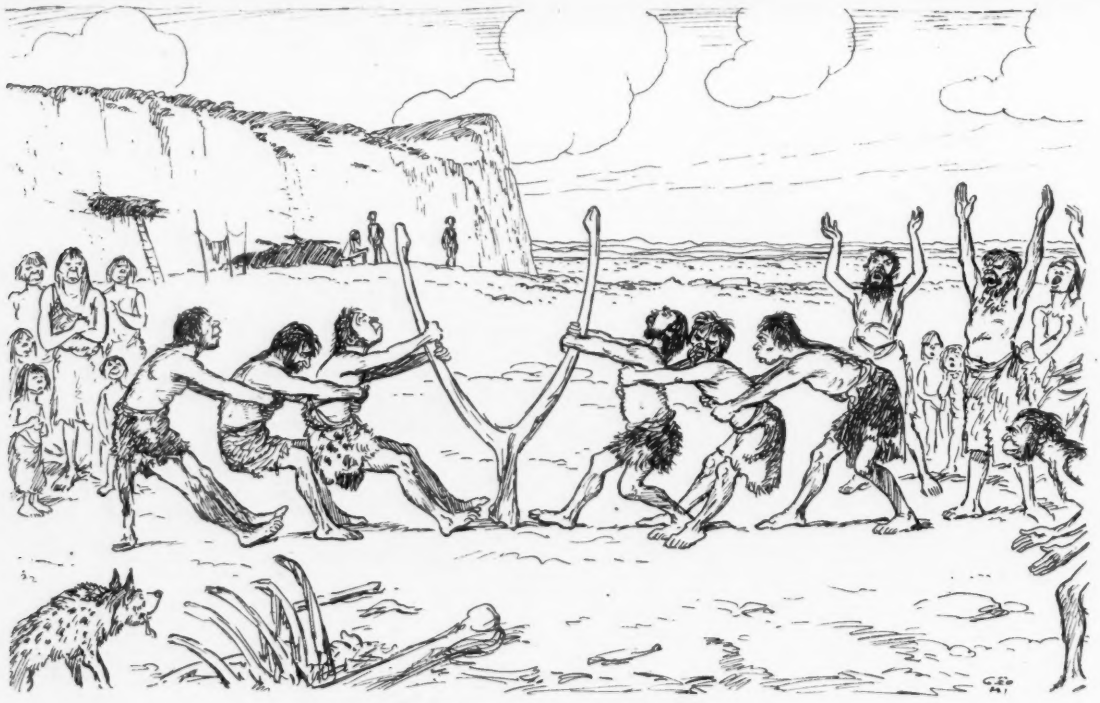
Tweeds and golfing-clothes. "Fitting loosely on his well-knit figure."
Lounge-suits and overcoats. "Well cut."
Evening dress. "Immaculate" or "faultless."
Lawn-tennis kit. "Revealing the firm muscular throat and accentuating the deep bronze of his skin."
Dressing-gown. "Flung on carelessly . . . somehow enhancing the manly outlines of his form." It should be in a wide range of colours, sapphire-blue, steely-grey, warm brown or hazel, with glints of green to match his eyes.

Of course if you make your hero an Eastern princeling, an Arab sheikh or even a member of the Foreign Legion you are getting into deep waters, and it may be essential for you to look up such terms as burnous, topi, terai, puggaree, jodhpur and so on.

I prefer to be on the safe side and keep my heroes at home.

F. A. K.

"COLLARS: SPLENDID FINISH."
Notice in Laundry Window.
Some of ours die very gamely.



OUR STRENUOUS ANCESTORS.

PLIOCENE ATHLETES CONTENDING FOR THE MERRYTHOUGHT OF AN ÆPYORNIS.

"ORESTES, WHERE ART THOU?"

MY DEAR AUNT HELENA,—It was so thoughtful of you to suggest staying with us for a few weeks, but we're in the throes of spring-cleaning. You know what that means—nothing is where you can safely say it's lost. We hunted hours for the spare bed and couldn't even find the spare bedroom. Dear Minnie is so thorough—it's the Saxon blood trickling through—and it'll last for weeks. I hate to feel that you should put up with any discomfort—you who are used to your four bottles in bed. For me, an old campaigner, used to dossing on doormats and other fibrous substances, what *does* it matter? Why, when I was in Flanders with the old Refusiliers I shared a doormat with the Major, and he often used to say, "Move up, Rouser; I'm on the —— floor!"

I spend most of my time going from one job to another and, believe me, it all takes time. There's Minnie's voice again. "Orestes, where art thou?" Can I give a hand with the dining-room carpet? Give a hand indeed! The thing weighs a ton-and-a-half, not counting the fringe.

I tire easily—it's the Norman blood in my veins, with a drop of Scotch.

I stole out into the garden to see if last year's weeds had come up. No, they hadn't. I stumbled over the tortoise and must have done him a grievous injury; he swelled up and nearly turned turtle. But not for long; Minnie's voice came through a weak spot in the conservatory to ask if I could reach Uncle Ben's picture. Anything Minnie can't reach *I* have to reach; and if *I* can't reach I get a ladder, and even then don't reach, which is a pity, as Uncle Ben was my favourite uncle, just as he was, I know, your favourite husband. The trouble is we've given him far too high a place and he wants a thorough dusting fore and aft, especially aft. Oh, if I could only get at him! Why did Minnie push him so far up the lumber-room chimney?

Minnie's voice again. Oh, Aunt Hel!—pardon the familiarity—the things I have to do! Now it's Peter, our Labrador pup. Can I wash Peter? Of course I can wash Peter. But where *is* Peter? It's ridiculous trying to wash a miserable pup, however miserable, if he's absolutely not there.

Ah! there he comes. Why, he's as black as the deuce of clubs. . . .

Yes, Minnie, I've washed Peter. and he's blacker than ever. I was very quick over it? I was. What I say is, get on with the job, even if someone else has to do it all over again. Come and help me wheel this barrow! If anything annoys Minnie it's asking her to give a hand with the wheelbarrow. That settled Minnie for quite a bit and I was free to oil the garden-roller.

In the springtime all the gardening implements need a thorough over-oiling. I oiled the mower and shears, but you can't do much with a roller missing on one cylinder.

Minnie's voice. Would I like to get on with the kitchen? What kitchen? Distemper the kitchen? Who's going to do it? Me? But I've only just finished washing Peter!

Oh, Hel!—excuse the absence of "Aunt"—if there's any job that makes me bristle up it's distempering. I sigh for the days of DIOGENES, when houses were not what they are. It means splashing about the ceiling and walls with whitewash and water till the whole place looks like the Battle of the Falklands after the ships had gone.

I ground my teeth and flatly refused to have anything to do with the kitchen; it's not gentleman's work. You blame me, Aunt Helen? You who promised my father on his deathbed that no son of his, or anyone else's, should ever soil his hands or anyone else's so long as Rouser's Blood Mix-

ture was selling at two shillings a pint? You *blame* me?

Did refusing do me any good? No; I had to strip all the easy-chairs in this part of Christendom and reveal their pristine nudity. Then the gong went for luncheon.

After tea I took a peep into the library to see how my books were being treated. Hallo! where are all my books? In the bathroom? That's not the place for books! Books in the bathroom indeed! Oh, Auntie, how would *you* like to have all your baths in the book-room?

What was my next job? To cart the books back to the library and give them a thorough dusting, with a spot of polish on the leather bindings. What was Minnie doing all this time? Cleaning the house down, no doubt, from attic to—— No, we haven't got a cellar; we find it saves a lot of steps, especially coming up.

At dusk I slipped into the garden to put the tortoise to bed. I chose a nice soft bed and put about three barrows of earth over him to keep him from brooding over the hollowness of this world. I was just pressing down the earth firmly with both feet when Minnie stopped the good work. I was to come and look at the kitchen. . . .

Minnie had done the kitchen behind my back! A slap-up job—just wanted a spot here and there, which *I* did—it takes a man!

And so, reverting to yours of the 30th *ult.*, I regret to inform you that, owing to reasons above-stated, we shall be unable, etc., etc., but if at any future date—say this time next year—you care to avail yourself of our kind offer, we shall endeavour, etc., etc., and you shall have your four bottles in bed in lieu of a nightcap.

Your affectionate Nephew,
ORESTES ROUSER.

P.S.—I *did* wash Peter.

A Bad Round.

"Playing for the St. George's club against Gordon, Bradman to-day scored 201. . . . The first 18 holes finished all square."
Manchester Paper.

"Janet Thomson lifted her head from the bowl of potatoes she was paring and looked out of her scullery window."—*Scots Paper.*

That's not the way to cure a slice.

A newspaper correspondent has been complaining of the use of forcible language in the R.A.F. "*Per ardua ad asterisks*," is it?

"She said in a funny shaken little voice:
(Please turn to page 76)."
Women's Paper.

Brokenly he replied: (To be continued next week).



The Younger Sailor. "'E WOULDN'T BE BAD-TEMPERED AN' REFUSE A DRINK, SIR, IF 'E'D ONLY KEEP UP-TO-DATE; BUT 'E WILL 'AVE IT THAT THE SHIPPIN' SLUMP IS DUE TO ATLANTIC LINERS 'AVIN' GIVEN UP USIN' SAILS."

THE OLD BELLRINGER.

"DON'T sound," old Job, the ringer, said,
"No muffled peal for I,
But pull your lustiest, lads, instead
When I do come to die,

"Till chaps at plough ten mile away,
So loud the music swells,
Do hear and stop their teams and say,
'There goes Long Barton bells.'

"For look, when they do show their powers
And swing and shake the spire,
There bain't a peal can match wi' ours,
No, not in all the shire.

"I've rung they bells year in, year out,
Since I was but a boy,
And loved 'em best when they did shout
Like marning stars for joy.

"So toll, when I to churchyard go,
No knell wi' mournful sound,
But ring 'em high an' ring 'em low
An' ring 'em round an' round.

"An' send out all your jyfullest notes
When I do come to die;
But never let they tuneful throats
Be sad along of I!" C. F. S.

"I will now turn to sugar," said Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN in the course of his Budget speech. But he didn't.

AT THE OPERETTE.

"THE DUBARRY" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

EVENTS move, characters veer and swerve with an engaging rapidity and inconsequence in this romantic reconstruction by PAUL KNEPLER and J. M. WILLEMINSKI, to the music of CARL MILLOCKER, arranged by THEO MACKEBEN.

Young *Jeanne*, an unsophisticated red-headed beauty (Fräulein ANNY AHLERS), passes from that fashionable millinery establishment of that old dragon, *Labille* (Miss MARGARET YARDE), to the garret of the young poet, *Lavallery* (Mr. HEDDLE NASH); rejects the advances of the apparently austere and sincere *Comte Dubarry* (Mr. EDMUND WILLARD) and after a misunderstanding of even more than customary unplausibility moves on from the poet's protection to the glittering, disedifying establishment of a *Madame Sauterelle* (Miss YARDE again). Here *Dubarry*, dragged thither by roystering companions, discovers her unhappy but pre-eminent by reason of her beauty and sullen disdain, declares his apparently serious passion, and offers her not protection merely, but heart, hand and title. With all the ardour and simplicity of her unspoilt nature she promptly and passionately returns his love. She has explained to her frankly sceptical companions at *Sauterelle's* her charming and single-minded theory of love in an aria, "I Give My Heart," of which theory and aria we are to hear much anon—and anon.

A year later she is still a devoted if extravagant wife, and now in process of becoming a great lady, yet objecting to continue her contribution to expenses by signalling to her card-sharping husband the hands of his victims. The *Comte* thinks this unreasonable.

The *Pompadour* has meanwhile fallen and the intriguing *Maréchale de France* (Miss HELEN HAYE), playing her clever hand against the *Duc de Choiseul* (Mr. C. M. HALLARD), the *King's* dominant Minister, has fixed upon the lovely *Dubarry* as the *Pompadour's* official successor. The *Comte*, after formal protest cynically discounted by the *Maréchale*, gracefully accepts the honour (with the financial relief incident to the arrangement of these high matters).

The gracious and euphemistic command to dine with Majesty is, also after due protest, complied with by the *Comtesse*; tactful instructions are given by the *Court Chamberlain* as to the etiquette on these occasions. The *Dubarry* has, however, her own technique. She is disdainful, not complaisant, and delivers Majesty something like a lecture. It takes our authors' *Louis* about seven minutes to discover that this candid woman is different from all the others, and their *Dubarry* about ten to realise that it is the man, not the king, whom she loves with all the ardour of her (still) unspoilt nature ("I Give My Heart," etc., *da capo*). And a year after, in her palace of Luciennes, the effective Queen of France is entertaining her sovereign and lover (a changed man, ardent, domesticated, faithful, resolutely banishing protesting Dukes) and explaining to a now famous poet that she has at last found the love of her life, is very sorry for him, but there it is. A gay ballet (with graceful Miss MIMI CRAWFORD as ballerina), against one of Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND'S most successful backgrounds, brings the fairy-tale to a suitable conclusion.



THE DUBARRY'S PROGRESS.

JEANNE (FRÄULEIN ANNY AHLERS) MAKES HER DÉBUT (WITH SONG).

Fräulein ANNY AHLERS is a beauty and a vivid personality. She moves with grace and significance. She has fire and pathos. She is more of an actress than a singer. Her higher notes were not too well controlled nor too pleasant in tone, and the composer runs to high notes in his fervent passages, which is a pity. But she dominates the scene all through, and she was taken to our hearts with unmistakable fervour overcoming British phlegm. Miss CLARICE HARDWICKE and Mr. CHARLES HESLOP (milliner and half-wit infatuate *Marquis*) gave us more than usually good comic relief, the pleasant nonsense song, "Gaga," in particular drawing from an enthusiastic gentleman in the gallery loud and persistent cries of "Oy!" The pleasant plaintive tenor of Mr. HEDDLE NASH (*Lavallery*) had our approval, as did that admirable unrehearsed effect when, at the close of an impassioned scene, he stumbled back on to a settee and turned a neat somersault over the back thereof, happily with no untoward effect. T.

AT THE PLAY.

"VILE BODIES" (VAUDEVILLE).

MR. DENNIS BRADLEY has performed a heroic feat of compression and co-ordination in turning Mr. EVELYN WAUGH'S kaleidoscopic survey of a brave new world (already, I suppose, with its jargon, hopelessly out of date) into this cinematographic revue. The pace is still fast, but nothing to the flurry and spate of the original—with which I may here assume a general familiarity. Of the (roughly) seven hundred characters and four-score changes of scene the adapter has retained half-a-hundred, interpreted by a cast thirty-four strong in a dozen episodes. He has jettisoned the conspiratorial Jesuit, *Father Rothschild* (a pity!), the guileless *P.M.* and *Mr. Outrage*, *M.P.* *Colonel Strapper* does not horsewhip *Lord Balcairn* ("Chatterbox" of *The Daily Excess*) in *Lord Monomark's* office, and that Press magnate is here a much diminished figure—by which diminution we lose. One or two of the more embarrassing puppets are withdrawn, and the audacities of others are mitigated for public consumption. The illiterate American evangelist and her angels take up more than their share of space, not, I think, to our advantage, but the temptation to adopt a chorus for revue was perhaps irresistible and the lapse may be condoned. But we found their antics a little too crude for the three-dimensional medium. The introduction of a *Commentator* was, I thought, unnecessary—there was either too little or too much of him.

The adventures of the representative Bright Young Things, *Adam Fenwick-Symes* and *Nina Blount*, with the red-headed goof, *Eddie Littlejohn*, for foil, are skilfully used as a connecting

thread. The adapter has imported jests and situations, or developments of situations, of his own, and has, in fact, done much more than make a mere transcript. He has converted the affair into terms of the theatre with more success than seemed possible, having regard to the hectic inconsequence of the original. He has also taken leave to invent a "happy ending"—*Adam* is killed by a shell—and if this is alien to Mr. WAUGH'S mood it is effective and has a wholesome cathartic quality after a surfeit of trifle.

Perhaps there was in the adapter's mind some idea of this as a modern morality, with *Adam* as Everyman—Everyman in a narrow world within a wide world, *bien entendu*.

The "revue" was well produced and well played with few weak patches. The extraordinarily well-observed study of old *Colonel Blount* by Mr. ATHOLE STEWART (incidentally the producer) was perhaps the outstanding performance. Mr. ROBERT DOUGLAS (*Adam*), Miss EILEEN PEEL (*Nina*) and Miss HELEN SPENCER (*Agatha Runcible*) all deserve much more than merely perfunctory praise; and Mr. P. KYNASTON REEVES, in the more flattering part of *Captain Littlejohn*, diverted us hugely with his imbecilities. Mr. AUBREY DEXTER'S "*Drunk Major*" and Miss CATHLEEN DRAGO'S charming little vignette of an Irish housekeeper stay happily in my memory; and Mr. ESMÉ PERCY and Mr. JACK KNIGHT, as two of the ladylike young men of the time, were diverting figures of fun. . . . Mr. EVELYN WAUGH'S malicious wit comes over the footlights very well. In fine the show is an excellent evening's entertainment. T.

"FACES" (COMEDY).

What special acquaintance Messrs. PATRICK LUDLOW and WALTER SONDES can claim with the inner workings of a modern beauty-parlour we have of course no means of knowing. *Amy Amor's* admirably-appointed establishment is apparently a substitute for the confessional. In one cubicle *Lily Edwards* (Miss MABEL TERRY LEWIS), anxiously undergoing facial repairs, laments to the perfunctorily interested craftswoman the difficulties of holding a lover who looks like returning to his lawful spouse; in another the elderly *rouée, Lady Wallingford* (Miss KATE CUTLER), imaginatively relates her many conquests to the bored *Alphonse* (Mr. GEORGE DE WARFAZ), her youthful hireling squire (Mr. CLIFFORD BARTLETT) in pouting attendance; in a third *Mrs. Denton Morris* (Miss CECILY BYRNE) bemoans the impending infidelity of her adored husband to her chosen priestess, *Madeleine Pelham* (Miss JANE BAXTER), our sympathetic heroine. She happens to be in love herself; happens too to be in love with *Mrs. Denton Morris's* husband, though that significant fact is for the present



MASKS AND FACES.

SUFFERING TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Alphonse . . . . . MR. GEORGE DE WARFAZ.
Lady Wallingford MISS KATE CUTLER.

veiled from them if quickly guessed by us.

A sombre Streatham interior reveals the springs of *Madeleine's* restlessness—dull, kind, pottering father (Mr. GEORGE ELTON); fond tired mother (Miss BUENA BENT); guileless oafish brother, *George* (Mr. GEORGE BENSON); *George's fiancée*, a mean-spirited little spitfire, *Edie* (Miss MARGERY BINNER), whom I feel sure the *Pelhams*, genuinely decent folk, would not have tolerated for a week; honest *Ted* (Mr. HAROLD FRENCH), *Madeleine's* official young man. The "damned sameness" of the thing, the sacred Saturday routine ending with the inevitable pictures, after the varied interests of the Bond Street confessional and the as yet innocent but dangerous delights of dinners and suppers with her well-dressed and experienced cavalier, gets upon her nerves and she hurls the tea-things into the startled air.



BEAUTY PARLEY.

Mrs. Denton Morris (MISS CECILY BYRNE) *to Madeleine Pelham* (MISS JANE BAXTER). "YOU'VE WAVED MY HAIR; NOW WILL YOU KINDLY WAIVE MY HUSBAND?"

Dick Morris (Mr. CECIL PARKER), tall, sleek and, as we see, no good, bringing her home after a late supper, presses the advantage which the Streatham parlour (and a prying *Edie*) give him and extracts her promise to share his life and await the divorce that he will, he asserts (but we doubt it), apply for.

But this is an unfashionable tale of virtue triumphant and honest plodding worth rewarded. We go back to Bond Street. *Mrs. Denton Morris* and *Madeleine*, now enlightened as to the situation, exchange pieces of mind. *Dick* doesn't appear to be playing quite straight. One of *Madeleine's* unsympathetic colleagues bursts out of her box with the news that *Lily Edwards* "has been chucked by the bloke who kept her." *Madeleine* is shaken. She turns to her faithful *Ted*.

While it wouldn't be quite candid to say this was a perfect piece of work or deny that some of the epigrams had a self-conscious air and that some of the fun was a little lacking in spontaneity, there is good honest entertainment in it and plenty of occasions for laughter. And it was excellently played by the principals—though Miss JANE BAXTER seemed to miss some of the emotional opportunities of her attractive part, to be a little too crudely explosive in tantrums and just a little wooden in sympathetic passages—very nice wood, I need hardly say. T.

In aid of the Friends of the Poor, a Ball, which PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of ATHLONE, has promised to attend, will take place at 37, Grosvenor Square, on Tuesday, May 3rd. Tickets, two guineas, can be obtained from the Marchioness of CARISBROOKE (by whom the Ball is being organised) and The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. As funds are urgently needed for this good cause, with which Mr. Punch has long been in close sympathy, he hopes that those who find themselves unable to take tickets will very kindly send a donation.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—I don't think I have written to you since I complicated my life by taking unto myself a wireless-set. A portable. You have them out there, I suppose, and therefore will be familiar with some of my problems, the chief of which is to translate the length of waves into the numbers on the revolving discs. In connection with this unending task I had, the other Sunday, a curious experience. After tinkering long with a device new to me both by name and function—the vernier—I at last got Rome. A great moment, you would think: the Eternal City sending its strains forth into the world: all through Italy, passing Assisi, Siena, Genoa, Turin; over the Alps; across the fair land of France; across the Channel; across half Sussex to my ears.

What would the music be? It was, as I have said, a Sunday afternoon. Would it be a plaintive and colourful mass by PALESTRINA or CORELLI? Would it be the impressive choir at the Gesuiti? None of these things; it was the gramophone record of an American singing, "He played his ukulele as the ship went down."

Cutting off, I reflected again on the misapplications of the most ingenious brains in these our times. How much thought and experiment, how many disappointments and failures, went to the invention of the gramophone and radio, it would be difficult to compute, but we may be sure that much grey matter was untiringly expended; yet whenever a new pipe or wire has to be laid in London the roads are still being torn up by navvies with pick-axes and shovels and the earth heaped high to impede the traffic—sheer mediæval clumsiness—and we are still uncertain, when our eyes alight on the word "read," whether it is the present or the past tense. Why is it that science is blind to the real needs of life?

The radio is, I suppose, a blessing, but a mixed one. I always wonder what discord its harmonies engender in large families where there are different tastes and only one set and the programmes offer at the same time so wide a choice of delights. Father wants some good serious music; mother wants a cookery-lecture on "What to do with stinging-nettles"; the elder boy wants the description of a football match; the second boy wants a comic entertainer; the younger girl wants the dance-band at the Torquay Ritz; and the elder girl, who is a highbrow, wants a book-review from Leipzig. And without any wireless they might all be happy.

Meanwhile I am asking myself how many Parisians take advantage of the physical culture lesson which begins every morning at 5.45. Few of the people I see in the streets of that city give the impression that they spend much time with dumb-bells. So far as the programmes intimate, the English radio begins at 10.45, but Paris, having got its muscular exercises out of the way (there is a second lesson at 6.30), settles down at 6.45 to listen to—what do you think? Gramophone music. Gramophone music to dress by! Is not that amazing?

À propos of France, I had the other day a curious true story from that country bearing upon the financial straits into which Europe has fallen. An old French family in a provincial town, who had hitherto been well-to-do, have just astonished their friends by leaving their comfortable ancestral home and going into lodgings. The usual excuse, the need for economy, held good; but what do you think the saving was for? To build a private tomb capable of holding fourteen coffins!

You have heard of a tenacious small-minded creature named Dora? Let me give you an example of the red tape which in the Mother country still ties our hands and enmeshes us around. You know that on early-closing days certain shops may remain open but may sell only what are called essentials? Chemists come under this head. Well, a customer on an early-closing day, being so lacking in civic propriety as to want some toilet-soap, asked the chemist for a well-known brand. "We are not allowed to sell that kind," he said, "except during ordinary shopping hours. But if you care for this you can have it, as, being made of coal-tar, it comes under the heading of medicaments." Can you beat it?

I will tell you something that really happened last week, but which, since you are an old reader of the comic papers, you will refuse to believe. A defect having displayed itself in the h. and c. service in a country house, the plumber was sent for. He arrived, from the nearest town, six miles away, examined the installation and returned the next day with the necessary new pipes. He could not, however, get to work as he had forgotten his tools. This convinces me that all mothers-in-law are censorious and all sausages are made of mysterious ingredients among which pork has no place.

Yours, E. V. L.

"His jaw had set itself."—*Magazine Story.*

Self-shrugging shoulders and cigarettes that throw themselves away when half-smoked would also be a boon to our over-worked heroes and heroines of fiction.

ESSE VIDEANTUR.

To those of my readers who endured an expensive and inadequate education at one of the great repositories of classical learning which have made us Englishmen what we are (though personally I cannot help feeling that other causes are also in part to blame), the above words may be vaguely familiar; but the products of the brand-new Government education-factories, which threaten, if we are not very careful, to make us what we shall be, they will no doubt leave entirely cold. For their benefit I will therefore explain that they are a mysterious formula whose metrical properties so fascinated CICERO, the distinguished Roman spell-binder, that wherever it was possible, and often where it was not, he employed them to round off his impressive periods.

In what exactly their attraction consisted no one, I think, has ever clearly explained; and if they are pronounced, as we are authoritatively informed they should be, "essay widdyahntoor," it becomes more inexplicable than ever, even for an orator with the incredible name of "KIKERO." Yet the irresistible charm that this particular rhythm still exercises upon the prose-writer is proved by Mr. KIPLING'S frequent selection of it for the titles of his masterpieces. After *Actions and Reactions* came *Traffics and Discoveries*, and again we have the metre of *esse videantur* in *Limits and Renewals*.

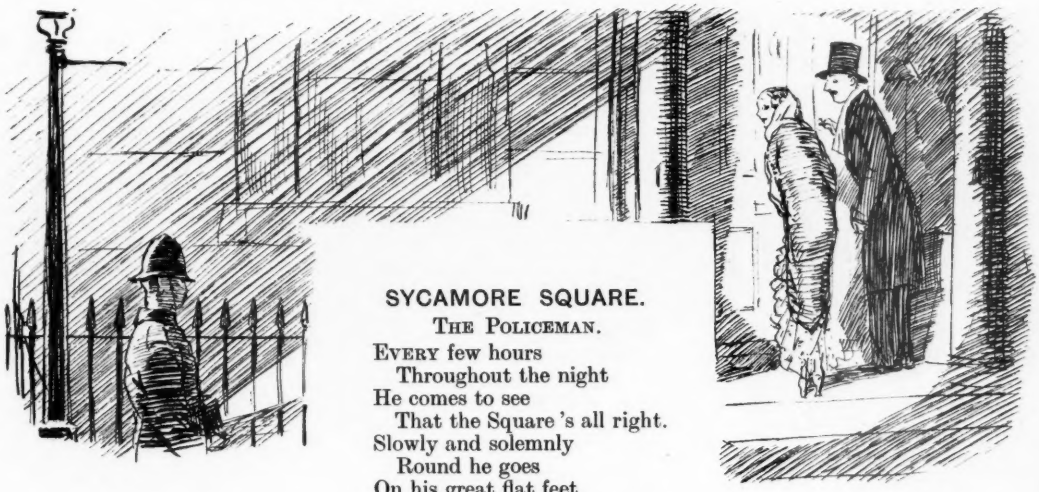
Now that the long summertime evenings are once more upon us the construction of such titles, suitable for Mr. KIPLING'S next volume, forms a pleasing fireside occupation for old and young. A small prize may be offered, and where the judges cannot come to a decision the author himself would doubtless be kind enough to adjudicate. As a guide to the kind of thing required I append the four entries from which the final selection was made at our last family gathering:—

Pledges and Reprisals.
Tensions and Demurrers.
Gadgets and Withstandings.
Knicks and Combinations.

The prize was ultimately awarded to the last, objections from Uncle Theophilus on the ground that the first noun must be a dissyllable, and from Aunt Maria on the score of indelicacy, being over-ruled.

"OTHELLO WITHOUT THE MOOR."
Daily Paper Headline.

If this sort of thing continues we may expect to see *Macbeth* without the Blasted Heath.



SYCAMORE SQUARE.

THE POLICEMAN.

EVERY few hours
Throughout the night
He comes to see
That the Square 's all right.
Slowly and solemnly
Round he goes
On his great flat feet
With their great blunt toes,
Shifting his very
Portentous weight
From side to side
With a rolling gait.
He flashes his lantern
Up and down;
His brows are bent
In an ominous frown;
To see him you 'd think
No thief would dare
To crack a crib
In Sycamore Square.
Yet when he 's at home
You 'll probably find
He 's a jovial man
And extremely kind,
Who likes his pint
And a kipper for tea
The same as you—
Or, at any rate, me.

JAN.









The Chairman. "YOU WERE DISCOVERED OUTSIDE A JEWELLER'S WITH A STONE IN YOUR HAND."
Prisoner. "YES; I WAS GOING IN TO GET IT VALUED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Reminiscences of a Romanoff.

COUSIN to the last of the Tsars and husband to his sister, the author of *Once a Grand Duke* (CASSELL, 15/-) is probably the sole survivor of those present at the death of ALEXANDER III.—murdered in 1883—and the most intimate witness of the subsequent decay of the ROMANOFFS. A suspected Liberal whose devotion to the Crown was nevertheless unimpeachable, the Grand Duke ALEXANDER seems to have realised betimes the hopelessness of the Imperial task. Fair and firm rule from above would undoubtedly, he contends, have satisfied the workers. The real trouble arose from "government-baiters bred by the Russian universities." His own career began in the Caucasian capital of Tiflis. He insisted on becoming a sailor instead of a soldier. He laid the foundations of the finest naval library in the world while a mere lad, and he visited both Japan and America before his marriage in 1894. All this naturally distinguished him—at the time none too favourably—from the other Grand Dukes, whose one chance of an education seems to have been a morganatic marriage followed by exile. Refused permission to devote his naval experience to the Russo-Japanese War, he joined the Fourth Russian Army in 1914; and his account of his country's reverses and the cynical irony of their upshot at Versailles is even more interesting than his own personal narrative of the Revolution. As the father-in-law of the man who killed RASPUTIN he was less obnoxious to the insurgents than many of his house. Rescued by an English battleship, he now lives in America.

The Good-nature Complex.

Mr. W. B. MAXWELL has learned his trade of entertainment thoroughly in the best school, and can be safely trusted to keep his public duly amused and interested. A man who writes so many novels must almost of necessity have his formula by this time; and *Amos the Wanderer* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) bears his sign-manual clearly enough. *Amos Bentley* is the son of an estate-agent in a small way, and we find him at the opening of the book assisting his father—and incidentally anyone else who wants him. For this *Amos* is most emphatically a good chap—the sort of man who never can pass a lame dog without feeling impelled to help him over the next stile, and then the next, until probably at last we find him and the lame dog in partnership and his own fine schemes all scattered to the winds. Indeed this is precisely what happens to our hero, who was intending to break out of bondage in the first chapter and embark upon a course of world-travel, but found himself held up by this good-nature complex of his at the very next parish, and even led to the altar before long. For most men this might have been the tragic end; but no! Mr. MAXWELL is not the man to be downed by a premature marriage. His formula demands a happy ending, after a due period of probation and toil. Then too there must be material success and plenty of it; so *Amos* has to become the pushing

man of affairs and the prop of the whole countryside, and eventually the right-hand man of *Lord Caister* (*vice* the villain *Tunshall*, deposed) before his *Elsie* reappears to find him conveniently widowed. All very pleasant, and decorated with a neat Maxwellian surprise at the finish—a bow on the dog's tail.

For Estuary Sailormen.

Those who have sailed in the Thames' broad mouth,
From the Stour up north to the Swale down south,
With bearings on the Nore, Tongue, Cork, Knock or Knowl,
Should hail MAURICE GRIFFITHS as a kindred soul.

He knows every passage in that watery maze,
From Havengore to Butley, from the Forelands to the Naze;
And Foulness or Gunfleet, Maplin or Swin,
There isn't a channel he's a stranger in.

Daytime and night-time, at dusk or at dawn,
He's sailed when the sea was as smooth as a lawn,
And he's sailed, or done his almost hopeless best,
With his canvas in ribbons and his hook gone west.

He has the lot at his finger-tips
And cheerily forth from his pen it slips
In *The Magic of the Swatchways*, a book to get
(ARNOLD launches it at 10/6 net).

"Dodo" on Charlotte.

The most terrible challenge, I feel, that genius has ever to undergo is the attempted reconciliation of its own devastating and imperative claims with the still small voice of the ordinary human conscience. That there is no record of heroic sanctity coinciding with consummate artistic ability indicates that the twin plots of art and virtue are extremely difficult to cultivate together, and that the one is apt to grow weedy and unproductive when too much attention is paid to the other. The main tragedy, as I see it, of the life of *Charlotte Brontë* (LONGMANS, 12/6) arises from CHARLOTTE'S supreme effort to combine supremely these two *rôles*—to deny herself as a Christian should and to liberate the inspired creator of *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*. The resultant tension, with its inevitable compromises and inequalities of temper, renders her in some ways a less sympathetic figure than BRANWELL, who had no morals, and ANNE, who had no genius; but I can hardly forgive Mr. E. F. BENSON for having written a whole new life of CHARLOTTE on the text of her obvious disabilities. These and Mrs. GASKELL'S partisan attempts to gloss over them are his paramount interest; though there is incidentally enough animated narrative and apt criticism to keep the BRONTË enthusiast beguiled if not placated. Mr. BENSON'S ascription of the much-debated authorship of *Wuthering Heights* strikes me as the most satisfactory I have yet encountered. There is one odd little error on p. 23: "*Naomi*" *Brocklehurst* was not the black marble clergyman of *Jane Eyre*, but his mother.



Modiste. "CHARMING, MODOM; BUT, IF MODOM WILL TAKE MY ADVICE, THE HAT WOULD GO BETTER WITH A COMPLEXION OF CRUSHED POODLE."

The Simple 'Nineties.

From the grim tenacity of a *Joanna Godden* or the fanatical ambitions of a *Susan Spray* it is a far cry to the innocent subtleties of the joint heroines of *The Children's Summer* (CASSELL, 7/6). In her latest book, in other words,

Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH has made what is for her a new departure, for I cannot remember that she has ever before portrayed childhood except as a prelude to the complexities of maturity. And *Selina*, aged seven, and *Moira*, aged five, are children without *arrière pensée*, children *per se*, children in their quiddity. Daughters of the simple 'nineties, when frocks were long and locks were long, when the word of Nannie was law and scientific child-study had not yet added a new terror to the possession of parents, they play their games and make their minor mischiefs, receive their rewards and imagine their own fairies, after a manner so normal that some folk may feel cheated that their little adventures are presented to them in the guise of a novel. But others will thank Miss KAYE-SMITH for having so accurately recorded the whimsies of childhood without the insulting interposition of adult whimsicality, and for having written them a book so perfectly in tune with the middle-aged mood of sentimental reminiscence. *Selina* and *Moira* are every child (of either sex), and, although in neither of them is to be perceived the makings of a *Joanna Godden* or a *Susan Spray*, it is within the bounds of possibility that one of them will grow up into a very gifted novelist.

Spice of Life.

If Lord EDWARD GLEICHEN were really to let himself go instead of being hampered by a degree of respect for sober truth, most of the established limits for tall stories might well be in danger. Even as it is the Persian sentry who presented arms with one hand while holding out the other for a tip, or the Port Admiral of Sevastopol who was an authority on the British episcopacy, or the tourist in Yellowstone Park who endured nine distinct catastrophes in a day are not persons to be accepted from just anyone. In *A Guardsman's Memories* (BLACKWOOD, 15/-), an amazingly varied record of travel, sport, secret service and hard fighting is presented in the most unconcerned manner in the world. As military attaché at a foreign Court the writer has suffered the chilly displeasure of an emperor; and as a "seriously wounded" case in a campaign he has escaped medical supervision to regale himself on tinned lobster and bottled beer. He has chased a fox through a delighted Bedouin encampment, and has been helplessly adrift in the Red Sea. He was behind the scenes in Ireland in 1914. Throughout his book there is an atmosphere of easy dogmatism that goes not amiss with his great good-fellowship and real authority on his own subjects; and but for his deplorable habit of running his sentences to ground in brackets half-a-dozen times or more on nearly every page I should vote this one of the cheerfullest volumes of its kind I have seen for long enough.

Pleasant Misery.

I rather fancied when I began *The Miserable Sinner* (MILLS AND BOON, 7/6) that the unscrupulous gentleman described in the story would turn out to be not so miserable as he is painted in the title; that, in fact, there might be an ironic touch in the epithet. But though when we are introduced to him he is thoroughly enjoying himself Miss DOLF WYLLARDE means what she says. He has a veneer of cheerfulness which imposes on people, but most of the time, and finally, he is in the dumps. And not only he. There is scarcely a character in the book who is not more or less miserable. Even the one who inherits a fortune through somebody else borrowing his name doesn't get the lady he wants. And yet somehow the record of their goings-on is very readable. At least I read it steadily through, and the pleasure I got from it was not, I must confess, due to any moral satisfaction in the thought that the transgressors got what was coming to them. Perhaps, apart from Miss WYLLARDE'S clever knack of narrative, what lured me on was the hope that everything would come right in the end. But hardly anything did.



Convict. "YUS, LADY, I'VE DONE NEARLY TWENTY YEARS——"
Visitor. "TWENTY WASTED YEARS! HOW IT MUST MAKE YOU WISH TO HAVE YOUR TIME OVER AGAIN!"

The Shores of Cornwall.

So much nonsense has been written about Cornwall and so much has been taken for fact which is idle fancy that lovers of the Duchy will welcome *Cornish Seafarers* (DENT, 6/-), in which Mr. A. K. HAMILTON JENKIN is careful to make no statement which is not authoritatively supported. Dividing his book into three parts, "The Smugglers," "Wrecks and Wreckers" and "The Fisherman's Trade," he is always both interesting and informing. That smuggling was a trade, and almost an honoured trade, in Cornwall no one will deny; but that sufficient evidence exists to prove that the Cornish were guilty of deliberate wrecking is not true, as Mr. JENKIN, with the congratulations of Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH in a preface, clearly shows. The least picturesque and the most valuable part of the book is the last. Here we have the Cornish fisherman of to-day clearly put before us, and Mr. JENKIN deserves more than a word of praise for his prudent consideration of a most grave situation. Hikers bound for Cornwall might well be advised to find room for this volume in their knapsacks.

A Tale of Two Trunks.

Mr. H. M. RALEIGH is the fortunate possessor of a real sense of fun, and for the greater part of its journey *Excess Baggage* (METHUEN, 7/6) travels smoothly along its farcical lines. The Vicar of a country village, in a moment of extreme exasperation, clouted his Bishop on the head with a decanter and apparently killed him. So the Vicar's wife, being a lady who was at her best in emergencies, promptly put the episcopal body in a trunk and hastened to convey it by train to a place where she hoped to dispose of it. But *en route* this trunk was exchanged for a similar piece of luggage, and the Bishop (who had only been stunned) woke up to find himself in the *Duchess of Dillwater's* bedroom. Excellent fooling follows, though in the concluding scenes of the story I think that the humour is almost too exuberant. I note that in a preface Mr. RALEIGH acknowledges his debt to the authors of *The Wrong Box*.

CHARIVARIA.

HERR HITLER'S campaign among agriculturists lends colour to the suspicion that he aspires to become the German BEAVERBROOK.

***

A *Sunday Dispatch* reader complains of being unable to fall in love. It is of course essential that soul-mates should read the same Sunday paper.

***

The impression created by the POET LAUREATE'S ode for the opening of the SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre is that it does not appreciably increase the prospect of a MASEFIELD Memorial Theatre.

***

We gather from the opinions of various meteorological experts that we are to have a dry summer this year, weather permitting.

***

One weather-prophet says we may expect a lot of rain this summer. We were proposing to do so without his permission.

***

A policeman says that visitors frequently ask him where the Strand is when he is actually standing on it. Tourists should be discouraged from baiting the Force about their size in footwear.

***

Milk drunk before any form of alcohol, we are told, prevents the latter from having any effect. Can it be that the old "three bottle" men used the baby's as the first of them?

***

After leaving a theatre the other night a gossip-writer went to a supper-club and found it crowded. Gossip-writers have great difficulty in finding seclusion.

***

"Squash that Musquash!" is the slogan we suggest to the Ministry of Agriculture for the campaign against these rodents.

***

Pictures hung on the line at the Academy are privileged to be covered with glass. In some artistic circles the objection to this custom is that glass is transparent.

***

With reference to the economic situation in America, it is pointed out that the only way to judge the prosperity of a country is by the smoke of its factory-chimneys. It is easy to be misled by the smoke of its cigars.

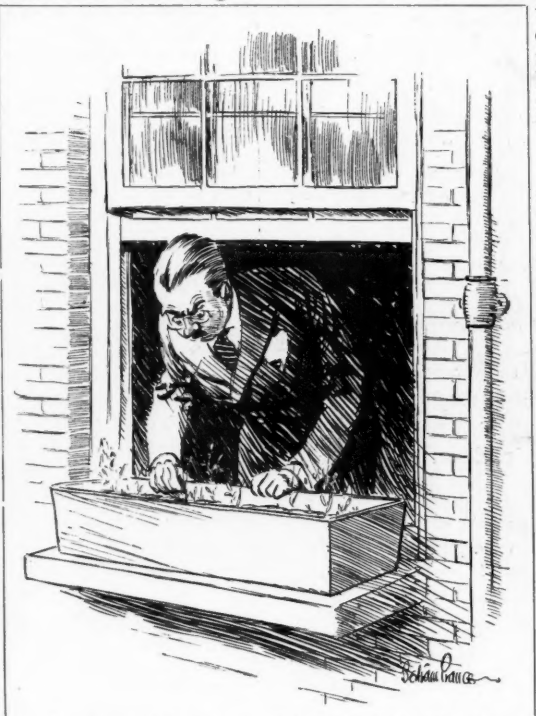
Spurious sixpences now in circulation are described as being smooth and light and having no "ring." Nothing is said about "bang."

***

The Japanese artist who is painting a picture in his own blood as a patriotic gesture has of course adapted his technique to a medium which is thicker than water but thinner than oil.

***

In view of Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY'S adverse criticism of the deflationary policy of the Bank of England there is support in Threadneedle Street for the idea of deflating Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY.



Jones (examining unsuccessful window-box). "BY JOVE, THIS MAKES YOU UNDERSTAND WHY FARMERS ARE ALWAYS GRUMBLING!"

The level of Curzon Street, Mayfair, is to be raised. Not socially, of course.

***

An objection to the Harley Street innovation of writing prescriptions in cipher instead of Latin is that it involves the waste of a classical education.

***

The British firm whose dilatoriness is alleged to have lost a large foreign order for electric-light bulbs is believed to have overlooked the existence of other competitors than the Dutch.

***

A commercial writer warns us against hoarding money. It is this sort of advice that makes the average humorist throw in the towel.

A contemporary remarks that increased sales of property are a sign of depression. Auctions speak louder than words.

***

A Midlands man told a magistrate that he tore up his wife's hat because she told him to weed the garden. ADAM never did that.

***

A beauty-specialist advises women who would be beautiful to eat lettuce. This diet doesn't seem to have done much for the slug.

***

A man living on an awkward bend of the Usk-Monmouth road has drawn up a scale of charges for motorists who crash through his hedge. Nobody ever tries to provide fun like that for pedestrians.

***

One large dairy-firm now stands off any of its milkmen who are suffering from throat-trouble until it is cured. Has yodelling been made a notifiable disease at last?

***

A sports-writer points out that both the finalists in a recent tennis tournament were forty. This made it deuce.

***

Rubber portmanteaux are predicted. We should love to be present when the first porter hurls a piece of luggage to the ground and finds that it bounces up and raps him smartly on the nose.

***

The process of extracting ostrich plumes is said to be no more painful than having one's hair cut. Less painful, we should think. The feather-plucker does not keep up a running fire of caustic comment on the thin state of his client's plumage.

***

According to a recent report London's debt now amounts to £149,007,484. The idea of holding a bridge-drive in order to wipe off this amount has been abandoned.

***

A London shop has been robbed for the ninth time in two years. Some burglars are very conservative and shrink from opening new premises.

***

"It is as easy to telephone from London to New York as from London to Brighton," says an engineer. The Post-Office will have to do better than that.

HOW TO INCREASE THE AMENITIES OF WAR.

TOUCHING the date when War will die
The best opinions seem to vary;
Meanwhile the thing might be improved
If certain features were removed,
As scheduled at Geneva by
Our FOREIGN SECRETARY.

The grosser weapons we employ
Are scarcely fit for butchering cattle;
Air-bombs and heavy guns and tanks
Cause great discomfort in the ranks
And go a long way to destroy
The pleasure of a battle.

When on the knightly field of fame
Gunpowder made its vulgar entry
Where hits had hitherto been scored
With axe and arrow, lance and sword,
War was no longer deemed a game
Suitable for the gentry.

To-day, with chemists raising hell,
We've reached a still more painful juncture,
And men of taste have now expressed
A preference for going West
By impact of a low-range shell
Or else a bullet's puncture.

(To one who loathes all tools of war
This marked dislike of new inventions
Seems paltry. If I took a knock
I should alike resent the shock
Whether a gas-bomb downed me or
A gun of small dimensions).

All kinds of missiles they've discussed,
And which is bloodiest when it hits you;
Why can't they take and scrap the lot
And, when the nations next grow hot,
Leave them to work it off with just
Bare knuckles and ju-jitsu? O. S.

THE MODERNIST SCULPTOR AND THE SLEUTH.

A FABLE.

A MODERNIST Sculptor, whose Art had the quality of Annoying those who could not Appreciate it, was walking along a public Highway when a Perfect Stranger approached and placed a large Treacle Plaster over his Features.

The Modernist Sculptor made a great Outward show of Fierce but necessarily Muffled protest against this Indignity; yet inwardly he was Delighted, for he took the Treacle Plaster to be a fresh Manifestation of the Disapprovals of the Uncultured, who hitherto had contented themselves by Tarring and Feathering his Masterpieces, and he saw in this novel Victimisation the makings of valuable Publicity. But when he had at Length removed the Saccharine substance from his Eyes he was Chagrined to realise that the Treacle Plaster was but a Ruse to divert his Attention whilst he was being Relieved of his Gold Watch and Chain.

Now in due course a Sleuth with a note-book came to the Modernist Sculptor and said, "It is a pity that there is a Dearth of Clues. But do not Despair, for the peculiar Technique of this crime is familiar, and if you will give a Description of the Malefactor I shall be Astonished if it does not correspond to Tea-leaf Jim."

"I can do More than give you his Description," cried the Modernist Sculptor, "I can put him before you in Clay." Saying which, he fell into an Agony of Inspiration and rapidly modelled a Figure of the Stranger with the Treacle Plaster. The Effigy had profuse Parallelogram Curls and Square ears, with one side of the face Convex and the other Concave. The arms were Thick and Thin in Unlikely places, and the hands, with fingers all of the Same length, were obviously not a Pair.

After regarding it Intently the Sleuth said almost at once, "That is not Tea-leaf Jim. Nor is it the likeness of any Miscreant known to the Custodians. Indeed there is no one in the Underworld like that, for if there were I think that with my Powers of Observation I should almost Certainly have Noticed him by reason of his two Dislocated Shoulders alone."

"I perceive," said the Modernist Sculptor with a note of Petulance creeping into his Voice, "that you have the Soul of a Philistine. You are unable to appreciate a Representation of my Assailant as a Synthesis of Movement and Formalised Harmonies. What you want, I suspect, is for me to express this Malefactor as the Lid of a Chocolate Box."

"My Personal views on Art are Irrelevant," replied the other Evasively, "but as a Sleuth I think that to circulate a description of the Wanted man throughout the Force in the terms of Architectural Values and Elegant Formalism would be Unlikely to lead to an Arrest."

"You want the Pretty-pretty," persisted the Modernist Sculptor, "and I will not give it to you. I must be True to my own individual Impulse, and my Reaction to my Assailant is expressed in that Clay. That Effigy is exactly my Æsthetic Conception of Tea-leaf Jim or whoever it was that Despoiled me."

"That may be Your conception," retorted the Sleuth, "but how am I to Track the Malefactor down if you do not tell me what My conception would look like? Unless you can Describe him as I should See him you will Never see your Gold Watch and Chain."

Moral: While it is True that Art has No Frontiers, it has Many Limited Spheres of Influence.

"DUNROAMIN."

YOU know those bungalows with names like "Omeatlast" and "Thissizzours"? Well, I came across one recently labelled "Dunroamin." The name (not the bungalow) recalled Dunrobin Castle, and I was reflecting how environment and association affect one's feeling for names when the door of "Dunroamin" opened and the owner emerged through the rustic porch.

"Rather smart, don't you think?" he remarked, observing the interest I was taking in the name-board.

"Very," I assured him; "only don't you think you've rather overdone the disguise? Some people might miss your meaning. Why not make it a little more obvious by spelling 'Rome' correctly?"

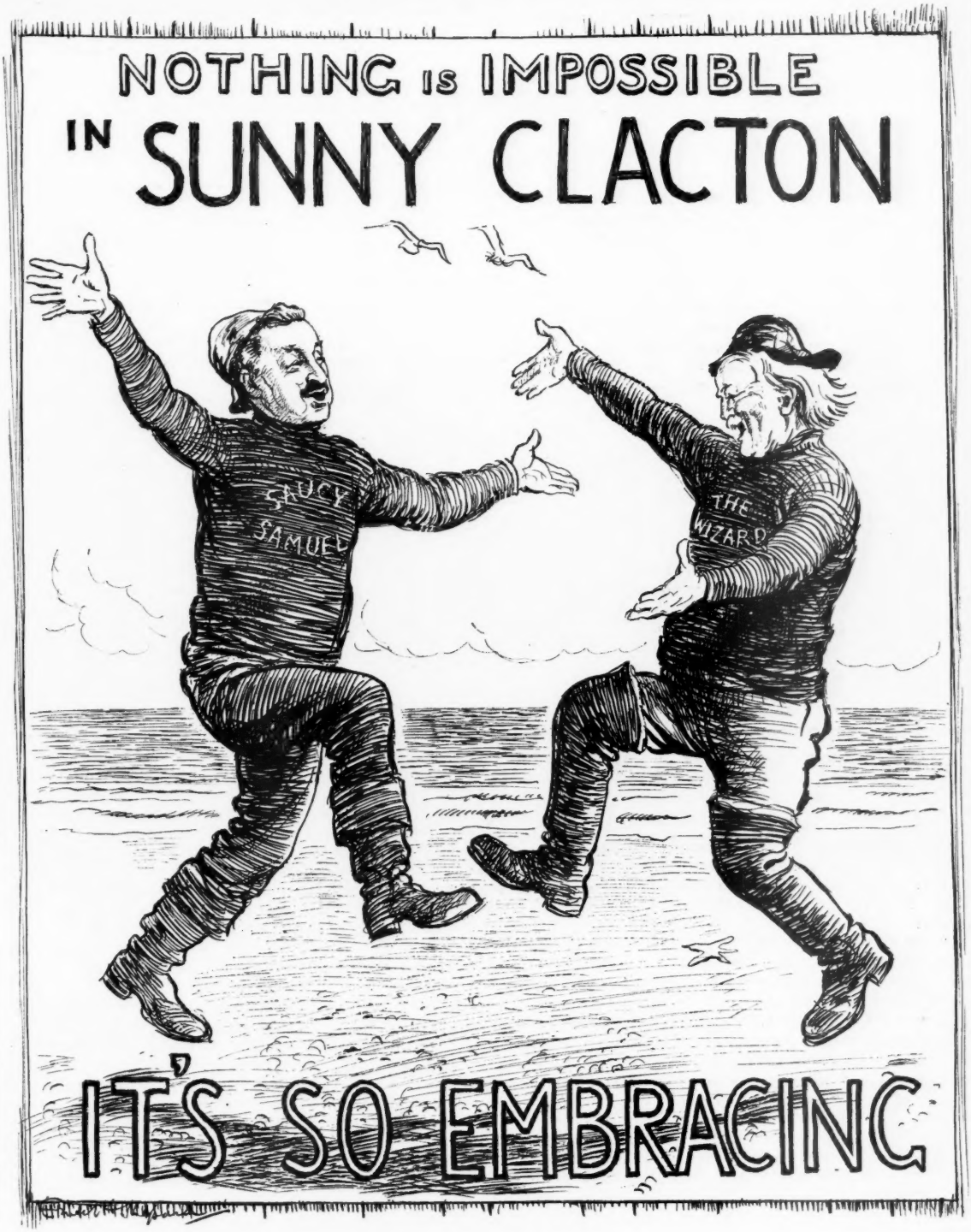
"I *have* spelt it correctly," he replied. "Don't you see the idea? 'I've Done Roaming.'"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I said. "I thought you meant you had 'Done Rome In.'" And I spelt it for him.

"I don't see what you mean," he objected. "How have I 'Done Rome In'?"

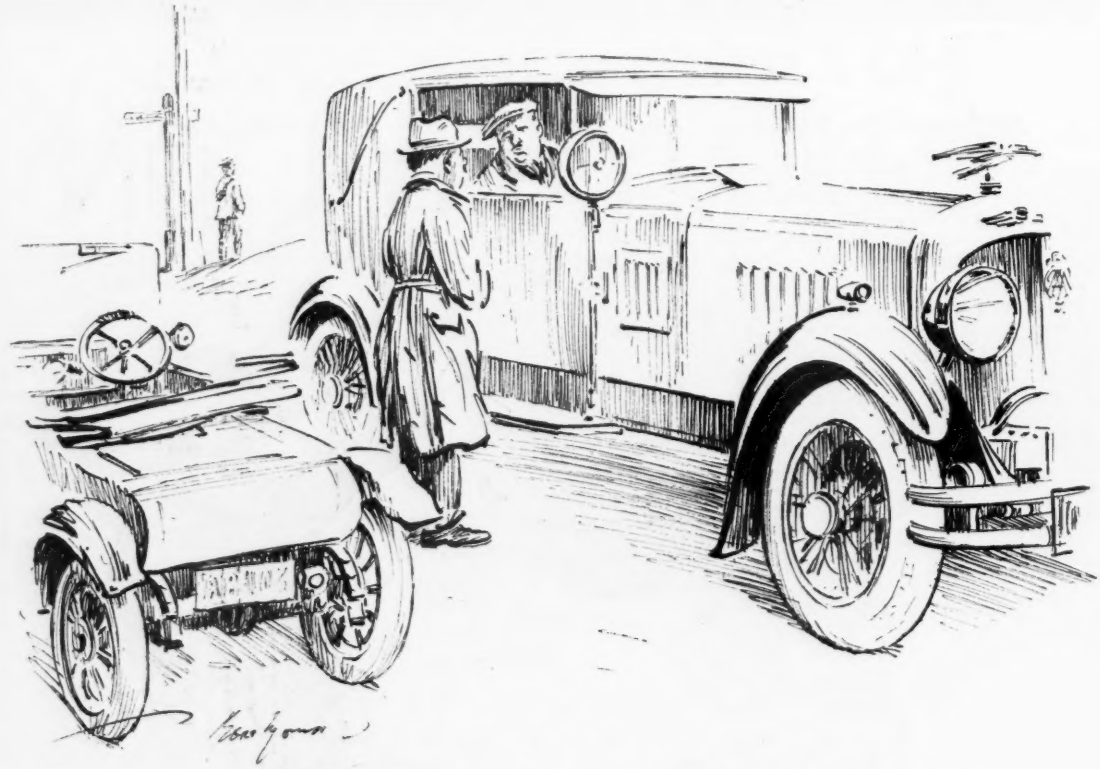
"Well," I said, "Rome wasn't built in a day, you know; but I can see that this was."

Here I left him, and now I shall never know what he thought, on reflection, of my rather happy *mot*. For I dare not pass that way again lest I should find the name of his bungalow changed to something even more repellent; possibly "Dunhikin."



THE LIBERAL LIDO.

A POSTER TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.



Owner of Ancient Car. "COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A MATCH?"
Owner of Luxury Car. "YES, BUT I SHOULDN'T SET FIRE TO IT HERE."

A SHOCK FOR ROMANCE.

THIS year for the first time in its history the casino at Monte Carlo pays no dividend. Monte Carlo! *Mon Dieu!*

So much for the cities of our dreams. Great Troy is fallen. Atlantis is under the sea. And I daresay there is a deep wedge-shaped depression hovering over Avalon.

I have never dared to go to Monte Carlo, even when I was quite near it, in case illusion should be shattered. And now it is shattered indeed.

Mine was the Monte Carlo of romance, of English milors, of Russian princes and Eastern potentates, of jewelled ladies, dark, adventurous, sinister. I claimed it as my spiritual home. Is there no dividend for roulette at Monte Carlo? Then there is none for Eldorado, and none for the top of the Beanstalk, and none for Samarcand; all the galleons have gone under and there is financial stringency in the Mountains of the Moon.

I suppose the War is responsible, if one looks closely into the matter; or the man who made the War. The KAISER is the culprit. He is the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Let him think of that as he chops wood in lonely majesty at Doorn.

"Absence of visitors" is stated to be the reason for the casino's failure. I could have guessed it without the clue. But the world of fiction-lovers owes so much to Monte Carlo that I feel something ought to be done to rehabilitate this little watering-place. I see in a vision the queue of unemployed croupiers struggling for the dole, of florists starving, head-waiters forlorn, of revolver-sellers deprived for the first time in seventy years of their customary *clientèle* of suicides. Name of a dog, Archduke! Let us have a *petit verre* and weep together!

To what place will the writers of romance, and especially detective romance, now waft us—you and me and Lord Egbert and Celestine? Whenever a novelist wished us to make money quickly and in large quantities the next chapter would always begin:—

> "*Monte Carlo, glittering, radiant. The Mediterranean lay like a sapphire lake, untroubled, calm. Within the crowded gambling-rooms. . . .*"

Well, anything might happen there. We seldom had more than a minimum stake to begin with, but a mysterious lady, heavily perfumed, would tap our arm. "Twenty-seven," she would say, sometimes using the French language. "*Vingt-sept.*" There was a pretty convention that quite a lot of French could be used without translation when we were taken to Monte Carlo. "*Rouge et noir,*" "*Pair et impair,*" could be served up quite freely even to the *feuilleton* reader, if only the scene were laid at Monte Carlo. "*Faites vos jeux, Messieurs . . .*"

I calculate that hundreds of thousands of pounds have been made in gross total by English novelists out of those few words alone. It was a curious and fortunate happening that twenty-seven always turned up eight or nine times running, thus enabling the mortgage to be paid off and all the racing-debts to be retrieved. In the same way the penniless young heroine could be saved from the rich old villain who was pursuing her. Between them, in fact, the hero and heroine were always at the point of ruining Monte Carlo. But somehow it recovered. The casino never failed to pay a dividend in romance.

But there were other times, of course,

when we had to lose money quickly, and once again it was felt that Monte Carlo offered the finest field for bankruptcy.

> "*He went out on to the broad terraces and looked at the Mediterranean in the velvet night.*"

I think the night was velvet. It usually is for heroes. The mistral does not ruffle the moustaches of Lord Egbert or the Archduke. Twenty-seven had turned up nine times, but we had backed it all ways with every plaque we possessed to turn up again. For some reason or other it didn't. All was lost but honour, and our hand closed on the butt of the little revolver, one of those little revolvers for which there is now hardly any sale. A mysterious lady tapped us on the shoulder. The perfume of whatever it was came to our senses again. She had a few hundred francs. Would we put them on twenty-seven for her? We would. We did.

People who have been to Monte Carlo have often told me that the romance is exaggerated. They say that the town is beautiful as a coloured postcard is beautiful, but the casino sordid and sad. There are too many hectic and miserly old ladies for the true atmosphere of drama and intrigue. The Archduke of our dreams has come on a Polytechnic tour, and Lord Egbert speaks with the accent of the Middle-West. That was their Monte Carlo. They may keep it, solvent or no. It was never mine.

> "*Monte Carlo, glittering, brilliant. The Mediterranean lay like a sapphire lake, untroubled, calm. Within the crowded gambling-rooms . . .*"

But crowded, alas! no more. What is to be done about it? The little ball rolls perpetually into twenty-seven (I should say into *vingt-sept*) unheeded, unobserved. How is the mortgage to be paid off? How is Lord Egbert to take his place on the Turf again? How are the clutches of the elderly financier to be eluded? Who can say?

I suggest there should be a syndicate, or *société anonyme*, of British and American authors to rescue the casino of Monte Carlo from decay. They should not forget in the hour of adversity this little home from home. For suppose—horrid thought—that it closed down altogether and became nothing but a memory? Better anything than that.

Now while there is yet time let us found an International Memorial Casino, after the style of Madame TUSSAUD, with aged croupiers as guides. There shall be waxen effigies of Russian princes and Eastern potentates playing in deathly pallor with white motionless hands the game we know so well. Lord Egbert shall be there. A mysterious lady, like a dressmaker's model, bending slightly forward, for ever beautiful, for ever strangely perfumed, shall touch his inanimate shoulder and seem to whisper into his chilly ear. Every now and then, by an ingenious electrical arrangement, the wheel will start revolving, the little ball will roll. Always it will finish in twenty-seven.

Vingt-sept. EVOE.



AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Old Lady. "NOW WHAT DO YOU TALK ABOUT, JANE—VALUES AND VOLUMES, ISN'T IT?"

Young Woman. "NO, NO, GRANNIE. THAT WAS *LAST* YEAR. IF YOU *MUST* SAY ANYTHING, TALK ABOUT *MONUMENTAL COLORISTIC MECHANISM*."

To-day's Quandary: Would You Have Arrested Your Father?

"BATH CHIEF-CONSTABLE MARRIED. . . . The bride looked exceedingly graceful. . . . Her only article of jewellery was a gold pendant, the lift of the bridegroom's father."—*Wiltshire Paper.*

Several doctors have written to say that last autumn the CHANCELLOR reduced their Panel profits, and they have now had their revenge by reducing his income from Death Duties by £18,000,000.

OUR LUXOR LETTER.

April 5th.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is sad but true that "*Good-morning—baksheesh*" is the greeting of the innocent children of Luxor to any citizen of Europe. I am told that the first halting utterances of the Egyptian baby are recognisable to the philologist as an infantile attempt at "*Baksheesh.*" And I should not wonder.

At Luxor, now that the unfashionable heats of summer have begun, one rises incredibly early and enjoys the too brief freshness of the morning. (I have twice been fully conscious and even dressed by seven!) One wanders out through the highly-coloured and chirpy garden to the margin of the celebrated Nile river, now low and lazy and steel-blue and charming. One admires the antiquated but fascinating felucca, the hoopoe, the white heron, the flashing kingfisher, and, across the water, the meringue-coloured Libyan Hills which back the green and fertile plain of Thebes. There is not a cloud in the sky. There never is. But there is always a cloud of small children who say, "*Good-morning—baksheesh.*"

There is also, even at that early hour, a cloud of adults who wish to sell the European a number of bad necklaces, bad chocolates or bad cigarettes, a fan, a fly-whisk, scarabs, postcards or fragments of ancient pottery. There are also those who would like to dust his shoes or take him for a sail, a camel or donkey-ride. It is no good shouting "*Imshi!*" at these tenacious business-men. That served in the old days, but they now know that "*Imshi*" is the only native word the Englishman knows and that in the end he will grow tired of saying it. The upshot is that one abandons the Nile, the white heron, the meringue-coloured hills, etc., and scuttles back into the hotel. I content myself now with a cautious peep at the Nile from my bedroom window—and even then am sometimes spotted by a watcher in the garden who hopefully waves a string of necklaces at me.

The dawn is but a feeble instalment of the day. Life here is one long sales-resistance, one long battle for the *piastre*. America has been maligned; compared with the land of the Pharaohs Wall Street is lackadaisical in the hunt for money. The "tourist" lives in his hotel in a state of siege. Once or twice a day he makes a *sortie*, fights his way through a barrage of necklaces, fans and scarabs and goes off to see a temple or a tomb. All the way there he fights a running battle. In the town every second adult has something to sell, and from the mud-hut villages the infants crawl forth crying "*Saida! Baksheesh!*" We measure distances not in miles but *baksheesh*. "How far is it to the Temple of Pith?" says Tourist No. 1. "Oh, about four hundred *piastres*," is the reply. I know not how much the Israelites took off the Egyptians on a famous occasion, but I am quite sure the Egyptians get it all back with interest every time a liner ties up at Port Said.



House-Agent (anxious to let week-end cottage). "SAY THE WORD: FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED?"

Sooner or later the most innocent tourist will grow brutal or cunning and begin to withhold the tribute expected. (I have known Britons who boldly refused to buy a necklace and even declined to ride on a camel from the Pyramids to the Sphinx.) But he is seldom allowed to reach this stage. In order that the flow of tribute may never cease the tradition has been established that no European has the wit or courage to resist the depredations of the Egyptian rabble and find his way to the tombs and things himself. Therefore he must have an Egyptian of nobler quality to protect him. Hence was invented the being called a *dragoman*.

Set an Egyptian to catch an Egyptian. Or let us say, less harshly, that the dragoman is a sort of insurance against robbery, and that the premiums are rather high.

While you are still flustered and appalled by the rapacious clamour of Egypt the dragoman takes you under his wing. He guides you to the "sights" and hires your donkeys, carriages, boats, camels or what-not for you. He is ostentatiously respectable and good; he is very clean and well-dressed and he cannot use language too severe for the rascally fellows who spoil the European. He shouts abuse at boatmen and donkeymen, and sometimes hits them with his staff. They snarl at him like wild animals and he tells you that he has beaten them down from an enormous to a reasonable fee. (Whenever I have hired a boat by myself I have paid the same rate as the dragoman; but let that pass.) Naturally he does not do all this beating down for nothing; while he may possibly save you ten *piastres* with the right hand he will certainly charge you twenty or thirty with the left. Also he takes a commission from the aforesaid boatmen and donkeymen. But let that pass too. He saves you trouble and argument, if not money. If he robs you he robs you like a gentleman, not with rude cries in Arabic, but smoothly and in excellent English. And if he lies the art with which he does it is a positive treat. Which is a change and in a way a comfort.

He does not, however, remove the unfortunate impressions already recorded (1) that the babies of Egypt are born crying "*Baksheesh!*" and (2) that they do not change much as they grow to maturity. I see a little tilling going on beside the Nile, all done with extreme deliberation. The real energy and vitality of the race is not suspected till a mutt approaches from another land.

What a pity this is! One would so like to think well of all the sons of the Pharaohs. One has seen the like in many places frequented by the "tourist"; but I have to hand my personal prize to Egypt—and I am not forgetting Colombo, Naples, Gibraltar, Algiers or even the White City. And I want you, Sir, to speak respectfully to the great SIDKY PASHA, Prime Minister, about it. He may answer, perhaps, that for several thousands of years Egypt has been the prey of the invader, and now she is getting her own back. Or he may say slightingly, as people do, that the "tourist" is the

father of his own misfortunes—and rather enjoys them. Well, I want to say a word for the "tourist." I never know why he should be so despised by countries and places which are so anxious to get him. Like the "tripper" (equally despised at home), he is only anxious to view the beauties of God and Man near which he is not fortunate enough to dwell himself. This is not a criminal offence; and the fines are too heavy.

Egypt, like other places, wants more and more of this contemptible class to come and goggle at her antiquities and throw money about the country. Well, it's a fine place—lovely sun, good hotels, obliging staffs and capital tombs. But I should like to tell SIDKY PASHA straight that he must improve the street-manners of his people before I visit them again. Yesterday I heard an American gentleman say that Phœnix, Arizona, had as good a climate as Egypt, better food and no *baksheesh* troubles; he said he foresaw the day when the British and American tourist would go to Phœnix, Arizona, instead of to Luxor, Egypt. Let the Pasha ponder that appalling threat.

As for the suggestion that the half-witted Anglo-Saxon enjoys being badgered and cheated, I wish all countries to take notice that he doesn't. If I want a camel, a postcard or a donkey I am quite capable of asking for it myself, if only by signs. I do *not* want to be a sales-resister every second step I take. I do not want to have to count my small change every time and ring every coin upon a marble slab before I dare to pocket it. I like to be able to conduct the simple transactions of the day without taking precautions against fraud. The dawn and the new moon are spoiled for me if I am pestered by tenacious rogues; and prolonged financial irritation may even at last diminish my respect for the Pharaohs and their funeral arrangements.

My wishes in these matters could quite easily be met, in Egypt and similar spots, if as much thought were given to them as is given to the advertisement and exploitation of ruins. Not possessing the fatalism of the East, I am not persuaded that old abuses must always remain. Egypt, I believe, is anxious for complete self-government, and here is a good place to begin. The children of Egypt must be taught a new nursery-rhyme. And perhaps you, Sir, who penetrate to every beauty-spot in the world, may be able to make the world safer for the "tourist."

A. P. H.

Filthy Lucre.

"GREECE OFF GOLD."
Daily Paper.

Gout Looms Over the Zoo.

"Last week a consignment of monkeys reached the port. . ."—*Irish Paper.*

How to Cure that Tickling in the Throat.

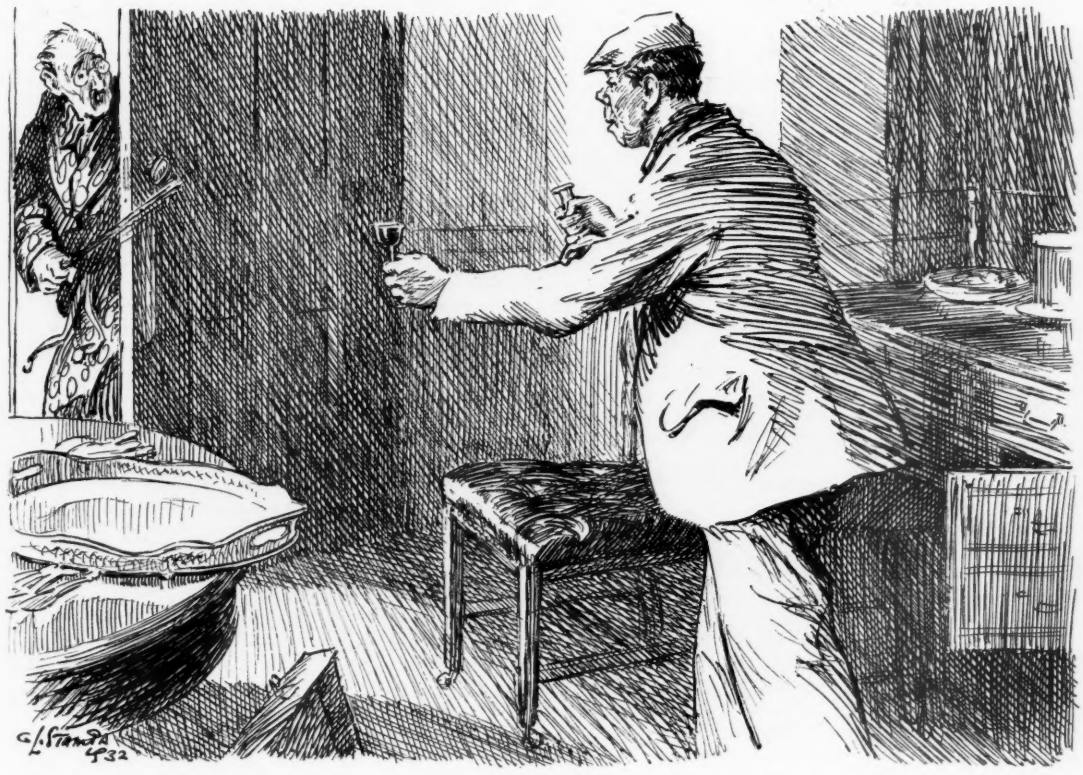
"Miss —— was resting on a cough in a dimly lit room . . ."—*Indian Paper.*

"The depression in the two staple industries of the country seriously affected the classes who were dependent for their livelihood on the custom of mining and planting coolies."—*Official Report in F.M.S.*

The resultant coolie-tree is the African equivalent of the punkah.

"The establishment of the Exchange Equalisation Fund is a plain indication to the whole world that Great Britain intends to stand filmly behind its currency."
Sunday Paper.

But will it be allowed to do this on Sundays?



Sympathetic Burglar. "I CAN'T ABIDE TO SEE YOU SHIVERIN' THERE. GOLLOP THIS AN' GET BACK TO BED."

THE SCAVENGERS.

I.

Crazies,
Hayfield, Sussex.
Wednesday.

DEAR MIKE,—I hear you are just home from "they furrin' parts," so command you to a Scavenge party here on 27th at 2.30 P.M. It's going to be a scream.

Yours, SUSAN.

II.

Lane End,
Hayfield, Sussex.
April 21st, 1932.

DEAR SUSAN,—My journeyings in foreign parts have taught me several things, but not the exact nature of a Scavenge party. Something more definite than "a scream" is necessary, please, before I accept. Yours, MIKE.

III.

Crazies,
Hayfield, Sussex.
Friday.

DEAR MIKE,—You really *are* wild and woolly! You will be given a list of things which you are to collect from here and there without assistance from any previous acquaintance, without disclosing the object of your quest and without disbursing any money. Examples: a policeman's helmet, a clay-pipe, an old boot, a piece of billiard chalk. Any place within six miles of here is out of bounds—so bring along your wits, such as they are, and your car, such as it is (or have you bought a new one?). SUSAN.

P.S.—The first home with all the items wins a prize of sorts; but don't expect to carry off a jewelled sword of the Tudor period or anything like that.

IV.

Lane End,
Hayfield, Sussex.
April 23rd, 1932.

DEAR SUSAN,—

Wits and car,
Such as they are,

shall come on 27th, though I have some slight misgivings. Scream it will undoubtedly be, as you say. But will it end there? Isn't there a good chance that it will develop into a yell? Still, we're in for it now. Let loose the dogs of war, and all that.

Yours, MIKE.

V.

Crazies,
Hayfield, Sussex.
Monday.

MY POOR DEAR MIKE,—I'm really most frightfully sorry, though I know you won't believe it, because I laughed so helplessly when you were led away by that solemn minion of the law. That was hysteria—really it was—not callousness. As I told the magistrate, I was entirely to blame. I ought to have explained to you that breaches of the peace must be avoided. I ought to have realised that, having been out of touch with our complicated civilisation, you would just take what you wanted, by force if necessary. Of course that tramp was not hurt at all really, nor the keeper, nor the garage-proprietor. But magistrates have absolutely no sense of humour, and there it is, and I'm simply terribly sorry.

By the way, what exactly does "concurrently" mean?

Your heartbroken SUSAN.

A. W. B.

THE ADVANCE OF MAN.

(A pilot was recently taken blindfolded to a spot with which he was unfamiliar, and without the aid of charts or compass he beat eighty pigeons in a race back to his, and their, home-town.)

To state my poor opinion,
Man to-day deserves dominion
Over all the fauna fostered by
The earth and air and sea—
A view that may be treated
As a proof that I'm conceited,
For a member of the species I
Confess myself to be.

What instance shall I mention
In support of my contention?
The endurance-feats of bird and bat
A pilot puts to shame;
And, though it's not his habit,
Man can beat the mole and rabbit
If he cares to set about it at
The tunnel-boring game.

No whales nor hippopotami
Have shaken yet a jot o' my
Belief that to the human brand
Belongs the pride of place;
But lately I was humbled
When it happened that I stumbled
On a Homing Pigeon's quarters and
It looked me in the face.

My pride sustained a stigma
At the thought of an enigma
That the wit of birds, but never men's,
Had previously solved;
But now at least the latter
Are competing in the matter,
For a Homing *Homo Sapiens*
Was yesterday evolved. C. B.

"WIRELESS SETS IN P.C.'s HELMETS."
Daily Paper.

The accusation that the police have been talking through their hats is therefore justified.

ON BEING BRIDGE-MINDED.

GETTING behind another car in a traffic-jam the other day I found my eyes focussed upon the significant number KJ 9732.

"Nothing to talk about without considerable outside strength," I thought, reflecting that most authorities would have allowed the lower numerals to take the shape of kisses.

But I shall have to discard this habit of thinking in terms of bridge. It is constantly letting me down. Only last week, at an auction sale, I had almost articulated a bid of "Two shillings" over "One pound" for a singularly useless article, only to realise that majority bidding applies in no other calling.

I for one find that it is of small advantage being bridge-conscious. One cannot bring a wider application of the contract code to bear upon other affairs.

For one thing this would be a sorry world did we but receive what we had contracted to get, without a hope for the best. There are some, I admit, who differ from this view. But I always stoutly resist my opponent's hankering for the nomination game on my small billiard-table.

At bridge parties we of the C3 table are often assured by the senior wranglers in the A1 category that the game is essentially one of common-sense and scientific deduction. Yet contrast the stiff penalties for being "vulnerable" with the rule of life that nothing succeeds like success.

Imagine Yorkshire, in one of their dour struggles with Lancashire, being deemed "vulnerable" by reason of holding a lead on the first innings! Imagine my partner and me, when we had won the first set in the first round of the Nethergreen-cum-Hither Tennis Tournament, pulling long faces and pointing to our precarious position! We did nothing of the kind. Emboldened by our unexpected advantage, we gave ourselves over with glorious abandon to TILDEN-TUNNEY smashes down the tramlines. We kept on finding our true game—and the net. I maintain that bridge-consciousness had nothing to do with the final result (6—4, 0—6, 0—6).

Clearly the whole industry of bridge, employing as it does very many thousands of people, needs to be rationalised, to be put on a sound scientific basis, if any good is to be got out of having a bridge complex.

A Monumental Pub-Crawl.

"W. Sutton (Timperley) beat C. R. Acheson-Gray (Foxgrove) at 19th hotel."
Golf Report in Provincial Paper.



Charlady. "WELL, MUM, WHAT I SEZ IS, WHY NEED THEY PUT TEA UP? WHY COULDN'T THEY TAX WHITEWASH OR SOMETHING ELSE THAT FOLKS COULD DO WITHOUT?"

SHAKESPEARE-ON-AVON.

ONE of the most radiant phrases in all SHAKESPEARE was very much in our minds on St. George's Day at Stratford this year, when the new Memorial Theatre was opened—

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty—"

for there were daffodils everywhere, in every window and in every hand.

But the daffodils of God were not all; there were also in their shining hosts daffodils which had been made for this day of rejoicing by the women of Stratford; and not only daffodils, but tulips and narcissi. Waiting for the first of the processions to come down Henley Street from the Birthplace I noticed at the corners two spreading almond-trees covered with their lovely pink bloom. Failing to remember them, I sought for information, particularly because I was struck by the unusual thickness of the branches. "Have those trees always been there?" I asked a man who looked like a worthy burgess. "Beg pardon," he said, cupping his ear. Just my luck to have chanced on the only deaf man in the crowd. "Have those trees," I bellowed, "always been there?" "I can't say," he replied; "I'm a stranger in these parts." I should have known it!

However, as my question had been overheard by scores of people, and as on this day of days everyone was everyone else's friend, I received scores of answers, all to the effect that the trees had been brought there from afar and the blossoms had been stuck on them and covered with wax so that rain would do them no harm. True zeal.

I said just now that daffodils were in every hand; but this is not strictly accurate, for they were in every hand but mine, as I suddenly discovered when,

passing on to the church, I was conscious that I formed part of a procession advancing upon the Poet's grave to lay a floral tribute there. To get a flower in the ordinary way being impossible, I asked a little sandy-haired boy next me if he would spare me one of his, and, being a kind little boy and a generous, he gave me two. May he grow up to honour and prosperity! I would add, may he become the new Swan of Avon! (for surely there must be one some day, with all this revived local enthusiasm for the stage), but he did not look quite like that. His brow was not domed and his general demeanour suggested action rather than thought.

The next Swan is more likely to be found among the boys of the grammar school, who were leaving the churchyard as I entered it, and who seemed to be of many varieties of character and intellect, and very smart in their new straw hats, which every now and then the winds of April were taking with violence and playing the very dickens with.

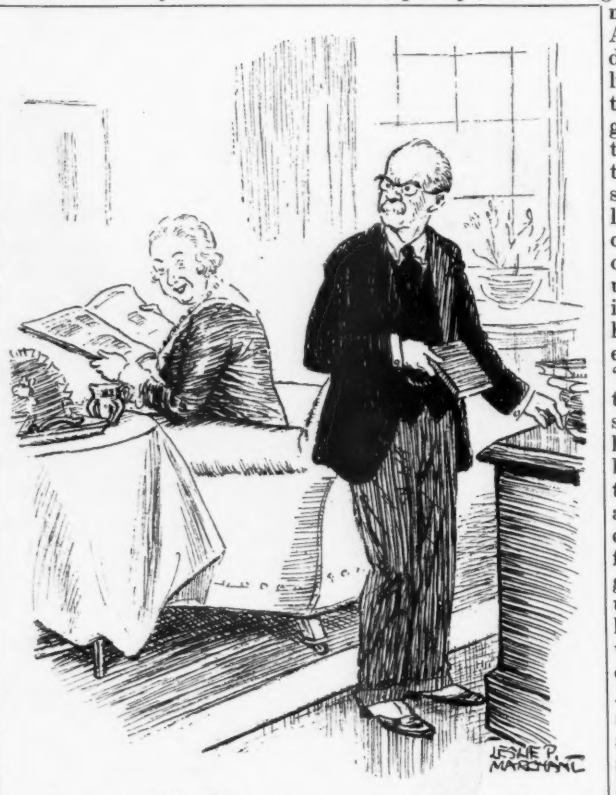
Leaving the church and standing in the churchyard on the bank of the river I made a gratifying discovery, which is that at this spot in summer, when the leaves are out, the new theatre will be entirely obliterated, nothing being visible but the library, which was undamaged by the fire. I say gratifying, not with any malicious pleasure, for I had wished to find a building I could admire; but the truth must be told, and the truth is that the great red-brick cube constituting the stage end of the new theatre is ugly, ugly in texture, and ugly in its want of harmony with this ancient and comely town of spires and gables and timbered and plaster houses and arched bridges and the gentle rotundity of trees. A huge rectangular mass rising from such surroundings is a grim shock, especially as one descends the hill from the Banbury Road.

Inside, however, the new theatre is distinguished and comfortable and adequate; and, after all, it is only the inside of a theatre that really matters. Like little wanton boys we sat on bladders, by which I mean the air-cushions, every one of us with a perfect view of the very beautiful stage; but whether everyone could hear everything I am not so sure. I know that I personally found the voices hard to follow. *Hotspur* I could hear, because he was *Hotspur*; and his coaxing *Kate* I could hear, because she is an accomplished actress; but *Prince Hal* was often not distinct, and *Sir John Falstaff*, a portly fellow, swallowed some of his words as if they were sack, or at any rate they did not ring out clearly in the house. Time, perhaps, when the great building is warmer, may correct this defect. Least consecutively audible of all was Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY in her rendering of the POET LAUREATE'S inaugural ode, only an occasional phrase reaching the dress-circle, where the celebrities were placed, among them the LAUREATE himself and Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, very white and upright and youthful, and looking not too conspicuously a better dramatist than SHAKESPEARE, while higher still, in the Royal Box, which is at the back of the dress-circle, was the PRINCE OF WALES with the good angel of the piece, Sir ARCHIBALD FLOWER, seven times Mayor of Stratford, and Mr. BALDWIN, all resting from their oratorical efforts during the hours preceding the play.

SHAKESPEARE'S ghost, were he listening, must have been delighted by the praises bestowed upon him; but he might have tired a little, for there was much repetition. First came Sir FRANK BENSON, and then Mr. BALDWIN, whose summary of our debt to our greatest national genius was mellow and masterly; and then the American Ambassador, who does not appear to be the liveliest of speakers—all of them covering the same ground. "What I tell you three times is true," as the *Bellman* said. These speeches were made at the luncheon and were broadcast by amplifiers to those outside. Then, a few minutes after the banquet finished, there appeared in the heavens a red aeroplane, escorted by two white ones. "The PRINCE!" exclaimed ten thousand voices. And so it was, and very quietly he descended in a neighbouring meadow and in due time was with us, to utter, all unconscious of his predecessors and their amplification, still one more eulogium upon honest but miraculous WILL, who, with all his prevision and universal wisdom, would never have expected to see the HEIR-APPARENT descend from the skies to open to his glory and honour a new theatre at Stratford with a golden key. He would, however, I am sure, have dealt magnificently with such an advent, and possibly have made yet one more pun.

Let me end with a reference to one of the most charming effects I can remember to have seen. Before the PRINCE delivered his address he pulled a cord and let loose the Union Jack, while at the same moment in perfect unison all the representatives of other countries pulled each a cord to release his own national flag, so that the Bancroft Gardens was in a trice transformed to the likeness of a busy fluttering harbour.

A very memorable day, full of the gayest spirits and nothing a minute late. Sir ARCHIBALD FLOWER, who was its prime begetter, must have been a very happy man. E. V. L.

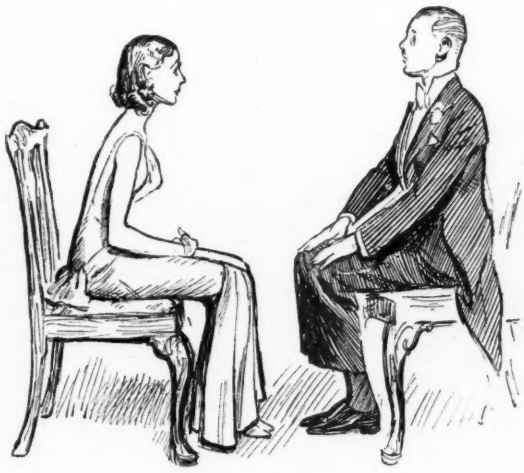


Scientist's Wife. "ISN'T THIS NICE, LEONARD? THEY 'VE PRINTED A SNAP, AND UNDERNEATH: 'MRS. LEONARD RUGESLY, WIFE OF THE DISTINGUISHED SAVANT, WHOSE RECENT DISCOVERIES BID FAIR TO REVOLUTIONISE MEDICAL SCIENCE—AND FRIEND.' "

Scientist. "WHO IS THE FRIEND?"

Wife. "YOU, DEAR."

TIGHT-SKIRT TECHNIQUE.



SITTING DOWN IN IT—



IS QUITE DISASTROUS—



UNTIL ONE ACQUIRES—



THE RIGHT MASCULINE TOUCH.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XVIII.—THE NEW RECTOR.

THE Rectorate of H——, the parish in which Byron Grove was situated, was in the gift of the Bishop of P—chester, Mrs. Birdikin's maternal uncle. It had been held for some years by a gentleman who, in consequence of overspending the considerable income attached to it, had been forced to escape his creditors by taking up his residence in the town of Boulogne. The greater part of his emoluments he had retained for himself, but had paid Mr. Guff, the curate, eighty pounds per annum, and given him the use of the Rectory, so that the *morality* of the parish did not suffer from his absence, though Mr. Birdikin was apt to deplore that its ministrations were in the hands of a poor curate instead of those of a well-endowed incumbent, whom he could meet upon equal terms. He cherished, however, a hope that Henry, when he should arrive at a canonical age, might be preferred to the living, which would give him a satisfactory provision for life, and it was consequently with some annoyance that he received the news, not long after the Bishop's visit to Byron Grove, that the Rector of H—— had succumbed to a low fever.

The days were long since past when a child of eleven could be preferred to a valuable living, and Mr. Birdikin was inclined to regret them, but reflected that it was still not unknown that what was called a *warming-pan* should be installed in an incumbency, and hoped that the Bishop would present a man of advanced age, whose demise might be expected by the time that Henry would be ready to step into his shoes.

Mr. Birdikin did not feel justified in making this proposal to his august relative, but caused his wife to write to her uncle, enclosing some moral reflections composed by Henry under his direction, and saying that it was the ardent wish of his parents that when the time came they would see their beloved younger son responsible for the *behaviour* of the parishioners of H——, as their elder would take his father's place in respect of their *material* welfare.

A few days later the curate's children, Thomas and Lucy, were invited to spend the afternoon with the young Birdikins, and after indulging in various games and sports of an active nature in one of the arbours that diversified the grounds of Byron Grove they came indoors and entered into childish conversation.

"I fear," said Charles, "that these diversions will soon be coming to an end. It may be that the new Rector will have children with whom we can play, but they cannot take the place of Thomas and Lucy in our esteem."

"Well said, Charles," commented Clara. "It will be a sad day when our playmates leave us."

"Has your papa succeeded in obtaining employment elsewhere?" inquired Henry. "I apprehend that at his age and with his lack of interest he could hardly expect to *better* his situation, but it is to be hoped that he will obtain a curacy upon which he and his family can continue to *subsist*."



"THOMAS DID NOT WAIT TO REFLECT."

"Thank you for nothing," replied Thomas. "My papa is himself to be the new Rector of H——, and will buy me a pony."

"Indeed, Thomas," said his sister, "you should not indulge your propensity to *brag*. My papa only *hopes* that he may be preferred to the incumbency."

This admission caused Henry to break into a rude laugh. "That would indeed be an appointment to create mirth," he said. "Your papa, though pious and well-meaning, is neither of birth nor position to be preferred to a living which there is every reason to believe will be given to one who will keep it warm for *me*."

Thomas did not wait to reflect upon this utterance, but gave Henry a violent blow upon the face, which was returned, and the two boys were immediately involved in a fierce bout of fisticuffs. This was cheered on by Charles and Fanny, but caused Clara and Lucy to run to summon Miss Smith, who had left the children to play alone, at Mrs. Birdikin's request, in order that she might assist that lady in various household duties.

When the governess arrived upon the scene the *physical* contest was over. Thomas, though younger and shorter than Henry, had more stomach for a fight than the lad whose footsteps were destined to follow the paths of Peace. Henry was bleeding at the nose and one of his eyes was closed, but he was still engaged in wordy warfare with his late adversary, and vowing that he would get him punished for his unprovoked assault.

Miss Smith, who had a considerable influence over all the children, would no doubt have composed the quarrel, but Mr. Birdikin had seen her running in their direction, and from the lips of Clara and Lucy had gained knowledge of the dispute from them. He now arrived on the scene and expressed himself strongly to Thomas for his breach of decorum. "Am I never to have an end of your graceless behaviour?" he inquired. "Cannot I extend hospitality to the children of a worthy though unbeneficed official of the Church without inviting a display of coarseness and violence?"

Thomas hung his head, but Fanny spoke up for him. "It was Henry who invited the attack, Papa," she said. "He twitted Thomas with the inferiority of his parent."

"He had boasted that Mr. Guff was to be made Rector of H——," said Henry, "and I merely remarked that such an appointment would be unfitting, when he fell upon me violently."

"I have told you before," said his father, "that I will not have you twitting or quizzing our good curate's children on the poverty or inferiority of their parents. And I would say to you, Thomas, that it ill becomes you, who are received here as if you were the equal of my *own* children, to vaunt an

expectation that cannot possibly be fulfilled."

"Why should not Mr. Guff be made Rector of H——?" inquired Fanny. "I shall write to my uncle and beg him to present him with the living."

Mr. Birdikin would have dealt suitably with this interposition, but he was forestalled by Miss Smith, who said, "What is entirely unfitting is that children of your age should be discussing matters which are the province of your elders. Run along now and engage in the play that becomes your years and I will shortly join you."

The children, glad to be relieved from a further show of displeasure from Mr. Birdikin, immediately ran out, and Miss Smith was left alone with her employer, to whom she said, "I opine, Mr. Birdikin, that there has been far too much talk before the children of the *emoluments* attached to the clerical profession, of which they would otherwise know nothing. Would it not be better to give them the idea that his Lordship will be guided by *character* in his selection of a clergyman to present to this living rather than by *worldly* considerations?"

"Miss Smith," said Mr. Birdikin, bending his brows upon her, "you have been much inclined of late to express your opinion upon matters which are not within your province. Let me tell you that in *this* instance to encourage Mr. Guff in any ideas he may cherish in connection with this incumbency is to do him an ill service, which can only result in disappointment and confusion to a man who, however worthy in his own lowly sphere, is no more likely to be made Rector of H—— than Archbishop of Canterbury or Pope of Rome."

"I have reason to believe, Mr. Birdikin," replied Miss Smith, preparing to leave him, "that you are mistaken, and that you will shortly receive the news that Mr. Guff has been appointed Rector of H——."

And so it turned out. That very evening Mr. Guff called upon Mr. Birdikin and informed him that the Bishop had been pleased to appoint him Rector of H——. "It is no doubt owing to your kindness in inviting me to meet the Bishop during his sojourn under your hospitable roof that I owe this preferment," he said. "Had I not had the privilege of personal intercourse with his Lordship and made a friend at court in the person of Mr. Speedway, his chaplain, I doubt if it would have come my way."

Though surprised and somewhat chagrined by the turn that events had taken, Mr. Birdikin was quick to reflect that, as the appointment was now an accomplished fact, it behoved him to show nothing but pleasure in it. "I am rejoiced, Mr. Guff," he said, "that I have been able to serve you in a way that can only bring gratification to all concerned. You may well imagine that any advice I may have been called upon to give as chief landowner in the parish of H—— could only have been directed towards procuring for you the position you are so eminently fitted to fill."

Mrs. Birdikin coming in at that moment, the news was imparted to her, and she also congratulated Mr. Guff upon his appointment, which she opined was owing to her relationship with his patron. When the Rector-elect had left them they resumed a conversation which had taken place before his arrival, in which it had been a matter of conjecture between them what information Miss Smith could have gained which had led her, as it were, to prophesy what had since come to pass.

"It is now clear to me," said Mr. Birdikin, "that she has been in correspondence with Mr. Speedway, your uncle's chaplain. The indelicacy of such a proceeding——"

But Mrs. Birdikin cut him short. "You have already complicated matters," she said, "by announcing that Mr. Guff was not a suitable person for the position which has now been conferred upon him. Do not, I beseech you, bring ridicule upon yourself by interfering in what is none of your concern. At the present moment Miss Smith is a governess, but she may not long remain so. Keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut, Mr. Birdikin, and refrain, if I may use the expression, from making a further fool of yourself." A. M.



Dear old Lady. "HALF AN HOUR TO THE NEXT RACE? WELL, IT'S A GOOD THING THEY GIVE THE POOR CREATURES A NICE LONG REST BETWEEN EACH RACE."



MANNERS AND MODES.

Old-Fashioned Gentleman. "NOW CAN I GET YOU A GLASS OF LEMONADE, OR A LITTLE JELLY, OR——"
Damsel. "SAUSAGES AND MASHED, PLEASE, AND A PINT OF HALF-AND-HALF."

LATE SPRING IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

THE rain was falling fast as we came through
St. Albans, where the Roman fixed his lines;
Cold were the hills and bleak the distant view,
But here was shelter in these shadowy pines.

And here in lonely thought I might have strayed,
Save for the swarms descending from the bus
And the grim notice fixed upon the glade
That said, "*These timber-wolves are dangerous.*"

"Trot on, ye wolves, and heed not Heaven's wrath;
Your grisly provender is far from scant!"
I mused, and turned to see the crimson cloth
About the body of an elephant.

Yet grief there was and melancholy drear
In that magnificently moulded form,
As though it cried, "The cuckoo is not here;
The weather, for the date, is far from warm!"

Even the camels wore a listless look,
Waiting for vernal days that lag too long;
And the flecked Indian deer, although they took
Potatoes readily, found something wrong.

Low in the copses barely tipped with green
The pensive wallabies appeared to brood
With folded fore-paws, but it may have been
That they were suffering from excess of food.

Sad with the sorrows of the wintry day
The bison stared upon the Midland plain
And mouthed his gradual cud as if to say,
"O swallow, swallow, swallow, come again!"

I saw the moufflon in the grassland vale
Faint for the promised zephyr that brings back
The little hedgerow violets, blue and pale,
To the bleak earth. I did not see the yak.

Then the clouds broke, and suddenly the sun
Made golden pictures on the chalky slopes,
And lit the brown bear, not yet burst with bun,
And touched the hides of far-off antelopes.

Greener the leaf upon the elm-tree's bole,
And various creatures rustled in their straw;
The wombat peeped a moment from his hole;
I heard the mounting song of the macaw.

The crowd moved happily; the distant haze
Thinned to a prospect of the world beyond;
The beaver felt that Spring was on her ways
And dived with mirth into his pea-green pond.

The squills were brighter than the peacock's plume;
The daffodils were shining star by star;
There was no space in the refreshment-room—
I had a drink at the American Bar.

Near Dunstable, April 24. EVOE.



MEN OF DESTINY.

HERR HITLER. "YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT DICTATORS, EXCELLENCY. OUGHTN'T I TO BE WRITING A PLAY? PERHAPS YOU COULD SUGGEST A SUBJECT."

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "WELL, OF COURSE, I'VE JUST DONE NAPOLEON: AND SHAKESPEARE DID JULIUS CÆSAR. I CAN'T THINK OF ANY OTHER SUITABLE COLOSSUS—UNLESS PERHAPS——"

HERR HITLER. "OH, *MAY* I? HOW SPLENDID!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 25th.—Question-time to-day was largely devoted to the situation in India, but ranged from China, if not to Peru, at any rate to the Argentine and Brazil.

In the regretted absence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it fell to Major ELLIOT to explain to the House in Committee, in a lucid and animated speech, the important resolution creating the Exchange Equalisation Account. The proposed Fund was intended to strengthen the currency and check undue fluctuations in the exchange value of sterling. It was built round the old Foreign Exchange Account, which gave a nucleus of £25,000,000; in addition the Treasury sought powers to borrow a sum not exceeding £150,000,000. The note issue would be under the management of the Bank of England. The experiment could only succeed if the people of the country maintained the coolness, far-sightedness and commercial integrity which they had shown in the past.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS welcomed the Resolution as a step forward on the part of the Government towards a programme insistently recommended by Labour ever since the National Government came into power, and as a sign that we were at last waking up to the realities of post-war finance.

Sir ROBERT HORNE found Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS's speech good in parts but rich in fallacies, notably his fantastic account of the old Exchange Fund and his explanation of the crisis in September last. That was due only in part to the shifting of capital from one country to another; mainly it was caused by the rest of the world losing confidence in the management of our finances under the Labour Government and being therefore no longer content to keep their money here.

Colonel WEDGWOOD entered a caveat against buying gold. Sir ARTHUR SAMUEL quoted THUCYDIDES in the original Greek, which proved beyond Mr. BOOTHBY, though he congratulated the hon. Member on reintroducing classical quotations into the House. For the rest he exhibited a strong distrust of the sagacity of the Bank of England. Here he was at one with that great financier, Mr. JACK JONES, who denounced the Bank of England as a firm trading under false pretences. As he elegantly put it, "This jiggery-pokery with finance makes us on these benches feel tired."

Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, who joined the critics of the Bank of England, defined the attitude of the House as revealing no enthusiasm for the Government's proposals, but only acquiescence caused by confusion in the minds of the Members as to what they meant. Mr. MAXTON hesitated to intervene, but intervened all the same to argue for the nationalisation of banks.

Major ELLIOT, in his reply, dealt faithfully with Mr. MAXTON, but accepted Colonel WEDGWOOD's Amendment transferring the whole of the assets of the Dollar Exchange to the new Fund, as well as that of Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, assigning the control of the Fund to the Treasury.



THE UNDER-NURSE TAKES OVER THE BABY.
MAJOR ELLIOT.

Tuesday, April 26th.—In the Lords to-day a Bill to amend the Road Traffic Act, 1930, was read a first time. Moving its Second Reading, Lord BUCKMASTER painted a depressing and perhaps exaggerated picture of the ill-effects of the motor-car, which he said had completely destroyed all beauty and peace of life wherever it had gone. Recent cases served to show that a man might by his negligence kill or maim on the highway and be free of any liability, either civil or criminal. It was time that the law was strengthened against the road-hog and above all against the sort of man who knocked down a pedestrian and then drove on.

The Bill as it stood came in for some keen criticism on legal grounds, but was given a Second Reading. Bearing in mind Lord HOWE's not infrequent appearances in police-court reports, the House listened with a sense of pleasant irony to his support of the Bill.

Meanwhile, in the Commons, where Question-time proved the brightest part of the day, Mr. RUNCIMAN was allaying the fears of Captain ERSKINE-BOLST as to the safety of speed-boats at our seaside-resorts; and the House was reassured to think that no harm could come to the little band of dare-devils who would shortly be going on their annual treat to Clacton. It would be sad if they were consigned to Davy's locker against their will when there is another DAVID's locker into whose contents they have vainly tried to penetrate.

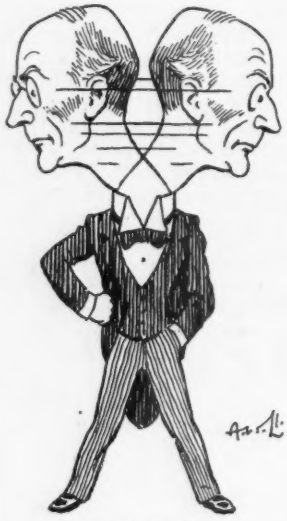
Major ELLIOT stated that so far six Commissions and Committees had been set up since the General Election; of those appointed by the two previous Governments, twenty were still sitting. A cynical but kindly House was vastly entertained, and then it settled down in the abstract to its Tea, which it took unconventionally before its Sugar. Mr. R. J. DAVIES moved a reduction of the duty of fourpence to twopence. It was the meanest of indirect taxes, he said, and in the main it would be borne by the working-classes. The mind of the people on this matter was indicated by the Wakefield result.

The best contribution to the debate came, as usual, from the expert. Speaking as an Assam tea-planter, Sir WALTER SMILES assured the House that the Duty would assist loyalists in India to counteract insidious propaganda. £76,000,000 of British capital was invested in the Indian planting industry, and if the preference had been withheld at least forty-per-cent of the tea-gardens in Assam would have been ruined.

The preference on sugar was similarly discussed, the House agreeing to a Resolution of regret that the Government had not seen its way to include the Dominions within it.

Wednesday, April 27th.—Let us be thankful for that expensive but unfailing joke, our legal system. Not content with their joyous discovery last week that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE had no right to sit in the House, the lawyers have now made an even better one. The attention of the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT was to-day called by Mr. HALES to a recent Court decision that it is illegal to carry goods or parcels in a private motor-car.

A revolutionary motion, which was proposed by Mr. MCGOVERN, that the Parliamentary Oath Act should be amended in consideration of the tender consciences of Socialist and Republican



"CRIKEY!"

"THAT'S MOLOCH—THAT WAS!!"

[With acknowledgments to a well-known advertisement.]

LORD BUCKMASTER.

Members of Parliament was roundly attacked by Sir GERALD HURST in an eloquent speech, and forcefully rejected by 294 votes to 4.

Then once again the House turned its attention to the Budget, and in particular to the provision which allows the Treasury, on the recommendation of the Import Duties Advisory Committee, to remove goods from the Free List. Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN objected to it on the ground that it would give the Committee the right to impose duties on the foodstuffs of the people at times when Parliament might not be sitting.

Putting the Liberal view, Sir P. HARRIS thought that the Government ought to produce some very strong argument in support of such an unconstitutional practice, by which the House was going to hand over its powers of control over taxation to a Committee of three.

Mr. JACK JONES concurred, disagreeing especially with the principle involved in appointing a Tariff Committee whose members were merely experts and not members of the House, and also with the anomalous attitude of the HOME SECRETARY in condemning the new tariffs and yet retaining office. Silvertown clearly disapproves the trend of Darwen's species.

Major ELLIOT, who in the CHANCELLOR'S absence is being kept very busy, replied for the Government. The recommendations of the Advisory Committee would be null and void, he said, if not approved by the House, which was forced by growing business to delegate much of the administration of its responsibilities to outside bodies.

The Exchange Equalisation Account was then discussed, and Mr. BOOTHBY moved an Amendment to provide that the Treasury should issue a monthly statement "showing the total assets in gold and in foreign bills or currency or securities held in the Fund."

This suggestion was supported by Mr. BRACKEN, who said that nothing had done more harm to the Bank of England than the secrecy in which its operations were shrouded. But the Amendment was negatived after Mr. RUNCIMAN had declared that such a statement would be of invaluable assistance to speculators outside the country.

The debate drew from Mr. BALDWIN a handsome tribute to the members of the new Tariff Committee, who, he said, were remunerated at a figure which put them beyond any temptation of corruption. He agreed that some sort of annual review of the workings of the tariffs would be a reasonable institution.

Thursday, April 28th.—The House going into Committeee of Supply, Sir JOHN GILMOUR led the debate on the Vote for the Ministry of Agriculture.

On the basis of the 1925 census of



THE PRO-PEDESTRIAN FRIAR.

(A Transformation.)

EARL HOWE "A MONK WOULD BE."

production, he said, live-stock and live-stock products accounted for 71 per cent of the total production, farm crops for 20 per cent, and fruit and vegetables for 9 per cent. He hoped that the policy which the Government was now pursuing might stimulate and increase both the last-named products. Since April, 1931, very great economies had been effected in his Department,



REPUBLICANS, ALL OUT, 4.

MR. MCGOVERN.

but naturally they could not be achieved without materially interfering with many services which, in better times, it would be well to expand.

During 1931 there had only been ninety-seven outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease, figures which compared extremely favourably with those of other countries.

The MINISTER went on to emphasise the importance to agriculture of up-to-date methods of marketing and steady progress in research. It comforted the House to learn that investigation was proceeding on the subject of the purification of shell-fish. Is it too much to hope that one day a cheap oyster may be produced that is not a snare and a pollution?

Mr. J. P. THOMAS considered that all fair-minded men must realise that the present MINISTER had done more for British agriculture in the last six months than any of his predecessors had done in the last six years.

After many brief and well-informed speeches a Motion to reduce the Vote was negatived.

Something in a Name.

"Mr. W. H. Reynard proposed the toast of 'Fox-hunting.'"—*Wiltshire Paper.*

The Native Hue of Resolution.

"Another resolution was also unanimously passed, placing on record their disapproval of, and support to, the Rev. ——."

West Indies Paper.



SCENES FROM OUR ROUGH ISLAND STORY.

SCOTS PRISONER ON THE ROMAN WALL GIVING LESSONS IN HOP-SCOTCH TO STAFF OFFICERS.

DISCIPLINE.

WE have seen the Great Thing. We still speak of it in the Mess with bated breath, unable even yet to believe that our eyes did not play us false. We swell visibly when talking about it to poor clods like Lieutenant Holster, who wasn't there at the time. As a matter of fact I very much doubt whether anything quite like it has ever been seen in the Army before.

We have to thank our buglers for it. Like, I suppose, every other battalion, we feel that we possess as buglers the worst set of cheekily obsequious, foul-mouthed, cherub-faced little squirts that anyone could have. They fear neither man nor God nor sergeant-major—except when it suits them. They bugle like angels one week; next week they bugle—and lie—like devils.

Now every night, just before eight, half-a-dozen of them are marched up to the close vicinity of the Mess, where they wait till the exact second of the hour, and after sundry tentative "Prrts!" "Pippups!" and "Prrrps!" executed in their mouthpieces, like a hen wondering whether she will or won't initiate another egg, they let fly with the Officers' Mess Call in a whole-hearted manner fit to shatter every window in the ante-room—"Oh, officers' wives have puddings and pies, and soldiers' wives have skillie-ie-ie." All very military and stirring, and, though it entirely blots out conversation in the Mess, except for that pause halfway through (during which one generally hears Captain Bayonet saying there's just time for another sherry), we don't really mind so long as it's well done.

Unfortunately there's nothing quite so terrible as a slackly-blown bugle, unless possibly it's six slackly-blown bugles; and when, two nights running, we had had such an awful cacophony aimed at us that even the Mess portraits raised their eyebrows the Adjutant spoke severely to the R.S.M. about it.

It turned out that the sergeant-bugler had been sick and that the boys had been marching up and bugling under the senior bugler. "I thought it might do 'em a bit of good being on their own for once, Sir," confessed the R.S.M., "but I'll make other arrangements."

"There's one cheeky young blighter," said the Adjutant wistfully, "who *looks* something like *Little Lord Fauntleroy* gone to Heaven; but if I had a good thick stick . . ."

"Griggs, his name is, Sir; I know him too," said the R.S.M. equally wistfully, and darkly added, "I'll look into the matter myself to-night."

"Oh, they'll blow like budding Gabriels if they see *you* there," pointed out the Adjutant.

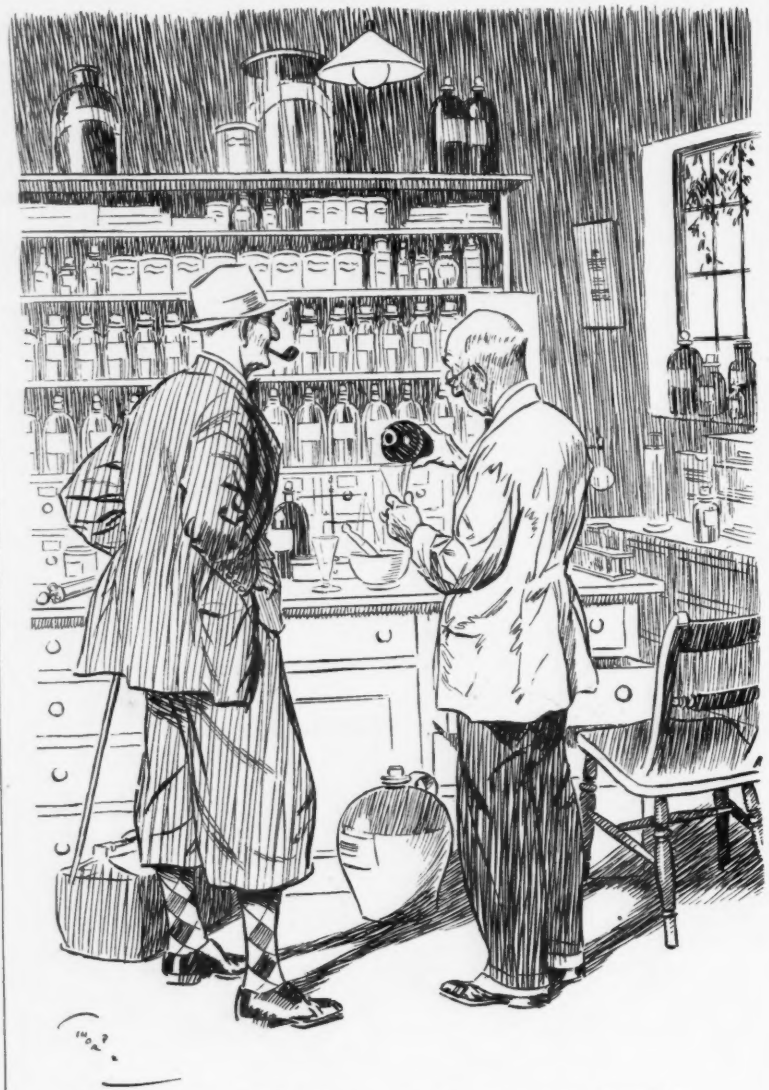
The R.S.M. drew himself up—and there was a good bit to draw. "They *won't* see me, Sir," he said with the simple dignity of the hero who has volunteered to penetrate the enemy's lines.

"Ah!" said the Adjutant. "Well, run 'em in at the Office in the morning," and he left the R.S.M. to his "other arrangements."

* * * * *

That night found most of the Mess in positions of vantage round the small ante-room window whence they could see the arrival of the buglers. We were all in a perfectly terrific state of tension, for only a bare five minutes earlier we had actually observed the R.S.M. sail up with stately tread, thoughtfully survey the surrounding terrain as though about to site a machine-gun or pill-box to the best advantage, closely inspect in turn a clump of rhododendrons, two large American-currant bushes and a low laurel hedge, and finally bend down—and *hide behind the rhododendrons*. This naturally left us in such a state of excitement that Captain Bayonet even forgot to finish his sherry—which just shows you.

A minute or two before eight ar-



"WHAT EXACTLY IS THE IDEA OF THE OIL OF LAVENDER, DOCTOR?"
"OH, YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, BUT IT CONTAINS CERTAIN LAVENDRIC PROPERTIES."

rived the buglers. Under the squeaky command of the senior boy they halted and stood at ease. Little Lord Fauntleroy was evidently well above himself that night. He seemed to be whispering suggestions for blowing the Mess Call with syncopations, variations and orchestration for cornet solo. The rhododendrons quivered ominously.

The clock struck and off went the buglers. Young Griggs surpassed himself. It was just terrible. Four bars from the end the R.S.M. rose majestically into view like a super-submarine breaking surface. The ragged Officers' Mess Call gave a loud and simultaneous gulp in the middle of a note and then finished as perfectly as a cathedral anthem.

The R.S.M. strode forward and spoke briefly. . . .

Then came the awful thing, which, having silently opened the window, we heard with our own ears. He had just turned away when the young limb Griggs, probably with the fanatic courage of a rabbit at bay, muttered in what was meant to be an undertone, "Well, what does 'e expect for a bob a day? JACK 'YLTON'S band?"

The R.S.M. heard it and wheeled round, terrible in his wrath. . . . It was too much for fifteen-year-old Griggs. He wavered, broke and fled.

Now this is where the R.S.M. showed himself a great man. As a warrant-officer he should have appeared at Orderly Room next morning with the trembling infant under arrest for Insubordination, and the proceedings would have opened with the customary formalities:—"Sir-at-or-about-eight-P.M.-on-the-10th-inst.-I-happened-to-overhear-the-regimental-buglers-sounding-the-Officers'-Mess-Call-accused-being-of-their-number-when," and so on. But as a father of five smart well-disciplined kids and being, moreover, unaware of the officers' observation, he acted quite differently. With but a moment's pause to make his decision, he lit out across country after the delinquent, caught him in difficulties with a hedge, twisted him over his knee and gave him the biggest dose of what in the War we called "heavy stuff on the base area" I have ever seen.

Then in front of the R.S.M. six angelic but shaky-kneed buglers, whom previously C.B. could not frighten nor fatigues dismay, blew as perfect a Mess Call as ever we had heard, including even a wonderful but probably involuntary *tremolo* effect which literally brought tears to the eyes.

There was no charge at office next morning after all, and it is remarked that the Blankshires in the next barracks turn out every night at eight and listen, sobbing with emotion at the beauty of it, to our buglers blowing the Mess Call.

And we, as I say, have seen the Great Thing. A. A.

Congested Art.

"Members are requested to clear all boots and clubs out of their lockers and let the painters get in."—*Notice in Scots Golf Club.*

Candour From Fleet Street.

"The press seemed to be denser than at any previous Final, save perhaps the memorable Wembley opening match of 1923."
Evening Paper.

Sun-Bathing Begins.

"DISTRICT NEWS.

——'s Legs and Shoulders are always on view at 42 Yorkshire Street."
North-Country Paper.

"It costs £75 alone to weed the turf. The men go over it like ladies' maids preparing madame for a ball. They take ordinary kitchen forks and expel every daisy and every dandelion."—*Evening Paper.*

Just like ladies' maids.

"I have a picture in which the Duke appears mounted on a small dark horse wearing a top hat, dark frock coat and white overalls strapped under black boots."
Letter to Daily Paper.

We await Sir WALTER GILBEY'S comments on this affected animal.

AT THE PICTURES.

GARBO *ex*-GRETA.

FILMS have come to a sad pass when RAMON NOVARRO goes blind and GARBO is shot at dawn. Realism no doubt would be the excuse; but who wants realism when lovely woman is under sentence? Reprieve is what we want. As, however, the picture is called *Mata Hari* and as *Mata Hari* was a spy and was found out and executed, GARBO must be; but as, on the other hand, the story of *Mata's* career and character has been much distorted, it would have been simpler and more in accordance with the rules of the cinema game to give her another name and a happy ending in the arms of her lover, with an oculist in the background prepared to renovate the hero's eyes.

Such a solution would have improved this picture in other ways too, for the melancholy concluding passages are far too long and very monotonous, with GARBO as a tragic figure with much too high a forehead and no chance to get another hat. Her ordinary allowance of hats has, until her arrest, been one for every ten minutes; but with gaol comes a head-dress more suited to a broken-spirited Magdalene than a still defiant traitor, and not what GARBO's admirers expect or desire—at any rate for so long at a stretch.

It will perhaps already have been observed that I call the lady GARBO,



OBSERVING A SPY'S MOVEMENTS.

Mata Hari . . . . . GARBO.

without any ceremony whatever; and I must admit that each time I have done so my pen has baulked. But I am merely following the METRO-GOLDWYN lead, which has cut out the GRETA. Henceforward the world has to say GARBO only: not even the GARBO, which would be a shade less familiar and abrupt.

So let it be. Homage to GARBO, who is a beautiful creature with many gifts and graces, although perhaps always, in this film, a shade too languid and serene. It would be interesting to see in the same part her closest rival, for, though she is in the main also passive—more loved than loving—there would be some differences very well worth watching. Different hats to look out for too, although DIETRICH—no, the DIETRICH—no, MARLENE DIETRICH, in *The Shanghai Express*, confines herself to one.

Considering *Mata Hari* as a sensational talkie, one can say that it holds and excites and that it has been very well cast. Any film with LIONEL BARRY-

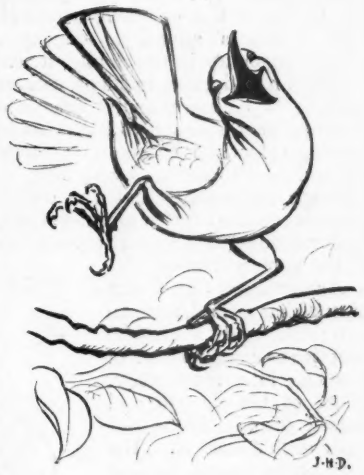


NO, IT WASN'T THE WRONG NUMBER.

General Shubin . MR. LIONEL BARRYMORE.

MORE in it is assured of a measure of success, and here, as ever, he is steadily virile and persuasive until the inevitable moment when he is shot. No one has been so often shot as this excellent actor. LEWIS STONE, another sterling support of any film, always to be relied upon, is excellent too as *Mata Hari's* pitiless employer; but exactly what all the spying was about and what was done with the information I could not discover, nor could we work up much sympathy for RAMON NOVARRO as a flying-officer in war-time with no sense of duty whatever.

It will give some idea of the receptivity of a cinema audience and its simple tastes when I say that on the same evening that I went to the Empire, with thousands of others, for the thrills and emotions of a GARBO spy-drama, there was shown an animated photograph of the domestic life of the nightingale, with snatches of its song, and the house was spell-bound. I



THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG AND DANCE.

ONE OF THE FEW STARS THAT DON'T INSIST ON MORE PAY.

never saw a prettier film, or a curtain-raiser so unlike what was to succeed it.

E. V. L.

THE TWO FROGS.

A FABLE FOR THE TIMES.

INTO a can of milk one night
Two frogs together fell. Said Blip,
"We never can survive this slip,"
And with a groan sank out of sight.
But Blop was made of sterner stuff;
He swam around, breast-stroke or side,
And murmured, "Till I'm out of puff
I'll battle with this milky tide."

So well he swam that when the sun
Dawned he was happy, for he'd churned
The milk to butter as he turned;
He'd fought his battle and he'd won.
And so, content, he fell asleep
In placid slumber and profound,
While Blip within the golden deep
Lay without life, embalmed and bound.

The moral to this tale comes pat,
Reproving all poor hearts that flutter;
Keep busy and remember that
The milk of doom may turn to butter.

". . . Perhaps in these temperate days society finds it difficult to get either fresh material for discussion, or speakers on drink who are sufficiently full of their subject."
Leader in Daily Paper.

The last-named are particularly hard to find.

AT THE PLAY.

"PLEASURE CRUISE" (APOLLO).

IT looks as if we had found another new entertainer in Mr. AUSTEN ALLEN, the author of this engaging trifle. He can invent a situation, display a happy ingenuity in developing it, can handle an audacious incident without making it embarrassingly indelicate, and has the discretion to flatter us by leaving something to our imagination instead of hammering everything in. Perhaps he realises that the dullest brain is capable of great alertness in the understanding of one particular phase of the human comedy.

Andrew Poole (Mr. OWEN NARES) has retired, from an extended and successful practice as a connoisseur of women, into matrimony. Here, to his chagrin and indeed dismay, he is not quite such a success. His very young adored *Lavinia* (Miss MADELEINE CARROLL), infected with the modern disease of introspection, contrasts her lack of sophistication with his rich experience. Oughtn't she to see a little life? She will take a holiday alone—a pleasure-cruise among Northern seas and fjords, and do a little thinking. *Judy*, one of *Andrew's* past successes, a mistress turned sedulous friend and guardian angel, only anxious that her *Andrew* shall be happy, approves. *Andrew*, however, who is startled and will take no chances—he knows precisely what the chances are—wangles a job as steward on special service in the office of *Mr. Crum*, the purser of S.S. *Nebula*. The author is ingenious in making this seem much more plausible than is usual in this sort of stage contrivance.

The expected happens. There is on board a *Richard* (Mr. REGINALD GARDINER), in whom the steward recognises an earlier *Andrew*, a specialist in casual amours. Unseen, the new steward watches the inevitable flirtation, overhears the details of the assignation. *Lavinia*, not quite easy in her conscience but lending an ear to the glib young serpent, will taste another apple.

What measures the resourceful *Andrew* takes for his defence; what audacious happenings, more according with the conventions of the *Decameron* than of a tale of this year of lack of grace, take place in Cabin No. 26; what dismay the morrow brings to both *Lavinia* and *Richard*, I may not in honour disclose. I must note in passing that Mr. P. B. HEMBROW has contrived an unusually effective presentation of the *Nebula*, and Miss AURIOL LEE's skilful hand is manifest throughout in the smooth production.

Nor does the author disappoint us, after the exciting traffic of the boat-scenes, with a tame or perfunctory ending. Gradually the true facts dawn upon the aghast *Lavinia* and the deflated *Richard* as the imperturbable *Andrew*, minus a moustache and plus a platinum cigarette-case which was last heard of as being under *Lavinia's* pillow in Cabin No. 26, hands them pieces of the jig-saw puzzle to fit together. In an agony of embarrassment *Richard* steals away. And *Lavinia*, cured of her speculative fever, sinks into her husband's arms—and the curtain falls to one of the particularly happy lines which the author has a way of producing at the exactly right moment.

We broke up in high good-humour with the agreeable sense that there was more in all this than met the eye, and that we hadn't missed it—while Frenchmen and other dissolute foreigners, if present, might have admired this example of British adroitness in avoiding the appearance while enjoying the essence of disedification.



THE INTRUSIVE HUSBAND.

Andrew Poole . . . . . MR. OWEN NARES.
Lavinia Poole . . . . . MISS MADELEINE CARROLL.
Richard Hemming . . . . MR. REGINALD GARDINER.

Mr. OWEN NARES had a flattering part that put him to no trouble, which is not to say that he didn't give of his best to it. Miss MADELEINE CARROLL, as a depressed and repressed heroine with a passionate interlude clouded by qualms of conscience, had more of a problem, and, I thought, tackled it with intelligence and success. Mr. REGINALD GARDINER, in pursuit, in suspense and in retreat, was excellent and did not overstress his points. Miss MARDA VANNE is always a pleasure to watch, and prevented her *Judy* being the perfunctory part it might have been. Miss JEAN CADELL, as "the life and soul of the party," an arch red-headed widow, a regular pleasure-cruiser with designs upon the purser, made us laugh and admire. And Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL gave us a really brilliant portrait of the apprehensive *Mr. Crum*, with his unfailing tact and good-humour. One final adroit touch particularly pleased me. On that last night of the cruise, when the ship lets itself go and *Mr. Crum* in particular has had more than his usual liberal ration of grog, he heroically keeps up his professional dignity till the last passenger has left his room, and then immediately and very quietly and smilingly collapses. T.

"NAPOLEON" (NEW).

If History never quite moves with the convenience and plausibility of skilful dramatic invention, yet the fidelity of such an honestly documented transcript as this of the fateful crowded Hundred Days ("by BENITO MUSSOLINI and GIOVACCHINO FORZANO, adapted for the English stage by JOHN DRINKWATER") brings the compensation, as it were, of excited eavesdropping—an explicitly dramatic compensation.

It is impossible not to be curious as to the precise shares in the work taken by the illustrious primary author and his collaborating compatriot. Nor do we gather whether adaptation for the English stage by Mr. DRINKWATER involved more than general approval of the English translation—I should suspect not from certain unlikely turns of phrase. However, our curiosity must for the moment remain unsatisfied. It is a point of more than casual interest that it is the great little EMPEROR in decline, not in triumph, that has been chosen for presentation.

The Hundred Days are reconstructed in ten scenes, with a Prologue on Elba and an Epilogue or epilogic tableau on St. Helena, with the familiar silhouette of the Hero in the last phase of eclipse against a doomful sky—an error of judgment, I submit, failing in dramatic significance, as such rather too obvious "effects" are wont to do. But the rest in its movement, selected incident, characterisation and brave pageantry was of sustained interest. In the process of selection the arch-contriver, FOUCHÉ, has been given more than his proportionate share of the limelight, as befits the Villain of the Piece.

Naturally our chief interest is in the interpretation of the central figure. It is nothing essentially to the point that Mr. ROBERT ATKINS is not physically or physiognomically an ideal NAPOLEON. It is disappointing that, even though he is presenting the great man in ill-health, depressed by anxieties and treacheries and uncertain of his aim, he never seems to suggest greatness or the shadow of greatness in those bursts of energy, resolution, anger and contrivance which the text provides and for which the recent triumph of the march to Paris surely gives warrant. He is more successful in presenting the touches of natural affection for his mother, for HORTENSE, the WALEWSKA and his devoted physician; in indicating that vacillation which a failing belief in his destiny has induced, and the little spurts of but half-hearted optimism which the turn of events on occasion stimulates; and the querulousness and lethargy of a sick and over-tired man. He might perhaps claim that that was all that was left at this moment; that it was the authors' intention to emphasise the fact that it was not the WELLINGTONS and BLUECHERS, the FOUCHÉS and LAFAYETTES, but the failing brain that decided the final battles on the field and in the council-chamber, and that it was just this that he was in his interpretation underlining.

Mr. WONTNER gave us a fine twopence-coloured version of the *Duke of Otranto*, a little more consciously and theatrically astute and conspiratorial than I imagine such men in fact are when they are as successful as FOUCHÉ so emphatically proved himself—an allowable embroidery, I think we can admit. We have pleasant glimpses of *Letizia* (Miss HAIDÉE WRIGHT); of the fiery *Lucien* (Mr. JOHN LAURIE); of *Hortense* (Miss ELLEN POLLOCK)—a charming portrait this; of the faithful *Walewska* (Miss MAISIE DARRELL); of *de Beauregarde*, the physician (Mr. H. O. NICHOLSON); and of *Wellington* (Mr. MURRAY CARRINGTON), cynical and shrewd and damning, but perhaps with not enough indication of the precision and iron of the great Duke.



NAPOLEON IN MUFTI.
(The Penultimate Phase.)

Hortense . . . . . MISS ELLEN POLLOCK.
Napoleon . . . . . MR. ROBERT ATKINS.

We are shown a score of ennobled and appropriately over-dressed Generals and Ministers and of babbling Assembly men; some wounded stragglers watching and describing the final fruitless charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo; and the grey-coated *Emperor* in flight.

One would have to be dull not to find entertainment in all this instruction also; and occasion for forming and airing views and speculating on the vanity of human achievement, and (with a wondering glance towards Rome) on the limits of human versatility and energy. T.



THE SPIDER AND THE SPY.

Joseph Fouché . . . . MR. ARTHUR WONTNER.
Madame de Marsan . . MISS SUNDAY WILSHIN.

Our Candid Contemporaries.

"M. POINCARÉ.

False Report of His Death.
From Our Own Correspondent."
Daily Paper.

"Other officers elected were Mr. D. Litt (hon. secretary). . . ."—*Local Paper.*

Probably a relation of Mr. Mus. Bac the virtuoso.

"Skunk stole £2 17s. 6d."
Sales Catalogue.

He would.

"1926 drop-dead coupé."
Advt. in Motor Paper.

Our shed has always been a morgue rather than a garage.

"Dark and youthful in appearance, he has an American wife, so that it is not surprising that he and his children speak fluent English."
Daily Paper.

On the contrary, it staggers us.

"'F. W. H.' (Manchester).—How can I remove red ink stains from a lighted worsted suit?"
Query in Daily Paper.

A little petrol should make quite certain of them.

"Temianka is only twenty-five years old. Born in Greenock, he owes his foreign name to his father."
Scots Paper.

That is so often the way with foreign names.

ON CIRCUIT.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.)

A BED used by QUEEN VICTORIA when on a visit to Scotland in 1842 has been exhibited by a Sheffield firm.

The privilege of inspecting this rare piece of Royal furniture would be especially appreciated by those who realise that QUEEN VICTORIA slept in far fewer beds than QUEEN ELIZABETH did.

* * *

A Salford man took a month to write thirty thousand words on a postcard with an ordinary pen.

My own feeling is that this departs from the original idea of the postcard as a convenience for purposes of brevity and dispatch.

* * *

The Lord Mayor of HULL advocates brightening church services by allowing applause.

I myself should be apprehensive of an organised *claque* for the curate.

* * *

A representative of the Simplified Spelling Society, which has its central offices at Wallsend, is engaged in soliciting the support of the staffs of the Welsh Universities.

I can readily believe that he is empowered to promise reciprocal support on the part of Wallsend for a scheme to simplify the spelling of Welsh.

* * *

Membership of the newly-formed Chesterfield Calf Club is restricted to those between the ages of ten and twenty-one, but parents and interested persons are welcome at meetings.

An especially hearty welcome should be extended to interested persons who happen to be returned prodigals.

* * *

At a luncheon of the Birmingham Soroptimist Club a woman-lecturer told of Warwickshire villagers who still believe in witches.

I would advocate patience in the task of converting these benighted rustics to a preferential belief in Soroptimism.

* * *

The purchase of the North Wales Golf Course by Llandudno Council has saved as an open space for all time the sand-dunes where the author of *Alice in Wonderland* used to rove with Dean LIDDELL'S daughter.

Some authorities on Carrolliana identify this tract with the "quantities of sand" deplored by the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter*.

* * *

At the Conference of the National Federation of Fish-Friers at Bridlington the suggestion that members should wear a badge was left to the consideration of the Executive Committee.

Without wishing to seem intrusive, I venture to commend the claims of Potato-Chippers to a similar distinctive decoration.

* * *

The Bishop of LIVERPOOL confessed the other day that it had always been his ambition to conduct an orchestra.

In view of Sir THOMAS BEECHAM'S association with St. Helens, in the same county, he might be disposed to give Dr. DAVID a chance with the baton at Covent Garden.

"OXFORD CRICKET PROSPECTS.

Last season . . . Oxford cricket secured such a splendid tonic through the successes of the side that the present officials must start the present campaign with a strong physiological advantage over their opponents."—*Provincial Paper.*

With their tails up, in fact.

THE MISSING NAME.

THOUGH I could not get to Stratford or join the pious ranks
Who marched in reverent homage along the Avon's banks,
I have studied most attentively the records in the Press
And gather that the function was a resonant success.

There was no lack of trumpeters, and banners were unfurled
By delegates collected from all corners of the world;
But in none of all the speeches delivered on the spot
Could I find the faintest mention of the architect, Miss SCOTT.

I'm aware that many critics may legitimately think
That the building is suggestive of a Bolshevistic "clink,"
But, though the stark exterior is rather grim than grand,
Internally, they all admit, it's admirably planned.

Now 'tis worthy of remembrance that the ultimate award
Represented the consensus of a most distinguished Board;
And there's another fact we cannot possibly ignore—
No woman architect has done a bigger job before.

And yet the gifted lady may lay this cheer to heart:
She shares a common grievance with the masters of her art;
For in Architecture's annals, however richly dight,
The names of the creators don't always leap to light.

In fact, had mighty CHRISTOPHER been living in our day,
There is no gross extravagance in venturing to say
That, if the opening of St. Paul's, with all the honours due,
Had been postponed from Seventeen-ten to Nineteen-thirty-two,

Though nothing might be lacking in pomp or circumstance
The grandeur and the glory of completion to enhance,
None of the chosen speakers, though great and learnéd men,
Would have thought it was improper to omit the name of
WREN. C. L. G.

NATURE NEWS.

OUR Nature scribes are now well under way. They have warmed up to burbling point and are so teeming with copy that they would, I am sure, hearten us with columns of Nature news if only their editors would let them.

The easy way in which Nature gets into the newspapers strikes me as very unfair. Mind you, I am not out to crab Nature, to whom we are all indebted for something or other. Especially as I know at least one young couple who enjoy walking miles to look at birds. In shorts too—the couple, of course—which makes it even more interesting.

My point is this. Only the other day I read that the speckled chut-chut (or something) could be heard in the lower spinney. The following morning it was rapturously reported that the black-nosed woot (I think it was) might be seen feeding on the young shoots of—I forget the name of the stuff. Anyway that was all there was to it.

Neither the chut-chut nor the woot, it seems, needs to bother about committing murder, breaking a record or divorcing its wife in order to qualify for newspaper recognition. They simply potter about somewhere where they can be heard or seen and they become a red-hot news item.

I wonder sometimes how the Nature-burblers (if any) of mediæval times got the stuff off their chests. Did they, along with other specialised purveyors of the morning's news, rush into the great banqueting-hall and bellow, "My lord, the speckled chut-chut may now be heard in the lower spinney!"? What happened to them if my lord chanced to be in a black mood so far as chut-chuts were concerned? Did travel-stained horsemen from afar leap from their exhausted steeds and pantingly proclaim from the old

"WILL YOU HAVE ANOTHER COCKTAIL?"



"WILL YOU HAVE ANOTHER *COCKTAIL?*"



"WILL *YOU* HAVE ANOTHER COCKTAIL?"



"WILL YOU HAVE *ANOTHER* COCKTAIL?"



"*WILL* YOU HAVE ANOTHER COCKTAIL?"

market cross that they had seen the first woot of the season? And, if so, who cared?

Anyway, I repeat it is grossly unfair that we ordinary non-murderous and non-stunting folk who support the Press should be considered inferior in news value to Nature, who does not even read the papers. This injustice could easily be repaired. It is, after all, merely a matter of looking at and studying us in the right way.

For example, a short distance from my home a grey-haired solicitor may be seen busying himself in his quaint leisurely way amid the litter of his retreat in the rear of an old dusty building. If you wait long enough you may see him leave his task, wash his front paws and amble away to his accustomed feeding-place. He is not a particularly shy feeder, and you may even sit down close to him without scaring him from his food. Try, however, to take it away from him and he will make funny little noises at you and in all probability a lively scene will ensue.

Put it like that and a grey-haired solicitor, even though he has not robbed a client or cycled backwards from Newcastle to Andover, is quite as jolly a news-item as a woot or a chut-chut. D. C.

"SITUATION WANTED.

"Intellectual work wanted by schoolboy. Intelligent and young Japanese poet seeks position in high society."—*Japanese Paper.*

Japanese high society has been warned.

"A six-foot cobra escaped from its owner and glided to a bath-room while passengers screamed with fright during the world tour which the liner Empress of Britain brought to an end yesterday."
Daily Paper.

They must have got hoarse towards the end of the tour.



Mother. "I DO WISH YOU CHILDREN WOULDN'T ALWAYS DISAGREE WITH YOUR FATHER. TRY TO REMEMBER HE 'S OLDER THAN YOU ARE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Hunter Hunted.

I should set down *Hunted Through Central Asia* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6) as one of the most completely fascinating travel stories ever penned. Its narrator, PAVEL STEPANOVICH NAZÁROFF, mineralogist, botanist, chemist and sportsman, distinguished himself as a "White" organiser in the Turkestan rising of 1918; and his wanderings as a fugitive from Bolshevik "justice" took him from Tashkend in the extreme west of Russian Turkestan to Semirechie in the north, with a final exodus—twice attempted and once bitterly frustrated—southward over the Chinese border. For two years he hid among the Moslem Sarts and Kirghiz, now walled-up alive while a hut was searched, now in disguise at the head of a cavalcade of camels laden with angry bees. Finally he appointed himself, under an assumed name, "hydrotechnical investigator" to the Soviets, with genuine papers too scientifically complicated to be checked by illiterate commissars. His hairbreadth escapes are intermingled with a wealth of observation. He describes the gallantry and squalor of his primitive hosts, the strange historical vestiges of the past, rare "alpines," forests of apples and pistachios, a new onion with every virtue and no disabilities, and a new textile shrub of equal excellence. His vision reopens mines older than HERODOTUS and exploits in the modern manner the sapropellite deposits of Lake Balkash. The most outlandish of beasts put in an appearance, from a snouted antelope, left over from the Miocene period, to *Reduvius fedschenkianus*, the large black bug of Oriental prisons. As a translator Dr. MALCOLM BURR has given as good as he gets, and there could not be higher praise.

Flight from the Old World.

I have such an admiration for Miss PHŒBE FENWICK GAYE'S novels of past times and feel that her rather swaggering prose is so suited to a romantic theme that I cannot help wishing she had chosen some other country rather than modern America to be the Promised Land of her new book. I wish too that she had not allowed *Marty*, the English heroine of *New Heaven New Earth* (SECKER, 7/6) to trim her conversation with American expressions before she was engaged as governess to some Boston children. *Marty* wanted to leave London because she was tired of it and even more tired of being twenty-seven and untrained for anything except marriage. Nearly all her companions, from captain to stowaways, aboard the steamship *Gaelic* were travelling from the Old World because they believed it had nothing more to offer them. Her employers were homesick; the man who fell in love with her was escaping from his past life since the habits of his wife had made his army career impossible; *Axel*, a young Dutch boy, believed that America would give him the chance to prove his worth as an inventor, and an old French nun was inspired by a vision. The minds of all these people and of many others are cleverly revealed, but the author displays the machinery of her book rather too openly. It was necessary, if the novel was to be a novel and not a series of linked character-studies, for the people in it to be dependent on one another, and Miss GAYE forces their meetings and consequent reaction.

Sound Hints for Yachtsmen.

The lover of small craft who sails his own boat
And is never so happy as when he's afloat
Will welcome a pleasant and practical book
In *Cruising Chats*, written by FRANCIS B. COOKE,
Which—here let me mention before I forget—
Is published by ARNOLD at ten-and-six net.
It deals with all manner of snags that waylay
The amateur salt on his venturesome way,
As how to keep dinghies from bumping o' nights,
The best sort of reefing-gear, anchors and lights,
The choice of a yacht and the best way to run her
And how to get comfort aboard a four-tonner,
The way to stop leaks and to pick up a mooring,
And all is so handled as not to be boring.
I must add that the sketches, which PHILIP BROOKS drew,
Like the writing, are pleasant and practical too.

Wordsworth's Good Genius.

Lovers of *Dorothy Wordsworth* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 15/-) have many reasons for gratitude to her latest biographer. So slowly has WORDSWORTH'S sister and COLERIDGE'S friend grown in individual status with posterity that her girlhood has remained comparatively uncharted; and, while much has been said of her giving "eyes and ears" to her brother, little has been admitted of the supreme costliness of these and other gifts to the giver. Now COLERIDGE'S personal habits rendered him, domestically, an unmitigated nuisance. Even WORDSWORTH, the spiritual precisian, cut books with a buttery knife. And Miss CATHERINE MACLEAN has abundant justification for depicting DOROTHY as a woman of genius worn out by ruthless domesticity. I hardly think, however, that she lays sufficient stress on her heroine's sense of identity with her circle. As a child, DOROTHY dreamt of sharing a parsonage with "WILLIAM"; and when his French escapade put the parsonage out of the question she made homes of each of his damp and smoky cottages, sisters of his French mistress and his English wife, and children not only of his precarious babies but of "Daffodils" and "Tintern Abbey." Her mind gave way in 1832—at which point Miss MACLEAN'S chronicle ends; but to the last there is no suggestion that she would have held her life on any less heroic tenure. Greater sympathy with this attitude might perhaps have added a cubit to her biographer's critical stature. It could hardly have bettered her delightful narrative of the pre-diary period and her scholarly and graceful "piecing-out" of the diary itself.



Bo'sun. "ALL TANGLED UP WITH ONE LITTLE ROPE, EH? WHY, IF THIS WAS A SAILIN'-SHIP YOU 'D BE A RUDDY COCOON BY NOW."

Farming Debarbarized.

The old agricultural life of England is passing away and machines have changed the lives of the villagers. Except for the shepherd and the mole-catcher, none works any longer in the traditional laborious way. So Mr. H. W. FREEMAN puts on record his view of the Suffolk countryside as it was in pre-War days, while he and others can still remember. *Fathers of their People* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) is the title of his third novel of the kind. It deals with the *Brundishes* of three generations: *Isaac*, *Adam* and *Dick*, who work in succession the chief farm of the district. The cruelty, malice and spite which are endemic in village life do not exist in Mr. FREEMAN'S Suffolk. All are Nature's gentlemen and ladies. *Dick*, the youthful hero, is of the type of the Regency buck. There is a great deal of beer-drinking and genial rowdyism; brutality is elevated and gentility depressed. The whole endeavour is evidently to romanticise the barbaric life. In his revolt against intel-

lect all the intellectual forces of the author are marshalled. The prose is dignified, balanced and elegant. The rather petty incidents are made to appear important and even significant by the application of notable literary power. Yet somehow one does not believe in it all, except as a guide to farming in the 'nineties. The whole process suggests the sprinkling of sugar on a pickled onion.

The Way Out.

Sir ARTHUR SALTER, in *Recovery* (BELL, 10/6), reminds a world verging on dementia that there is no compulsion inherent in its economic structure for any poverty or unemployment; that the general standard of living was higher in 1928 than in 1931; and that, granted the essential machinery could be got to function again smoothly, how happy we all might be. Through the whole horrible turmoil of speculative booms and industrial slumps, War Debts and Reparation payments, tariff barriers, perverted gold standards and impending repudiations he beckons with assurance and knowledge towards pleasant fields fascinatingly attainable if only the few score persons who control our financial destinies could be allowed and persuaded to move, amicably and all together, even if slowly, in the right direction. That, of course, in view of a thousand national jealousies, is asking much; and the difficulties are not glossed over. The alternative to concerted reconstruction is quite frankly envisaged as sectional grouping pointing to war, anarchy and revolution, while the way is long that leads to recovery and restored confidence. The trouble for most of Sir ARTHUR'S readers is that, although completely convinced by his arguments and passionately anxious to hold his hand along the tortuous pathway, they have no means of ensuring that the comforting connection shall be made. Still, it is some comfort to realise that there is anyone in existence who even seems to have got hold of a chart.



"SEEIN' AS 'OW YOU 'RE LOOKIN' AT THE NEW MOON THROUGH GLASS, SIR, IT WON'T COME SURPRISIN' TO YOU THAT YOU AIN'T 'ALF GOIN' TO BE UNLUCKY."

Decay of a Heroine.

The bitterness which permeated Mr. RICHARD ALDINGTON'S *Death of a Hero* was perfectly in keeping with that mordant study of the futilities of battle; but it seems a pity that he should allow it to dominate his later writing. We are agreed that the profiteer and the shirker were amongst the major horrors of the War, but having once registered our aversion it is surely more pleasant to forget them. *Soft Answers* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) is a collection of five short stories, the best of which is "Now Lies She There," an exceedingly clever sketch of a chromium-hearted Society girl in the unsettled years of the early peace. *Constance*, with her hard-boiled insensibility and her arrogant and pathetic faith in money, was a type in the London of those days, and Mr. ALDINGTON'S picture of her is not more cynical than she deserved. The characters in the other four stories are not so good as *Constance*; somehow they do not quite ring true, and I think the reason for this is that in his desire to colour their eccentricities and poltrooneries Mr. ALDINGTON has allowed fantasy to carry him beyond what is either likely or convincing. But there is no lack of wit, and one feels that it is the material rather than the style which is at fault.

Voyages of Discovery.

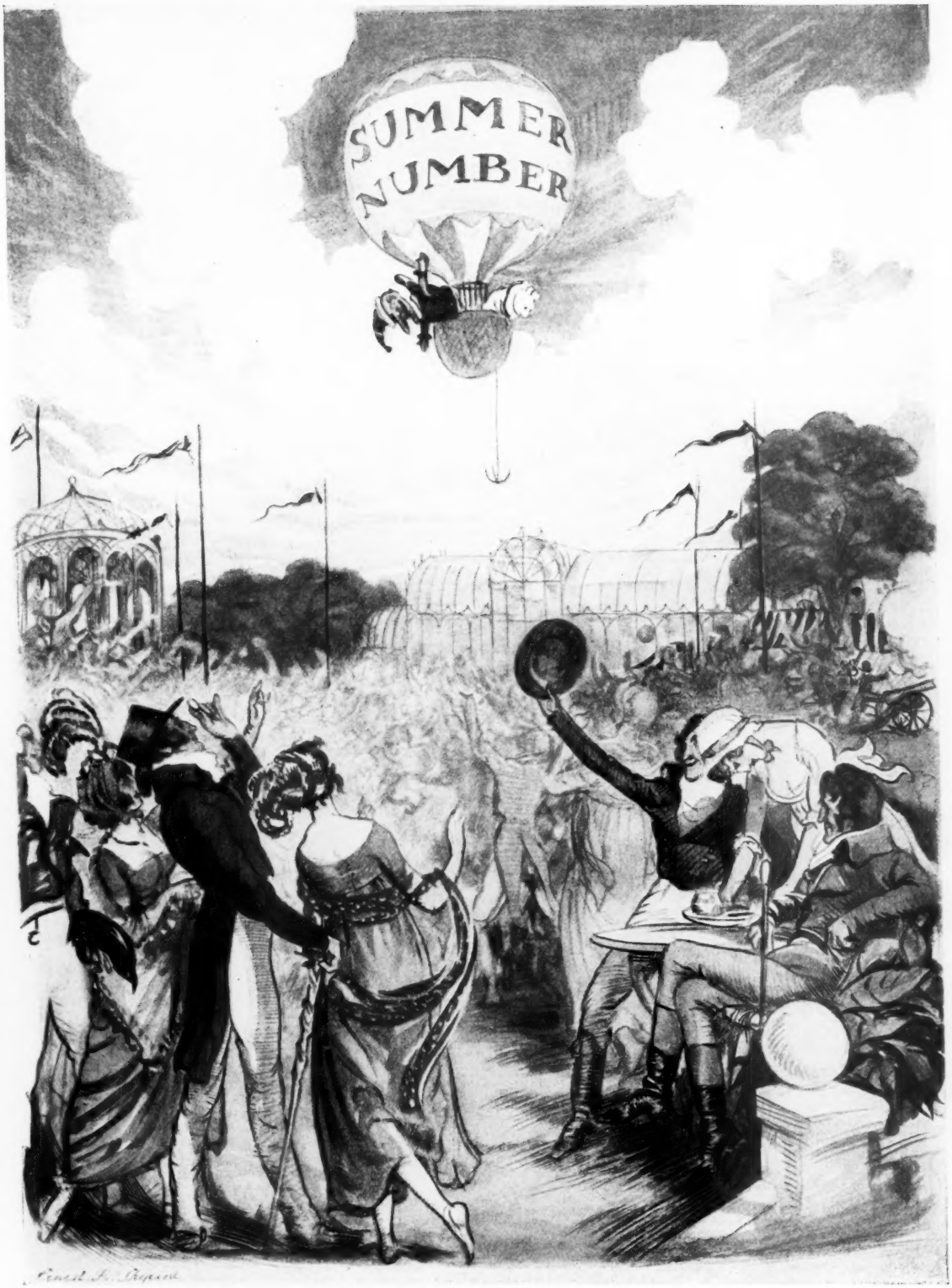
The Swan and Her Crew (METHUEN, 5/-) is a new edition of a book that was popular with boys of a previous generation, and its reappearance is at least an interesting experiment. Boys of to-day may at first sight find the style of Mr. G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES a little too pedantic for their taste, and conceivably they may think *Frank Merivale*, the youthful skipper, almost too good to be true. But if such obstacles exist I strongly advise any boy who likes a yarn of adventure in which he will absorb much useful information to overcome them. *Frank*, *Jimmy* and *Dick* built their own boat, and in her sailed the Norfolk Broads. It was an expedition from which the lapse of years has not taken the value, and I for one am glad that Mr. HUGH C. DAVIES has revised his father's book and given the present generation of boys an opportunity to enjoy it.

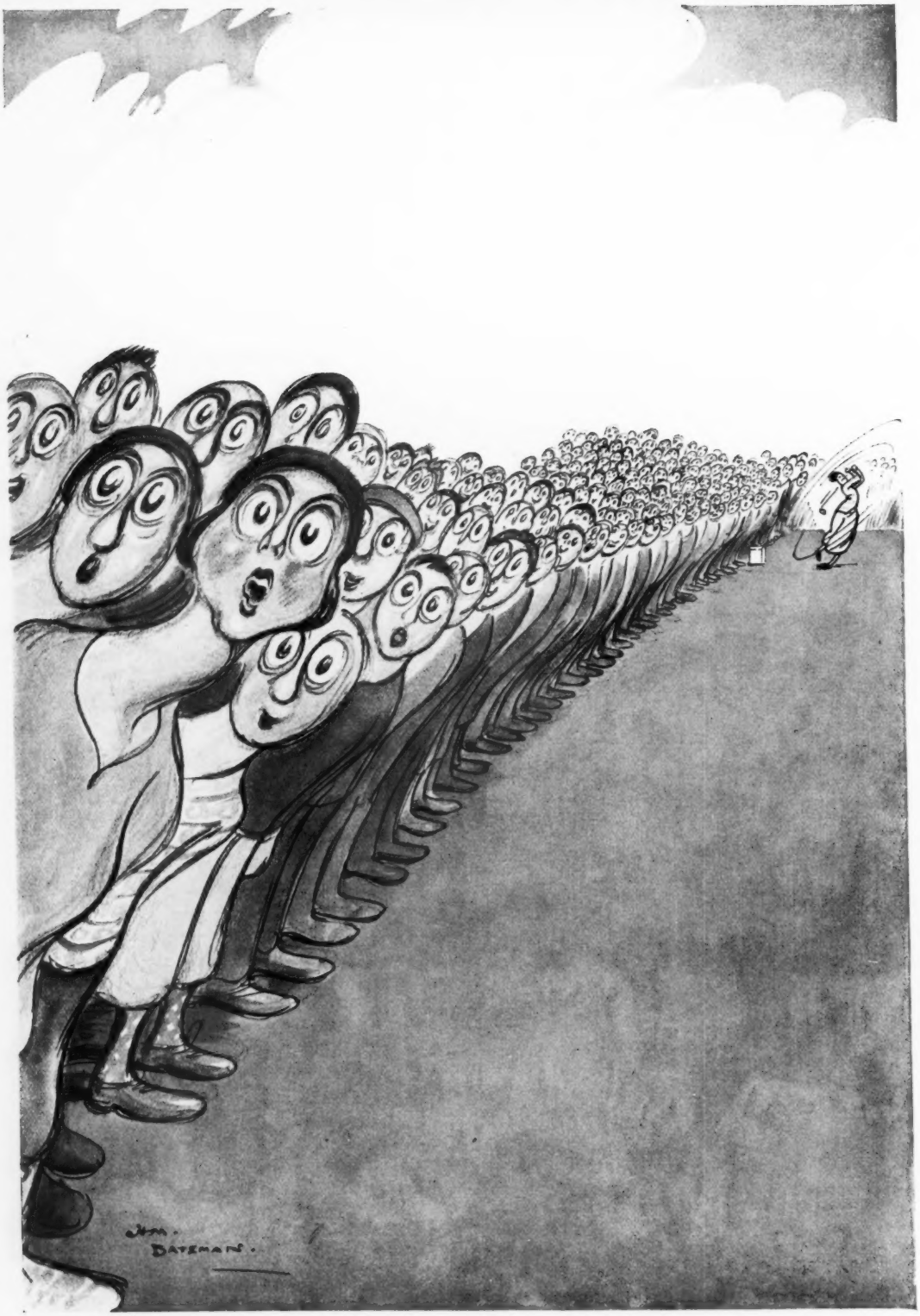
The Circus.

Fay of the Ring (JENKINS, 7/6) is a clean and pleasant story in which Mr. A. A. THOMSON, though not excessively sentimental, shows that he is not afraid of sentiment. *Duke Marjoram*, the proprietor of "Marjoram's Unparalleled Circus," with his pomposity, loquacity and innate kindness, is a really amusing figure, and the life that his staff led is so clearly and graciously put before us that I for one regret that the old-fashioned travelling shows are no longer to be seen frequently on the roads. Those who go to novels for studies in psychology or sexual passion will not be poignantly interested in *Fay*, but to my mind her simple tale is fragrant and refreshing. And Mr. THOMSON tells it well.

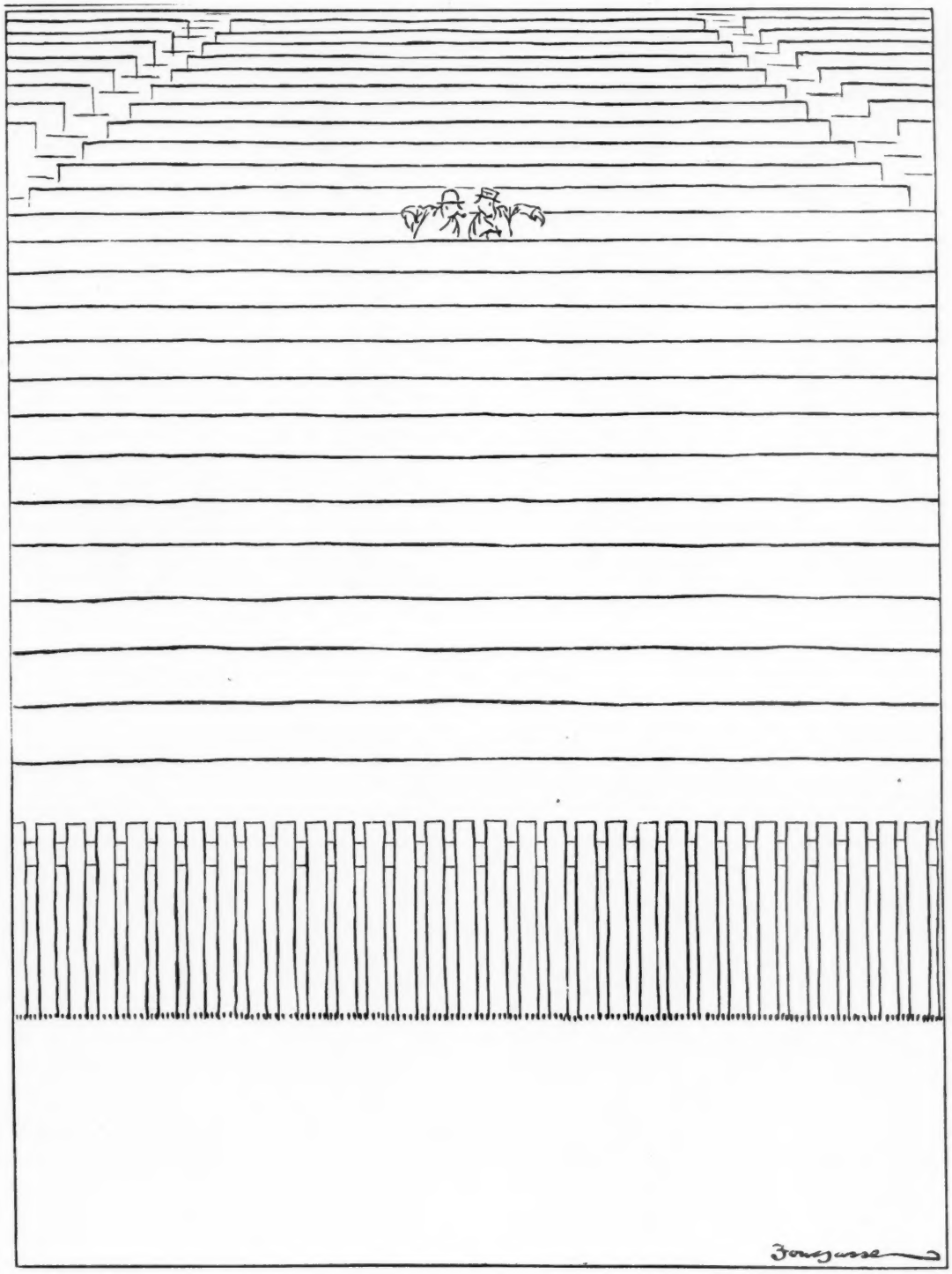
Mass Declension.

"SILK STOCKINGS DOWN BY 7,000,000."—*Headline in Evening Paper.*


SUMMER
NUMBER

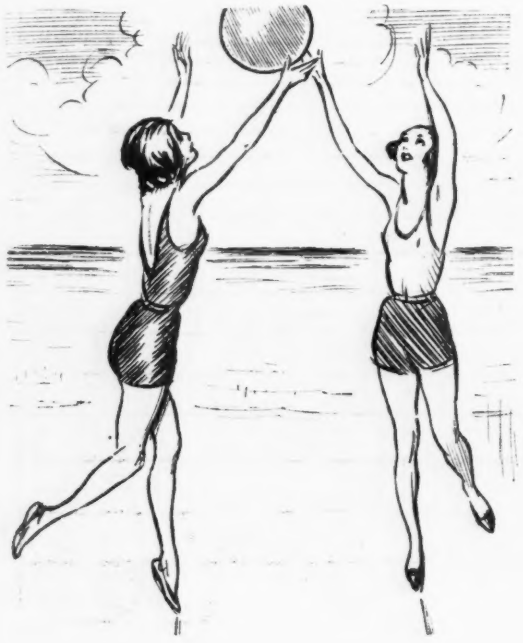


THE DRIVE.



"OF COURSE, THERE 'S ONE THING THAT NO FOREIGNER WILL EVER UNDERSTAND, AND THAT'S OUR ENTHUSIASM FOR CRICKET."

HAVING IMAGINED A SERIES OF HOLIDAY-SKETCHES WITH PLEASING TITLES, OUR ARTIST (*continued on next page*)



LA CULTURE PHYSIQUE.



A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES.



THE HAPPY HIKERS.



THE SUN-BATHERS.

UNFORTUNATELY DECIDES TO STUDY HIS SUBJECTS FROM LIFE, WITH THE RESULT THAT HE HAS TO MODIFY BOTH DRAWINGS AND TITLES.



PHYSICAL JERKS.



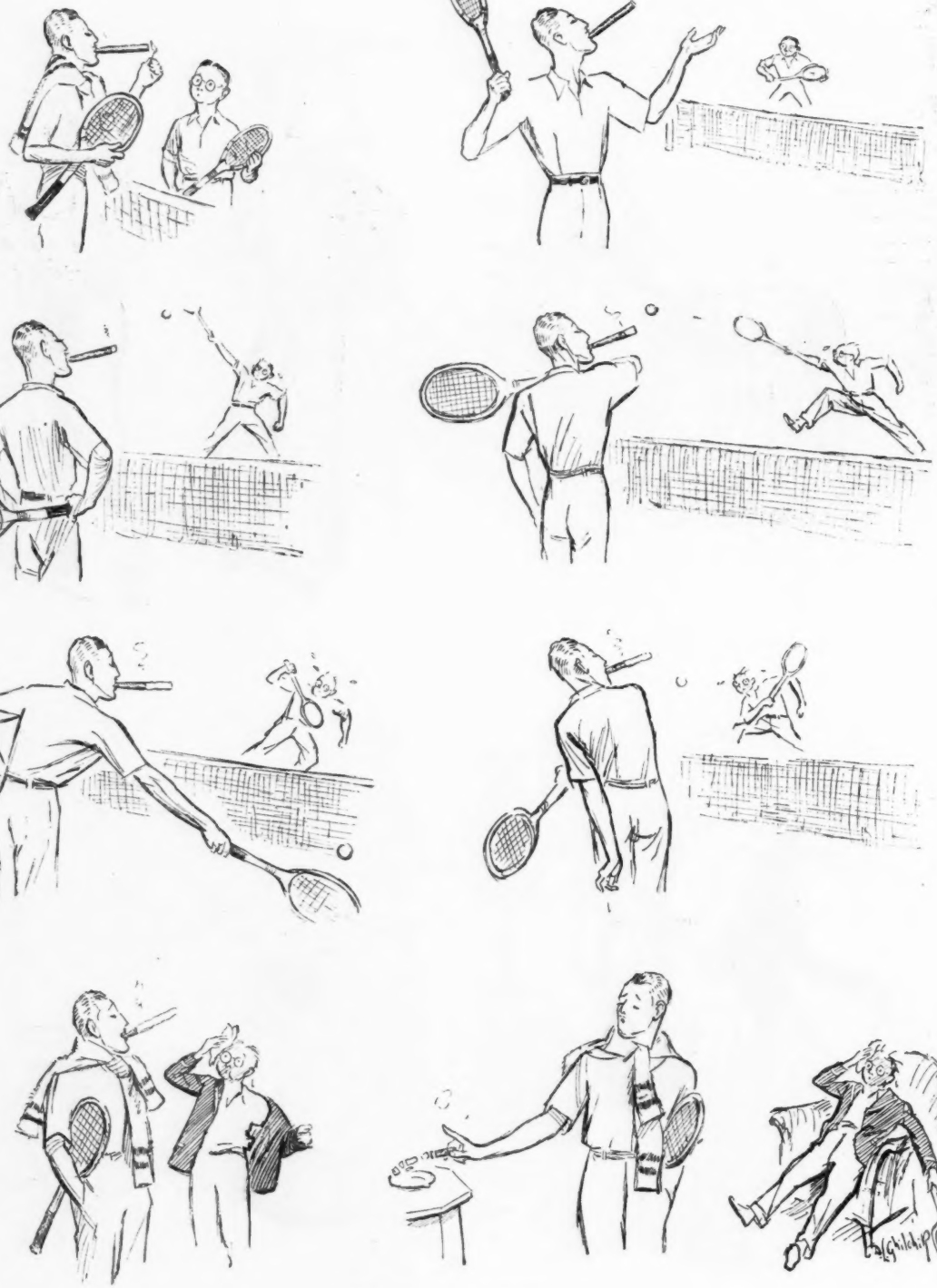
EYESORES.



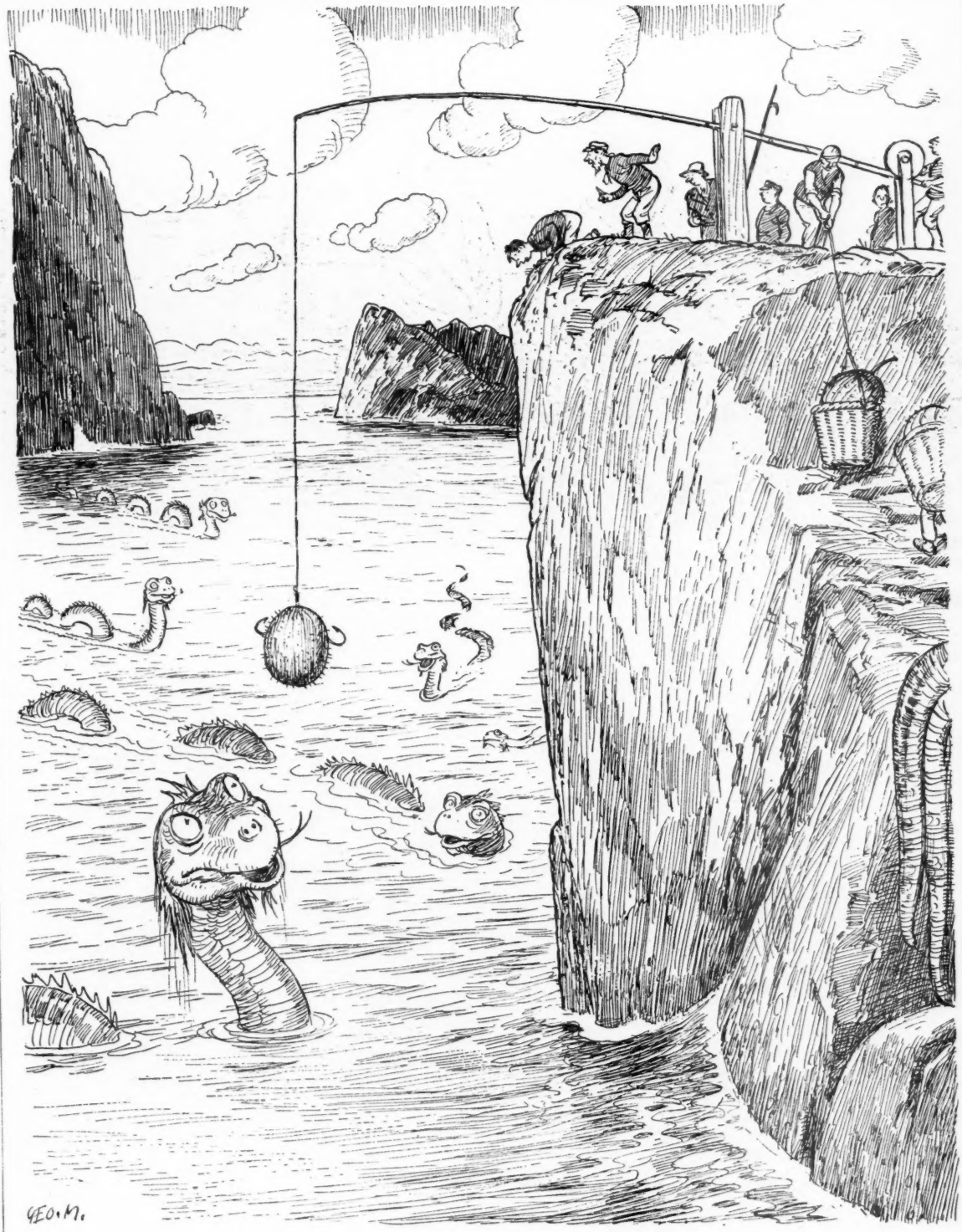
THE HIKING HORRORS.



THE SHY-MAKERS.



NONCHALANCE.



DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE SILLY SEASON.

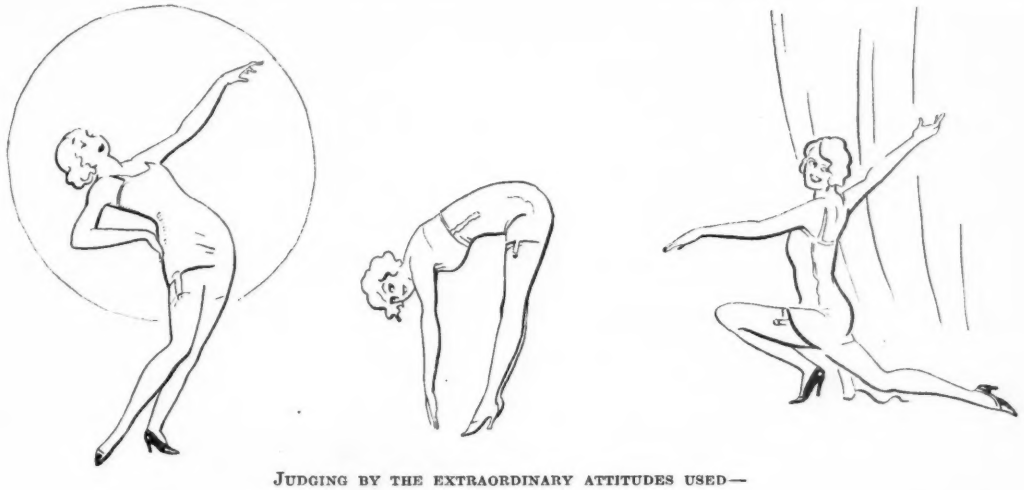
GIANT GOOSEBERRIES ARE SAID TO BE THE BEST BAIT FOR CATCHING SEA-SERPENTS.



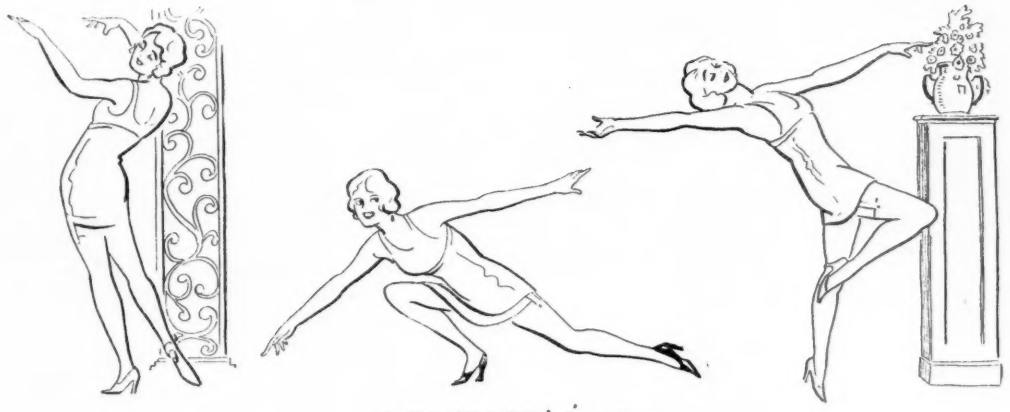
"Is it true that rats always desert a sinking ship?"
"Dunno, Mum; I never waited to see."



Hiker. "Good-morning, Boniface."
Innkeeper. "Bunnyface yerself!"



JUDGING BY THE EXTRAORDINARY ATTITUDES USED—



TO DISPLAY LADIES' CORSETS—



ONE WOULD THINK THAT WOMEN WERE IN THE HABIT OF WALKING ABOUT LIKE THIS.



SUSCEPTIBLE SPECIAL CONSTABLE ON EXTRA POINT DUTY MEETS A FRIEND.



Wife of Professional Strong Man. "WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE OVER THAT SILLY 'ABIT OF CHUCKING STONES INTO THE SEA, BERT?"

THE SEA-DOG.



PLEASING ONE'S PUBLIC.



MISS FELICITY FANFARE, THE FAMOUS REVUE-ARTIST, GRANTS AN INTERVIEW TO PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS—



AND POSES FOR "THE FASHION'S HERALD"



"FOOTLIGHT NEWS"—



"THE LITERARY WEEKLY"—



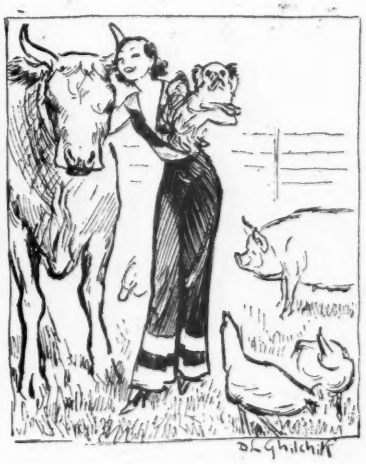
"DOMESTIC CHAT"—



"SPORTING CUTS"—



"THE WORLD'S WORKER"—



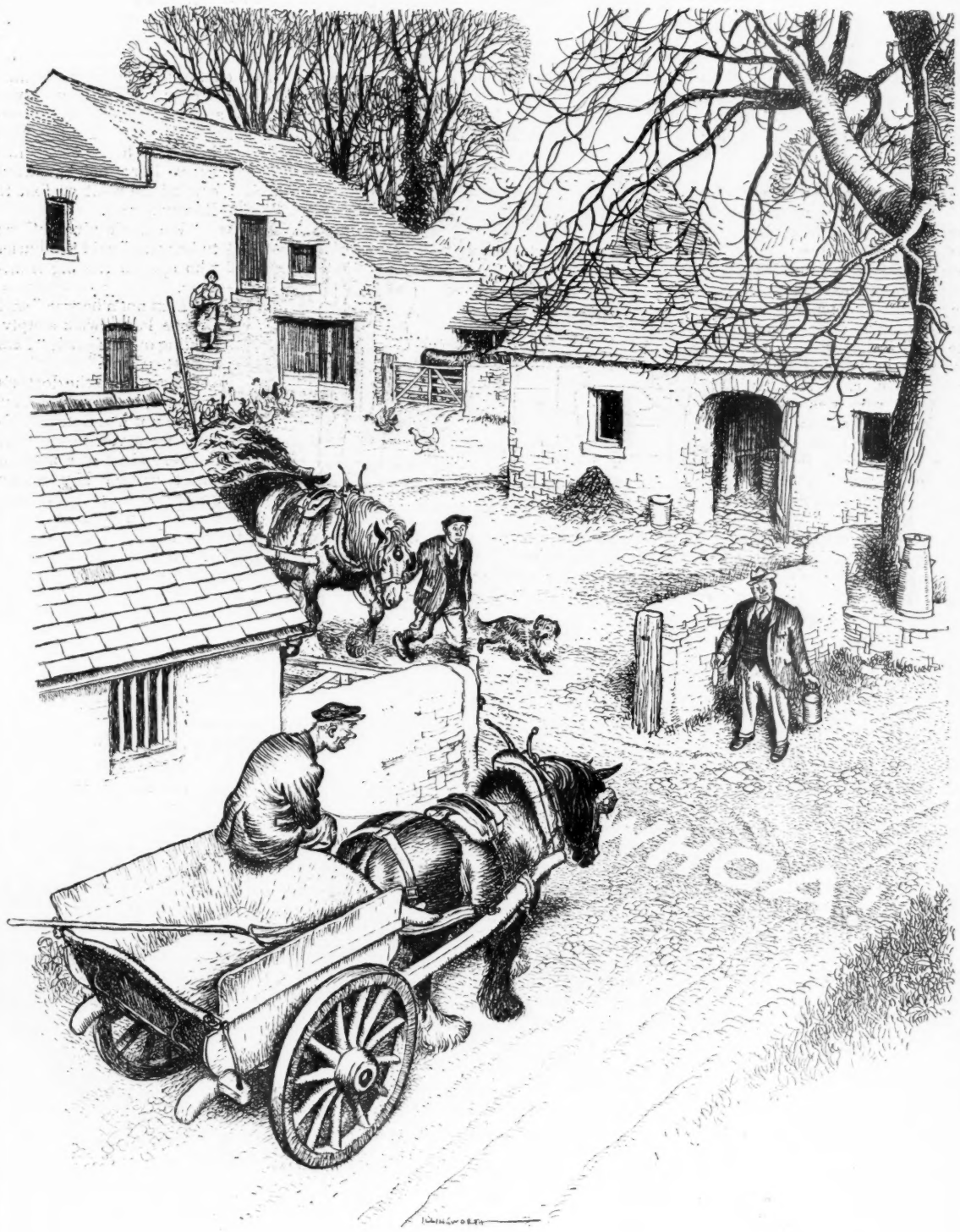
AND "OUR DUMB PETS."



Youth (who has rescued girl from drowning). "JUST IN TIME—WHAT?"
Girl. "ONLY JUST. I'M GOING HOME TO-MORROW."



Jobbing Gardener. "THIS GARDEN 'S OVER-RUN WITH SLUGS, SIR. I CAN'T KEEP PACE WITH 'EM."
Owner. "YES, I 'VE NOTICED THEM WHIZZING PAST YOU."



THE FARMER IS INSPIRED BY SAFETY-FIRST NOTICES SEEN IN TOWN.

THE MAROONING OF MR. PETHERWICK.

The haggard appearance of Mr. George Petherwick, his shrunken figure, the shabbiness of his clothes, his awful boots, his too terrible ties, would have announced immediately to anyone familiar with the great world the unhappy condition of life into which Providence had called him.

He was one of the victims of our ruthless commercial system. He was a financier—a multi-millionaire. He swayed the commodity markets of two hemispheres. Perpetually engaged in mastering zinc or restoring the political stability of Hungary, he had no time to brush his hair. When his secretary, who was called Miss Plum and adored him, said, "Do go to your tailor," he would be certain to answer, "I can't this morning. I am rationalising wool."



"He had no time to brush his hair."

She was a beautiful girl with ultramarine eyes, but Mr. Petherwick was far too busy to notice them. When she smiled at him he would always be looking into copper or be wholly immersed in lard.

Long, long ago, as an errand-boy earning eight-and-sixpence a week, he had been smart, whistling and blithe. He had dreamed of adventures—adventures on tropical islands and in Southern seas. His neat clothes, his carefree manner in those days would have attracted attention anywhere. But the shades of the prison-house had closed about him until with every trust he absorbed he became more emaciated, with every company he started he felt more dreadfully alone, more wretched in soul.

He took no recreation. He seldom ate. At enormous banquets, when he regaled his business enemies on *pâté de foie gras* and caviar, he himself would nibble a biscuit or have a single banana brought to him on a plate of gold. He owned two Scotch castles but had forgotten their names. He had a villa near Mentone, but he had never found out where Mentone was. In a fit of abstraction he had once bought an ocean-going yacht, but he had lent it to a glue emperor and he had no notion whether it had been returned.

When he travelled, as he was forced to travel, from capital to capital, following the trail of molasses or sending a flutter through rye, he was compelled to occupy the largest suites in the most expensive and luxurious hotels for fear of being turned away as a tramp. Once when he had dismissed his chauffeur he was arrested for stealing his own motor-car. He had no licence and they refused to believe his address. The magistrate asked him his occupation.

"At the moment," he answered, "I am unemployed."

Then he looked at the clock in court.



"The plenipotentiaries of the Little Entente were kneeling before his abominable boots."

"But I hope you will discharge me," he went on, "as at 10.25 I have an appointment to finance Central Europe and Greece."

He was allowed to go. At 10.27 the plenipotentiaries of the Little Entente were kneeling before his abominable boots.

A life so strenuous and at the same time so sad might in any case have led to a nervous breakdown. But the furious hostility of two particular rivals precipitated the débâcle. Worried to death by the intrigues of two of his bitterest enemies, who were juggling with Siberian eggs, Mr. Petherwick was persuaded at last by Miss Plum to consult a nerve specialist. Taking with him the little collapsible typewriter which he always carried, he went on foot to Harley Street.

"We don't give nothing to beggars," said the butler who opened the big front-door.

"I am not a beggar," said George Petherwick simply, holding out his card; "I am a Butter King."

Ushered into the doctor's presence, he explained that he had not had a moment's sleep for seven years, that the very sight of a mutton cutlet caused him agony unspeakable, and that his head went "*Blip-blip*" every time he tried to concentrate.

"Blip-blip?" asked the specialist. "Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"That's very serious indeed. What you want is a thorough holiday."

"I haven't had any kind of holiday," said George Petherwick, "since I was seventeen, and I can't afford one now."

"If you don't take a holiday," said the specialist, "you will go *phut*;" and he snapped his thumb and finger to explain the medical meaning of the word.

Mr. Petherwick shook his head sadly, put a hundred-and-five pounds down on the table and went out to merge tin.

Just as he turned out of Harley Street something hit him violently on the head and he knew no more.

* * *

"*A deep trough of depression,*" said the wireless announcer—"*I beg your pardon. I have one S.O.S. message to begin with. Missing from his suites of rooms at the Magnificent Hotel, London, the Hôtel Incroyable in Paris, the Hotel Götterdämmerung in Berlin, the Uplift Hotel in New York and the Hotel Sumptuoso in Buenos Ayres, Mr. George Petherwick, the well-known and popular plutocrat; aged forty-seven; slight build;*

hair grizzled ; height, five-foot-seven-and-a-half ; wearing an old sugar-loaf hat, grey coat torn at the back, rather short navy-blue trousers and elastic-sided boots; carrying a small leather case and an unrolled umbrella. Will anyone who has information as to his whereabouts communicate with the offices of Petherwick and Blain, in any of the principal cities in Europe, Asia, and America, as it is feared that some harm may have befallen him ?"

Nobody communicated. Mr. George Petherwick had totally disappeared.

* * *

On the steam-yacht *Mandragora*, forging rapidly towards Haiti, two sinister-looking men conversed in undertones.

"Has he consented to sell?" asked one of them.

"Not yet," muttered the second. "And if he doesn't, the Czecho-Slovakian Cabinet——"

"I know. Not to mention Roumania. The best thing we can do is to lose him."

"Lose him?"

"The seas are very wide," said the first speaker significantly with a sweep of his hand towards the horizon.



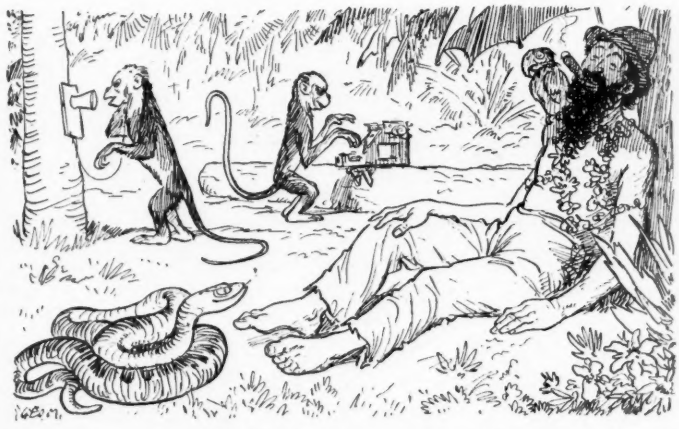
"'THE SEAS ARE VERY WIDE.'"

* * *

In a little clearing on the island of Fu-fu sat a man. A parrot perched on his shoulder and a tame python was curled at his feet. An umbrella shaded his head. The vegetation about him consisted mainly of wi-wi trees, with here and there a clump of ha-ha bushes or a patch of some other re-duplicated herb. Plantains abounded and the luscious tango opened its delightful seed-pods at every turn. The place, in fact, was a paradise.

The man sat lolling on a couch of turves and leaves. He wore a slightly dented and greatly dishevelled sugar-loaf hat. A pair of short ragged blue trousers encased his nether limbs. Otherwise he was dressed in hibiscus blooms. He was smoking a cigar. The man was George Petherwick.

But how changed from the George Petherwick of Petherwick and Blain! Gone were the haggard features, the woebegone air. He was inclined to stoutness, but there was nothing flabby about the inclination. On the contrary, his brown body glowed with the radiance of perfect health and unstinted vitamins. He had acquired, so to speak, a superiority convex. From his chin flowed a black beard worn *au naturel* and his face was beaming with goodwill.



"HAPPY IN HIS ISLAND HOME."

Was he completely happy in his island home? Did he never regret civilisation and the busy markets of the world? Occasionally. But when that fit seized him he had found a means of overcoming the nostalgia. As the lovely tropical morning wore on to noon he clapped his hands. Two long-tailed monkeys scampered into the clearing. One of them took George Petherwick's typewriter from George Petherwick's typewriter-case, set it on the fallen trunk of a go-go tree and began to tap the keys with an earnest preoccupied air. But there was no paper in the typewriter. The other, proceeding to a rudely-constructed telephone apparatus carved with a pocket-knife out of wi-wi wood, placed the receiver to its ear and chattered busily into the transmitter. But there was no wire connecting the telephone to anything at all.

George Petherwick smiled happily. He was enjoying the atmosphere of Big Business and High Finance without their nerve-racking responsibilities. He dozed. The monkeys, tiring at last of their duties, scampered away into the plantain-trees.

Two hours later George Petherwick woke. It was the hour for his bathe. He walked to the edge of his island, undressed and dived from a coral reef into the translucent water of his favourite pool. He splashed, swam, shouted for joy. Sometimes the black triangular fin of a shark sailed near him, but George Petherwick had no fear. He knew every shark in those waters. They would come when he called them, and he had given them names.

"Globwitz!" he would say, "Mulligatawny!" and the sharks, swimming nearer to him, would smile. The names were those of the two great operators on the exchanges of the world who had kidnapped him, carried him to the island of Fu-fu and left him there. He had found he could master all the wild things of nature by kindness and personal charm.

Leaving the water at last, he lay down to bask a little, and then, as he was lazily fastening his hibiscus blossoms, he saw in the distance the sight that he had dreaded for almost a year. It was the smoke of a steamer.

"So they have found me," he sighed.

They had.

Nitrates had rocked so convulsively since Mr. George Petherwick's disappearance, zinc had been so restless, rails so nervous and hogs so wild that it had become necessary to ransack every corner of the world and find the one man who could keep them steady. Seven directors chosen from his various companies had undertaken the quest. They came ashore in a body and advanced up the coral beach.

They were not a little amazed at his appearance.

"Welcome," said George Petherwick "to my home from home!" and he took them first of all to his office, where the two monkeys, tired of playing amongst the trees, now resumed work with the typewriter and the telephone, and then to his dining-room, a wigwam of plaited leaves.

"I usually have my guavas about seven," he told them. "I hope you can stay to dine?"

But they would not. They were too much concerned with the tottering finances of the world. So George Petherwick consented to go back.

* * *

The vast offices of Petherwick and Blain were in a tumult. For well-nigh a year everything had been rocking and now a collapse was imminent. A pallid commissionaire stood muttering at the portico; office-boys fainted; lift-operators reeled. Such was the scene of consternation when, still carrying his little portable typewriter, bronzed and bearded, exuding *bonhomie* and dressed in a complete suit of ready-made reach-me-downs, Mr. George Petherwick, stepping from a taxi-cab, arrived to take charge. The seven directors followed him in a large limousine. Even as the millionaire was whirled up in the satinwood elevator a loud crash resounded through the building.

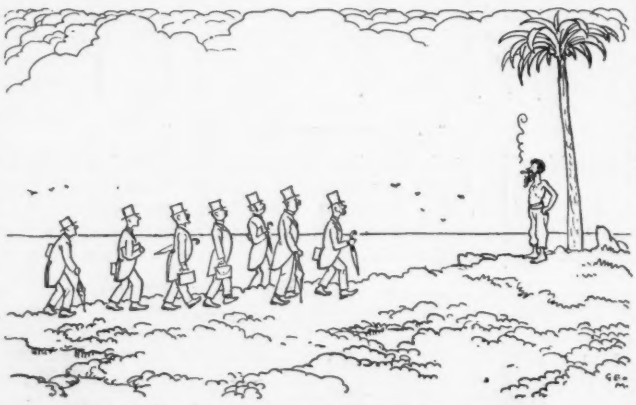
"What's that?" he said to the clerk who was with him.

The man blanched. "I am afraid the bottom has fallen out of the lead-market," he replied.

Mr. George Petherwick was completely undismayed. He took the reins; he resumed control. With a few quiet words he rehabilitated lead. He went on to tranquillise cotton and restore the confidence of maize. In an hour or two's quiet work he turned the chaos of the world into solidity and peace. Brazil became buoyant. Wall Street went out to luncheon. The inhabitants of Central Europe held a regatta on the Danube. Rails rallied, Collar-studs declared a dividend. Tokyo breathed again.



"THEY WOULD COME WHEN HE CALLED THEM."



"SEVEN DIRECTORS CAME ASHORE IN A BODY."

"And now," said Mr. Petherwick when it was all over, "give me a list of the South Pacific sailings."

"What for?" cried the seven directors, aghast.

"The world is calm. I am returning to Fu-fu at once."

He had hardly spoken when a boy brought a message from the tape-machine. It ran:—

"The uninhabited tropical island of Fu-fu was submerged this morning by a volcanic wave."

"Bother!" said Mr. Petherwick.

So that dream was ended. The future stretched blankly before him. He must return to the sordid drudgery of being a billionaire. Then, glancing round, his eyes caught those of his secretary, Miss Plum, and a strange feeling of warmth flooded his heart. She looked more beautiful than ever. Was there not some message he had been meaning to give her? Of course there was.

"Take!" he said sharply.

Miss Plum brought out her dictation pad and poised her indelible pencil, awaiting his command. Mr. Petherwick hesitated for a moment. Then he made up his mind.

"Me," he went on softly. "I have been intending to ask you for eight years."

"Certainly, Mr. Petherwick," she replied.

"I shall substitute," said Mr. Petherwick, turning briskly to the seven directors, "the romance of love for the delights of solitude."

"Not at all a bad idea," replied the directors, looking greatly relieved and rubbing their fourteen hands.

"And where would you like to be married?" he went on, turning back to Miss Plum.

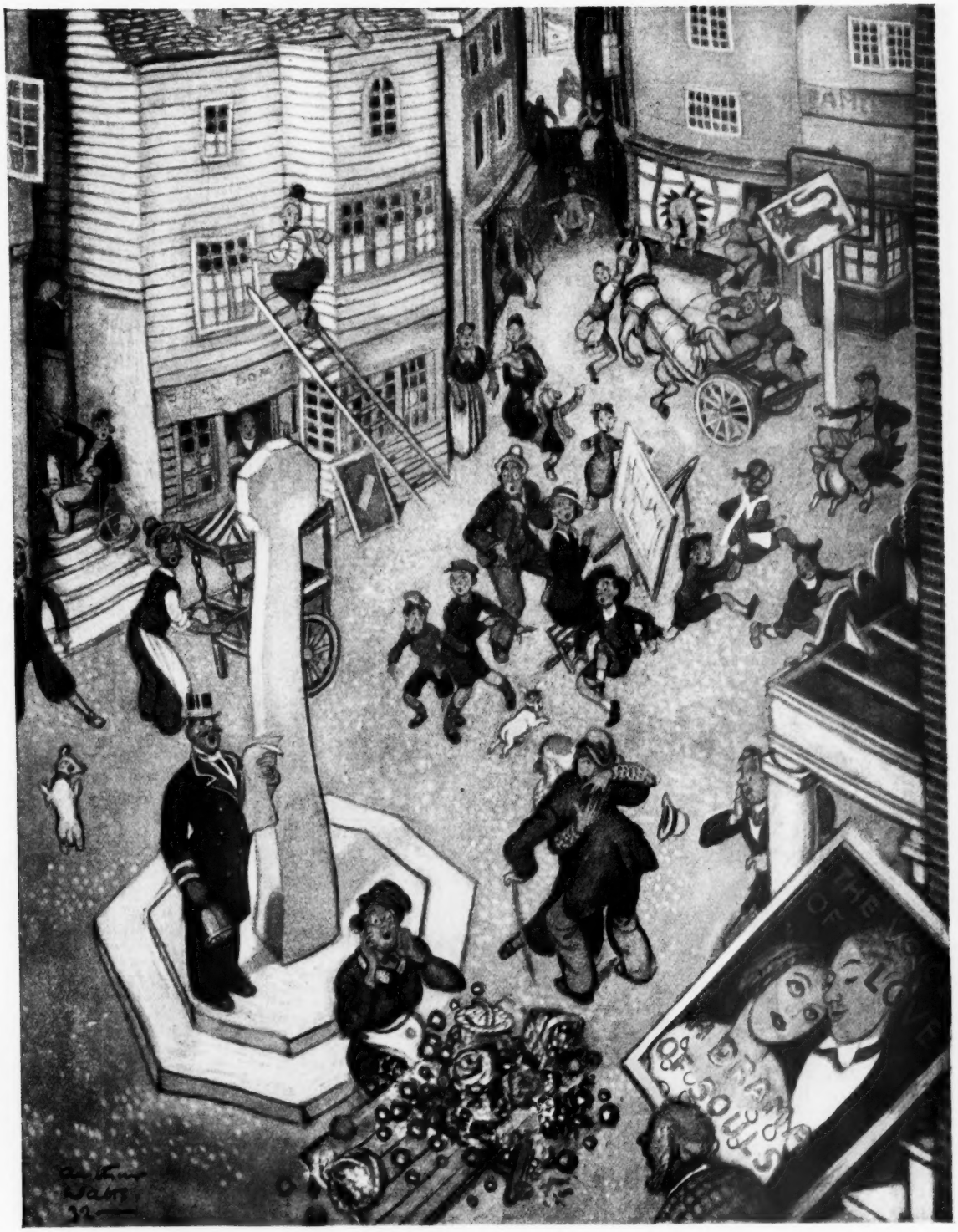
"St. George's, Hanover Square," she answered firmly; "with eight bridesmaids; on Tuesday, the eleventh *prox*, twelve noon," and she made a note on the little pad.

"Splendid!" said George Petherwick with a genial smile, and taking up his telephone he unloaded rice.

EVOE.



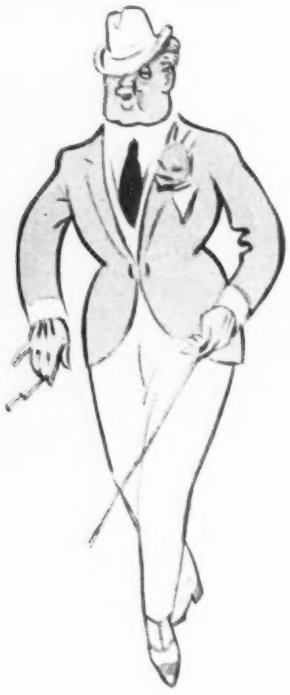
"HIS EYES CAUGHT THOSE OF HIS SECRETARY."



OUR EX-SERGEANT-MAJOR GETS THE POST OF TOWN-CRIER.

SIGHTS ONE MISSES THROUGH HOLIDAY-MAKING IN ENGLAND.













SIGHTS ONE MISSES THROUGH HOLIDAY-MAKING IN ENGLAND.



GOLF AND ART.



JONES IS A PAINTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL AND IS ALWAYS TALKING LANDSCAPE—



EVEN WHEN I'M PUTTING.



WHEN I'M IN THE ROUGH HE SAYS, "WHAT JOLLY COLOUR!"



WHEN THE WIND TAKES MY BALL OUT OF BOUNDS HE SAYS, "HOW DAVID COX WOULD HAVE REVELLED IN A DAY LIKE THIS!"

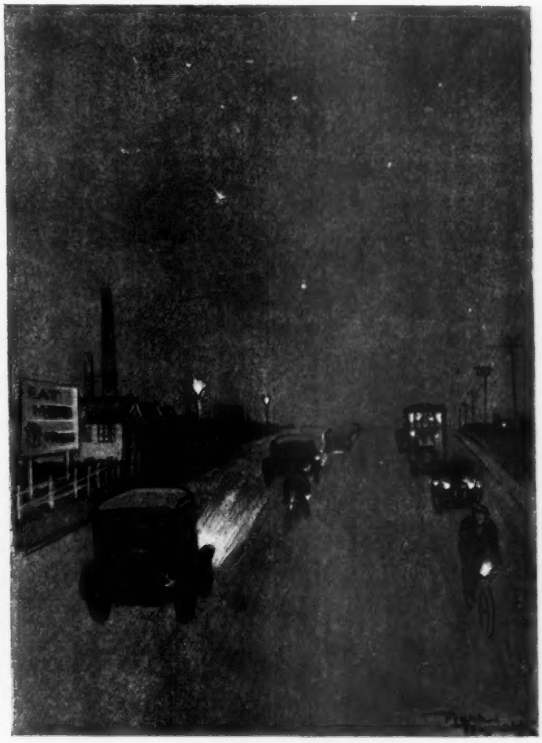
GOLF AND ART.



OR, HOW THIS WOULD HAVE APPEALED TO CONSTABLE.



HE WINS MY HALF-CROWN AND SAYS, "HOW TURNERESQUE!"—



BUT HE HAS NOTHING TO SAY OF THE ARTERIAL ROAD WHICH TAKES US HOME.



GLORIA SWANSON GETS HER TEETH INTO IT.



BUSTER KEATON HAS HIS FACE DROPPED.



TOM MIX GOES MORE WOOLLY AND FURTHER WEST.



JACK HULBERT DOES MORE CHIN WORK.



SLIM SUMMERVILLE GOES IN FOR SLIMMING.



JOAN CRAWFORD SHOWS MORE EYEBALL—



TALLULAH BANKHEAD STAYS PERMANENTLY IN BED.

JACKIE COOPER BECOMES STILL MORE MATURE.





MAURICE CHEVALIER GIVES US A BIT MORE OF HIS LIP—

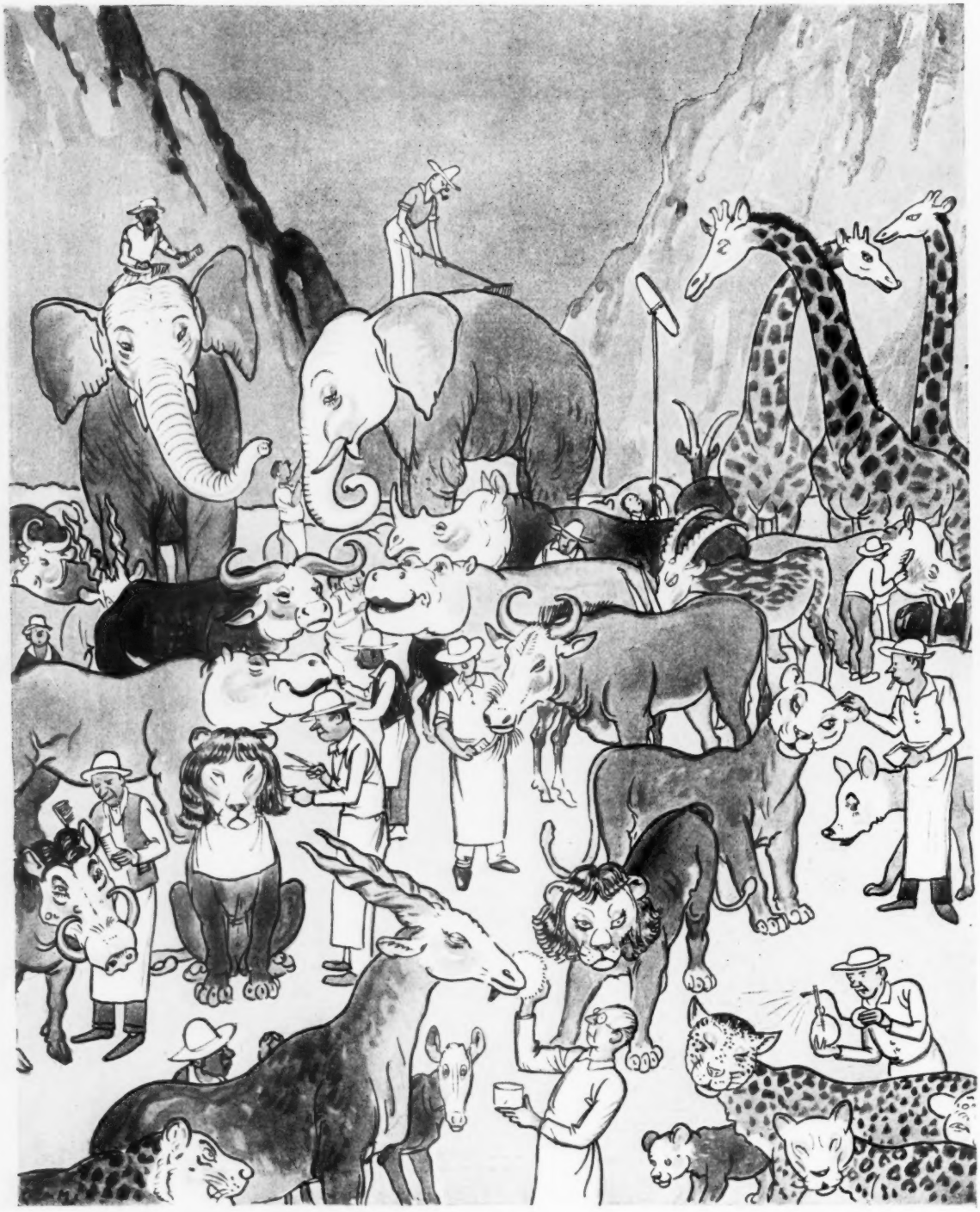
BRIGHTER S

IN THE PRESENT WORLD CRISIS, WHICH DEMANDS INCREASED EFFORT, OUR FILM ARTISTS HAVE

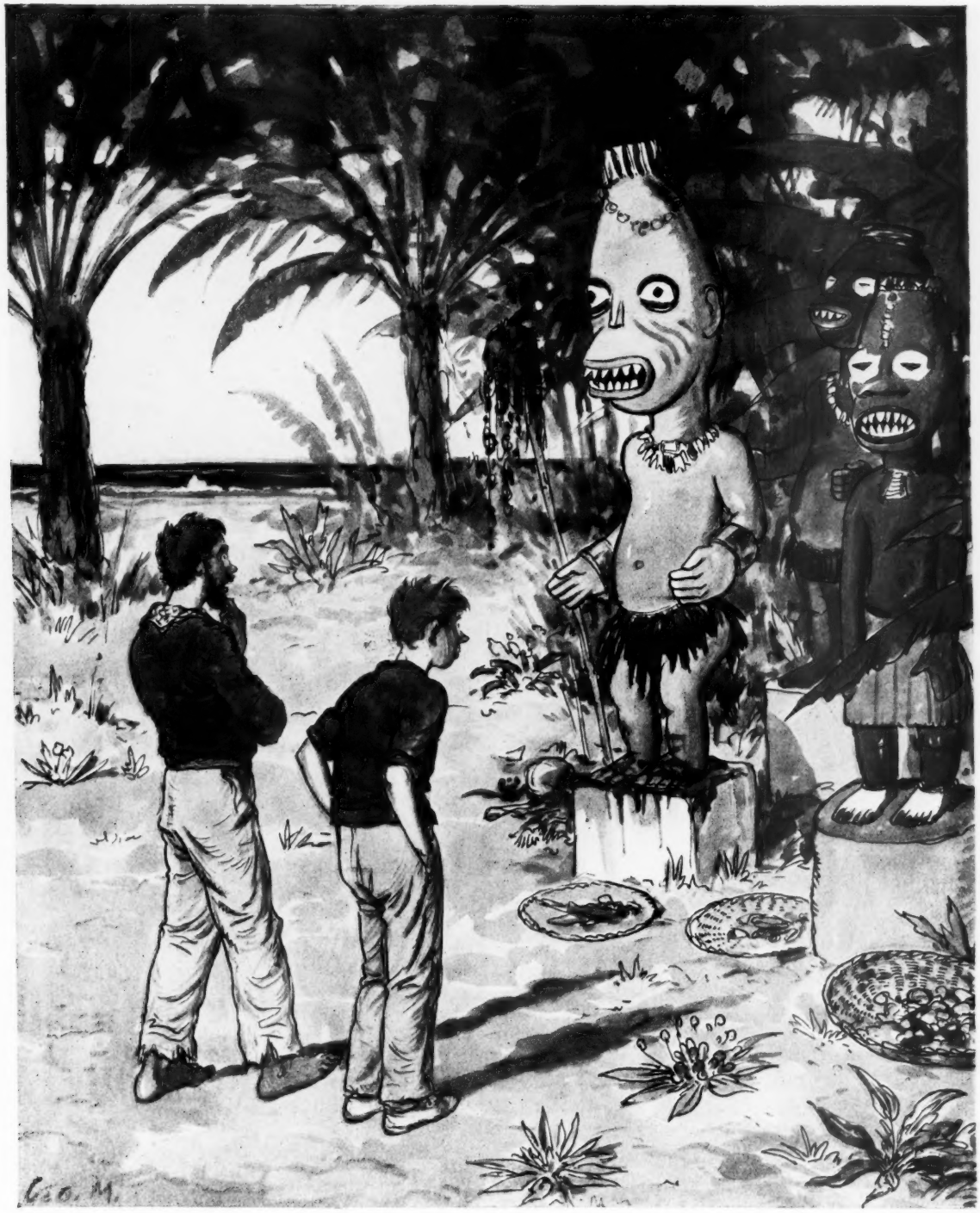


HTER STARS.

RTISTS HAVE FELT IT INCUMBENT UPON THEM TO GO ONE BETTER THAN THEIR PREVIOUS BEST.

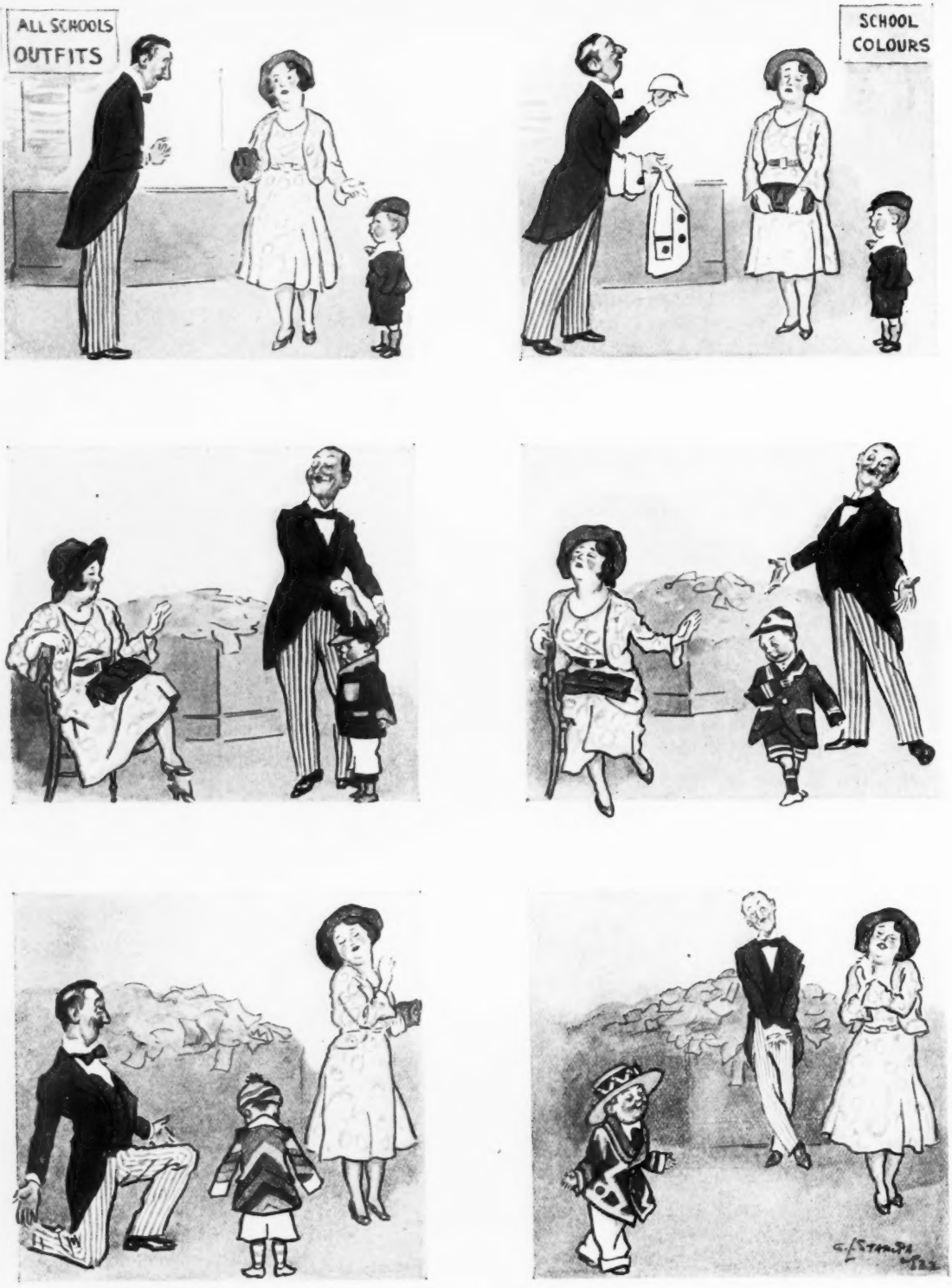


THE BEAUTY PARLOUR IN A BIG GAME RESERVATION.



Castaway Sailor. "WELL, AT ANY RATE THIS PLACE IS NOT UNINHABITED. AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY SEEM TO HAVE SOME KIND OF A RELIGION."

His Comrade (dolefully). "AY! BUT ACCORDIN' TO APPEERANCES I'M THINKIN' THEY 'RE NO' PRESBYTEERIANS!"

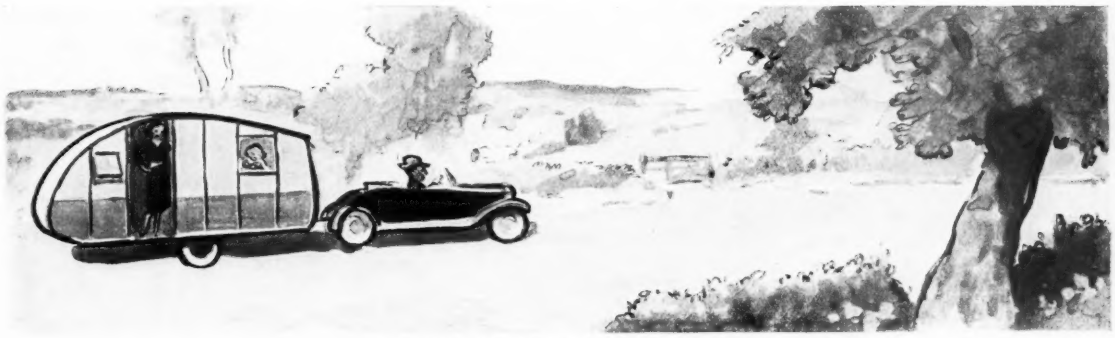


AMBITIOUS MOTHER SELECTS SUITABLE SCHOOL FOR SMALL SON.

THE BREAKAWAY.



AFTER A YEAR OF SEMI-DETACHED PROPINQUITY—



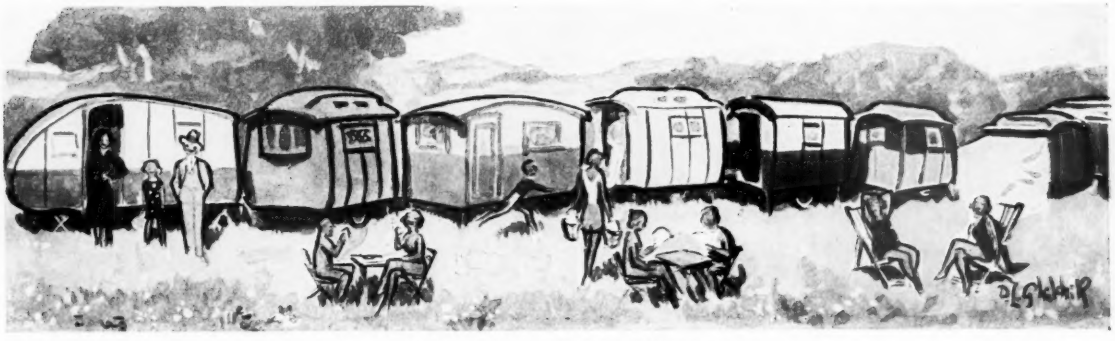
A CARAVAN HOLIDAY IS A HAPPY RELEASE—



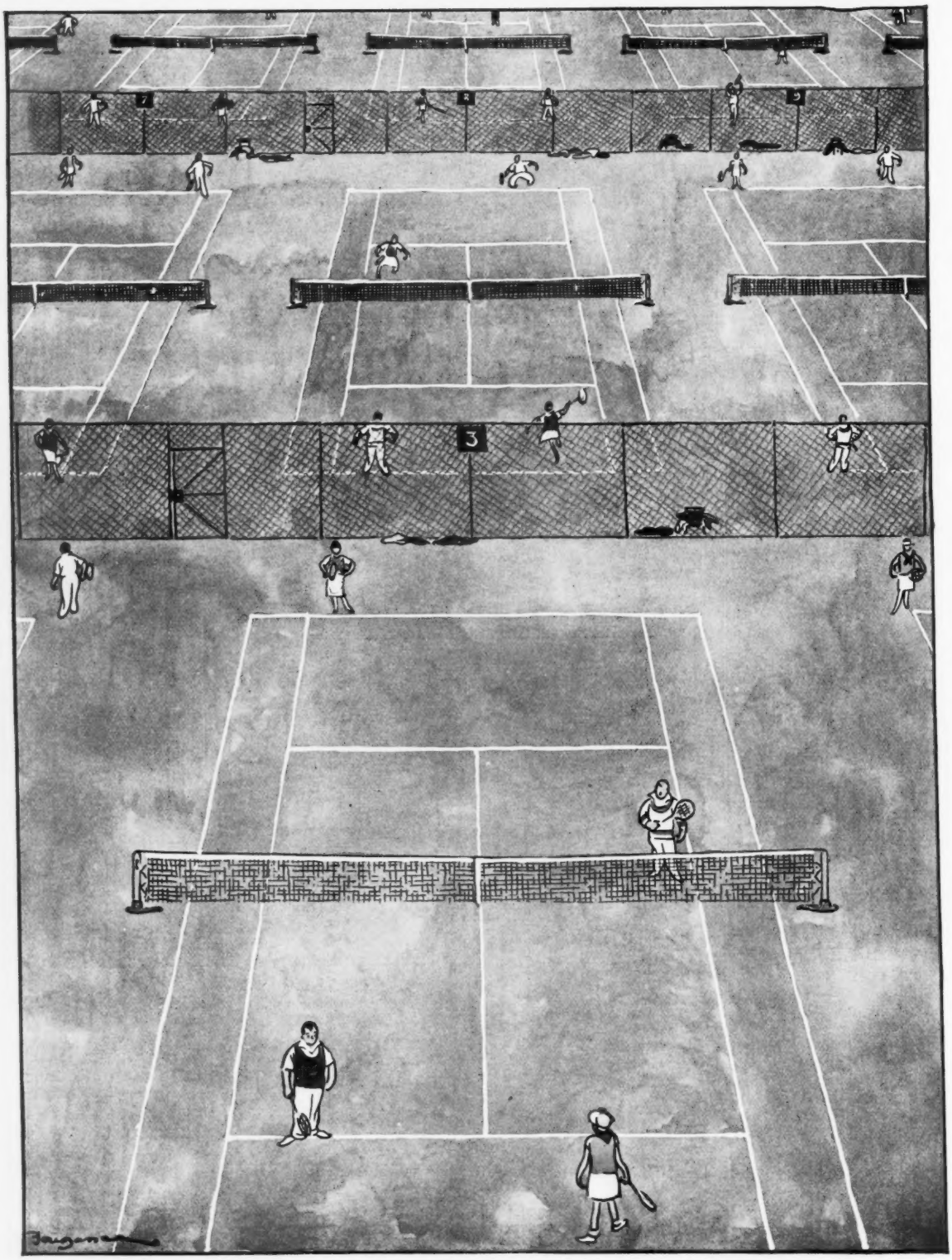
AND THOUGH IT'S NOT ALWAYS EASY TO FIND CAMPING-GROUND—



THERE *ARE* FARMERS WHO CATER FOR THIS SORT OF THING—



AND ONE ENJOYS THE CHANGE.



"WHY DO THEY CALL IT 'LAWN TENNIS,' ALFRED? IS IT SOMETHING TO DO WITH A LAWN?"

SIR TRISTRAM GOES WEST.

Chapter I.

Three men sat and talked at the long table in the library of Moat Place. Many dramatic conversations had occurred in that mellow and celebrated room, some of them radically affecting whole pages of English history; but none so vital as this to the old house itself. For its passport was being viséd to the United States.

Lord Mullion sighed gently. He was wondering whether, if a vote could be taken amongst his ancestors—most of whose florid portraits had already crossed the Atlantic—they would condemn or approve his action. Old Red Roger, his grandfather, would have burnt the place round him rather than sell an inch of it. But then Red Roger had never been up against an economic crisis. And at that moment, the afternoon sun flooding suddenly the great oriel window, a vivid shaft of light stabbed the air like a rapier and illuminated Mr. Julius Plugg's cheque-book, which was lying militantly on the table.

"Would you go to forty thousand?" asked Lord Mullion.

Mr. Plugg's bushy eyebrows climbed a good half-inch. When they rose further a tremor was usually discernible in Wall Street.

"I'll say it's a tall price for such an old joint," he said. "Well—I might."

Lord Mullion turned to the Eminent Architect. "You're absolutely certain that the house can be successfully replanted in Mr. Plugg's back-garden, like a damned azalea?"

The Eminent Architect, whose passion happened to be Moat Place, also sighed. "Bigger houses than this have been moved. It'll be a cracking job, but there's no real snag. I recommend that for greater safety the library be sent by liner. The main structure can go by cargo-boat."

The shaft of sunlight was still playing suggestively on the golden cover of the cheque-book. Sadly Lord Mullion inclined his head.

"Very well, Mr. Plugg. It's yours," he said.

A gasp of childish delight escaped the Pokerface of American finance. "That's swell," he cried, "that's dandy! And now it's fixed would you give me the low-down on a yarn I've heard about a family spook? Punk?"

"On the contrary," said Lord Mullion, "he's quite the most amusing ghost in this part of the country. But I shouldn't think he'll bother you."

"Anyone ever seen him?"

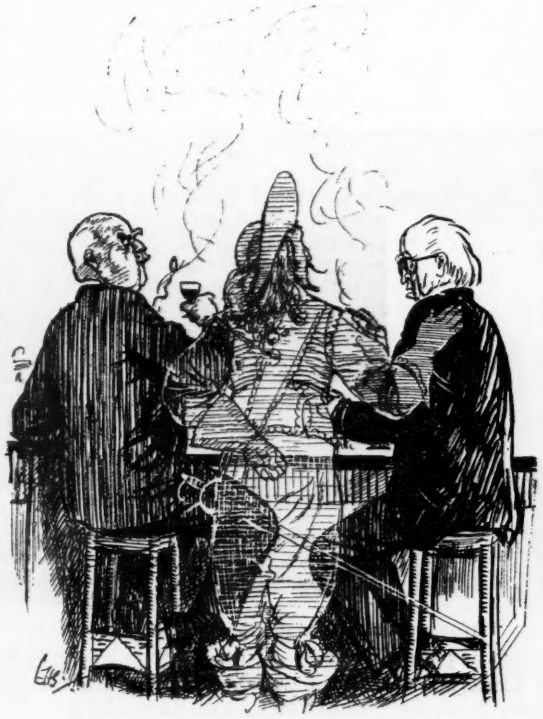
"I saw him yesterday, sitting over there by the window."

Mr. Plugg sprang round apprehensively. "Doing what?" he demanded.

"Just dreaming. He was a poet, you know."

"A poet? Hey, Earl, are you getting funny?"

"Not a bit. We know all about him. Sir Tristram Mullion, laid out by a Roundhead pike at Naseby. He must have been pretty absent-minded; probably he forgot about the battle until somebody hit him, and then it was too late. The story goes that his father, a fire-eating old Royalist, got so bored at always finding his eldest son mooning about the library when he might have been out trailing Cromwell that when he was dying he laid a curse on Tristram which could only be expunged by a single-handed act of valour. Tristram rode straight off to Naseby and got it in the neck in the first minute. So he's still here, wandering about this library, never getting a chance to do anything more heroic than a couplet. And he wasn't even a particularly good poet."



"'Frightfully sorry to interrupt.'"

Mr. Plugg had regained command of himself. "I seem to have read somewhere of a ghost crossing the Atlantic with a shack," he said, "but that won't rattle a tough baby like me, and I doubt if your spook and I'd have much in common. How about having the lawyers in and signing things up?"

Chapter II.

The s.s. *Extravaganza* was carving her way steadily through the calm and moonlit surface of the Atlantic. The thousand portholes in her steep sides blazed, and the air was sickly with the drone of saxophones. It was as though a portion of the new Park Lane had taken to the water.

Down in the dim light of No. 3 Hold a notable event had just taken place. Sir Tristram Mullion had emerged from nowhere and was standing there, very nearly opaque with surprise and irritation. His activities had been confined to the Moat Place library for so long that he could think of no good reason why he should suddenly materialise in this strange dungeon. That it was a dungeon he had little doubt. Its sole furniture was a number of large packing-cases marked "Julius Plugg, Ararat, U.S.A.," and they were too high for even a ghost to sit upon with comfort. Tristram decided to explore.

The first person he encountered in the upper reaches of the ship was Alfred Bimsting, a young steward, who cried, "The fancy-dress ain't on till to-morrow, Sir," and then pardonably fainted as he saw Tristram pass clean through a steel partition. . . .

Sitting up on high stools at the bar, Professor Gupp, the historian, and an unknown Colonel were getting all argumentative over the *Extravaganza's* special brown sherry.

"My dear fellow," the Professor was saying, "whatever you may say about Marston Moor, Naseby showed Rupert to be a very great cavalry leader. Very great indeed."

"Nonsense!" growled the Colonel. "A hot-headed young fool. Fairfax was the better soldier in every way."

"I tell you——" the Professor began when he became aware of a presence at his elbow—a handsome young man in the clothes of a Cavalier.

"Frightfully sorry to interrupt," said Tristram (for acquaintance with the young Mullions had kept his idiom level with the fashion), "but as a

matter of fact I used to know RUPERT and FAIRFAX pretty well, and you can take it from me they were a couple of insufferable bores. RUPERT was a shockin' hearty, always slappin' you on the back, and FAIRFAX was a pompous old fool. As for Naseby, it was a hell of a mess."

Professor Gupp hiccupped. "Young man," he said reprovingly, "I am driven to conclude that you have been drinking to excess. It may interest you to know that I am the author of the standard monograph on Naseby."

"It may interest *you* to know," Tristram cried rather dramatically, "that I was killed there." And he faded through the black glass wall of the refrigerator with such startling ease that neither Professor Gupp nor the Colonel could ever face Very Old Solera again. . . .

After the dazzle of strip-lights and chromium Tristram was glad to find himself out on the promenade deck, which was deserted. It was nearly three hundred years since he had been to sea, returning from the French Court in considerable disgrace, having lost his dispatches; but, aided by the traditional adaptability of the ghost and the aristocrat, he noted with unconcern the tremendous pace at which the waves were flying past, and the vast scarlet funnels, towering above, which seemed to him to salute the moon so unsuitably (he was a poet, remember) with great streamers of heavy black smoke. As he paced the deck he meditated the opening rhymes of a brief ode to the heavens. . . .

Meanwhile, in the convenient shadow of Lifeboat 5, a stout politician was surprised to find himself proposing marriage to his secretary, who with a more practised eye had seen it coming ever since Southampton. He was warming up to it nicely. Not for nothing had he devoted a lifetime to the mastery of circumambient speech.

"And though I cannot offer you, my dear, either the frivolities of youth or the glamour of an hereditary title, I am asking you to share a position which I believe to carry a certain distinction—" Here he broke off abruptly as Tristram appeared in the immediate neighbourhood and leaned dreamily over the rail.

There was an embarrassing silence, of which the secretary took advantage to repair the ravages of the politician's first kiss.

"Would you oblige me, Sir, by going away?" he boomed in the full round voice that regularly hypnotised East Dimbury into electing him.

Tristram made no answer. He was trying hard to remember if "tune" made an impeccable rhyme to "moon."

"Confound you, Sir," cried the Politician, "are you aware that you are intruding upon a sacred privacy?"

Tristram genuinely didn't hear. He was preparing to let "boon" have it, or, if necessary, "loon."

The Politician heaved his bulk out of his deck-chair and fetched Tristram a slap on the shoulder. But of course, as you can't do that with a properly disembodied matured-in-the-wood ghost, all that happened was that the Politician's hand sank through Tristram like a razor through dripping and was severely bruised on the rail. It was left to the secretary to console him, for Tristram was gone.



"'WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME, SIR, BY GOING AWAY?'"

And then, rumours of Tristram's strange interludes percolating through the ship, all at once he became the centre of a series of alarming enfilading movements. The young Tuppenny-Berkeleys and their friends, who had been holding a sausage-and-*peignoir* party in the swimming-bath, bore down upon him waving *Leberwursts* and crowing "Tally-ho! The jolly old Laughing Cavalier!" Cavalierly was the way he treated them. Sweeping off his hat to young Lady Catherine, he nodded coldly to the others and walked straight through her brother, a young Guardsman, who was to dine out on the experience for nearly half-a-century.

The main staircase was already blocked with excited passengers. At the top of it stood the Chief Stewardess, a vast and imposing figure. Just for fun (for he was beginning to enjoy his little outing, and so would you if you had been stuck in a mouldy library for three hundred years) Tristram flung his arms gallantly round her neck and cried, "Your servant, Madam!" The poor woman collapsed mountainously into the arms of a Bolivian millionaire, who consequently collapsed too, in company with the three poorer millionaires who were behind him.

At this point the Captain arrived and advanced majestically. To the delight of the company Tristram picked up a large potted palm and thrust it dustily into his arms.* Then, with a courtly bow to the crowd and a valedictory gesture of osculation, he disappeared backwards through a massive portrait of ALBERT THE GOOD.

On his way back to No. 3 Hold he sped through the Athenian Suite. In it the new lord of Moat Place lay on his bed in his pink silken underwear, pondering on the triumph with which in a few months he would spring upon the markets the child of his dreams, his new inhumane killer for demolishing the out-of-date buildings of the world, Plugg's Pneumatic Pulveriser.

Tristram took one look at him and disliked him at sight. On the bed table lay a basin of predigested gruel. Inverting it quickly over Mr. Plugg's head, he passed on to disappear into the bowels of the ship.

CHAPTER III.

Blowzy Bolloni and Redgat Ike sat at a marble-topped table sinking synthetic gin with quiet efficiency. They had spent the afternoon emptying several machine-guns into a friend, so they were rather tired.

"I've given Bug and Toledo the line-up," Bolloni said. "It's a wow. Toledo's in cahoots with one of Plugg's maids and she spilled the beans. The stuff's in his new safe in the library—see? Any hop-head could fetch it out. Is that oke?"

"Mebbe it'll mean a grand all round, eh?" asked Redgat.

"Or two." And Bolloni winked.

"That'll be mighty nice. You want my ukulele?"

*N.B.—Can a ghost grip? I say it can.

"Yeah. But I got a hunch heaters 'll be enough."

They called for another snort of hooch, testing its strength in the approved gangster way by dipping a finger in it. The nail remaining undissolved they drank confidently.

Chapter IV.

In the library of the reassembled Moat Place, Julius Plugg squirmed on a divan and cursed his folly in not entrusting the secret plans of his Pulveriser to the strong-room of his factory. Only a simp would have asked for it by bringing them home, he told himself bluntly. But it was too late now to do anything about them, for he was roped down as tightly as a thrown steer. Also he was gagged with his own handkerchief, a circumstance which gave him literally a pain in the neck.

Mrs. Plugg, similarly captive in the big arm-chair, had shed her normal dignity in a way which would have startled the Ararat Branch of the Women's Watch and Ward Fellowship, over which she presided. Her head was completely obscured by a large wicker waste-paper-basket, and through it there filtered strange canine noises.

As for Hiram Plugg, the leader of sophomore fashion, he was lashed so firmly to the suit of armour in the corner that it positively hurt him to blink; for before the high rewards of ace-gunning had attracted Blowzy Bolloni to the civilisation of the West he had helped his father with his fishing-nets in Sicily, and it was now his boast that he could tie a victim up quicker and more unpleasantly than any other gangster in the States.

At the back of the library Redgat Ike lounged gracefully on the table with a finger curled ready round the trigger of a Thompson sub-machine-gun, trained on the door. He grinned amiably as he thought how bug-house the servants had looked as they went down before his little chloroform-squirt, the cook clutching a rolling-pin and the butler muttering he'd rung the cops already—the poor bozo not knowing the wire had been cut an hour before. Oh, it was a couple of grands for nothing, a show like this. Redgat couldn't think why everyone wasn't a gangster.

Bolloni and Toledo and the Bug, who had been searching the panels for signs of the safe, gave it up and gathered round the prostrate form of Mr. Plugg, who snarled at them as fiercely as he could manage through his nose.

"Come on, Mister," said Bolloni, "we ain't playing Hunt the Slipper any more. You 'd better squawk where that tin box is *and* its combination. Otherwise my boy-friend over there might kinda touch his toy by mistake, and that 's good-bye to that teapot dome of yours." He smiled evilly at Redgat, who smiled back and swung the machine-gun into line with Mr. Plugg's bald head.

"Have his comforter out and see what he says," suggested Toledo. But, shorn of much pungent criticism of the gangsters and their heredity, all Mr. Plugg said was, "There 's no safe here, you big bunch of saps."

Most sailormen are practical and many are crude. Bolloni was both. Replacing the gag in Mr. Plugg's champing jaws, he drew from his pocket a twelve-bore shot-gun sawn off at the breech, and pressed it persuasively against Mr. Plugg's ample stomach. With his other hand he took a firm grip of the magnate's moustache and began to heave.

"When you sorta remember about the safe," he said, "give three toots on your nose."

Who would blame Mr. Plugg? Gathering together his remaining breath he let out a first toot which would have done honour to a Thames tug. He was filling up with air for a second one when suddenly the three gangsters sprang round as if stung. Painfully he turned his head, to see a strange figure standing by the book-shelves. (You 've got it first guess. It *was*.)

Tristram hadn't noticed the others. He was poring over a set of Spenser when Redgat slid back his trigger, and it was not until a heavy ·45 bullet tore the books from his hands that he realised that something was happening. A stream of lead was hurtling through him and turning a priceless edition of Boccaccio to pulp, but he felt nothing. He was filled only with resentment at such ill-mannered interruption.

None of the gangsters had ever seen a man take fifty bullets in the chest and remain perpendicular. The sight unnerved them. Redgat continued to fire as accurately as before, but the other three stood irresolute.

Before Bolloni could dodge him Tristram had picked up what was left of *The Faëry Queen* and brought it down with terrific force on his head, dropping him like a skittle. Boiling with rage, Tristram grabbed up *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and set about Toledo and the Bug. One of them discharged the shot-gun full in his face, but not with any great hope—— Gee! a ritzy guy in fancy-dress who only got fresher after a whole drum of slugs!



"Tristram . . . only got fresher after a whole drum of slugs."

It was soon over. Redgat clung to his beloved machine-gun to the end, unable to believe that a second drum wouldn't take effect. But he too went down to a thundering crack on the jaw from an illustrated *Apocrypha*. . . .

Tristram began to feel very odd. For a moment he surveyed the scene, not quite comprehending what it all meant. Mrs. Plugg had swooned, which merely caused the waste-paper-basket on her head to drop from the vertical to the horizontal. Her son was clearly about to be sick. Julius Plugg himself, supine but undaunted, was making wild signals with his famous eyebrows to be released.

Then, something in his nebulous inside going queerly click, Tristram realised what was happening. At last he had been a hero. At last he was free. The hail of bullets had smashed up not only Boccaccio but his father's curse. . . .

Debating, with the exquisite detachment of the poet, whether the Pluggs would get free before the gangsters recovered, he faded imperceptibly and left them to it.

Eric.

DRESS-REVOLUTION.

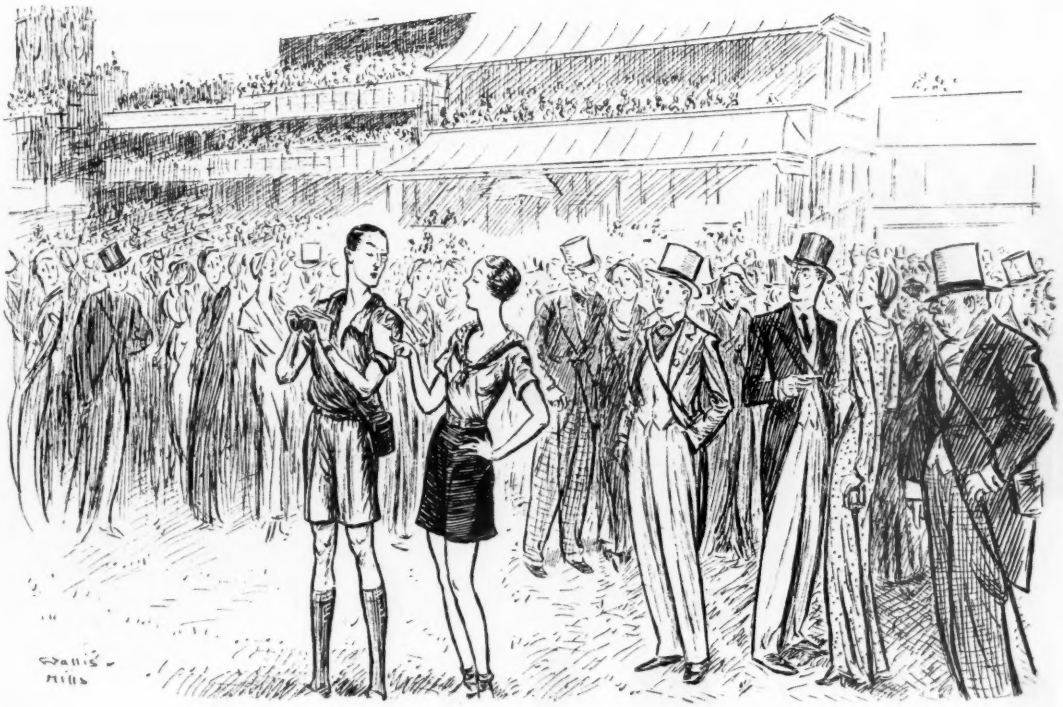


GIVEN A PROPITIOUS DAY, WE MAY SEE BEACH-PYJAMAS AND BATHING-COSTUMES AT THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH,



OR PLUS-FOURS AND SPORTS-SUITINGS AT A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

DRESS-REVOLUTION.



PERHAPS HIKERS' KIT AT ASCOT.



BUT WE DO TRUST THAT DRESS-REVOLUTION WILL NOT PENETRATE THE ECCLESIASTICAL GARDEN-PARTY.

HOW TO FEEL ABROAD AT HOME;

OR, THE CONTINENTALIZING OF BRITAIN.

OUR seaside towns have donned this year
A Continental atmosphere;
They greet you in the foreign style
With nod and beck and wreathéd smile
(Not, as of old, with faces sour and glum
Which made you feel they wished you
hadn't come).



Observe this wild hilarious beano—
Shove-ha'p'ny at the Pier Casino;
While, to appeal to bolder hearts,
There's Daddlums too and even Darts.
(The law of England rightly boggles at
Roulette and nasty wicked games like that).

How pleasant, when your bathe is done,
To loll at leisure in the sun
And order from a saucy maid
Your cocoa, milk or lemonade!
(In vain you crave a brown and foaming
quart;
Thirst may be long but "hours," alas! are
short).

HOW TO FEEL ABROAD AT HOME;

OR, THE CONTINENTALIZING OF BRITAIN.

Gone are those chairs that used to nip
Your fingers in a painful grip;
This year all visitors recline
On mattresses of gay design.
(And if they're awkward for rheumatic
knees—
Well, really, guests are *very* hard to please).



Wear, if you like, upon the *plage*
Your latest sun-suit *décolletage*;
Anoint each other's backs with oil
For fear your careful tan should spoil.
(But bear in mind that it would be a pity
To shock the local Vigilance Committee).

Enough! I'm sure you'll all agree
A trip to Shingleton-on-Sea
Is just as *chic*—and not so *cher*—
As one to Bouillabaisse-sur-mer.
(Let's hope they won't provide a final
thrill
By adding *taxe-de-séjour* to your bill).

JAN.



"Look, Edith—isn't that a pretty sight?"

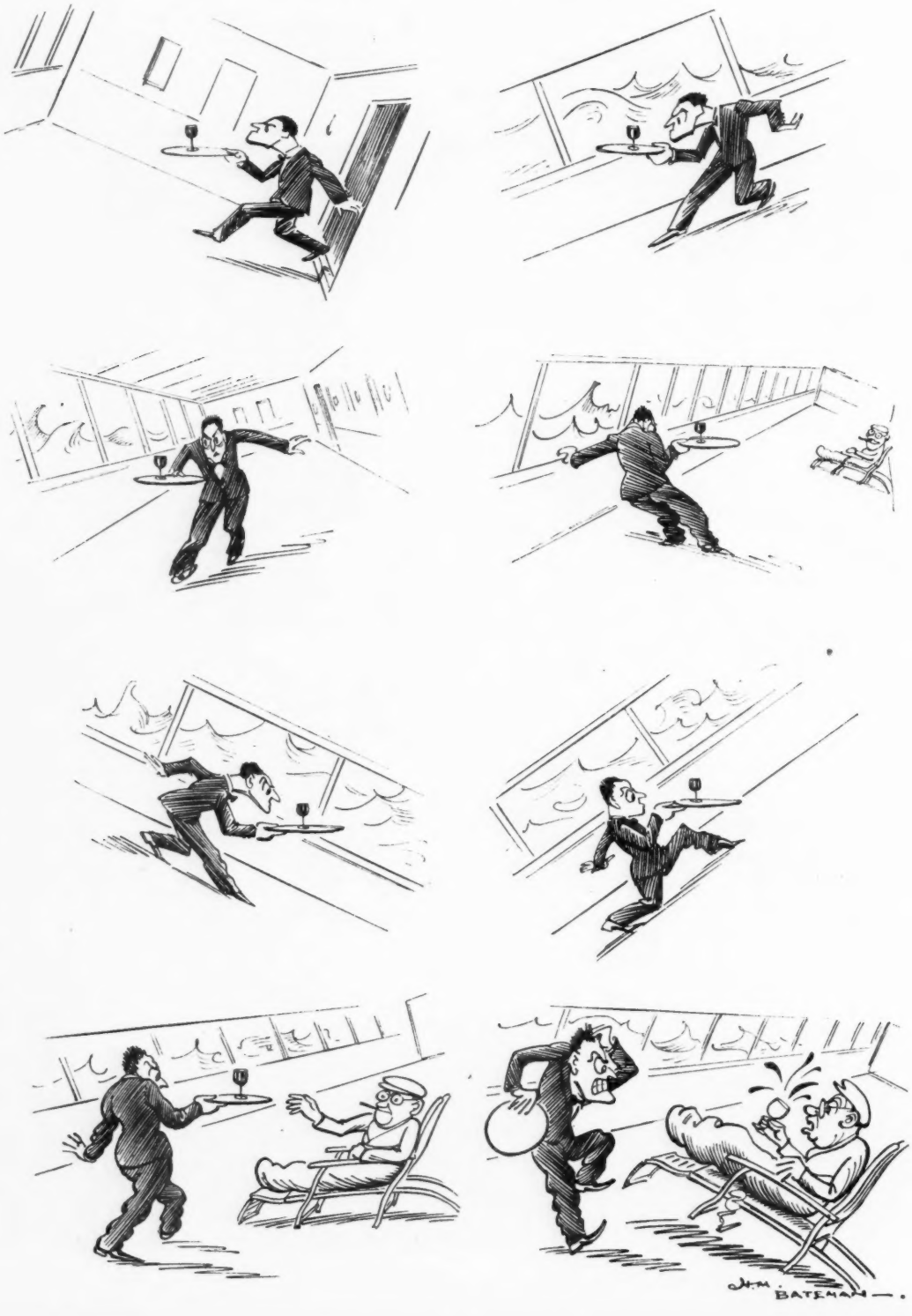


Lady Magistrate. "Officer, *who* is the constable that will keep on bringing in those dreadful ruffians?"



WHY NOT GAYER REGISTRY OFFICES?

TRIALS OF A STEWARD.



THE ROUND TRIP.

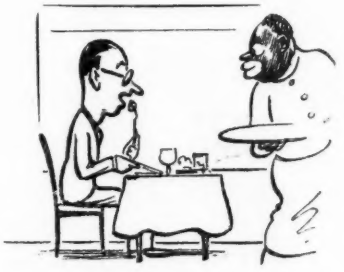
A slight tribute to the Dining Car Service of U.S.A.



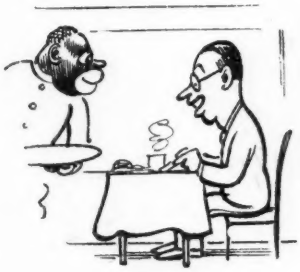
New York (depart).



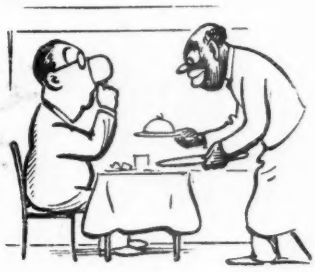
Boston.



Chicago.



Minneapolis.



Seattle.



San Francisco.



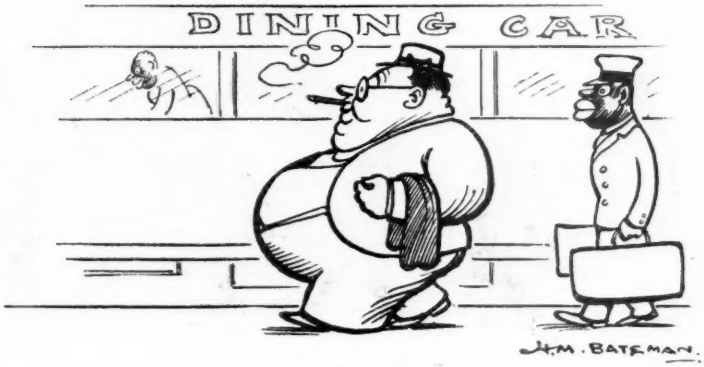
Los Angeles.



New Orleans.

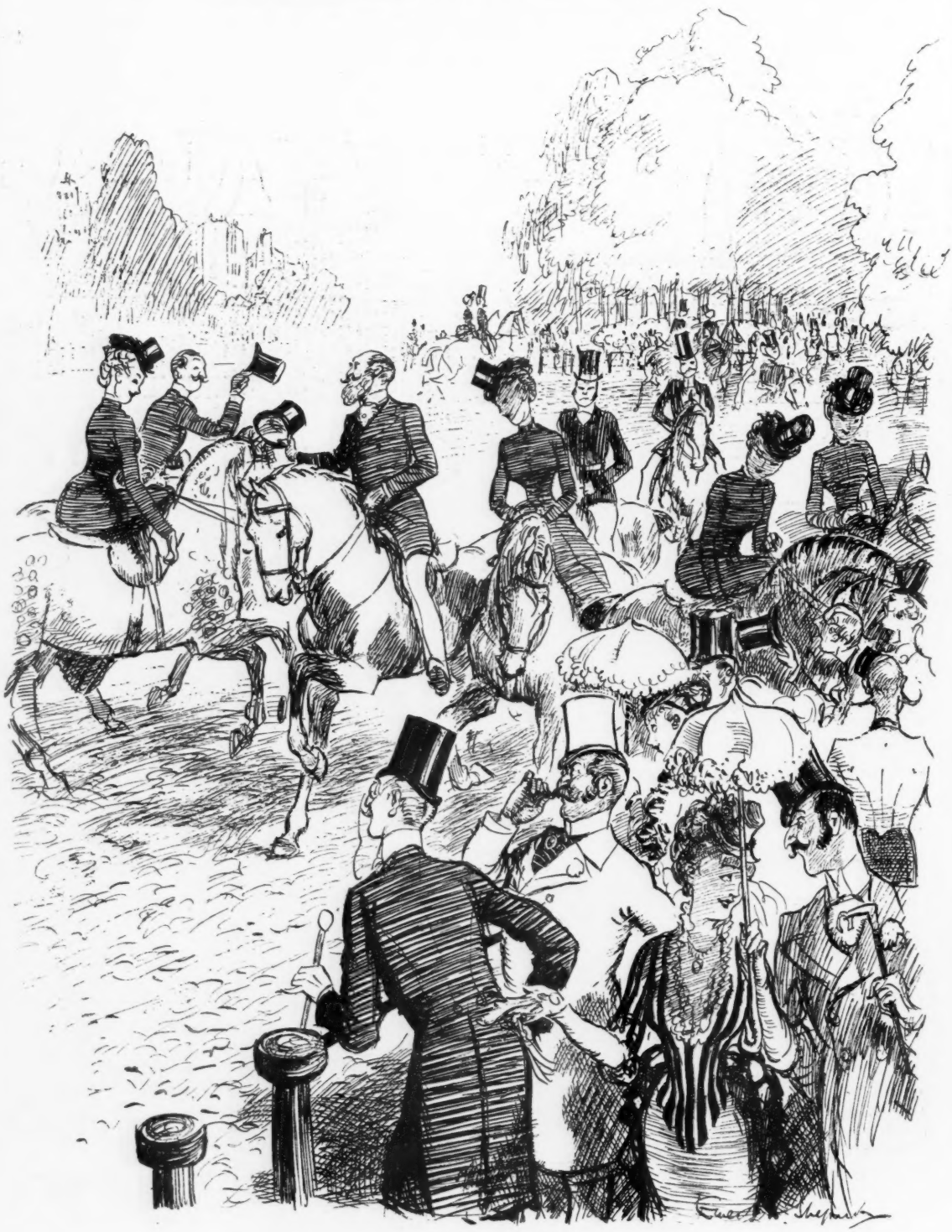


Washington.



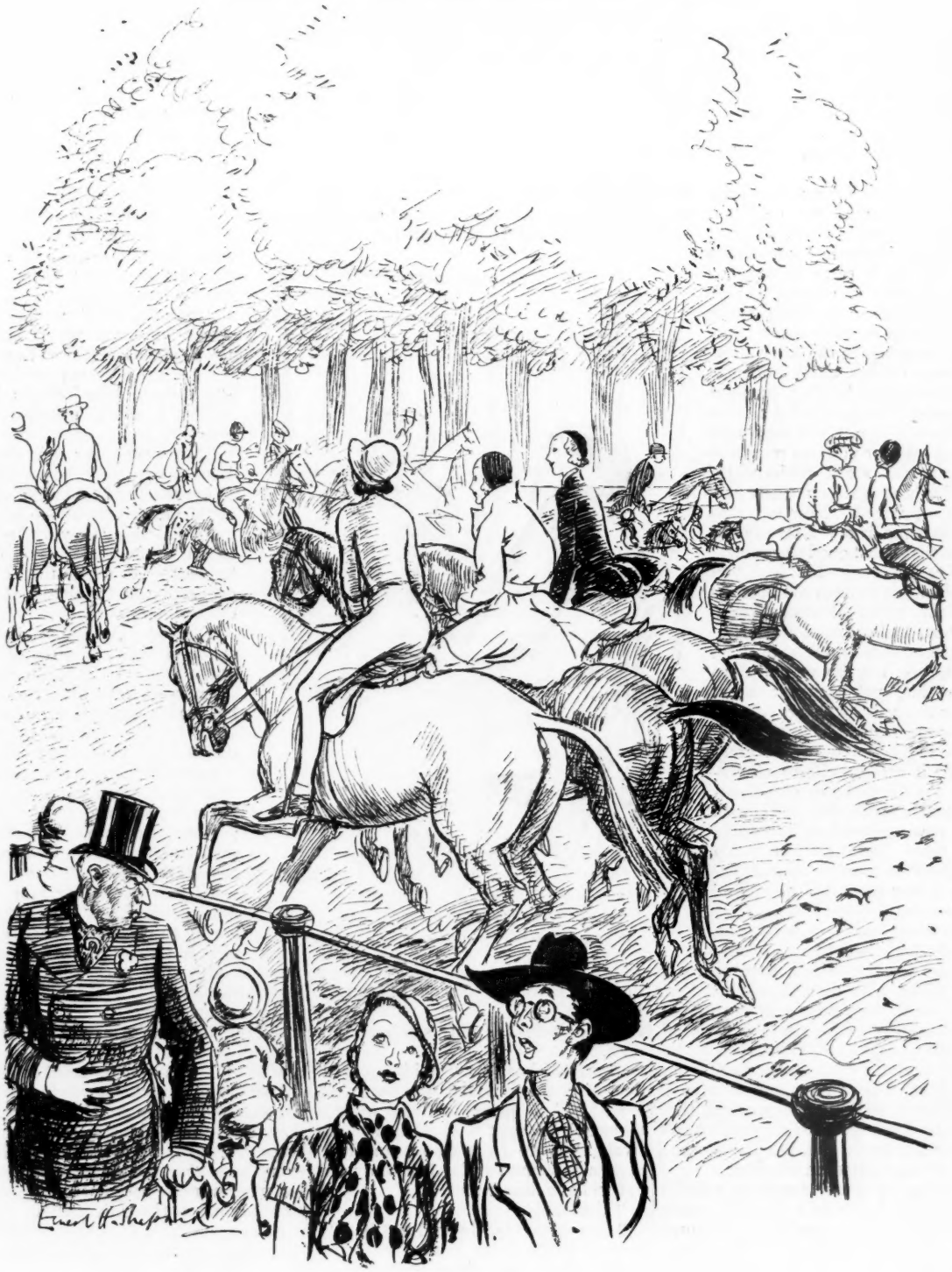
New York (arrive).

MANNERS AND MODES IN THE ROW.



HAUTE ÉCOLE, 1882.

MANNERS AND MODES IN THE ROW.



BASSE ÉCOLE, 1932.

THE QUEST;

OR, WHERE DO FUNNY STORIES COME FROM?

LAST night I heard a new funny story. It was quite new and very funny. My host told it in the dining-room after the ladies had left, though in these days, I understand, it might equally well have been told in the drawing-room before the men arrived. And for all I know it was.

Anyway it set me wondering where all these anecdotes originally come from. Some of them, of course—the kind my Uncle Ebenezer down at the Club can't be stopped from telling—have been in existence for years; probably NOAH used them to while away those long evenings in the Ark's after-saloon. Others, which seem new to you at first hearing, turn out on closer analysis to be a mere variation on one you were told last year; for you can recognise the parent stock underneath. But others again are really new and very good. Now *where* do those come from? *How* exactly does that latest good story start?

The fellow who told it to you said he got it from old Jenkins at the Club; Jenkins, questioned, had it from Potterby; Potterby was told it by . . . well, you can go on for days like this, yet someone must have started the thing. And if someone started it that someone must have deliberately made it up himself; or assuming that somebody else inadvertently provided him with the raw material of the story he must have put in much original brain-work upon it before it was fit to tell in public, or even in private.

In short, you are led to the conclusion that there are unknown master-minds somewhere in our midst who doubtless spend their days in solitary rooms inventing, revising and polishing up their material, finally trying it over in front of the glass, perhaps with fruit, nuts and a decanter of port at hand to give it a suitable setting. Then, when they have beaten a few good ones into shape, they sally forth and are the life and soul of the next dinner-party.

But, again, where are these peculiar geniuses to be found? Are they mere accidents of heredity scattered through every walk of life? Or do they come from one particular section of the community possessed of unique facilities for the invention of stories? This latter theory, as I discovered in my efforts to probe the matter to its core, is the one that is held by the majority, the only snag being that there is no unanimity of opinion as to which is the section responsible.

"Don't you know? They make 'em up on the Stock Exchange," said the first fellow I interrogated, after embarking upon my quest. I thanked him and promptly rang up my broker.

"Got any stories?" I asked.

"One moment," he said, and after about five minutes' rustling of papers he began: "Do you mean Storey and Fuller's £1 Ordinary? They're only a nominal market. I shouldn't advise you . . . ."

"No, stories. Funny stories. New ones."

A sort of hoar-frost suddenly crept over his voice. "What a time to ask a fellow!" he grumbled, and after a moment's thought he remarked tentatively, "There's one about an Irishman, a Scotsman and a Jew who went out to have dinner and . . ."

"That's *old*."

"Of course it is," he said testily. "I haven't heard a new one for weeks."

"Don't you get them from friends on the Stock Exchange? Or even make them up yourself?"

"If you think we've nothing better to do than invent stories . . ." he snapped and hung up.

A little curt, I thought. The quest had received a set-back.

Next, someone told me that all the new stories definitely emanated from Army Messes. "Those young subalterns have nothing to do all day," he added, just as though he considered there ought to be a war at least once a month.

With some difficulty I got an invitation to a battalion guest-night. But directly after dinner, before I could hear even a whisper of "I say, here's a new one! There was once a man who . . ." I was buttonholed by five subalterns whose idea was that I should tell *them* the latest from London. "We never hear any good ones, stuck down here," they added before I could mention my quest.



"TRYING IT OVER IN FRONT OF THE GLASS."

They were nice young chaps, I must say, and they laughed at every story I told them, even at the old one about—— but no matter. Finally they drifted off to the piano and so not very hopefully I tried the older generation in the shape of the Colonel.

The older generation in the shape of the Colonel—and you know what a Colonel's shape often is—seemed hardly able to believe his ears at being actually *asked* to tell some new funny stories. His expression seemed to indicate that he thought the millennium must have arrived. He went at once into a long personal anecdote of something that had happened to him in Nepaul in '04—1904, I assumed—which was neither new nor funny, and after a while seemed hardly to be even a story, panning out more at two-volume-novel length. He was still telling it when either he or I left—I forget which.

Acting on information received, I made the Universities my next hunting-ground, and went up to one of them for a week-end. This was the most delightful part of my quest. It was fine to see the same old buildings and courts, walk down the same old streets, in some cases see the same old dons—and in every case hear the same old stories. No, wherever else they may start, it is certainly not at the Universities.

It was, however, my old tutor there who gave me further inside information. "My boy," he said, "all these stories, into the origin of which you inquire, emanate from comic actors.



BILL SMASHER, THE FAMOUS TENNIS STAR—



DOES AN OCCASIONAL LITTLE ARTICLE FOR THE PRESS.

Their minds are always alert to make up—er—gags—is that the word? Their anecdotes are either broader renderings of their invented gags, or their gags are bowdlerised versions of their invented anecdotes. Why, even the strolling player of the sixteenth century was . . ."

So I consorted with actors. Here I did hear one new story, but I never could ascertain who had really invented it. The three persons who told it me in the same day—that's what happens to a new story in dramatic circles—all vehemently claimed it as their own; but when I heard it twice more the following day it was prefaced by, "Have you heard Jack Jorum's latest?"—Jack Jorum being a well-known stage raconteur; and that's the next thing that happens to a new story in dramatic circles. On the third day the same man that originally told me the new story related, with exactly the same protestations of the thing having happened to him personally, one from my Uncle Ebenezer's vintage bin.

I taxed him with this corpse-snatching, explaining further my interest in the question, and he at once informed me that everybody knew that all the funny stories really originated in women's clubs. When the women came home they told their husbands; and the husbands, after applying some drastic censorship to redress the feminine tendency to swamp humour with narrative detail, then passed them on to their male acquaintances, by whom the anecdotes were hailed as hot from the pan. This, he added, was the inside dope on the whole question, believe him or not. Here I made my error. I did believe him, and set out on a new line of inquiry. . . .

Well, I just avoided arrest, but that was about all. I had better draw a veil over that part of my quest.

With some relief I then turned to the next hunting-ground suggested to me, namely, the Law—having only narrowly avoided it in its professional capacity. Solicitors and barristers, I was informed, when they foregather between cases and by their serious looks appear to be saying, "Of course, *In re* Gumwhistle *v.* Catamaran, plaintiff has already attempted to replevy the impounded chattels, and so a *nolle prosequi* . . ." and stuff like that, are in reality murmuring, "Heard a good one last night. There was once a girl who . . ." Well, it took me about five days to get near enough to any lawyer to overhear, but I did it at last, even though I could see one of them was looking at me out of the corner of his eye. I extended an ear and just managed to catch the remark: "There's an ugly-looking egg just behind you trying to overhear what our line of defence is. For two pins I'd get . . ." But by then I had moved out of ear-shot again.

Baffled at every point, I had some days later practically given up my quest, but as a last resort looked in at my Club, even though I felt I knew all the stories there by heart. I hadn't been there five minutes before my Uncle Ebenezer ankled in—Uncle Ebenezer, who has never been known even to see the point of a story that hasn't had the moth in it for ten years, let alone tell it to others. He dug me in the ribs and said, "Got a new one for you, me boy. Best I've heard for some time."

Crushing down a desire to ask if he was going to repeat his 1925 success, I turned up the whites of my eyes and said, "Shoot."

"Well," he began, "one day there was a young ass who wanted to find out where funny stories came from, and someone told him women's clubs started 'em. So off he went and . . ."

For once one of Uncle Ebenezer's tales was a new one on me all right—both new *and* on me. Questioned, he said he had it from Jenkins, who had got it from Potterby, who had . . . It was at that point I abandoned my quest for good.

A. A.

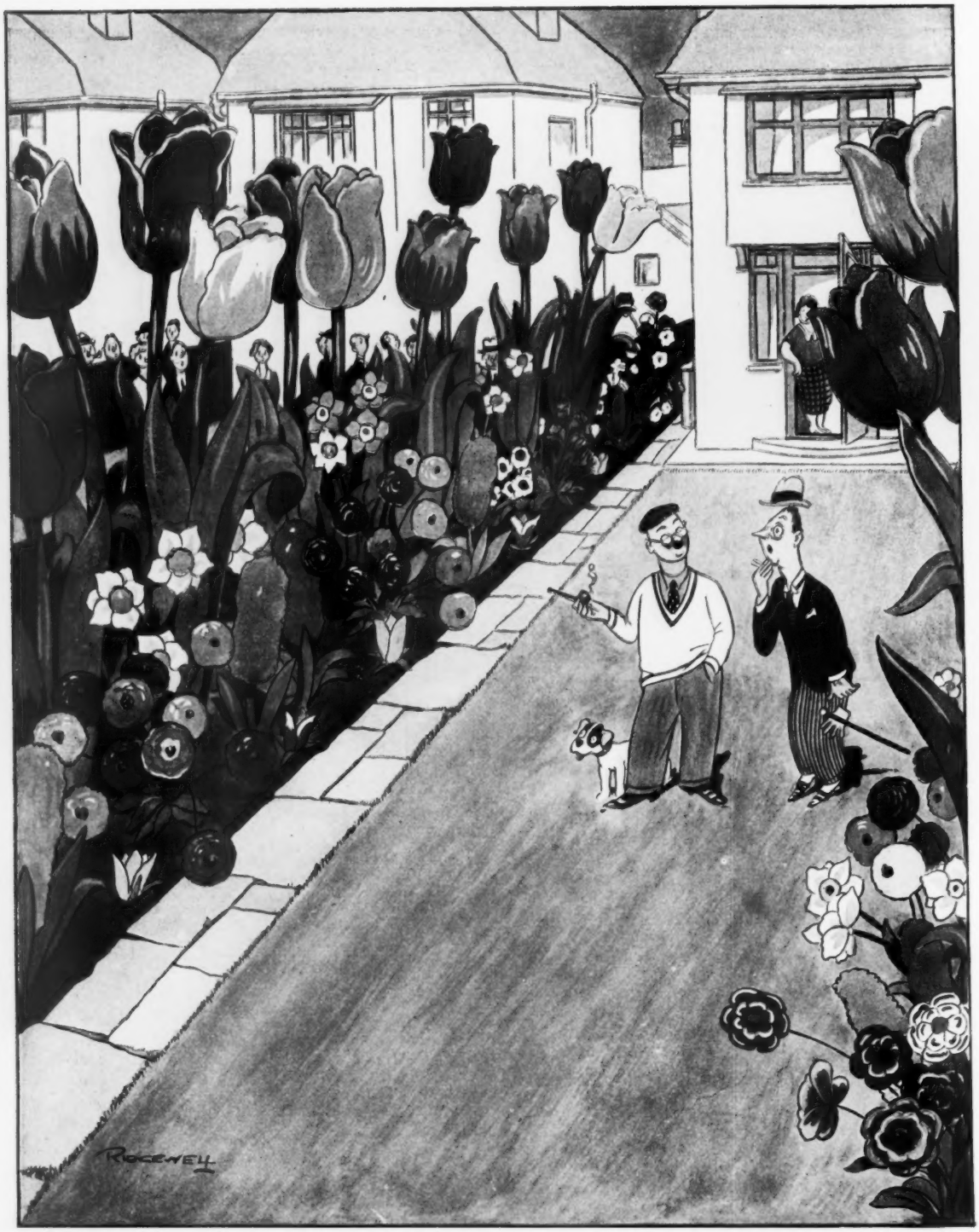
TO-DAY'S IMPOSSIBLE PICTURE.



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AS ADVERTISED;

OR, THE BULB CATALOGUE THAT FULFILLED ITS PROMISE.



Kynance Cove, Cornwall. *Photo Courtesy G.W.R.*

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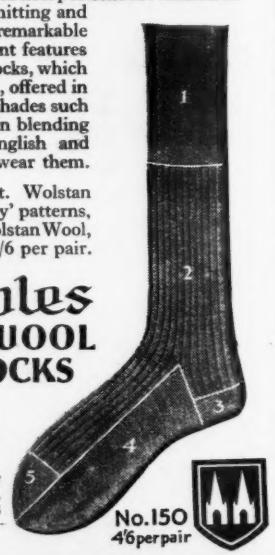
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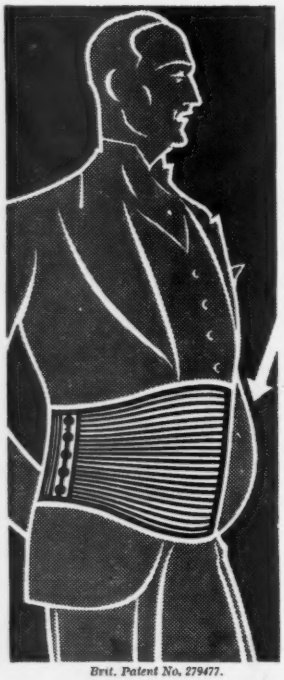
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CHARIVARIA.

THE Rev. H. BONSER thinks that ST. PAUL would have worn shorts in order to attract hikers as disciples. Another probability is that he would have written an Epistle to the Pedestrians.

* * *

"Bay-leaves should always be kept in the store-cupboard," says a household hint. Does the POET LAUREATE know this?

* * *

The standard coin of the island of Yap is the "fei," a piece of stone which measures two feet across and weighs one-hundred-and-twenty pounds. This explains why they don't have "Fei-in-the-slot" gas-meters on the island.

* * *

"Are women clubable?" is a question raised by a lady-writer. Cave-men are believed to have found them so.

* * *

It has been pointed out in the courts that broadcast news is copyright. On the other hand the fat-stock prices may be sung in public at the warbler's risk.

* * *

A silencer for firearms is being considered by the War Office. It has not yet been stated whether it can be applied to other weapons, such as saxophones.

* * *

According to an historian, the saxophone was known as a musical instrument two thousand years ago. Yes, but that was two thousand years ago.

* * *

Japan is importing large numbers of Alsatian wolf-dogs to be trained for military purposes; and it is anticipated that China will mobilise the chows.

* * *

"Defective teeth are often due to canned foods," says a dentist. This decides us never to bite open a tin of sardines.

* * *

A gossip-writer observes that few men in the London streets have properly-cleaned boots. Still, it isn't the man in the street whose boots gossip-writers have to lick.

* * *

An outbreak of fire at Smithfield was believed to have been caused by sparks from an oxy-acetylene apparatus. It is a moving thought that in former times there was grave local risk from the sparks of martyrdoms.

* * *

With reference to the reported increase in the number of people imprisoned for failure to deliver up goods obtained under the hire-purchase system, it seems opportune to correct an impression that defaulters of this type have the privilege of being conveyed to prison in plain vans.

* * *

In view of the probable transference of the Liberal Party funds from Abingdon Street to Parliament Street, it is anticipated that special precautions will be taken against political bag-snatchers.

* * *

The success of two young Cambridge scientists in splitting the atom is said to bring within the bounds of possibility the transmutation of lead into gold; but it is noticed that the Bank of England is carrying on just as if it didn't.

* * *

A man has escaped from Soviet Russia by being rolled away in a hollow log. We doubt whether this expedient would deceive a literary mutual-admiration society.

* * *

Six-hundred-thousand school-children have been cleaning up Chicago. Local gunmen are said to be deeply touched at this effort to make Chicago a town fit for gangsters to live in.

A woman charged at Glasgow was alleged to have used bad language every day from ten until three in the afternoon. The explanation is that she had to stop for lunch then.

* * *

A correspondent has written to *The Daily Express* regretting that the ten-thousandth number of that journal did not coincide with Empire Day. We are sure that the founder of Empire Day could not have realised this at the time.

* * *

A gossip-writer describes a man sitting in Hyde Park who got up and walked away every time the attendant came to collect the chair-money. It's an old Scottish custom.

* * *

Results in the French Elections indicate a slight swing to the Left. This means that the Chamber will be rather more Socialist-Radical than Radical-Socialist, if you get our meaning.

* * *

Last week, in a Manchester street, five pantry-windows were broken and food taken. We deplore these smash-and-grub raids.

* * *

A lady advertises for her cat which disappeared during the spring-cleaning. We are inclined to think that it didn't take a firm enough stance at the approach of the vacuum-cleaner.

* * *

"Young birds are hatching-out in the hedgerows," says a writer. All the village pumps, lamp-posts and pillar-boxes were of course snapped up early in the season.

* * *

"Fruit on a neighbour's tree overhanging your garden is his property," says a lawyer. Birds don't seem to have been told this.

* * *

A chaplain has been appointed by an American golf club to look after the spiritual welfare of the players. Most golfers in this country are past praying for.

"Mr. Chalk, a freshman last year from Uppingham, caught Sutcliffe's eye in a net in 'The Parks.'"—*Sunday Paper.*

But SUTCLIFFE is too good a sportsman to bear him any malice for this painful accident.



Visitor (to Artist's Wife). "TELL ME, IF IT IS NOT TOO PERSONAL A QUESTION, DO YOU EVER SUFFER FROM JEALOUSY OF YOUR HUSBAND'S FEMALE MODELS?"

BEAUTY'S ARMOURED CARRIAGE.

[According to *The Times* the dress-parades of last week drew crowded attendances. At one of them a series of exercises was given "demonstrating the way in which various defects of carriage, from the débutante's slouch to the dowager's hump, could be eliminated."]

In the present state of prices
I am happy to recall
How we met that other crisis,
Steadily refused to fall,
Standing with our undefeated vertebræ
against the wall.

Yes, I think how men paraded,
Forming fours and hollow squares,
Think of all the "bits" that they did,
How they played, to warlike airs,
Each his part (or else applauded people
who were playing theirs).

And to-day, with critics whining,
"England's nerve has been mislaid;
She is visibly declining,"
Nobody need be afraid
When he marks the moving pageant of
the mannequins' parade.

As by physical jactations
Men for battle were rehearsed,
And for martial decorations
Taught to entertain a thirst,
So our regiment of women here is
schooled to face the worst.

Here the figure is transmuted
Where a fault of gait occurs;
Here the débutante is tuted
To correct that slouch of hers,
And the hump is extricated from the
backs of dowagers.

Once again the ancient spell is
Strong and working all the week!
Oh, the diamanté trellis
For the corsage (very chic)!
Oh, the lingerie of which I cannot bring
myself to speak!

And within me pride and joy stir,
Prompted by the modiste's art,
By the Ascot frock in oyster
Lace that looks extremely smart,
And I rest in full assurance that my
England's sound at heart.

O. S.

County Council Candour.

"SLOW
WORKS IN PROGRESS."
Road Notice.

Smith Minor Again.

"Cæsar was a very strong man. He threw a bridge across the Rhine."
Schoolboy's Answer.

"EIGHT VOLCANOES IN ERUPTION.
SUPPORT FOR DE VALERA."
Indian Paper.

We never sit on more than one volcano at a time.

THE GREAT PROFITEER.

Charles said that the only man he knew who really got his money's-worth out of being an Englishman at the present time was a man named Mathieson, who went about in a horse-caravan and therefore paid no rates or rent and had no permanent address at which the Income-tax Commissioners could find him.

"But he had to earn money," I said, and Charles said, "Oh, yes; but he did that by writing a series of brilliant articles on the iniquity of over-taxation and the joy of the English countryside, and did very well indeed out of them. Cheques used to come to a post-office which he nominated, and of course they got him at last."

"And he had to pay up?"

"No," said Charles. "He couldn't do that because he had spent his money as fast as he got it, and they couldn't even distrain on the horse and caravan because it turned out to have been got on the hire-purchase system. So they sent him to prison instead."

"Well, that wasn't much fun."

"Not so bad as you might think, because Mathieson was a sedentary kind of chap who liked solitude and found prison rather pleasant than otherwise. It gave him no end of time, you see, to compose his next series of brilliant articles, which were syndicated all over the English-speaking world."

"And what were they about?" I said.

"The horrors of the prison system and the terror of solitary confinement. He pitched it very strong and the stuff proved very popular, so that he scored in two ways when he got out."

"Two?"

"Clearly. The whole of his board and lodging while he was planning his articles had been provided for nothing by the State, which was clear gain to him, though it was a loss to the Treasury; and on the top of that he had the money for his articles. In fact you might say he scored in three ways, because the State while keeping him was also providing him with ready-made material for his pen. Or perhaps I should say in four ways, because when they caught him again, which they did after a year or two, they were naturally rather frightened of him and gave him as good a time in prison as possible in the hope that he might mellow his views on the rigour of captivity.

"The Governor was particularly kind to him and used to talk to him a lot, rather hoping that when Mathieson came out he would remember his benefactor and write kindly about him and perhaps help him to a better post when the facts were known."

"And did that happen?"

"Not at all. When Mathieson came out he went on caravanning and wrote a most poisonous psychological study of the Governor in the form of a novel, which was recommended by the Book Society and had a tremendous sale. Oh, and I forgot to tell you that Mathieson had a wife and some children."

"Living in the caravan?" I asked.

"No, they didn't live together, but they weren't divorced or she would have had to pay a separate income-tax. He used to see her occasionally, but he didn't send her money because she made a good deal herself by writing about the horrors of married life and the right of every woman to go her own way. And the children went to elementary schools, so they were educated free. And they used to earn a good deal of money too."

"They wouldn't be allowed to," I objected.

"They did though. Partly by taking snapshots which were put in the illustrated papers on the back page, and partly by winning prizes for sitting on poles and roosting in trees and that sort of thing. And partly by being Dabchicks and spreading the circulation of newspapers by persuading friends to become Dabchicks too."

"What is the idea of being a Dabchick?" I asked.

"Upholding the honour and glory of England, spreading the circulation of a newspaper and being kind to animals," said Charles. "And I forgot to say that his wife used to earn a little extra by posing as one of those people who are suddenly convinced that one cigarette is better than another and are photographed in the act of conversion. So that the whole family budget was very considerable and all quite honestly earned."

"But I suppose they caught Mathieson again?"

"They did nothing of the kind. As soon as his great book began to go well he decided to live abroad for six months and one week, and only spend the remainder of the year at home. One of the annoying things about that to the Treasury was that he kept publishing special editions of his earlier works on over-taxation and the horrors of imprisonment and making still more money out of these. And I fancy he used to make a little by smuggling when he did come over, but they never found him doing that. It was very difficult to find him anywhere at any given time, and he must have cost the taxpayer a good deal in fruitless detective-work as well as prison maintenance.

"But the unkindest cut of all was his behaviour when the proceeds of his



RECOGNITION IN THE WEST-END.

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET. "I MAY NOT BE PROPERLY APPRECIATED IN THE CITY, BUT AT BURLINGTON HOUSE I HAVE GOT THE BEST PART OF AN ENTIRE ROOM DEVOTED TO MY CHARMS."



RECEPTION, BY THEIR CONTEMPORARIES, OF YOUNG COUPLE WHO BOASTED OF A "BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE" ADVENTURE.

big book and of his other publications began to run low."

"Why? What did he do then?"

"He began writing for the English papers from the point of view of an exile forced by his health to live in foreign places—very sentimental sort of stuff it was and full of longing for the homeland, and the cheques used to go to the Poste Restante at Florence or Nice or Algiers. People who read it—written under a pseudonym of course—used to think of him as one of our leading patriots. Finally he bought a paper-mill."

"Where?"

"In England."

"Well, they got him on that all right."

"To a certain extent. I admit, His conscience had touched him at last. But it was a very lucrative paper-mill, turning out a special kind of paper. It obtained the contract for the stuff that Schedule X is printed on."

"I see," I said. "I always wondered who it was." EVOE.

Hiawatha in a Hurry.

"On, Away, Awake, Beloved."
Concert Programme.

OUR BRIGHTER BREAKFAST GAME.

IT is the firm belief of my young daughter that she has added materially to the Brighter Breakfast movement by her introduction of games to the morning table. Games, Ann contends remorselessly, turn what so often is a time of silent gloom into one of jollity and entire good-humour.

Mildred and I have accepted the inevitable with parental resignation.

Ann's latest game is a simple transposition of domestic personalities, or, as detailed by its promoter, "Let's play at being each other, Daddy. You can be me, I'll be Mummy, and Mummy can be you."

But that was last week. To-day, Ann, by way of variety, revised the cast as follows:—

Ann	MUMMY.
Mummy.	DADDY.
Daddy	ANN.

"It will be a nice change," she urged, with an anticipatory wriggle of delight. "Start off, one of you, and remember who you are."

I led off safely, if without brilliance. "Good-morning, Daddy," I said politely.

Our new juvenile followed with a similar gambit.

Daddy smirked appreciatively and plunged into the running sequence of topicalities that has formed her stock-in-trade since the inception of the game.

"And how," she concluded, "will you pass the time whilst I am at the office to-day, my dear Ann? Not *you*, silly," she hissed at me as, forgetting my new adult rôle, I was about to reply.

"Sorry, Ann—Daddy, I mean," I murmured contritely.

"I shall play in the garden, I think," said Mildred, taking her cue smartly. "But I won't run into the road, Daddy, or even *look* at the nasty tree I climbed yesterday."

My daughter frowned at what was clearly an infringement of the "No Hinting" rule, a fundamental in the game's code.

"And you, Mummy?" she proceeded hastily, turning to me.

I couldn't resist the temptation either. "Mummy was thinking," I admitted, "of weeding the garden this morning. It needs it so very badly, you know, Daddy."

Daddy conceded the truth of this assertion.

Mildred, after a little thought, wondered vaguely if *Mummy*, in making her handsome offer, was not overlooking the many pressing household duties that demanded her attention. Would it not, she suggested, be a better plan if *Daddy* gave up an afternoon's golf some time to perform this necessary task?

"A much better plan," agreed my daughter (for me, I presumed) with revolting enthusiasm. "Golf"—she swept the game into oblivion—"is a redic'lous waste of time, anyway."

I rallied from this to meet a new horror that the treacherous child was preparing. "Let's go shopping, Mummy," she was inviting me gaily. "You could do with another frock, I expect; and what about a couple of new hats as well?"

There was no time, I felt, to be lost.

"Daddy can't afford it, I'm sure," I said firmly. "Besides I don't want any more hats or frocks. I have more hats and frocks *now* in fact than I know what to do with."

They eyed me in a shocked silence, their feminine hearts wrung by this unpardonable heresy.

"I don't think," said Ann at last, "we'll let Daddy play at being you again, Mummy. He's not very good at it, is he?"

"He doesn't know the first thing about it," said my wife.

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

BULL TERRIER.

IN the Fourth GEORGE'S mortal span,
When men were brave (and brutes),
Each swell slap-up Corinthian,
In murrey coat and boots,
Would press to see—Prince, Lord and Sir
Each roaring his delight—
All in the pit at Westminster
The White Dog's deadly fight.

The White Dog he was hero bred;
Heart had he, weight and power;
Men cropped the ears from off his head
And trained him to the hour
(Prime beef to eat, old ale to sup)
The sawdust ring to dare,
Then set him down, his hackles up,
The only sportsman there.

And still within the ring he goes,
Led by a maiden in,
Stern waggling, walking on his toes,
All out he is to win
And never once the grip to get,
And men as wise as books,
They hand to him the blue rosette
Entirely on his looks.

Upon the best armchair he lies
And licks his kindly chops
And blinks around with pink-rimmed eyes
Ere off to sleep he drops;
And does he dream of bristling stance,
Soft-breathing, white as suds,
Of swell slap-up Corinthians
And loudly-bellowing Bloods?

I should be shocked to think like that;
He is so friendly nosed,
He is so silly-ass and fat,
He is so well-disposed;
He wags his pipe-stem stern a lot,
He beams his broad goodwill;
Yet *did* he fight (but he would *not*),
I bet he'd fight to kill. P. R. C.



Wife. "AREN'T CLOTHES CHEAP NOW?"
Husband. "YES; IT'S AWFUL TO BE OWING MY TAILOR WHAT HE CHARGED ME TEN YEARS AGO."

OUR KARNAK LETTER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There are at least two great wonders in Egypt. One is the Arab gentleman who for my benefit and six shillings went to the top of the Great Pyramid of CHEOPS and down to the bottom again in seven-and-a-half minutes by the clock. Few of your staff could do that. He is forty-five; and he was scarcely out of breath.

Another wonder is MOUSSA (if that is how he spells himself)—MOUSSA, the Snake-Charmer of Luxor.

MOUSSA is not one of your Exhibition snake-charmers, who take their own pet snakes out of a basket and make them do tricks. MOUSSA goes out into the open country, finds the wild serpent's lair, extracts him, dominates and finally incarcerates him.

Egypt is a land of deception and high prices; but I believe MOUSSA to be as genuine as the Pyramids—and worth, what is more, the big money he commands. All bronze and beard and stateliness, MOUSSA comes straight out of the Old Testament. He would be well-cast for the part of ABRAHAM.

He began by stripping off his heavy outer robe (the name of which I forget) to show us that there were no snakes concealed in his capacious sleeves. For he well knows the suspicious mind of the European.

"Moussa grandfather of snake-charmers," he assured us (this is almost his only English phrase), and we passed into a field on the outskirts of Luxor. MOUSSA strode ahead beside the mud-wall of the field, walking like a priest and intoning like a priest an invitation to any snakes or scorpions in the neighbourhood to come forth. No, not like a priest; it sounded more like a Front Bencher moving the Second Reading of an important Bill. But the address consisted, I understand, of appropriate passages from the Koran, and I caught the word "SULEIMAN" several times.

I had expressed a desire, through our dragoman, that MOUSSA would first produce a scorpion. After a little he halted and with a charming smile said, "Moussa no smell scorpion." It is MOUSSA's contention that he locates his prey by the sense of smell; and only MOUSSA knows if it is true.

He resumed his walk and his incantations, and after a time he said pleasantly, "Moussa smell scorpion." He stopped and spoke very fiercely to the wall for a full minute. There was a slight movement in the dust, MOUSSA stepped forward, turned a stone over with his staff and revealed a singularly unpleasant scorpion.

There must, I suppose, be some good defence for the existence of the scorpion, but I cannot imagine it. I felt like leaving the field.

MOUSSA picked up the scorpion as casually as if it had been a chocolate-cream. He allowed the creature to swing its long tail over and dig the venomous spike into his leathery thumb. Then he dropped the scorpion into his basket, which was shaped like a lobster-pot, with a narrow aperture at the top.

Now MOUSSA has his detractors. They suggest that he collects snakes and scorpions, removes their poison-apparatus at home, and "plants" them in holes and corners about the countryside; that he then leads the credulous tourist to these places and "charms" what are really more or less domestic snakes, thus obtaining money on false pretences.

Even if we accepted this ungenerous hypothesis it would have to be conceded that the man has power. For if you or I put a scorpion under a stone or a snake in a hole we should be very far from certain of finding them there next day. Besides, MOUSSA tells all his clients that they may take him where they will, on either side of the Nile. So that, on the detractors' theory, we must suppose that he has any number of private reptiles parked about the neighbourhood, or else that he hypnotises the tourist to choose the particular spots where MOUSSA's snakes are obligingly waiting. The detractors have not worked it out.

Personally I already had faith in MOUSSA. A high Egyptian official (an Oxford man and therefore reliable) had told me of a severe test to which he had put the charmer. Without warning he took MOUSSA some miles into the desert, made him strip naked, and then commanded him to do his tricks. And MOUSSA did.

This day it was ninety-six degrees in the shade at tea-time, so I had no mind for any such heroic test. Besides, I like to approach an entertainment with goodwill and not suspicion. But the terrain was dull, so I now hired a victoria (the victoria still lives on in Egypt) and we drove to Karnak, a short mile away. And I led MOUSSA to a spot outside the mud-brick wall which the Romans (*I think*) built round the Temple of THOTH (or somebody).



"AND WHY DID YOU DRIVE ON LIKE THIS AFTER THE ACCIDENT?"
"WELL, YOU SEE, I THOUGHT IF I DIDN'T DRIVE ON IMMEDIATELY I MIGHT LOSE MY NERVE."

MOUSSA stalked about again, calling upon the name of SULEIMAN and others; and presently, opposite to one of the many holes in the wall, he "smelt big cobra." He knelt down by the hole and addressed the cobra savagely, beating on the ground with his staff and generally behaving, I should have said, in a manner calculated to persuade any wild creature to remain safely in its hole rather than to emerge into the open. There was nothing that I should have called "charming" in his proceedings. Several times he thrust his arm as far as it would go into the hole, shouting angrily, but appeared unable to reach his prey; at other times he seemed to be struggling with something; and, if he was acting, he acted darned well.

At length he drew forth by the tail slowly a large cobra—large, that is, to me, for I have no standard in cobras—between five and six feet long. And mark you, it was not just any snake (MOUSSA says that there are three-hundred-and-sixty-five kinds of snake in Egypt), but a cobra, according to contract.

MOUSSA threw the cobra on the ground and it made off. He shouted and it stopped. We wanted to photograph it; he picked it up and threw it into a patch of sunlight; he touched it

with his staff and it reared its head, opened the "hood" and obediently took up the desired pose for a photograph. Then he approached it, staring at it, talking at it and holding out his hand. Here, they say, he hypnotises the snake. I do not know. I only know that the arm came within striking distance and the cobra sat up in striking position, but it did not strike. And soon the hand was gently advanced and took the cobra by the throat. He held it by the tail over the basket and issued orders; it wriggled into the basket and joined the scorpion.

We applauded. "Moussa grandfather of snake-charmers," said the great man modestly.

I led him to a kind of copse of palms three hundred yards off. The same ritual proceeded, and MOUSSA "smelt" a snake. "Not a cobra," he said explicitly, but another sort of snake—"very difficult."

Sure enough, after a longer struggle than before, he hauled from a hole a horrible horned thing—dust-coloured, a round flat head, a tiny neck, a hiss like a whip and a dreadful temper. Much more alarming and violent than the cobra; I never saw anything that registered venom so convincingly. This one too MOUSSA pulled out by the tail; but here the foul head appeared in the mouth of the hole *at the same time*, three inches from his hand. And it did not strike him. Why not? I don't know. For when he threw it on the ground and prodded it with his staff it behaved most badly! It hissed and struck and hissed and struck with a terrifying swiftness and power. The cobra, one thought, might conceivably have been trained and harmless, but not this one. But at last the horned thing too was safely seized and cajoled into the basket to join the scorpion and the cobra.

We moved on and collected one more snake, a great long thing, by comparison dull. This joined the scorpion, the cobra and the horned thing, and we then went home; for I was afraid that MOUSSA might order me into the basket as well.

Call me a mug, but I am persuaded that MOUSSA has some power over the serpents which you and I do not possess; also, I suppose, he is somehow immune to their friendly little bites. Anyhow, he is worth the money. And that, Sir, is not a thing that one always says in the land of the Pharaohs. A. P. H.

Another Double Title?

"LORD BATH AND WATER BOARD'S BILL."
Daily Paper.

FROM A DERBYSHIRE FARM.

IN the tiny hollow
Where the saplings grow,
Green buds and grey buds
Make a delicate show;
But on the misty uplands
The trees are black and bare;
Wintry are the heavens,
Wintry is the air.

To these chilly uplands
Spring came one day,
Lingered for a moment
And went on her way;
Lingered in the hollow
By the waggon track,
Smiled on the saplings
And promised to come back.

R. F.

A Pearl of the Pellucid.

"The Shilling Fund is progressing as well as we expected it to do in the first weeks. The secret of the success is the large number of shillings that have been received . . ."
Herts Paper.

"BEER HELPS BALANCE."
Daily Paper.

Experiments go to disprove this statement.

"SKATE WITH SPRING ONIONS."
Women's Paper.

And you skate alone.



Guide. "NO, NO; NO SNAP! 'E VERY 'OLY MAN."
Tourist. "I DON'T CARE. I'M GOING TO GET HIM SOMEHOW."
Guide. "AH! YOU GIVE 'IM ONE PIASTRE; 'E NOT SO VERY 'OLY."

CALLIOPE RETURNS.

THE POET LAUREATE has decided to organise a festival for the speaking of poetical stories, to be held on October 5th. The stories must be original. They must be tales told of deeds done. They must be written by men or women of British birth. The authors must not be more than forty years of age.

Lest any young poet should hang back for want of a suitable subject or for any other reason, I propose to give a little advice about the epic Muse.

In the first place then the story should be exciting. In the second place it should be familiar. In the third place it should be easy to read. In the fourth place, blank verse being now unpopular, it should be written in couplets which rhyme.

What better theme could we choose than the ordinary detective story of commerce, which has gained so firm a hold on the imagination of the Anglo-Saxon peoples?

In presenting a model on these lines I hope to be of some service at last to the literature of my native land.

THE TRIPLE DEATH.

A happy title, after which we plunge *in medias res*.

Lord St. Botolph, the well-known peer,
Was found hung high on a chandelier
In his lovely house called Colney Sutton
In Bedfordshire. He was stiff as mutton.
A servant found him—her name was Trix—
And told the butler, "At half-past six
I was going to dust the drawing-room,"
She said, "with never a thought of doom,
When I found his lordship hanging there
With both eyes fixed in a glassy stare.
It gave me a turn, it did, to see him
Hanged by the collar and none to free him.
You could have knocked me down with a feather!"

The man said, "Pull yourself together."
Perkins his name, a lean dark fellow
With a sinister face; his skin was yellow.
He sent for Mrs. Carter, the cook,
And asked her also to have a look,
And the housemaid, Em, a saucy piece,
And then he phoned the local police.

It will be observed that the story so far runs smoothly and well. No reader is in the slightest doubt as to what has occurred. He is also agog with anticipation as to what will happen next. We continue:—

"Wynds" was the home of the Chief Constable,
Sir Richard Pyke, not far from Dunstable.
He loved the best of English life,
Foot-prints on lawns, a blood-dipped knife.
His crest was a hand and three clues *argent*;
He came at the call of the village sergeant,
Abraham Blight. He had motored over
In a small four-seater nine-horse Rover.
He saw the may on the hedgerows burgeon
As he stopped to pick up Buggs the surgeon.

Notice carefully the word "Rover" in the foregoing passage. It is not intended to be an advertisement. The car might just as well have been an Austin or a Morris-Oxford, but neither of these would have combined the three essentials of realistic narrative, easy syntax and perfect rhyme. Forward, then!

The medico stood staring with a frown
At Lord St. Botolph, who had been cut down;
For on the forehead he perceived a dent
Apparently made by some blunt instrument.
The face had a pale cast from brow to chin,
Like putty. *Rigor mortis* had set in.
The eyes as well showed very obvious traces
Of antimony. Blood was on the braces.
Six bullet-holes which went from side to side
Argued against deliberate suicide.
"Sir Richard," said the doctor, "I am danged
If I can certify deceased was hanged!"

These perplexing discoveries are almost invariable. They merely lead up to the arrival on the epic stage of the hero. Perhaps a trumpet should sound at this point.

Always when baffled by a ghastly murder,
Sir Richard Pyke would call in Fitney Herder,
Who solved the mystery of the Stolen Bonds,
The Red Gash and the Rajah's Diamonds.
He lived in Glasshouse Street, above a draper's,
And made a lot by writing for the papers.
He could unravel mysteries much too hard
For local efforts or for Scotland Yard.
They feared him at the Yard, yet liked him too;
"Herder," they said, "will always have a clue."
His number was kept busy all the time
By Chief Inspectors on the trail of crime.
Sir Richard Pyke was his devoted friend;
They both had the same club in the West-End.

This also is invariable. We now come on to the list of potential criminals, usually including everybody except the author:—

Staying at Lord St. Botolph's country seat
In the bright spring, when all the air was sweet,
Had been his late wife's brother, Colonel Grouse
(Whose daughter Susan helped to run the house
And was presumptive heiress to the corpse),
And two old friends, a man and wife—the Thorpes;
But, being questioned, none of these could say
Exactly how their host had passed away.
He had been well at dinner-time, they said,
And fit and hearty when they went to bed.
No cry nor scuffle sounded in the night;
No shots were heard. The room seemed quite all right.
There were no scratches on the window-sills
Nor boot-marks on the gravel paths. No bills,
No cares, no griefs had preyed on the defunct,
Except one son, who long ago had bunked,
And was in point of fact the rightful heir
Could anyone have found him anywhere.
He was alleged to be in Uruguay.

To loaf about was Fitney Herder's way,
And put each member of the household through
Discreet examinations till doubt grew.
He did so now, and very soon it seemed
That none that night had gone to bed and dreamed
As they were wont. They had not been asleep
During the time when, like a poor slain sheep,
The body of the late-lamented peer
Must have been fastened on the chandelier.
Nightmares had ridden them all, ay, even the cook;
Some had been down to get a library book,
Some to fetch drugs or drink. But one and all
Had left their beds and roamed about the hall;



Lift Attendant (at Stores). "UP, SIR?"
Brown (peevish after a morning's shopping for Mrs. Brown). "NO—DOWN AND OUT!"

Doors had been opened freely and the stairs
Full of strange meetings made at unawares.
The inquest at the Town Hall brought out little;
The jury's verdict was quite non-committal.

Our audience—in this case, I suppose, the POET LAUREATE—is now, it will be perceived, completely mystified. In our next issue we shall pass on to deal with Lord St. Boltolph's will and the suspicions that naturally arise therefrom. EVOE.

"CORREA GULLY.

Last year the Field Naturalists Club joined with local citizens in planting on the foreshore a collection of native fauna."
Australian Paper.

The foreshore should be a fine sight when the kangaroos are in full bloom! And will the gardeners get bitten when weeding the wombats?

Oil for Troubled Walkers.

"Otherwise the deposit will be forfeited to the Government and will be credited to the fund for the relief of indignant pilgrims to Mecca."—*Indian Paper.*

The Church Militant.

"Prebendary H. W. Hinde, Victor of Islington, has been appointed Principal of Oak Hill Theological College, East Barnet."—*Daily Paper.*

Arduous Interlude at Westminster.

"HOUSE OF LORDS
TUESDAY, MAY 3

The LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat on the Woolsack at a quarter past 4 o'clock.

The Scarborough Gas Bill was read a second time.

The Welwyn Garden City Urban District Council Bill and the Dagenham Trading Estate Bill was read the third time and passed.

Their lordships rose at 18 minutes past 4 o'clock."—*Daily Paper.*

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

I.—MR. BEENY'S ECONOMIES.

"William," said Mr. Beeny, "I am being hit very hard and we must look narrowly at our household figures. Be so good as to sit down while I make a list of the things we can do without."

"I would rather stand," said William.

"Very well. Please yourself. But at the moment you are not a butler. You are a partner, and partners are usually seated."

"I would rather stand, Sir," said William.

"How do you think I could cut down, William?" Mr. Beeny asked.

"Well, Sir," said William, "you could of course give fewer dinner-parties."

"I should dislike that," said Mr. Beeny.

"I know, Sir. But if I may say so the whole business of economy is mixed up with dislike."

"Yes," said Mr. Beeny, "that's unhappily true. But there are some things we don't dislike so much as others. Let's begin with those. I had this idea: please see that in future there are always every morning on the hall-table six pennies for me to take with me."

"Certainly, Sir. Will six be enough?"

"I think so. They're for bus-fares during the day. I'm giving up taxis."

"Do you think that wise, Sir?"

"It's nothing to do with wisdom," said Mr. Beeny. "It's this infernal economy. Necessity."

"Yes, Sir," said William; "but buses are full of germs, and germs lead to illness, and illness means the doctor, and where's the economy then?"

"But surely, William, you don't believe that everyone who rides in a bus contracts disease? The people I see getting in and out look healthy enough, and what about those who are so robust that they can run after them and leap on the step?"

"With great respect," said William, "my feeling is you are taking foolish risks. Unnecessary too."

"But, William," said his master, "how can you know whether they are unnecessary or not without seeing my accounts? I assure you that my income is down by a third at least, and it's that third which used to give us our little luxuries. Self-denial is the only course; a severe cutting-down. Buses for taxis, in short. You know where I want to go as a rule. Perhaps you would be so kind as to draw up a little list of bus numbers so that I shall know where I am. The next thing—but this I must do for myself—is to learn where they stop. So seldom, I have noticed, at the place where the people are waiting. You will remember about the six pennies, William?"

"I will do my best," said William. "Is that all, Sir?"

"No, here's another thing," said Mr. Beeny. "I think I must do without *The Times* and wait to read it till I get to the club. Unless, of course, you want to read it yourself?"

"No," said William, "I don't. We have a paper of our own in the kitchen. I don't say it's as reliable as *The Times*, but it's spicier."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Beeny, "we give up *The Times*. At twopence a day that would be a shilling a week saved, which comes to—let me see—two-pounds-twelve a year: no trifling sum. What do you say, William?"

"A gentleman ought to have his own copy of *The Times*," said William.

"But am I that kind of a gentleman?" Mr. Beeny asked.

"Yes, Sir," said William.

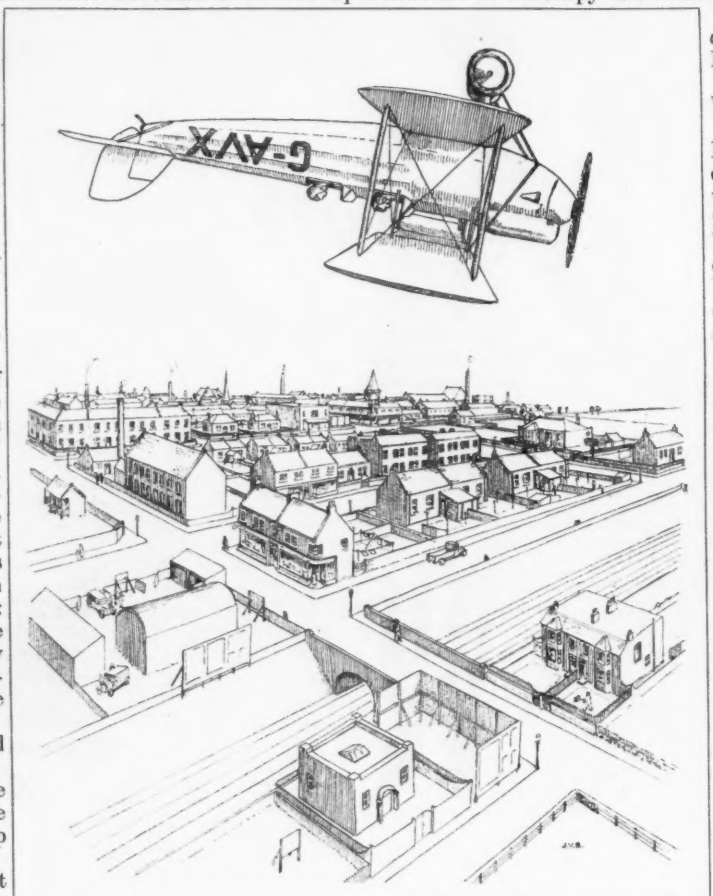
"Very well," said Mr. Beeny, "I will withdraw that point. We will continue to take *The Times*. But so far, William, you are not doing much to help. We come now to the evening paper. Why should I go on with that? There is no news in it that I couldn't wait for till the next morning; and in fact it too often spoils the next morning paper as it is. If I cut that off it would mean a saving of one-pound-six. What do you think, William?"

"I think," said William, "that it is a gentleman's duty to have the last edition of an evening paper in his house. Someone—one of your guests, for instance—might want to know something—what won the last race, for example—and it would be absurd not to be able to tell him."

"Are you still studying form?" Mr. Beeny asked.

"I keep an eye on it," said William; "but the horses have been running very strangely this season. The good things that have come unstuck would surprise you."

"No, William," said Mr. Beeny, "not surprise. I keep my surprise for the unusual." E. V. L.



Passenger (trying to appear nonchalant). "WHAT'S THAT SQUARE-SHAPED BUILDING, PILOT?"
Pilot. "THAT'S THE MORTUARY."

"In every audience we find a large number of women enveloped in furs, often covering their ears, which are not removed or even loosened during a prolonged concert."
Liverpool Paper.

It's so hard to remember to bring one's aural spanner.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



MELANCHOLY PREDICAMENT OF TWO YOUNG WOMEN WHO HAVE PUT THEIR TUNICS ON THE WRONG HORSE.



DAME LAURA KNIGHT DRAGS THE CIRCUS INTO PRIVATE LIFE.



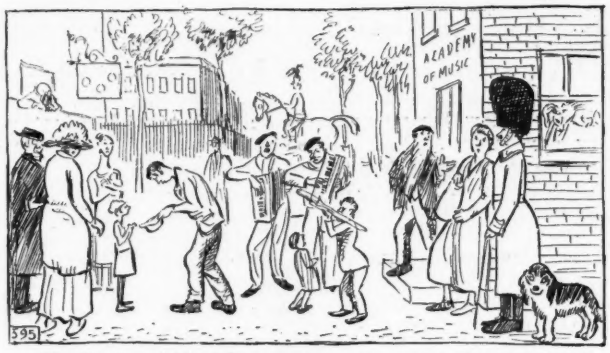
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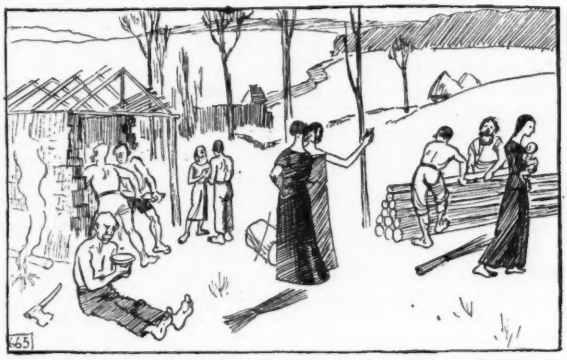
BRINGING HOME THE CAVIARE.



MR. CHESTERTON TAKES A NOTE OF ANOTHER SUSSEX TAVERN, DISCOVERED BY MR. BELLOC, WHERE THEY SELL VERY GOOD ALE.



The Dog (on right). "I WOULD LIKE IT TO BE CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD THAT I, PERSONALLY, TAKE NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS DEPLORABLE EXHIBITION."



WINTER SPORTS COSTUMES; OR, THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIAN TIMBER.



The Fair Competitors. "NOW THEN, PARIS! WAKE UP AND JUDGE!"

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO.—Your letter has just come. My poor angel, you do seem to have been having the most shattering time with the household. Still, if you *will* go and settle down in such a remote part of the country, what can you expect? I know the Walchesters told us that even at Pudgett (which is much nearer to a town than you are at Starlings) they used to have frightful difficulty in keeping servants until Tubby hit on the plan of having the old laundry building fitted up as a private cinema and getting a man to come out from Gramford every Thursday evening to do a show. Expensive, but Tubby says well worth it, as they've had perfect peace ever since.

There was one rather awful incident, though, which Tubby kept dark, but I extracted it from Dorothy in confidence. Apparently one evening (*not* a Thursday) she and Tubby happened to be strolling in the garden after dinner and they heard roars and shouts of laughter coming from the laundry. So they opened the door and went in, and there were all the younger servants nearly hysterical with giggles, and the second footman working the projector-thing. And the *film*, my dear, was of Tubby lying flat on his back on the terrace with a sixpence balanced on the tip of



"TUBBY WITH A SIXPENCE BALANCED ON THE TIP OF HIS NOSE."

his nose, making the most idiotic and ghastly grimaces trying to get it off without moving his head or hands. It seems that the footman had got a cinema-camera of his own and he'd taken this from one of the upstairs windows one warm evening when they'd all been dining out on the terrace: they had several B.Y.T.'s staying that week-end, and it had developed into the sort of evening when you have to take pins out of the back of your chair with your teeth.

I must say my sympathies are with the footman. I've often longed for a cinema-camera myself on those occasions. And of course the sixpence-off-the-nose game is *quite* the most undignified of all. (Have you ever tried it? If not, *do*, next time you have a sticky house-party.)



"ONE CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO THINK OF *EVERYTHING*."

Well, of course they sacked the footman and confiscated the film; but, as Dorothy says, Heaven knows how many others he may have taken. What worried Tubby was the thought that the story might get all over the constituency, but by some miracle it didn't.

Apart from that slight contretemps the cinema idea seems to have been a great success. You and Richard might consider it if you go on having servant-trouble.

To cheer you up I don't mind telling you that even in London we have our little difficulties. Our own new cook, Mrs. Mulberry, looks like being rather a treasure, but she came a distinct cropper last night because I'd given her a recipe to try out of an American cookery-book, and the poor dear didn't realise that "crackers" was American for "biscuits." ("And I 'ad a terrible job to get them, Ma'am," she said, "being so long after Christmas-time.") William, spitting out bits of chopped-up coloured paper, said that it was very unboatshaped of me not to warn her; but really one can't be expected to think of *everything*.

Kitty Rockingham has thought of a most ingenious way of solving *her* problems. You see, she's been trying for years to get a really good old-fashioned "family" butler with a beautiful dignified pompous manner. She says the ones you get nowadays are all weedy-looking creatures with stringy necks and loud voices and a jerky way of walking. Somebody happened to say to her one day, "Oh, but, my dear, there *aren't* any really perfect butlers left, except on the stage." And Kitty said, "All right, then; I'll have a stage one." So she advertised for an out-of-work actor with experience of playing butler parts, and, my dear, she had simply *masses* of answers.

Finally she engaged one called Arran Blount (I'm sure I've seen him as the butler in at least half-a-dozen plays), who'd apparently been out of a job for months and was only too delighted to take it on. Of course she has to have an odd man to do all the hard work behind the scenes, such as silver-cleaning and brushing Ted Rockingham's clothes, because stage butlers never get any practice at that sort of thing. But she says he makes up for this a thousand times over by the superb way he says "Hock or claret, my lady?" and his marvellous dignity when he is bringing in the coffee.

Ted R. isn't bone certain how much he likes the arrangement. Says he keeps on feeling that Parkins (he insisted on being called that because he



"PARDON ME, MY LORD, BUT THEY HAVE JUST FOUND A CORPSE IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM."

was so used to it) is going to come in at any moment and say, "Pardon me, my lord, but they have just found a corpse in the billiard-room."

Well, good-bye, darling. This letter seems to be Mainly About Domestics, but I know you won't mind. Households are like appendixes: when your

own goes wrong there's nothing so comforting as hearing about other people's. Only the worst of it is you can't just have them hoicked out and get along without them. *How* I wish you could! Best love from LALAGE.

JAN.

"SPEECH, SPEECH!"

TO-NIGHT a play of mine is being produced by the Steeple Thatchby Amateur Dramatic Society, and now, at the last moment, I am feeling acutely nervous; not, of course, about the play, but about the little ceremony which must inevitably follow the fall of the curtain. Successful playwrights must make speeches. When, amid tumultuous cries of "Author! Author!" I step before, under or through the curtain—according to wherever the curtain has stuck at the moment—what shall I say? Shall I be modest, graceful or witty? Shall I prepare a thoughtful address on the future of the drama? Or shall I, trusting that something may occur to me on the spur of the moment, leave it to chance?

This speech I am going to make is a more difficult matter than you might suppose. When you make a speech after a West-End production the rules are clearly laid down. After standing for three hours in the wings and an agony of nervous tension you stagger blindly on to the stage and in a voice moist with gratitude thank the audience, the actors, the producer, the stage-manager, the assistant-stage-manager, the call-boy and (why not?) the fireman for all their wonderful kindness to you. There is but one alternative. If you are cunning you may persuade the manager to go on and say that Sir James is not in the house; but you can only do that if you are an old hand. Anyhow, the point is that in London you at least know where you are. In Steeple Thatchby, on the other hand, where are you?

Firstly, you have to write your play. It may be argued that there is nothing in that. In these islands to-day there are some forty-two million drawers in each of which reposes a play, or, if not a play, at least one thumping First Act and an interesting synopsis. Anybody, we are agreed, can write a play; but the Steeple Thatchby playwright must express himself in a definite medium. He must adapt his drama to suit the characters and *milieu* at his disposal. I do not complain of this. SHAKESPEARE, as we are aware, produced immortal works of genius under a similar handicap, though I must say I should like to know how he would have fitted *Hamlet* with (*a*) a hero (our baker) who stutters, (*b*) a villain (our signalman) who can only get off duty for rehearsals in the middle of the night, and (*c*) a general utility man (Ephraim Pepperwort) who plays the cornet and has a wooden leg. Our stock scenery, which consists of two back-drops representing respectively Clacton Pier and the Great Wall of China, also calls for a certain ingenuity in setting. SHAKESPEARE, I repeat, would have knocked up a rattling fine play from these materials, but then SHAKESPEARE, as even Mr. JAMES AGATE admits, was *clever*.

The author's speech, however, remains the chief difficulty. The usual gambits are closed to me. I cannot in all modesty declaim my passionate gratitude towards the producer, the stage-manager, the orchestra, the call-boy and the noises-OFF, because, you see, I am (and shall have been) the producer, the stage-manager, the orchestra, the call-boy and the noises-OFF. Nor can I reasonably cause it to be announced that I am not in the house. After all, the entire audience will have seen me taking the tickets at the door. It will have heard me playing the Overture from "Zampa" on the Parish Room piano at the interval. It will have seen me, or portions of me, frenziedly holding up the Great Wall of China when it falls down (as it will



Child (given a slice of his Mother's jam-tart). "MUMMY, MUST I USE A FORK, OR MAY I HOLD IT BY THE WOOD?"



Customer. "I DON'T CALL THIS HAT A VERY PRETTY SHAPE."
French Milliner. "NO, MADAME, NOT *PRETTY*, PERHAPS, BUT—IF ONE MAY BE PERMITTED—ON MADAME *UN PEU TROUBLANT*."

fall down) in Act III. No, I cannot pretend that I am not in the house.

I must of course thank the players and the audience. I can, after the manner of a well-known London actress-manageress, murmur, "Thank you, thank you, thank you! You have all been *jerst wern*derful!" But what then? There should be more to it than that. The speeches of rising dramatists should be made of sterner stuff. I must say a few well-chosen words on the dramatic unities, or some tendencies of the modern theatre or SHAKESPEARE the Man. I must . . . Or would it not be better after all to trust to the inspiration of the moment? Yes, I will leave it to chance.

* * * * *

Stop Press.—A terrible thing has happened. The play? Oh, the play as a play was successful enough; but afterwards. . . . I feel my position keenly. It all comes of leaving things to chance. I had omitted the vital precaution of arranging for a confederate in the audience to shout "Author!"

"He took her hand, and bowed over it, till he left the brush of his lips."
Feuilleton in Daily Paper.

That's the worst of these false moustaches.

BEAVERBROCKY.

After LEWIS CARROLL.

[The recent number of unsolved crimes has, it seems, aroused such public apprehension that a drastic overhaul of the organization and methods of the C.I.D. is expected. Even the telephone number of New Scotland Yard has been changed to WHITEHALL 1212.]

'TWAS grilling, and the sleuthy coves
Did gird and grumble on parade;
Official flimsies came in droves
And the home truths dismayed.

Beware the jabbering, my son,
The pars that bite, the pens that mock!
Beware the gupgup herd who're run
By fulminous Beaverbrock!

He'll take his verbal sword in hand;
Long time your ranks to mow he sought;
He'll phone (you'll see) the C.I.D.
Re murderers (uncaught).

And as in puffish thought he stood,
Another gang without a name
Drove whistling through the tulgey wood
And burgled as it came!

One two! One two! Whitehall (you're through);
His verbal blame will snicker-snack;
He'll leave you dead with nerves and dread
And go hurrumphing back.

And durst thou pain the Beaverbrock?
"Come, to your arms, my squeamish boy!
"O grabjous day! New getaway!"
He'll chortle in his joy.

'Twas grilling, and the sleuthy coves
Did tire and tremble, armed and caped,
In couples watched the dens and groves
And the known rats escaped.

RACHEL.

Comfort for Animal Lovers.

"The new company has taken over all he asses and liabilities of the late Mr. —— —— . . ."—*British Guiana Paper.*

A Pretty Thought for Bread-Eaters.

"Knead well together till the flour is all worked in and leaves the hands quite clean."
Glasgow Paper.

"Sir Alfred and Lady —— have given to the bridegroom a table lighter in the figure of St. George among other things."
Irish Paper.

These would of course include the Dragon.

There's no truth in the rumour that a Chair of Split Anatomy is about to be founded at Cambridge.



THE FRIENDLY LISTS OF OTTAWA.

CERES BRITANNICA (*handing cabbage to Mr. J. H. THOMAS*). "SIR KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE, I'M GLAD YOU'VE FOUND ME THE BEST POSSIBLE CHAMPION. PLEASE GIVE HIM THIS FAVOUR OF MINE TO WEAR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 2nd.—The Metropolitan Police Vote, discussed in Supply, prompted Dr. SALTER to condemn the injustice of the cuts in pay and the alleged ill-treatment of the Police Federation by Lord TRENCHARD as leading to dissatisfaction and discontent. Major THOMAS pleaded for the extension of the Police Force by a supplementary road-patrol organisation with official authorisation; and Mr. M. JONES deprecated the encouragement of zeal in the Force as tested by the number of prosecutions and convictions secured. It passed the wit of Mr. MACQUISTEN to understand why first-class policemen should waste their time in looking after the silly melancholy institutions called night-clubs. "Why should they not have a special licensing system for night-clubs, give Mrs. MERRICK the O.B.E., and have done with it?"

In his review Sir HERBERT SAMUEL reminded the House that the police now cost three times what they did in 1913, though their number had only increased from 54,000 to 58,000—a fact to be taken into account in the present financial stringency. The number of police diverted to traffic-control had been much exaggerated; only seven-and-a-half per cent were thus employed, and automatic control was steadily decreasing their numbers; while Lord TRENCHARD was devoting all his efforts to concentrating the police as far as possible on the detection of crime.

As for the plea that it was necessary for the police to be "fully satisfied," that was a counsel of perfection. Dissatisfaction with cuts in pay was common to all bodies and classes who had to contribute to the economies required by the state of our national finances. The Police Federation were treated with considerable latitude, but it was never contemplated that the Police Force should engage in ordinary trade union methods of agitation and propaganda.

Sir HERBERT vigorously combated the view that high posts in the Police Force were being reserved for highly-placed people, and assumed full responsibility for the choice of Lord TRENCHARD as the best man available. Women police were not going to be abolished; their numbers would be increased and their status improved. He concluded with a handsome tribute to Lord TRENCHARD for enforcing the principle of promotion by merit, not by mere seniority. Mr. LANSBURY'S protest against continued military control of the police left him cold, and at the close of the debate Sir HERBERT attributed the improved *moral* of the Force to the drastic measures taken by Lord BYNG.

On the Prison Commission Vote Mr. LOVAT FRASER and Mr. LANSBURY



"Ah, take one consideration with another,
A policeman's lot is not a happy one."

"WAS THERE ANY POLICE FORCE IN THE WORLD WHICH COULD BE DESCRIBED AS FULLY SATISFIED?"—*Sir HERBERT SAMUEL in the Debate on the Home Office Vote.*

were vocal in condemning the horrors and barbarities of the system. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL admitted that it must have forbidding features, but pointed out that half the British prisons



THE WESTMINSTER COMEDIAN.
Touchstone . . MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

had been closed since the War, and that the modern system minimised repressive conditions and tried to build up capacities and character.

Tuesday, May 3rd.—In the Commons to-day Mr. THOMAS announced that seven industrial advisers will be included in the United Kingdom delegation to the Ottawa Conference. Sir GILBERT VYLE, Lord WEIR and Sir ALAN ANDERSON have been nominated by the British Committee on Empire Trade; Mr. J. BROMLEY and Mr. WALTER CITRINE by the General Council of the Trades Union Congress; and Sir EDWARD DAVSON will go as adviser on Colonial trade matters. The name of the adviser on agricultural matters will be announced later.

Mr. REMER asked the CHANCELLOR if he was aware that, now that the Abnormal Imports Duties had been rescinded, artificial silk stockings could be imported into this country at six shillings a dozen pairs, on which the *ad valorem* tax was only two shillings, whereas a pound of artificial silk, which was enough for a dozen pairs of stockings, sold for 1*s.* 6*d.* on the Continent, but was charged here with an import duty of 3*s.* 6*d.* What action was intended to remove these difficulties from the path of home manufacturers? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN replied that he was giving further consideration to the subject.

The House then settled down to consider the Vote of £144,595 for the Mines Department, and the SECRETARY opened the debate with a survey of the position. Last year we had 2,243 mines and 868,000 men at work, as against 3,289 mines and 1,105,000 men in 1913, the output per shift being slightly higher. Amongst the adverse factors contributing to this depression were the increased use of gas and electricity, the substitution of oil-fuel for coal in many foreign ships, our own industrial depression, the price-cutting which had taken place in Continental coal-fields and the quota restrictions against us in France, Belgium and Germany. Although the mortality rate in mines was still appallingly high, the number of accidents in 1931 was the lowest in the history of his Department. Excellent work was being done by the hundred-and-twelve inspectors of the Department, eight of whom cared exclusively for pit ponies.

The House applauded Mr. FOOT'S touching tribute to the ordinary domestic grate when he said that he would rather live in a small house with an open fire than in a large house with a radiator, an article to which, so far as he knew, no sonnet had ever been written. What a chance for some bard of rationalisation!

A friendly spirit prevailed in the subsequent speeches, though the Coal Mines Commission came in for sharp criticism. Mr. HOPKINSON considered the £60,000 spent on it to be a pure waste of money. In many districts the

Commission was actually holding up development. It was urged by Mr. NICHOLSON that the Minister for Mines should be a member of the Cabinet.

Lieut.-Commander AGNEW put the pathetic case of the Cornish tin-mines, which had never recovered from the effects of the War, when the price of tin had been depressed by Government action. Vital development work was needed to prevent the extinction of the industry. It seems a pity that a Phœnician Loan could not at this date be arranged.

Wednesday, May 4th.—The Commons devoted itself to-day to a further consideration of the Import Duties; and the CHANCELLOR, who possesses an unusual power of reducing to their simplest terms the perplexities of economic conflict, explained several aspects of the new tariffs which have been in doubt. The Advisory Committee had already presented a full and frank report. They had adopted the course of covering as early as possible the widest field rather than taking each industry in turn, and so had prevented a sudden flood of free imports. They had given a number of adequate reasons why the general level of tariffs should not be higher than twenty per cent, and, although in certain cases a higher duty might later be imposed, it must be remembered that the depreciation of the pound had had a protective effect. If any industry felt that the tariffs applying to it were not sufficient the proper procedure for that industry was to go to the Advisory Committee, and not to members of the Government.

As regards the comparative immunity of foodstuffs from tariffs, the CHANCELLOR reminded the House that the whole question was one which would play a large part in the Ottawa Conference, and therefore would be better deferred till then.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL was at pains to justify his somewhat nebulous position. It was true that prices had so far shown no tendency to rise, but he regarded this as a temporary phenomenon which would disappear as soon as pre-tariff stocks of imports were exhausted. This island could not live on its home market or even on its Empire market. The Dominions had only a white population of 22,000,000, while the world outside numbered 1,400,000,000. Our Dominion trade should certainly be expanded, but we must not sacrifice for it the possibilities of a larger world trade. The only remedies for the present depression were international remedies.

Referring to Mr. CHURCHILL'S recent speech, he wondered for what national purpose it had been made. Mr. CHURCHILL regarded this Government as being guilty of many sins—several sins of commission and one of omission.

The Member for Epping then rose and treated a House surfeited with facts



THE WESTMINSTER TRAGEDIAN.
Hamlet . . . . MR. GREENWOOD.

and figures to a further display of invigorating irony. Like a certain Duke of Orleans, Sir HERBERT had missed a very fine occasion for keeping quiet. What national purpose, he wondered, was served by the HOME SECRETARY'S



THE PELICAN IN THE WILDERNESS.
MR. G. LAMBERT.

speech? Often in history eminent men had been placed in false positions by the force of events. But even NAAMAN, bowing his knee in the temple of Rimmon, had not perpetually interrupted the service. The Government had asked for a doctor's mandate, but, although doctors sometimes differed, they did not alarm the patient and his relatives by brawling in public.

Exile has done little to cheer Mr. GREENWOOD. In quite the gloomiest utterance of the day he stigmatised the Tariff Advisory Committee as being in a position of virtual dictatorship, tariffs as the refuge of intellectual idlers, and the General Election as the most stupendous fraud that had ever been perpetrated. In this country Tammany was now in the saddle. But the House restrained its tears and forced a little brave laughter.

Thursday, May 5th.—The butt of sack is again in question. Mr. V. ADAMS, asking if, in the best interests of literature, the office of Poet Laureate might be discontinued at the end of the present holder's tenure, was met by Mr. BALDWIN with a firm negative. Mr. MCEWEN'S suggestion that in future the composition of official odes might be undertaken by a select committee was duly received with appreciative laughter.

The British adviser on agricultural matters at Ottawa is to be Sir DOUGLAS NEWTON, Mr. THOMAS announced. That completes the party.

On the resumed debate on the Import Duties the flag of Protection was fluttered this way and that by the conflicting breezes which arose in the House. Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT declared that the new tariffs were as nothing beside those which would have been enforced by a Conservative Government, while Major LLOYD GEORGE challenged his statement in view of the CHANCELLOR'S assurance that there had been no compromise on the subject.

The voice of Mr. LAMBERT was raised as one crying in the wilderness, a perplexed and bewildered voice, which complained to the House that the agriculturists of the country did not understand the agricultural policy of the Government. Why was agriculture to be treated more harshly than iron and steel, and why only one representative at Ottawa of so vital an industry?

In the course of his speech in defence of the Advisory Committee, Mr. RUNCIMAN had words first with Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS and then with the HOME SECRETARY, winning both of these bouts on points; and Mr. MAXTON'S solemn denunciation of such unseemly affrays resulted in a third engagement between himself and the SPEAKER, which was amicably concluded.

"LOST CAPITAL FOUND IN THE DESERT."
Daily Paper.

It's unlikely to have been watered, anyway.



Friend. "I DON'T THINK YOU 'VE MET MY SOLDIER BROTHER?"
Short-sighted Lady. "NO; BUT I SHOULD KNOW AT ONCE THAT HE 'S IN THE SERVICE—EVERY INCH A SOLDIER."

WITHOUT DUE CARE.

OLD Mrs. Alice Bird is dead—
"Crossing the road without due care";
The driver said she lost her head—
"Crossing the road without due care";
She disobeyed the simple rule,
"Be very careful, quick and cool
When motor-cars are there";
So she is dead, the silly fool—
"Crossing the road without due care."

Old Mrs. Bird was much to blame,
"Crossing the road without due care,"
For Mrs. Bird was rather lame
And should have taken SPECIAL care;
She had, it seems, deficient sight,
Her intellect perhaps was slight,
Her nerve required repair,
So she is dead, and serve her right—
"Crossing the road without due care."

Old Mrs. Bird came up to Town
From Chipping-under-Bone,
Where limousines are seldom seen
And one-way streets unknown;
The notices of every kind
She studied with a frown:
"LOOK LEFT, LOOK RIGHT, BEFORE, BEHIND,
LOOK SIDEWAYS, UP *AND* DOWN!"
And since her eyes were only two
(And both were placed ahead)
She did not quite know what to do,
And so the woman's dead.

She meekly stood upon the kerb
Wishing that she could fly
And hoping she would not disturb
The motors rushing by;
But after waiting quite a space
She tired (I know not why)
Of standing in the selfsame place
And watching cars go by.

Like swallows homing to their mates,
Like sinners followed by the Fates,
Like elephants with urgent dates
The endless motors flew;
And Mrs. Bird at length was heard
To whisper this disgraceful word,
"Although no doubt it seems absurd,
I'm in a hurry too."

She took a step into the road
And cars for miles around,
As if she were a slug or toad,
Made an offensive sound—
A cross between a syren's hoot
And a rhinoceros' roar,
A sound which said, "You bug! You brute!
You imbecile! You bore!"
And Mrs. Bird withdrew, deterred,
To where she was before.

The day went on, and Mrs. B.
Still to the kerb was tied,
While those whom she desired to see
Were on the other side.
But as the sun began to sink
There came a little lull,
A tiny little lull there came,
And Mrs. Bird said, "Now I *think*
That I can cross, but all the same
I wish I were a gull."

I have remarked that she was lame,
She knew no acrobatics,
She could not sprint for half the Mint,
And what is more, the darned old fool,
She quite neglected when at school
The Higher Mathematics;
And so she could not calculate
By algebra or cards
How long it takes a Snitzler "8"
To travel fifty yards
(When doing fifty miles an hour
And hooting fit to frighten,
Containing sixty horses' power,
And on the way to Brighton).
Nor could she tell that such a car,
If it is stopped, will skid
(You know what country-people are),
But that is what it did.

(*Continued on next page.*)



Late Recruit to angling (who has been reading up the subject). "YOU ADVISE A ZULU AND A BUTCHER. ISN'T IT RATHER BRUTAL USING SUCH FLIES TO CATCH THE POOR THINGS? COULDN'T I TRY GENTLES OR SOMETHING MORE HUMANE?"

And almost everybody passed
This verdict on the blow—
'Twas not the car that went too fast,
But she who went too slow.
And I agree—but then, to me,
There is no god but speed;
When England's one great asphalt floor,
Where motors, more and more and more,
Move ever faster than before,
And whizz and wheeze and hoot and roar,
Though walking may become a bore
Life will be good indeed.

Old Mrs. Alice Bird is dead—
"Crossing the road without due care";
The driver said she lost her head—
"Crossing the road without due care";
She should have burrowed underground,
Or crossed the road by crane,
Or taken one terrific bound,
Or hired an aeroplane;
For such as she are sure to fall
If they proceed on foot;
'Twere wiser not to cross at all,
But stay where they are put.
She will not very much be missed,
But it upset the motorist;
And we must add her to the list—
"Crossing the road without due care."

Oh, what a lesson this will be
To all her foolish family! A. P. H.

DAWN OF AN ERA.

I FIRST heard of it a few weeks ago from old Colonel Able-Corpusty, doyen of the sedate Admiral and General Club.

"The thing's an absolute scandal!" he said. "Never heard of anything so outrageous in my life!" I assured him warmly that I hadn't either, and then backed up my statement by asking him just what the absolute scandal was. He fixed me with a cold eye and pointedly informed me that it was these infernal puppies of younger members again. By means of a clique on the committee of double-dashed children-in-arms—mere Lieut.-Commanders and junior Majors, I gathered—they had forced through a proposal to instal in the Club an up-to-date cocktail bar. "A cocktail bar, Sir, in the Admiral and General!" foamed the old boy in a tone a bishop might have used about a suggested barrel-organ in the south transept.

I felt it was up to me to say, "The Club's going to the dogs," but Able-Corpusty got it in first and went on earnestly:—

"Why, I remember the day when no member of any respectable club dared show his nose unless in full morning-dress; and only yesterday I saw a young fellow in plus-fours. And now this cocktail bar. Clubs were clubs in my day, not crèches." It seemed hardly politic to point out that crèches were not usually fitted with cocktail bars, so I kept silence.

"Of course," he went on, "I fought the proposal tooth-and-nail, and so did General Boddyworth and Admiral Splitbrace and several others; but these decadent young cradle-jumpers——"

I drifted out of earshot, and later on joined a group of cradle-jumpers. From them I gathered that the cocktail bar was one of the brightest ideas that has ever been nearly wrecked by the old brigade just because it hadn't been the thing in the early 'eighties; that it

would be a distinct asset to the Club, both social and financial; and that the date of the formal opening was Tuesday week at five-thirty P.M. From sheer academic interest I made a note of this.

"And where is it to be?" I asked the secretary.

"We are converting the upper library," he explained. "We've had Major-General Slumberbent carefully removed and reassembled in the Silence Room."

"This is all very fine so far," I pointed out, "but what about the actual cocktails? I mean, the club servants are all ex-soldiers, sterling fellows at bringing a glass of the Old Marsala or finding *The Morning Post*, but probably total losses when it comes to shaking up a 'Dragon's Breath.' It needs a white coat and an American accent to begin with."

"Well, to tell you the truth," he whispered, "we've had two of the smoking-room waiters. Sandy and Marker, at the Savritz for a month on a course."

"A course in cocktail-shaking!" I exclaimed, regretfully remembering the dull bombing and gas and bayonet-fighting courses of my army days.

"Yes, but don't let the old brigade know. We're having enough trouble with them as it is."

I kept a close eye after that on the progress of the Club Scandal—or the Club Liquid Asset, according to which side you were on—and paid frequent visits to the upper library, where an oak bar and high stools were making an appearance and shelves for bottles were replacing those for books. Invariably I found either General Boddyworth or Admiral Splitbrace or old Commodore Maintopp in the neighbourhood, but invariably any air of faint interest I thought I had detected changed to a look of enpurpled indignation at this final example of the Club's dogward progress. "Even a brass rail!" snorted Able-Corpusty once; and before I could retort, "Of course a brass rail," he had pushed past me, muttering, "If a gentleman wants a drink, surely he can *ring* for it!"

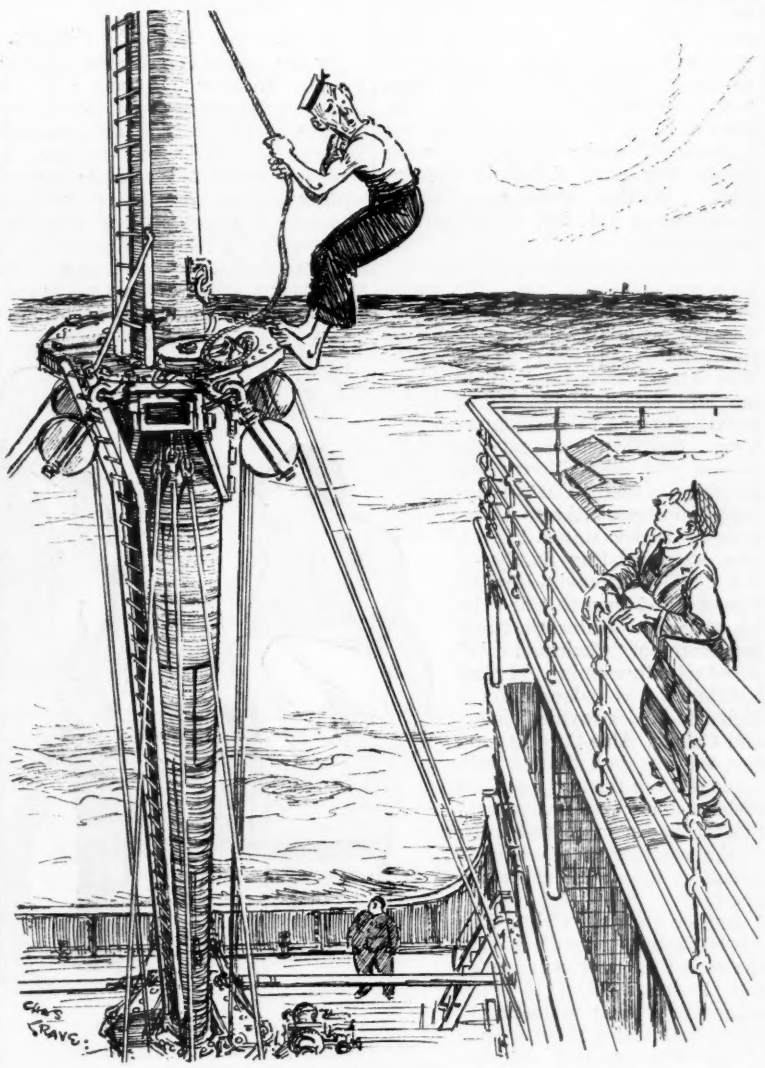
Sandy and Marker, the translated smoking-room waiters, were also much in evidence during these days, hovering round their new shrine and wearing the proud secretive air of prospective mothers. Sandy's shoulder- or shaking-muscles were bulging a little, I noticed, and a faint Transatlantic flavour was already pervading his speech. He asked me if I would be present on Tuesday, and I told him only death would keep me away. He thereupon promised to Do His Worst for me—a little invention of his own, which he was calling the "Five-Rounds-Rapid."

As the days went on the Club was divided into two camps. Boddyworth and Splitbrace used to greet each other with a bitter, "I see they've got some infernal little tables up there now!" and "Yes, and some dashed dice or something. Bah!" I couldn't help noticing that they were invariably right up-to-date on the cocktail bar's progress.

Then came the great evening when the bar was formally declared open for play. I was a little late, but as I entered the Club I could see that an unprecedented change had already come over the place. The hall-porter wore a smile instead of his usual worried look; all the arm-chairs in the smoking-room were deserted. Moreover, even in the entrance-hall one could perceive a distinct hum in the air, a hum which as I went upstairs increased to a buzz, then grew to a babel and finally became a tumult as I pushed open the swing-doors of the late upper library.

There must have been sixty or seventy people in there, ninety-per-cent of whom subsequently explained that they had just looked in casually to see how the new departure was going, and all of whom were telling one another it was going very well.

Behind the bar Marker and Sandy,



Passenger. "MY GOODNESS! I WOULDN'T DO THAT FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS."
Sailor. "WELL, I DON'T, NEITHER."

white-coated and wreathed in grins that the chill atmosphere of the smoking-room had never been able to bring to blossom, were shaking away for dear life in a fashion that would have brought tears of pride to the eyes of the Savritz *maestro*. I heard Marker say "Attaboy!" under his breath; while Sandy was quite definitely chewing gum. Neither wore horn-rimmed spectacles as yet, but doubtless that would come.

Then, at a nudge from the secretary, I noticed something else. The crowd that eddied three deep round the bar was not composed of cradle-jumpers but of the old brigade. They were there in force, laughing and talking and scoffing potato-chips as to the manner born. Hardly one was missing—even the main library had given up its dead. Old Commodore Maintopp, hitherto a confirmed barley-water-drinker, was congratulating Sandy on the "Five-Rounds-Rapid." General Boddyworth was rattling poker-dice against the Navy for a round of "Chairman E.'s"—and actually winning. Admiral Splitbrace was balanced on a high stool destroying olives; and Colonel Able-Corpusty, no less, leant against the bar with his foot up in the accomplished style of one whose first perambulator had a brass rail to it. As the secretary remarked to me solemnly, it was the dawn of a new era.

And he was quite right. The whole Club had changed. By the end of the week old enemies who hadn't spoken to each other since that unfortunate misunderstanding about a copy of *The Times* in 1917 were exchanging funny stories. Members of less than five years' standing were addressing one another without being introduced. And Colonel Able-Corpusty had already made an official complaint about the supply of potato-chips and another about the exact height a brass rail should be from the floor. What was more, he had ceased for ever to talk about the customs and rights of the old members. For the Admiral and General Club has now no old members—only young ones. A. A.

"Miss Agnes Lauchlan has a rare sense of comedy, and shares with Miss Edith Evans a face of such mobile expressiveness that . . ."—*Local Paper*.

This facial partnership strikes us as an awkward arrangement.

AT THE PLAY.

"WINGS OVER EUROPE" (GLOBE).

ON the face of it this extravaganza, by Mr. ROBERT NICHOLS and Mr. MAURICE BROWNE, ought to strike us as flatly absurd. It is, in fact, genuinely moving—an intellectual thriller, ingeniously conceived and constructed, with sufficiently plausible embroideries of reasoned argument and scientific, philosophical and ethical dissertation and speculation. Misgivings and objections are skilfully blanketed as they arise in our minds, and the illusion of supreme crisis and intolerable suspense is maintained with remarkable success. It does, indeed, fantastically enter the half-instructed mind (like mine) fed on "outlines" of modern science that it is at least conceivable that a second tasting of the apple of the Tree of Knowledge might issue in some such catastrophe as is here foreshadowed by the ingenious authors. Some too-curious denizen of that planetary bomb, the earth, might, knowing at once too much and too little, monkey with the mechanism! However, all that is possibly beside the authors' intention.

Francis Lightfoot (Mr. FRANCIS JAMES), physicist, twenty-five years old, already hailed as a master by EINSTEIN, and recently awarded the Nobel Prize, is about to put before a Cabinet Committee the results of his latest discovery—a technique for the control of the energy in the atom, with stupendous implications. He has thirty thousand a year and the *P. M.* (Mr. H. R. HIGNETT) is his uncle, which may help to explain this unusual procedure. The *P. M.* has taken the precaution of having his nephew tactfully examined by two eminent neurologists, who declare him perfectly sane. In physics young *Lightfoot's* god is CLERK MAXWELL; in religion—the religion of Humanity—SHELLEY. The twelve Ministers assemble, chaffing or lobbying, ignorant as yet of the business to be discussed. The young scientist is introduced by his uncle, who alone is in his confidence. Being deficient in worldly wisdom the young man, opening on alternating notes of arrogant disdain and impassioned Shelleyan rhapsody, plunges into abstruse theory. That sardonic *viveur*, the *Lord Chancellor* (Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH), is truculent and obstructive and calls for facts. The suave philosopher, *Evelyn Arthur, Foreign Secretary* (Mr. FELIX AYLMER), intervenes as protector and interpreter. "Very well, you shall have the facts," says the genius angrily, jettisoning several pages of notes. "*I can control the energy in the atom!*"

Dunne, Commissioner of Works (Mr. REGINALD TATE), ex-board-school boy and engineer by trade, alone (besides the *P. M.* and *Arthur*) has an inkling of the implications—the Ministers as a body seem to have not even an outline acquaintance with atomic theory. *Mr. Arthur* interprets in simple phraseology: "Mr. Lightfoot means that he can turn this mahogany table into gold—if he were so vulgar—or lead, or make it disappear altogether." "Which means," says *Lightfoot* to the *Chancellor*, "that your law is obsolete"; to the *War Minister* and the *First Lord* (Mr. EVAN THOMAS and Mr. HENRY WOLSTON), "your armaments futile"; to the *Dominions Secretary* (Mr. F. KINSEY PEILE), "your talk of Empire and sources of raw materials mere babble. Everything is the raw material of everything else, just as I, the Master of the Atom, choose. I will give you a demonstration, and thereafter—a week from now—I will call to hear your plans for using this force which is to



A CABINET-SHAKER.

AN INFORMAL MEETING AT 10, DOWNING STREET.

Francis Lightfoot (*Controller of the energy of the atom*) . . . . . MR. FRANCIS JAMES.
Walter Grantley (*Prime Minister*) . MR. H. R. HIGNETT.
Evelyn Arthur (*Foreign Secretary*) . MR. FELIX AYLMER.

strike the fetters from humanity . . . The Millennium is at hand . . . Good-morning."

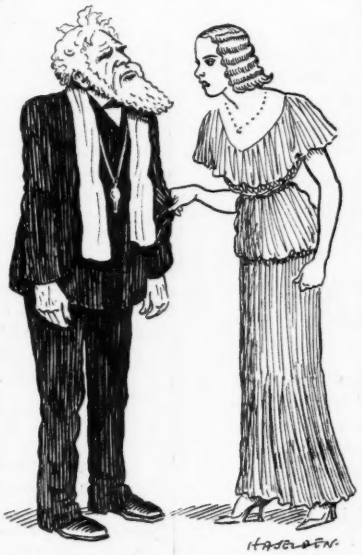
"Infant gasbag . . . Bumble-puppy," growls the *Chancellor*. But *Arthur* impresses the Committee with his own belief and his solemn, "Better for that young man and for the world if he had never been born."

And how that judgment is justified; how commonsense and worldly wisdom make their fight against Millennial Idealism; what grave steps the panic-stricken Ministers take with the courage of despair—they are converts now, having seen a cube of lump-sugar exploded, to leave a crater as big as that of Vesuvius, and a further horrifying demonstration of which they dare not speak; how they are thwarted by the Lord of the Atom, who naturally has made his little arrangements; how they face the doom that approaches, each according to his own strength and weakness; how they are reprieved and what is the significance of the title, *Wings over Europe*—I must leave you to discover. I can promise you unusually good entertainment, that is if you are not too hopelessly sophisticated and too inhumanly superior. You must, in fact, surrender yourself to our two hypnotists, as is only fair.

There are, by the way, hints of portraiture which will intrigue you. You may think there are unlikely Ministers in this Cabinet (introduced, you understand, to relieve the tension). Let me add that, though there was not a woman in the cast and therefore no love-interest beyond certain bitter allusions made in the agony of the crisis by the *Attorney-General* to the *Lord Chancellor* in reference to the latter's hobbies, there was not so much as the rustle of a crinkled chocolate-sheath, so wrapt in the adventure were the startled fair. And that, let me tell you, is something *like* a testimonial. T.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
(QUEEN'S).

Heartbreak House was originally labelled "a fantasia in the Russian manner on English themes," which was Mr. SHAW'S way of saying, "I know this impromptu of mine is a superb inconsequence, an interminable conversation about nothing in particular; but what of it? I can get away with it, and I can make you laugh with it." And he can, and does. The thing, moreover, wears extraordinarily well. It is too obviously a fantasia to date. English themes? Not particularly English; Shavian rather: the remorseless spider-woman; the peacock man; marriage as merely a business deal; good form as the cloak for universal hypocrisy; cold-hearted, stupid ruthlessness of the single-minded commercial gent set down with hearty prejudice and much beside.



Ellie Dunn (*Miss* EILEEN BELDON). "WHY DID YOU SELL YOURSELF TO THE DEVIL IN ZANZIBAR?"

Captain Shotover (*Mr.* CEDRIC HARDWICKE). "IF YOU'RE GOING TO START ASKING RIDDLES I MUST HAVE AN ELEVENTH GLASS OF RUM."

The two things that stand out sharply in this revival are the *Captain Shotover* of Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE, which London sees for the first time, and the *Lady Utterword*, which Miss EDITH EVANS again plays for us, not, seemingly, a day older and conveying as no one else is quite able to convey, pouring the whole of her rich personality into the part, the irresistible siren, giving to the witty phrase an added sparkle, perhaps also to the superfluous or commonplace phrase a flattering glitter.



THE LADY-KILLER.

Hector Hushabye . . MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.
Lady Utterword . . MISS EDITH EVANS.

For much of this conversation-piece the stage has no particular advantage over the study. But these two characters in the hands of these two players are given a flavour and a life that reading cannot give. *Captain Shotover* is, to begin with, a superb comic invention—one of the Jester's best. Mr. HARDWICKE enriches it and provokes the inevitable reflection that it was by unconscious prevision made for him and no other.

One usually smiles rather than laughs aloud at Mr. SHAW'S quips. This inspired, wild-headed, bearded, abrupt eccentric, with his orders, comments, insults, now extracts the hearty laugh from the pale detached intelligent and the well-nourished impending bankrupt alike. All that which was CEDRIC HARDWICKE has been left in his dressing-room. It was not wig, beard and grease-paint, but the transmogrification of figure, carriage, gait and voice that put before us a new man in no way related to *Churdles Ash*, *Richard Varwell* or *Captain Andy*, still less to *King Magnus*. And when he has things of grave import to say, as in that last speech in which a true sailor-man's high faith is declared, he reveals passion and conviction which we are ready to honour. We recognise that the man has not been merely going about barking his grim comments and absurdities to make us laugh. He has, in fact, been coming alive to make us take his serious points.

We all liked the clever study of the pathetic harassed *Mangan* by Mr. WILFRID LAWSON. He also unveiled a tragedy masked at first by the bluff of his trade. Miss EILEEN BELDON (*Ellie Dunn*), Mr. O. B. CLARENCE (*Mazzini Dunn*), Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE (*Hector Hushabye*) and their colleagues did not fail their author.

I thought Mr. PAUL SHELVING'S navy-blue trees and bathroom-green fields less worthy of him than the admirable night-scene whose peace—if conversations at Heartbreak House can be fairly called peace—was so rudely shattered by the enemy bomb.

A very jolly business. T.

FROM SAVOY HILL TO PORTLAND PLACE.

TEN YEARS OF BRITISH BROADCASTING.

TEN years ago we hailed the new invention
Just as a curious scientific freak,
But far from meriting the awed attention
Aroused in him who stood on Darien's peak;
Nor was it thought to warrant special mention
Among the passing wonders of the week;
The portent that had swum into our skies
Excited at the most a mild surprise.

Those were the days of cramped accommodation
For workers on the hillside of Savoy—
A Company, not yet a Corporation—
Who spent laborious days, with little joy
And hasty meals, in long negotiation
Before they gained permission to employ
Artists and actors, and allayed suspicion
Of any undermining competition.

Yet month by month new features and new choices
In plays and "talks" were added to the list—
Rag-time in which the heart of youth rejoices,
And Science for the budding physicist;
Till Party chiefs began to air their voices,
And finally, unable to resist
The lure and love of "Mike," the nightingale
Launched on the ether her immortal wail.

Then came, six years ago, the time of testing;
No more a toy to titillate the sense,
No more a mere excuse for jazz and jesting,
In hours when every nerve was strained and tense
The strength of wireless stood revealed, unresting,
Indomitable in the State's defence,
Lending its aid, with Wisdom at the helm,
To overthrow the wreckers of the realm.

* * * * * * *

This week, which crowns the progress of expansion,
The chiefs controlling ether in our isle
Invite inspection of their wondrous mansion
Planned and equipped in truly sumptuous style;
And minor bards, fettered by rhyme and scansion,
Who strive to celebrate this massive pile
Feel like the travelling tinker of the North
When first he saw the mighty Bridge of Forth.

Let dilettantes in their ivory towers,
Whose speech is esoteric, enigmatic,
Belittle wireless and deride its powers
As vulgar, noisy, crassly democratic,
Fitter by far to speed the lagging hours
Of those who crowd a cellar or an attic
Than to provide the souls of the *élite*
With satisfying spiritual meat—

Little they know—and little do they care,
Since common things are from their vision hidden—
Of the consoling voices of the air
Soothing the sightless, cheering the bedridden,
The lighthouse-watchers, men who bravely bear
The burden of captivity unbidden—
Voices that calm the heart and ease the strain
Of those who live in loneliness or pain.

This giant is no drone that sleeps or dozes,
Nor yet a monster armed with dragon's teeth,
And an impartial scrutiny discloses
The workings of a steadfast soul beneath;
The B.B.C. is not a bed of roses,
But well has earned and well deserves its Wreath;
For here at last we safely can applaud
One thing we manage better than abroad. C. L. G.

CULINARY CALCULATIONS.

"THE Master and Mr. Peter will be at home to luncheon, as well as Miss Jill and myself."

("Four to lunch," says Cook).

Voices off (above-stairs): "Peter, you must stay and talk to your father."

"It's no good, mother; I can't face him this morning. I'm not arguing with him. One can't help love. I'm going out."

("Three for lunch," says Cook. "Only twelve potatoes under the joint, Lizzie; they're too dear to waste").

Voice off: "Where are you going to, Sir? I thought I sent word that I wished to speak to you. You will remain here until I have said what I have to say."

("Four for lunch," says Cook. "Stick another three spuds in, Lizzie. Anyhow, *you'll* eat 'em if the worst happens").

Voices off: "If you leave this house now, Sir, you leave it for ever."

"If Peter goes, I go too. I understand my son better than you've ever understood him. We'll both go now."

("Two for lunch," says Cook. "Don't open that tin of fruit, Lizzie; they can have the cranberries and cream").

Voice off: "Nonsense! Can't walk out like this! . . . Sheer melodrama. For God's sake stop crying . . . Never seen the girl, but I consider her father's a bounder."

("Half-a-mo'," says Cook. "Don't be so heavy with that mint-sauce; I don't know where we are").

Voices off: "Her father's a man of unimpeccable . . ."

"I say he's a bounder . . ."

"And I refuse to argue. Coming, Mother?"

("Two it is," says Cook).

Voices off: "Daddy, don't be absurd; she's one of the nicest girls——"

"Don't you dare to interfere, Miss. If your brother's a fool——"

"Keep out of this, Jill, old girl."

"I won't! If you go, I'll go!"

("Oh, lor'," says Cook, "Miss Jill's off now. That leaves the old man, and *he* won't eat anything").

Voice off: "There, there, Jill; don't cry. One woman's enough. Look here, come into my room all of you——"

("Hold on," says Cook; "they're comin' together again. Shows their sense. No good tryin' to run other people's—— Here, don't be so free with that custard; this is a crisus. . . . S-s-sh!").

Voice off (telephone): "That you, darling? I say, you're invited to lunch in the bosom of the family. I'm nipping round right away to get you. Cheers! By the way, mother sends her love and says she doesn't know what you'll get to eat."

("Don't know what she'll get to eat!" says Cook. "Like their blinkin' cheek! What do they think *I'm* here for? *Five* to lunch. Open that tin of sparrergrass, Lizzie; and let's have a cup of tea. I've earned it if anyone has!").

"Vacancy in Nurse's Home for Chronic Lady or Gentleman."
Irish Paper.

There is no real cure for pernicious gentility.

"One of the largest of Manchester's suburban cinemas being destroyed by fire before last night's performance."
Caption in Daily Paper.

Last night's performance must have been a hot show.

SYCAMORE SQUARE.

THE FLOWER-WOMAN.

TWENTY-FIVE years
She's been sitting just there
At the right-hand corner
Of Sycamore Square.
She never looked young
And she never looks older,
With her black shawl drawn
Round each thin shoulder,
Her stiff straw hat
And her rusty frock
And her red hands knitting
An endless sock.
Twenty-five times
She's seen the Spring
Snowdrops, daffodils,
Tulips bring;
And those give way
To lilac and lilies,
Pinks and roses
And prim Sweet Willies,
And those in turn
To the small wan faces
And wistful eyes
Of Michaelmas daisies;
Till one cold morning
You'll hear her say,
"Nothing but chryssies,
My dear, to-day."
And there she'll sit
Till the year's Grand Chain
Has swung us the Snowdrops
Round again.

JAN.





Visitor. "I SUPPOSE YOU 'LL JUST ABOUT BE THE OLDEST INHABITANT ROUND HERE, EH?"
Native. "WELL, I *was* APPROACHED ABOUT IT, ZUR, BUT I DECIDED THERE WAS NO FUTURE IN IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

America Entangled.

THE S.O.S. from nearly four thousand million American dollars invested in Germany since the War has brought Mr. H. R. KNICKERBOCKER over on one more of his lightning tours of investigation. To be sure, he knew the ground pretty well before, but in six weeks of inquiry, recorded in *Germany—Fascist or Soviet?* (LANE, 8/6), he has asked every possible kind of question, pertinent and perhaps sometimes impertinent, about Germany's present position, and has received every possible kind of answer, with the single exception that no one has told him Germany intends to pay more reparations. He has heard the starving Reds of Berlin growling in their underworld and seen the starving textile workers of Saxony flocking to their churches. He has watched a thousand volunteers of the Reichsbanner, nearly all belonging to the host of Germany's five million unemployed, swearing to give their lives for the Republic; and he has been assured by Herr HITLER himself that under the inevitably approaching Fascist *régime* American investments will be safe, though subject of course to readjustments of interest. Mr. KNICKERBOCKER'S book shows many signs of hasty writing, but his final opinion is clear enough. After analysing the possibility of a turn-over, with or without a blaze of the ever-flickering civil war, to either Hitlerism or Communism, and after weighing the League of Nations in the balance and estimating the alternations between acute and chronic phases of the ancient Franco-Teutonic rivalry, he ultimately decides that America should be thankful for the Atlantic Ocean.

Diluted Dermotts.

In *The Way of the Phœnix* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA has supplied a sequel—and a rather disappointing and unexhilarating sequel—to the robust *Dermotts Rampant* of last year. *Tony Dermott* and *Rhoda Swallowfield* (*née Fletcher*), whose passions, embedded in the amber of larger issues, are the theme of the present story, strike me as rather unfair examples of the elderly Bright Young Things of the War era. *Tony*, the titular head of the *Dermotts*, is a paralysing compound of native irresolution and carping criticism; while *Rhoda*, as he justly admits, is "a woman of ordinary appetites" with a more than ordinary lack of scruple about the manner of their gratification. *Tony's* twenty-eighth year sees *Rhoda* married to the half-insane *Boldwater*, and *Tony* regarding his unbleached hair in a mirror and marvelling that it is "still black." His idol's subsequent manœuvres to revive her original suitor's affections, complicated—as in their previous legend—by the presence of another and more conventional woman, are obviously intended to engross the stage. Every now and again the hero and impresario recollects with a start that he is supposed to be writing about the effects of the Great War on the English feudal system, and makes over from private intrigue to *Weltpolitik* for a few grateful pages. In a book whose bowsprit has got so palpably mixed with its rudder it is only possible to single out stray pages for praise; and of these

the destructive analysis of *Rhoda's* predatory father, *Lord Stroud*, strikes me as one of the most satisfying.

An Election Comedy.

If all Elections went the way
That GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM'S are run
I'd have one every other day
And never mind which Party won.

Nor would it matter which might win,
For Candidates whom he provides
Apparently go romping in
With votes from all competing sides.

I'm judging by *The Silver-Gilt Standard* (from METHUEN, 7/6),
Wherein the electoral fabric 's built
On anything but politics.

So long as Candidates are sound
On naming babies, things to eat,
Or drapery in Art, they're bound
With any luck to win the seat.

The Crisis may be hinted at
And Economics get a show,
But only in amusing chat
As subjects no one wants to know.

And, oh! if there were more of this
Behind the average M.P.
How much verbosity we'd miss
And what a pleasure life would be!

Garden Fantasies.

To me the most attractive of gardening books are not sentimental and technical incitements to floral mass-production, but studies of the foibles of individual plants by a gardener who is himself an individualist. These conditions obtain in *The Curious Gardener* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), whose nine fascinating essays prove their author an inspiring blend of Jacobean connoisseur and mid-Victorian florist. Mr. JASON HILL does not overlook the braveries of landscape-gardening—witness his article on "Fastigiate Trees," with its sound recommendation of cypresses and Irish yews for smallish gardens; but his main interest lies in horticultural "period pieces" and home-bred novelties. "Antique Flowers" describes a hundred delightful old favourites, many revived or revivable to-day, and urges the keen collector to keep an eye on cottage-gardens for the rare pink, polyanthus or pompon chrysanthemum, neglected by larger and flashier growers. "The Rose Revived" tells the same tale—though more of us, I think, have actually recovered the old roses mentioned. "The Invisible Garden" reinforces BACON'S plea for the planting of scented flowers and foliage, with an interesting list of suggestions, which omits, however, the lemon verbena that, given a warm corner and a winter shakedown of straw, can be kept thriving even in the Midlands. "Queer Plants" and "The Return of the Cactus" leave me personally cold; but these articles will undoubtedly prove most serviceable to enthusiasts for the monsters in question. And "Elders and Periwinkles" is remarkable for the most entertaining piece of descriptive writing in a volume which has managed throughout to wed raciness to accuracy.



Seaside Boarding-house-keeper (a sensitive patriot) to friend. "DO YOU THINK, SELINA, IT WOULD BE WRONG TO TELL THEM THIS YEAR THAT THEY CAN SEE THE COAST OF FRANCE FROM HERE?"

Lumbering but Largehearted.

Even if Mr. RICHMAL CROMPTON were not such a good story-teller he would still be blessed among authors, for he writes about the sort of people one would like to know and deals lovingly with them as a creator should. I must say that I think his latest heroine, *Euphemia Tracy*, is given a better chance in the world of his book than she would ever have been allowed in real life. The chance happened on her fortieth birthday, when, after years

devoted to tyranny and malice, her invalid father died, having bequeathed his daughter to his only and particularly loathsome friend. Luckily *Euphemia*, as was natural to the child of a valet wedded to a parlourmaid, adored Rank and Beauty, and, as was also natural to one who had read only CHAUCER, SHAKESPEARE, MALORY and the Bible, saw nothing odd in the idea of setting out into the world to seek her fortune. So she sold the cottage furniture for twenty pounds, and with her rush-hamper, string-bag and geranium went to a Ladies' Residential Club in London. From there this gallant, lumbering-bodied, large-hearted creature, who was interested in everyone, began to look for a job as housekeeper, and was presently engaged by an author. The rest of her adventures were mostly happy, and are all well worth reading. Even though the author has invested her with rather unaccountable virtues and allowed her to become with too much ease the large friend of her particular little world, he has produced in *The Odyssey of Euphemia Tracy* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) as genial, likeable and amusing a story as I have read for a long time.

The Romance of Rebellion.

It is asserted on the jacket of *Dark Rosaleen* (COLLINS, 7/6) that "the whole story lacks nothing of the romantic, the tragic and the exciting," and with the justice of the second of these claims few, I imagine, will be disposed to quarrel. The Irish rebellion of 1798 was a sad unsatisfactory business, and Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has resisted the temptation to lighten the gloom by any material departure from the facts of history or, for that matter, by the introduction of a single humorous touch into her narrative. This would be no criticism if the story she tells contained all the ingredients of genuine tragedy, but unhappily Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD, though none can question his courage or his fervent patriotism, had neither the presence nor the prowess which help to reconcile us to the ultimate failure of men like PATRICK SARSFIELD, hero of *Brave Employments*, or the superb MASTINO DELLA SCALA. I could not help sympathising with General LAZARE HOCHE, who "seemed not altogether satisfied" with the "warmly-tinted, soft, pleasing face of Lord Edward." In this book Miss BOWEN is historian first and novelist afterwards; she has allowed a declared policy of rigid adherence to historical detail to rob her characters of a real chance to come alive, and has concentrated instead on the vindication of the virtues, public and private, of the leaders of the United Irishmen. In this task she has more than succeeded, and the result should be welcomed by all who desire some insight into the mind and ideals of the Irish patriot.



Suitor. "SIR, I WISH TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER."
Company-promoter. "IN THAT CASE I SHALL WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR FINANCIAL POSITION."
Suitor. "I HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY AND FURNISH A HOME, SIR."
Company-promoter. "GOOD! SIT DOWN. I THINK I CAN SHOW YOU A BETTER INVESTMENT FOR YOUR MONEY."

The Untamed Sarah.

By common consent JOHN CHURCHILL, the youngest Colonel in the British Army, was a brave man. And, although he himself was at the time unaware of it, the bravest deed of his life was probably his making SARAH JENNINGS into *Sarah Churchill* (PHILIP ALLAN, 12/6). She was indeed an amazing creature—vital, tempestuous, avaricious, proud. I am disposed to agree with Mr. CHANCELLOR when he says in this entertaining account of HORACE WALPOLE'S "Old Sarah" that, whereas she was always MARLBOROUGH'S "dearest Soull," her own affection for him was of a colder nature. Nevertheless SARAH was intensely proud of her husband and suffered no one to criticise him unrebuked in her presence. Quarrelling with all and sundry and amassing wealth seem to have been the chief preoccupations of her stormy life. Courage she undoubtedly possessed in overflowing measure, and a tongue as sharp as a rapier. After MARLBOROUGH'S death her hand was sought in marriage by the Duke of SOMERSET, who subsequently married Lady CATHERINE FINCH. On his wife's tapping him playfully with her fan he reproved her by saying, "My first wife was a PERCY, and she never took such a liberty." I tremble to think what SARAH'S retort to that remark would have been.

A Fatal Ring.

The Division Bell Mystery (HARRAP, 7/6) stands apart from the ordinary ruck of sensational tales because in the telling of it Miss ELLEN WILKINSON does not hesitate to use her knowledge of the House of Commons, and her comments upon its procedure and its Members are by no means lacking in shrewdness and humour. For instance, the *Home Secretary*, who became involved in the murder of a millionaire, is described as having "all the drearier virtues of a public man," while *Lord Dalbeattie*, who was a hustler, remarks, "I've often wondered what it is that happens to most men—not all, of course—when they get into a Government. All parties seem to catch a low fever." Although you may be puzzled to discover by what means the important financier was slain, I think you will soon get upon the track of those who were responsible for the murder. Miss WILKINSON'S entrance into the field of detective fiction, will, I imagine, be greeted with general applause.

Sound Advice.

Mr. M. D. LYON, himself a distinguished cricketer, is an enthusiastic lover and student of the game, and his technical instructions to beginners and those who teach them in *Cricket* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 5/-) are both sound and suggestive. I note, for instance, that in his opinion boys can be bored by unlimited doses of cricket. "In spite," he says, "of the schoolmaster's difficulty in keeping his flock amused during the long summer afternoons, I feel sure cricket on four days each week is ample." Mr. LYON'S humour seems to me to be often more facetious than amusing. In other respects I can testify to the value of his book and I heartily commend its informing illustrations.

CHARIVARIA.

BY kissing after their divorce, a film-star and her husband have set a laudable example to the many couples who part as though there was a coolness between them.

* * *

In view of the vogue for self-sacrifice in the theatrical world, it is anticipated that a prominent actress will shortly announce that she is giving up double her salary.

* * *

M. STALIN, the Soviet leader, is said to be a very clever entertainer and mimic. It must be great fun hearing him make a noise like a dove.

* * *

"There seems to be no solution to our world-problems of to-day," says a Bristol clergyman. It is evident that the reverend gentleman does not read his BEAVERBROOK.

* * *

The portrait of Lord IRWIN at Burlington House has impressed Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as being so lifelike that it almost speaks. Another view is that it is lifelike enough to refrain from speaking about India to Mr. CHURCHILL.

* * *

Oxford undergraduates are reported to be growing beards, and it is feared that this cannot long escape the notice of the University authorities.

* * *

A dancer is planning a ballet version of *Hamlet* without the words. We should love to see this done with one of Mr. G. B. SHAW'S plays.

* * *

Mr. ROBIN JOHN reminds us that his father, Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN, was a brilliant footballer, but was never tempted to turn professional. It is not said what offers, if any, were made to him by Chelsea.

* * *

A lady-golfer points out that the practice of putting a penny in front of the ball teaches the player to keep the head down in order to see if the penny is still there. This undoubtedly is the secret of the proficiency of Scotsmen.

* * *

An adaptation of the postman's hat is the latest fashion for women; but our prediction is that it will be disdained by the young lady at the stamps counter.

In a description of the interior of the new B.B.C. headquarters it is stated that artists are so overawed by its palatial solemnity that they forget their jokes. Yet we hesitate to give the designers credit for this intention.

* * *

A woman's cooking reveals her character, we are told. On the other hand, our cook's "character" didn't prepare us for her cooking.

* * *

Smart women have abandoned the surprised expression except on occasions when they see smart women who haven't.

* * *

The composers of a new "jazz" tune say that they got their inspiration from the back-firing of a lorry. Another argument in favour of effective silencers.

* * *

A London firm undertakes to do all the business of the spring-cleaning; but it is not stated whether this includes feeding the husband.

* * *

We read of a motor-hearse that was in collision twice on the same day on the Dorking Road. People will be more nervous than ever of getting buried.

* * *

It is now suggested that those who dodge in front of cars should be prosecuted. We fear that this attempt to rob the pedestrian of his simple pleasures will not be received very kindly.

* * *

According to a ballot made by *The Literary Digest* twenty-nine per cent of the American people are in favour of Prohibition. In consequence of this there is some talk of the law being put into operation.

* * *

"No good purpose is ever served by worrying," says a medical writer. We keep telling our tailor this, but he never seems to take any notice.

* * *

A novelist has confessed to a gossip-writer that his hobby is fishing. It is what novelists do for a living that causes all the real trouble.

* * *

A gossip-writer mentions that he shaved himself while travelling in an air-liner. In America, of course, sky-scrapers are quite common.

* * *

A Newmarket trainer reports that a cuckoo has become a frequent visitor to his stables. Is it thinking of parking its egg in a mare's-nest this year?

* * *

A man has been reprimanded for laughing in court. He had the excuse that after all the court was not a theatre.

* * *

A Scottish film organisation is asking for scenarios. The "pawkies" are bound to come.

* * *

A correspondent in a daily paper sees the income-tax demand note as "the work of a man without heart or soul, without understanding or even common sense." An income-poop, in fact.

* * *

A horticulturist says that bulbs suffer from a disease which is equivalent to pneumonia. That may explain why our bulb remains so firmly in its bed.

* * *

A man announced in a London Court that he was going to live in Chicago. This is one of the hardest things to do in Chicago.



Seedy Individual. "YOU, SIR, CAN'T REALISE WHAT IT MEANS TO KNOW YOU HAVEN'T A BOB IN YER POCKET."
The Other. "CAN'T I? I'VE GOT A SHILLING-IN-THE-SLOT METER MYSELF."

A GOOD WORD FOR THE WEATHER.

SOME curse the Spring for being late this year:
Unless, they say, she gets an urge on,
The date of Summer's advent will be here
Before the buds attempt to burgeon;
Which is irregular and spells disorder
In the herbaceous border.

To such this devil's advocate replies:
"What should we do without the weather?
With airs for ever soft and open skies
Pray, how should we converse together,
Losing, if seasons ran their scheduled ambit,
Our table-talk's best gambit?"

I stayed at Aswan (on the river Nile).
For thirty-six years—most monotonous—
They'd had no rain to speak of. All the while
There never fell one single spot on us.
Robbed of my morning theme, the weather-chart,
I breakfasted apart.

My manner grew morose and taciturn;
I got to loathe this semi-tropic;
Nostalgia took me; I began to yearn
For England and our English topic;
Finally I took ship for that dear shore
Where I could talk once more.

The country seemed depressed; but, when my friends'
Sad chat becomes a grim obsession,
Upward I look and pray, and Iceland sends
For my relief a new depression;
I change the subject, saying, "Is it not
Disgusting weather—what?"

Be this your solace when you look in vain
For any sign of something vernal;
Curse all you can these filthy spouts of rain
And say you find the Spring infernal;
But what we owe her when she's late and wet
We bores must not forget. O. S.

THE HONOURS LIST.

AN INDIAN APPLICATION.

As he proudly narrates in the correspondence to which I have already referred, my old bearer Fusaldar is now engaged in business as a "Cheap John Merchant." The idea of his name appearing in the Honours List was probably suggested to him by some of his friends in the bazaar, but the brilliant conception of the anticipatory newspaper paragraph is characteristically his own. The old man's queer communication, which has just come to hand, runs as follows:—

"For some time past I am making deep cogitation over matter of considerable importance. Now I am coming to final decision of applying for name appearing on Honours List. Therefore I am humbly request of Master will send some good wording of grand petition for me with particulars as follows:—

"First part of career I am having long and honourable service of bearer of British Officer Sahib. Many box I am having choke full of chit of recommending of all my many Masters, all of which, alas, is dead and gone for various reasons, except my last good Master which I am sending these few lines, and which has not so far, thank goodness, followed unfortunate majority. I am serve with Officer Sahib from Kabul to Kandahar when the great ROBERTS Sahib is make his famous name. I am in the Tirah and the Dargai and many other battle too numerous to mention. My feet is sore with the Khyber Pass. Many time death is only passing me with skin of teeth. One time rogue Afridi wallah is chasing me and I am running with soup for my then Master in one hand and small whisky peg in the next, and am only finding safety with inches to spare, and still some soup and whisky left over for delivery for my Master. Within many box aforesaid is to be read true story of such warlike career of me, and is open for inspection.

"From his own lips Master will bear witness for me of long years we are being together. I am reminding Master of one time he is sick with terrific fever. There is fearful temperature and Master is raving for me of medicine is no good and I must send for Fire Brigade to put him out. But I am braving wrath of Master and am carry on with bottle with happy result of life is spared.

"Once more, there is time when Master is late for make it ready for dinner of Flagstaff House and there is horrible discovery of no clean shirt. On that occasion Master is throwing boot at me. But I am doing successful dodge of flying boot and am saving Master of awful responsibility of giving me maybe fatal blow.

"All aforesaid item, and many other not mentioned, making sum total of great deserving for me of Honours List.

"But crowning act of me for clinching bargain is five six year ago I am retiring from bearer business and turning into Cheap John Shop. Since becoming Cheap John Merchant I am continually cementing chain of Empire with selling all sort and condition of goods at lowest rates for poor man, and always I am keeping British Goods in very forefront of all other, though many time all is not beer and skittle. Master must make big noise in petition of said part of career.

"Now with utmost confidence I am letting cat out of bag for benefit of Master with information of great secret preparation going on in my business. Babu is working, tailor fella is working, painter is working. One fine day soon population is to wake up to find all window of my shop decorated with red white and blue ribbon, and there famous secret will be revealed at last with innumerable notice of immense letters, 'Never Setting Sun of Empire Pyjamas.' Crowning act of piece will be my son Nana making slow to and fro in front of shop with notice printed all over the breast, 'I am happy man wearing Never Setting Sun of Empire Pyjamas.'

"Now this is matter of most utmost urgency and am humbly praying Master will send cable message for me. If probable successful result of petition Master will send word 'Good.' Sad event of petition no blooming use, Master will send word 'Bad.' Good reply coming I am of intention of getting Babu friend of me preparing newspaper story same like: 'Our famous Cheap John Fusaldar Khan is shortly of expectation of name appearing on Honours List for honourable military service and for recent great action of introducing celebrated line of goods of Never Setting Sun of Empire Pyjamas.'

"With heart in mouth I am now waiting cable message of Master."

With a sad heart I have cabled, "Bad."

How to Solve the Colour Problem.

"FINANCE POLICY IN MANCHURIA.

. . . 3. The Chinese and foreign Custom officers now in employ shall be restained."—*Peking Paper.*

"The regular weekly meeting of the Club will be at the Y.M.C.A. next Saturday, when they will joint the Pacific Young People for supper."—*Japanese Paper.*

That should test their pacifism.



CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND? YES.

CUPID (*as Call-boy*). "GET ON WITH IT, MISS PRIMAVERA, OR YOU'LL MISS YOUR TURN ALTOGETHER."



First Belated Reveller. "I ASK YOU—NOT A TAXI IN SIGHT!"
Second Ditto. "CAN YOU BEAT IT? LONDON'S BECOMING FOULLY INCONVENIENT."

FACIAL TOPIARY.

I HAVE recently been pursuing my researches into what is practically a dead form of culture and one which might very picturesquely be revived at the present day. I refer to the art of topiary in beards.

The earliest authentic mention of it that I can trace occurs in the little-known diary of the Abbé Mouton, who wrote in the middle of the sixteenth century: "There are no bounds to the oddities of Brother Gingolphe. He has lain in his cell these three days with a lax rheum, and when I went in to him this morning I found him to have passed the time in fashioning his copious beard with a small pair of shears into the veritable similitude of a frigate in full sail. A quaint conceit . . . but I fear it may draw upon him the Cardinal's displeasure. . . ."

Brother Gingolphe's beard must indeed have been unusually copious to have given him sufficient raw material with which to make a clean job of his frigate in such a short space of time. His is an exceptional instance. I find that in most cases, even where there is no indication of a paucity of unhewn fibre, a year was considered the minimum period in which a really handsome piece of topiary could be produced.

And sometimes it took longer than that. For in Twemlowe's Chronicle (*circa* 1700) there is a record of one John Poggins, an eccentric sailor, who lived alone in a mud-hut on the South Downs, and there devoted the last ten years of his life to the formation of a hirsute gargoyle which, as it grew gradually more perfect, became the pride and envy of the countryside. Luckily Twemlowe has enshrined for us a few details of Poggins' methods. The greater part of each day he spent barbiculturally, massaging the young gargoyle with a preparation of lambs'-fat compounded with the gizzards of young plovers. Most of the time he wore, clipped to his jaw, a light wire frame, on which he disciplined his beard, and once a week, with an infinity of patience, he pruned it. "The beaste was of a fair gold colour, very beautifully wrought, and it was so large as almost to obscure his midriff." Although there was a general demand for its preservation when Poggins died, it was unfortunately interred with his other remains and so lost to the nation.

Facial topiary has always been the affair of the isolated artist. There could certainly have been no communication between Poggins and his contemporary, Van Boost, the pastor of a little hamlet on the Zuider Zee, who snipped his rich brown growth into the semblance of a cathedral, which, although he wore it upside down, is said to have overwhelmed spectators with the singular beauty of its proportions.

Similarly we must regard as sporadic the case of the Tibetan seer, Khamdo-Phung, living in the same period, of whom we are told that "in youth there flourished on his chin a fine black dolphin; but he later substituted for it a grey and waning moon more consonant with his years and dignity."

But perhaps I like best the story of the German poet, Spruzel (1754–1814), whose name lives on not for his doggerel but for the noble piece of artistry which is known to have depended from his face. In the shape of a hollow urn, of ruddy hue and immense size, it was the fruit of twenty years of unremitting toil. What pleases me most about it is that it was not merely an ornamental urn, but served Spruzel as a receptacle for his tobacco and his tinder-box. With him it was tragically destroyed in a disastrous conflagration, in which arson was suspected.

I have come upon no examples of the art in the chronicles of Turkestan, the Middle Hebrides, or Crete; and that cited by Scipio Tuppio in his *De Pomerania* is shrouded in the deepest doubt.

Amongst animals I have succeeded in tracing only one exponent, an aged goat belonging in the last century to a Connemara farmer, who piously trimmed the brute's straggling imperial into a creditable replica of the alleged features of ST. PATRICK.

In 1870 the explorer, Marco Halma, reported that he had found in the Pacific a small island where the natives reproduced in their beards the likeness of their tribal deity; but a couple of years afterwards the island turned turtle in a seismic convulsion, and in any case these topiaric attempts were too crude for serious consideration.

But it is significant that they were the last on record. Are we to allow this most exquisitely human of the arts to perish? There seems to be every reason why it should be resuscitated, for it costs nothing, the materials are potentially available on every adult male chin, and in its simplicity and homeliness it should provide a very beautiful and uplifting substitute for the Sunday cinema in the Reformed Week-end which we are now approaching.

Let us all vie with one another in facial topiary. Let us all be busy beavers. I myself may even lead the movement, for I have in contemplation a small-scale model of the Taj Mahal, in ginger. ERIC.

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

PEKINGESE.

(To Sari.)

THE little dog of China,
His was the high degree,
His was the ancient line, ah!
What pedigrees had he!
His brow was big with learning,
His eyes were big with love,
His tail it waved, up-turning
His sable back above.

He owned the palace entry
That no man might dispute;
When he walked in each sentry
Must spring to the salute;
He walked, the little lion
That shadowed kings of old;
For kings alone he'd hie on
Or come to heel when told.

A courtier he for ever
To save the royal face;
He knew that never, never
Do kings take second place;
When Hwang the King went walking
His heel he kept from harm;
When Hwang the King sat talking
He kept the royal arm.

He walked when Hwang went walking,
His heel he would not leave,
He sat, when Hwang sat talking,
Within the royal sleeve;
Within he sat to do ward,
As lion as could be,
Lest aught should come untoward
Upon His Majesty.

Now in the palace garden
The King at chess would play,
And first it's "Sire, your pardon,"
And then it's "Sire, I pray,"
And last, as white as butter,
The King's opposing Lord
Must soon be heard to stutter
"Checkmate" across the board.

But, lo! there's sudden sable
And sleeve bereft; for, lo!
A sleeve-dog's on the table
Where chessmen tumbling go;
A King says, "Pray, don't trouble,
It's nearly tea-time now;"
A Nobleman bends double
In much-relieved *kow-tow*.

More proudly than the peacocks
The sleeve-dog does behave;
His ears how highly he cocks,
He walks how lion-brave;
His brow is broad with learning,
His eyes are bright with love,
His tail it wags, up-turning
His little back above. P. R. C.



Member of Parliament. "I SHALL TELL MY CONSTITUENTS THE TRUTH."
Friend. "ARE THINGS *QUITE* AS BAD AS THAT?"

OUR MONTE CARLO LETTER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Trudging about in the rain at Monte Carlo this morning I observed a number of stern-faced elderly men and women advancing down the street. They wore the air of those who catch the 9.15 in dear old England, I thought. But they were on their way to that haunt of pleasure, the Casino, and I followed them in.

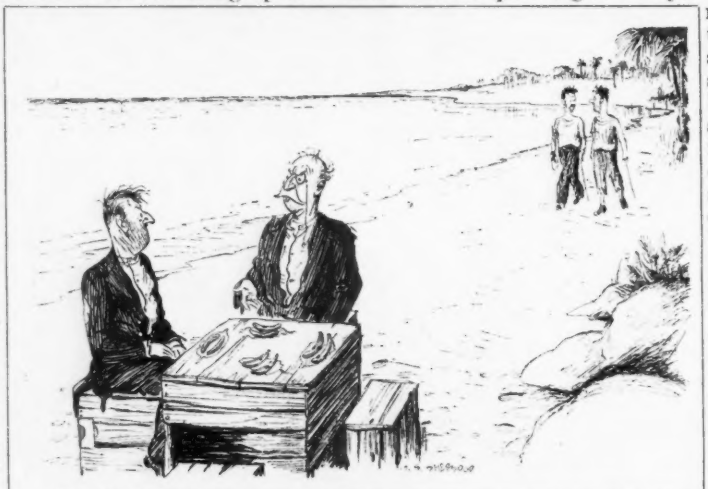
Other people's pleasures are nearly always queer, and none are so queer as the pleasures of the young, in the eyes of the elderly. The young have seldom the time or the inclination for a back-answer; but if ever they want one let them visit the Tables at Monte Carlo at ten o'clock in the morning.

Gambling begins at that hour. And a few minutes later, this morning, all the tables were full. The Slaves of the Tables sat crouched over the green baize, solemn, unsmiling, with little note-books before them full of figures. "*Le sept*," murmured the *croupier*, and all the elderly men and women wrote down "7" in their little books. Then they studied profoundly the rows of figures in their little books. One or two cautiously pushed forward a ten-franc chip on to an even chance. But most of them sat contemplative and wise, doing sums, until "*Vingt-trois*," said the *croupier*, and then all the slaves wrote "23" dutifully in their little books. They looked like earnest children at a dictation-lesson in arithmetic, only that in a class of children there is generally some sign of intelligence and life.

There was no hurry. They had the day before them. Nor was there any sign of eagerness, excitement or even enjoyment—none of the human emotions generally associated with gambling. Sometimes you would see a slave engaged in calculations so complex that for half-an-hour he would not gamble at all, only write down every figure as it was announced—waiting, I suppose, for the 7 to be due again. Sometimes the figures were written down simply in vertical columns, sometimes in strange curving lines flanked with mysterious signs, sometimes horizontally in the form of graphs.

All this figure-work, I understand, means "systems"; and all the systems are infallible. At each table there were perhaps two or three gamblers gambling in a base unsystematic fashion without taking notes or doing arithmetic; but never more. And the strange thing is that with so many infallible systems up against it the Bank does not go broke once a week. But the Bank seems to hold its own. And the largest piles of chips I saw were in front of the unsystematic ones.

I could not discover the precise daily routine of the slaves; but I know that they begin work every morning at ten. It is just like going to the office, only the hours are longer. I believe they have a break for lunch and another before dinner. Sometimes there may be night-work too; but if the system is working up to schedule and has paid for the dinner I believe they take the evening off and have a quiet talk at the hotel about systems. Some of them, I am told, do this all the year round.



The Stickler. "LOOK HERE—DON'T YOU THINK THAT WE WHO MANAGED TO GET AWAY FROM THE WRECK WITH OUR EVENING KIT SHOULD DINE SEPARATELY?"

Well, it is nothing to do with me. Live and let live. I only wish to observe that these old things looked just the kind of old things who think it unnatural and wrong for young people to want to dance and drink wine at twelve o'clock at night once in a way; but it is of course quite natural and right to play roulette at ten o'clock in the morning every day of the week.

A similar subject arose last evening. Bridge. The spacious public lounge of the good ship *Orange* is provided with a grand piano and an expensive gramophone; and the sub-title of the room is the Music Room. But nobody dares to play the piano because the old trouts who play the childish game called bridge look daggers at anyone who so much as opens the instrument. So the piano remains mute from one end of the ocean to another, unless some enthusiast creeps in and strikes a secret note or two while the bridge-players are dining or dressing for dinner. But there is still the gramophone, which is operated by a steward. Yesterday was Sunday, and after dinner the steward was playing, to the pleasure of a great number, some records of a fairly elevated character—PUCCINI, CARUSO and so forth. About seven lots of trouts were playing bridge (which in public on a Sunday appears to me to be reprehensible). And presently one of these Sabbath-breakers requested the steward to stop playing the gramophone because it disturbed their bridge.

When we heard this information I regret to say that some of us became rather perverse and hostile. If the music had stopped because the steward was tired or busy (which would shortly have happened in the ordinary course) one might easily have survived the rest of the evening without music. But as it was the blood boiled; we pointed out to the steward that we were in the Music Room and not the Bridge Room; and reluctantly, as a measure of discipline, we caused that gramophone to be played without cessation till 11 P.M. Personally I have never listened to a gramophone so long in my life, and hope I never shall.

Unchristian protests continued to be flung at the poor steward and us by the bridge-gangs throughout, and there were moments when we almost softened our hearts. But afterwards I had a talk with one of them, and he revealed a state of mind so shocking that it amply justified our harsh procedure.

What I have sometimes feared and suspected has now, it seems, come to pass. *Bridge has become a sacred game.* I never play bridge myself, having already quite enough ways of wasting my time. For me it has the status of any other parlour pursuit; it is as dominoes, halma, ludo, part-singing, reading, crossword-puzzles, backgammon, dumb-crambo, chess or draughts. And I know very well that if all the passengers had a sudden craze for crossword-puzzles, chess, draughts, backgammon or reading (all intellectual sports), not one of them would think of asking a steward to cease from public

music because it hampered their cerebrations. Nay, if half of us were writing novels or tragic poems in the neighbourhood, would the bridge-players think it necessary to hush their shrill arguments and tedious repetitions? Never. No, bridge is the supreme social activity, to which all others must reverently bow. A special hush must reign around the holy sport. The fellow made this perfectly clear and was genuinely astonished that I remained unfriendly.

And he nursed the delusion (common, I now find, among his kind) that bridge, unlike music, is a quiet sport, inoffensive to others. All such delusions are well tested in ships and other public places. And, speaking as a literary man who now and then tries to do a little work in quiet corners of the ship, I can say that nothing is more devastating than the approach of a bridge-party or two. I would rather have a gramophone, a game of quoits or a crying baby in the vicinity. Before they settle down at all they must move every chair in the room, shut or open every window, ring for stewards and generally raise Cain. Every now and then (I know not why) they get up and play a sort of musical chairs, and the game is for every player who moves to tread on my feet. Most of them have penetrating voices and (it appears) malignant minds; and the *post-mortem* bickerings are disturbing—both for the unmusical sounds they make and the unchristian atmosphere they spread abroad—to anyone at hand who is engaged in some more serious activity.

For these and other reasons, Sir, I decline to regard this odd card-game with reverence. I mean it no harm. It may go on so far as I am concerned. But it had better go on, as it generally does, in special rooms or cells where it cannot be a nuisance to other people. If (as in this ship) there is no special place, bridge must grin and bear it, as music and literature and chess have to do. And where there is conflict bridge must cease to assume that it has a sort of religious immunity. And we, my brothers, must see to it, especially in ships and public places, that bridge is not allowed to give itself airs, otherwise (and I see it coming) bridge will become a sort of indoor cricket, in its own estimation. It will be a disgrace not to play bridge; our children will be educated in the "bridge spirit"; we shall hear that such-and-such conduct is "Not bridge."

Besides, if this card-game is such a brainy affair then the brainy people who play it should be able to *concentrate* —to isolate themselves from the surrounding noise and labour on regardless. As I, poor mutt, have to do—indeed, am doing now; for all the bridge-trouts have invaded the smoking-room and there is a noise like the Battle of the Somme. A. P. H.

Hoochabuy Baby.

"Seizure of the British schooner Messenger of Peace, with a cargo of liquor off the North Carolina Coast, was reported to-day."
American Paper.

"Our grandmothers wore folds of taffeta twisted tightly round their necks, and tied in a neat bow under the shin."
New Zealand Paper.

No wonder they were such poor hikers.



Wife. "I THINK YOU'RE A PIG. YOU NEVER AGREE TO ANYTHING I SUGGEST."
Husband. "ALL RIGHT, OLD THING; DO IT IF YOU'RE SO KEEN ON IT. I'D LIKE YOU TO."
Wife. "I'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND. WHY SHOULD YOU ALWAYS HAVE YOUR OWN WAY?"

CALLIOPE RETURNS.

II.

OUR epic poem, entered for the POET LAUREATE'S competition and entitled *The Triple Death*, has now (it will be forgotten) reached the point at which, the police being hopelessly baffled by the murder of Lord St. Botolph, found shot, poisoned, bludgeoned and hanged, the great detective, Fitney Herder, has devoted himself to the task of finding which member of the household could possibly be the culprit. For none, it seemed, had a reasonable alibi during the night of the tragedy.

"Who did it, Fitney?" said Sir Richard Pyke.
"Have peace, Sir Richard, for the love of Mike!"
Said Fitney Herder. "Leave it all to me."
And so he brooded on the mystery
And nosed about all corners in the dark,
And sifted dust-bins and dug up the park
To find the will that Lord St. Botolph left,
If any will there was.
With fingers deft
He searched the panels of the dead man's room,
Thinking, "*Cui bono?* Profit unto whom?"
In the tall elms he heard the wood-doves coo,
And each one seemed to ask, "Who did it—who?"
The flowers came out, and every hedge grew greener.

He found the will inside the vacuum-cleaner,
Torn into little pieces, bit by bit,
And gummed it up and made one whole of it.
He and Sir Richard Pyke the warm night long,
Till the birds roused them with their matin-song,
In the big library, with anxious faces,
Got all the little bits into their places.

Breakfast was over. Everyone stayed still.
"The will!" they cried. "We want to hear the will!
Read it, good Mr. Herder, out aloud!"
So Fitney Herder read it to the crowd.

It should be remembered that wills in detective fiction are not in the least like ordinary wills. Any advantage may be taken by the author for the purpose of increasing the bafflement of the reader. The whole estate, for instance, may be left to the second footman or the under-gardener's wife or someone who has not come into the story at all so far. Or the whole of the deceased's fortune, whoever may be due to receive it, is perhaps contained in five-pound notes and locked in a safe and sunk in a pond. In this case, for the sake of epic audacity, we will assume something stranger still.

Lord St. Botolph, the well-known corpse,
Had left ten thousand to each of the Thorpes;
Colney Sutton, the park and house,
With thirty shillings to Colonel Grouse,
And nothing whatever, not even the view,
To the Colonel's daughter, the lovely Sue.
But each of the servants received the sum
Of a thousand a year till kingdom come.
He had also given to each of the staff
A signed and mounted photograph;
His whole collection of walking-sticks
To the second housemaid, Beatrix;
To Perkins, the butler, his signet-rings
And various other useful things;
And many and many a priceless book
Fell to the lot of Carter the cook;
While two tiaras with flawless gems
Were the upper housemaid's, saucy Em's.

There now seems to be no very strong reason why any one person more than another should have murdered Lord St. Botolph, seeing that he was completely potty and better out of the way. The deepest suspicion clearly falls on the niece, Susan, who, discovering, contrary to her expectation, that she was not the heiress, might possibly have poisoned his coffee, have shot him six times with an automatic pistol (probably one possessed by her father), struck him on the head with some blunt instrument, *e.g.*, a warming-pan, and, being a strong healthy girl, strung him up quietly to the chandelier without arousing the attention of the household; afterwards tearing the will to pieces and sweeping the carpet with the vacuum-cleaner in order to eliminate all traces of her activities.

This at least is the case that immediately presents itself to the mind of Sir Richard Pyke, who is prepared to have a warrant made out immediately.

Sir Richard Pyke became convinced
That Susan Grouse, on the thirteenth *inst.*,
On pretence of fetching at half-past three
A bottle of sal volatile
Left that night in the drawing-room,
Had dealt to Lord St. Botolph his doom,
Drowning the noise of her six-shooter
By means of a patent silencer,
And fetching her uncle a whang on the head
In case he was not completely dead;
While she hoped that the poison might be mistook
For the action of Mrs. Carter the cook;
And the fastening up to the chandelier
Would in all probability appear
To be done by the butler, Mr. Perkins,
Who understood the electrical workings.

A sound if not subtle analysis. But it does not appeal to the more delicate intuitions of the great Mr. Fitney Herder.

Against this theory of the murder
Nothing was said by Fitney Herder,
Except that he could not hold it proved
Till all suspicion had been removed
From the other parties who happened to be
About on the night of the tragedy.
It was true that Colonel Grouse possessed
A revolver, the barrel of which was messed,
But so, it appeared, did Thorpe, and so
Did the butler, Perkins.
None could know,
Why all these shots, all these revolvers?
That was the puzzle set for solvers.
"Could anything, Pyke, be much absurder?"
This was the view of Fitney Herder.

Night fell, and found him tense and grim,
Sucking his pipe as the lawn grew dim.
Every solution had its rifts—
What was the meaning of all those gifts?
Why did the murderer wish to shoot
And bash the man on the head to boot,
And poison him first and tie him up
To the chandelier, like a tethered tup?
And what of that heir in Uruguay?

The moon climbed, and the scent of may
Mingled with musk its pleasant smell.

He rose and touched the electric-bell.
Perkins, the butler, brought him drink;
He sat down once again to think.



Scot (to his Fiancée). "I BOUGHT YE SOME BONNIE SWEETIES, BUT I MUST HAE LEFT THEM IN THE TRAIN."
Fiancée. "THAT'S A PEETY."
Scot (by way of cautious consolation). "MEBBE I'LL MIND YE AGAIN."

The sweet pale face of Susan Grouse
Ever since entering the house
Had haunted him and stirred his mind
And moved his heart and made him blind
To any possibility
That one so pure, so proud as she
Could ever have conceived the sin
Of doing Lord St. Botolph in—
She, who had thought herself the heir
To all the old man's pile, this fair
Fresh rosebud, now to be accused
Of having bumped him off, he mused. . . .
But say some other will were found
Leaving this girl the cash? He frowned.
He had known criminals of every type,
But none like Susan.
He knocked out his pipe.
We will leave him for the moment doing that.

EVOE.

"A large English Manufacturer (100 years old) requires five Junior Salesmen."— *Advt. in Nottingham Paper.*

Slim Youth at the prow and outsize Age at the helm.

"A shareholder of the International Match Corporation has filed a petition against the company alleging that the bad management of the latter has involved losses for over 250 million collars."
Chinese Paper.

Should dirty linen be lost in public?

HINTS FOR HIKERS.

(With acknowledgments to most of the Daily Press.)

THE hiking season has now come round again and all true hikers should be hard at work getting ready for "the road." A few hints, therefore, from one who has been a confirmed hiker ever since the pastime was invented two years ago, and who even before that used to go on walking tours, may not come amiss.

Now the first thing that hikers, both male and female, must remember is to wear the proper clothes, and too much attention cannot be given to this essential. The supplement to my dictionary defines the verb "to hike" as "to wear shorts (*fem.*)," but in spite of this it is not out of place for men to wear shorts too, though grey flannel "bags" may occasionally be substituted by the unconventionally minded. Of course, dungarees, burnouses, frock-coats, tights and so on are definitely out of the question for a man; while for a girl to wear such a thing as a tweed skirt is to make herself the laughing-stock of every Press photographer she meets. For the fair sex indeed "shorts" should be the only permissible garment—not the sole garment, of course; there should invariably be something else to carry them on up to the neck—and I know many a girl who has taken up hiking for no other reason.



Mabel. "GEORGE, BE A BRICK; GET MY POWDER-PUFF OUT OF MY PACK."

Camping out is the next point that concerns us, and in this connection too much care cannot be taken over the choosing of a site for the camp. It is best to start looking out for a suitable "resting-place" quite soon after the mid-day halt, for very often one may not be met with for a mile or more, particularly in residential districts; and nothing is more annoying than to settle upon a camping-place and then find that your companions are too "foot-sore" or weary to make the camp.

An ordinary square field affords the best site, but be careful to make certain first that it is not already occupied by other bands of hikers, or even by blocks of flats, barracks or factories. Square fields are better than circular fields because circular fields are so difficult to find. Drinking-water is an essential adjunct, but experienced hikers always carry a hazel-twig and a spade in case the desired "H_2O" should not be immediately discernible on the surface.

The first thing to do in making a camp is to find the direction of the prevailing wind, but as it may not be prevailing at the time you may have to wait for a few days for this. The male members of the party, after doffing their rucksacks and arranging them in a small "zareba" round the recumbent forms of their fair comrades, should mark down a suitable tree to fell for firewood. Remember that poplar, sycamore, teak and deodar do not burn well, and that ash, oak, palm and the bark of the kauri pine (*Dammara australis*) are to be preferred. Apple and pear both burn with a charming blue flame which will make the camp-fire a delight to the eye. Out of consideration for the owners of the land another tree should always be planted before leaving to replace the one cut down; it is attention to these little courtesies that ensures a welcome for those who come after you.

For felling the tree, by the way, a hiker's portable axe will be found preferable to a clasp-knife, though the best tool is a cross-cut saw, which may be purchased at any nearby tool-shop and has the added advantage of letting your "pal" at the other end do all the work. From the wood left over a few camp luxuries, such as rough tables, chairs and an ottoman or so may be knocked up. If there is a saw-mill adjacent the bole may be "casually" carried over, and for the "price of a drink" to the foreman you may find yourselves the possessors of several good planks which may come in exceedingly useful; or if they don't can always be left behind when you "break camp."

Delightful little "bivouacs" for the night may be made of osier, withies or resilient twigs which the nimble fingers of your fair companions will soon learn how to plait, and before retiring to rest your outer garments may be stretched over the framework thus provided. In case of rain, however, a place should always be found in the rucksack for a bell-tent or a small marquee. Never pitch a tent on tram-lines if it can be avoided.

A disused ditch also makes a very comfortable "sleeping quarter" with a small expenditure of labour, but you should remember to dig a "by-pass," a little deeper than the existing ditch, round the portion you intend to use, or the constant passage of running water, even though you sleep with your head upstream, will result in your nights being somewhat "broken."

To kindle a fire a good plan is to rub two sticks together for a long time and then very quickly light a piece of paper under them with a match. But be sure the paper is not wet or it will not burn.

A meat-safe is perhaps a luxury, but it is not a bad idea to beg or borrow from your grocer before you start a few old soap-boxes and biscuit-tins. The boxes may be knocked apart and the tins hammered out flat for convenience in carrying on the back. A few minutes' work upon arrival will suffice to restore them to their original shape.

And so, if all "work with a will," camp will be in full blast within the week and a delightful night may be spent in the arms of Mother Nature, while the clearing-up will not occupy more than another day or so, during which it is advisable to take rooms close by so as to be "handy" to the scene of your labours. After which the hike may be resumed.

And so the youth of Old England goes swinging out into the countryside, head high and a song upon its lips. A. A.

"How many times have I sat patiently through 'The Merchant of Venice' to hear that beautiful scene between Nerissa and Lorenzo, 'On Such a Night!'"

Critic in Daily Paper.

Poor *Jessica!* So that's how it all ended.

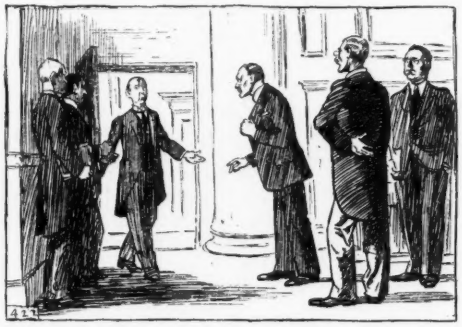
ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



So this is why farming doesn't pay!



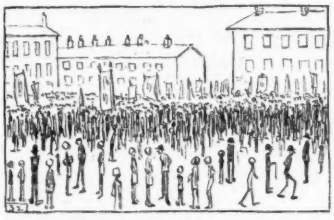
She. "Do you know that one of your eyebrows is upside down?"
He. "Yes, I have to be funny sometimes."



Arrival of a Bank of England Messenger conveying the Governor's refusal to extend these gentlemen's overdrafts.



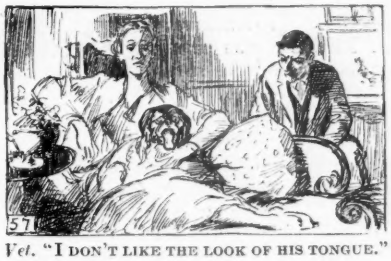
THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.
The Owl. "I think I stand a good chance here!"



Demonstration at Manchester in favour of slimming.



Flouting the conventions in Rotten Row.



Vet. "I don't like the look of his tongue."



The Arts Club. Light-hearted Members (referring to No. 42). "Dismal crowd over there."



One crowded hour of glorious still life.



The Arts Club. Pessimistic Members (referring to No. 347). "Cheerful idiots!"

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XIX.—A Hunt Dinner.

Mr. Birdikin was not himself addicted to the pleasures of the chase, but he judged that fox-hunting was the legitimate sport of the English gentry and to be encouraged by those to whom Providence had assigned a situation of superiority, such as he himself enjoyed. Consequently when the Earl of Bellacre, as Master of the West M—shire Hunt, sent him an invitation to join a party of foxhunters at dinner he was pleased to accept, and caused himself to be driven over to Bellacre Castle with anticipations of a pleasant evening before him.

The noble host set before his guests a dinner in which fish, flesh and fowl were abundantly represented, and provided an assortment of wines and other alcoholic beverages to which those present did full justice. The later proceedings of the evening were enlivened with song, and it was not until a late hour that the party broke up. When it did so Mr. Birdikin was informed that his coachman, Bodger, was not in a fit state to drive him home, being at the moment in a recumbent position under the table of the servants'-hall, where he had partaken too freely of the potables so generously provided.

Mr. Birdikin was rescued from what might have been an awkward predicament by Captain Rouseabout, who offered to drive him home in his dog-cart, and, although his opinion of his neighbour was a low one, a certain mellowness which had been induced in him by the good cheer he had enjoyed led him to fall upon Captain Rouseabout's neck and inform him with tears that he was his life's preserver.

He was helped to his seat in the high dog-cart by Captain Rouseabout and his groom, while a stableman held the horse's head. All three of them were unfortunately in a state of imperfect sobriety and made hilarious remarks at Mr. Birdikin's expense, which at another time he might have resented. But as he chanced to knock the groom's hat off his head as he was hoisted up he was so overcome with laughter himself at the absurdity of this accident that he nearly fell from his seat, and Captain Rouseabout, opining that he was, as he expressed it, "bosky," judged it desirable to strap him into it.

This operation occupied some time and at first amused Mr. Birdikin excessively, but upon feeling the strap tightened around his body he burst into tears and begged Captain Rouseabout to have pity on his wife and innocent children.

They drove off, and, although Captain Rouseabout was still under the influence of his too copious libations, his lifelong skill with the reins prevented greater divagations from a straight course than if he had been walking along the road. The journey was cheered by song, in which Mr. Birdikin, having recovered from the momentary drop in his spirits, joined with the full force of his lungs. He had a powerful and pleasing baritone voice, and informed Captain Rouseabout, after a burst of melody, that his singing had made such an impression upon Mrs. Birdikin in her girlhood that she had consented to make him the happy man that he now was.

They were by this time approaching Byron Grove, and the confidence thus imparted to him gave Captain Rouseabout the idea of serenading the ladies of the house. Mr. Birdikin was pleased to fall in with this suggestion, but, thinking that Mrs. Birdikin might prefer to hear his voice alone raised under her window rather than have it mixed with the more raucous strains from Captain Rouseabout's throat, was relieved by a further suggestion from that gentleman that he should direct his melodious attentions to Miss Smith. He could not at the moment call to mind the chamber in which the governess was reposing, but, reflecting that Captain Rouseabout would be even more ignorant of its whereabouts, directed him to a window round the corner of the house and returned to take his stand under the casement of his consort.



"Captain Rouseabout . . . offered to drive him home in his dog-cart."

At this moment the front-door was thrown open and Miggs, the butler, appeared on the threshold, having waited up to admit his master.

At the sight of him it occurred to Mr. Birdikin that any vocal tribute he might wish to pay his wife would be more comfortably and conveniently addressed to her in their marital chamber than from the carriage-drive at three o'clock on a winter night; and then it came to his recollection that Mrs. Birdikin had left home that morning on a few days' visit. He therefore prepared to enter his mansion. As he did so the frosty air was split by a loud "View-halloo!" with which Captain Rouseabout was calling attention to the more musical efforts with which he designed to follow it, and there ensued a lugubrious wailing which represented his ideas of music as adapted to the expression of love.

Mr. Birdikin was instantly struck with the gross impropriety of a man of Captain Rouseabout's character affronting the sanctities of his home by those cacophonous strains. He despatched Miggs post-haste to bid him begone, and, feeling the need of repose for himself, began to doff his habiliments under the impression that he had already reached the seclusion of his bed-chamber.

* * * * *

The lateness of the hour at which he had retired to rest caused Mr. Birdikin to pretermit his invariable custom of appearing at the breakfast-table and encouraging his children by precept and maxim to engage cheerfully in the duties that lay before them. Though still far from having completed the span of life allotted to mankind by the Psalmist, he had reached that age at which divergence from habit carries a penalty with it, and he awoke with a headache, which inclined him to a view

of life the reverse of rosy. So strong, however, was his sense of duty that he arose, shaved and dressed himself with his usual nice sense of what was due to a man of his standing, went downstairs and, learning that Bodger, the coachman, had returned, caused him to be summoned to his presence.

The interview was a short one. Mr. Birdikin was not in the mood to listen to excuses from his servant and, in his then state of debility, was wishful of a further period of repose. He pointed out to the coachman the enormity of yielding to the temptations of insobriety and told him plainly that any further lapse on his part would lead to his instant dismissal. Bodger, subdued in spirit, left him, and he locked the door of his room and extended himself upon a couch.

Refreshed by a morning spent in slumber, he appeared at the luncheon-table ready to take his leading part in the intercourse with which these family meals were enlivened, and was immediately called upon to settle a dispute that had arisen between the children.

Fanny had declared that she had been awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of the waits, and the others had said that as it was not yet the season for their visits she must have been overtaken by a nightmare.

Mr. Birdikin endorsed this opinion, but Fanny still declared that she had heard the strains of "The Mistletoe Bough" before she had fallen asleep again. Mr. Birdikin rebuked her for her obstinacy and bade the children consume the rest of their meal in silence.

After luncheon Miss Smith begged for a few minutes' conversation with her employer and, when she had accompanied him to his room, she said, "Mr. Birdikin, you have submitted me to insult, and I must demand an apology from you or I shall inform Mrs. Birdikin when she returns home that I cannot remain a member of your household."

Mr. Birdikin was greatly taken aback by this address from a dependant upon his bounty, and inquired of Miss Smith in what way she considered him to have submitted her to insult.

"It was not the *waits*, Sir, that Fanny heard last night," she replied, "but the voice of a person to whom you yourself shouted out, 'That's her room. Give it tongue!' I was awake and recognised your voice."

Mr. Birdikin had no recollection of having used the words quoted, but hastened to inform her that it was Captain Rouseabout who had driven him home, he feared in a slight state of intoxication, and expressed a wish to serenade Miss Smith; that he had thought the attention would not be displeasing to her and had permitted it as a means of getting quit of Captain Rouseabout. If he had unwittingly offended her he would express his regrets, and begged that she would not bring the episode to the notice of Mrs. Birdikin.

Miss Smith accepted the apology and gave the required undertaking. When she had left him Mr. Birdikin again took to his couch, relieved in his mind that the disturbances attendant upon the Hunt dinner were now at an end.

A. M.



"NO, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY INCOME TO PAY TAX ON. BUT WHAT I REALLY CAME IN TO SEE YOU ABOUT WAS TO COLLECT THE REBATE ON MY WIFE AND CHILDREN."

Jollity in a Manse.

"MERRIE ENGLAND FAYRE.

. . . . Last year the result of the bazaar was £260 9s. 7d., but they had not kept all this for themselves. They had given the aged ministers' fun £10 . . ."

Cornish Paper.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Public Art Gallery, Derby, from May 21 to June 19; at Ipswich, July 7 to August 4; at Aberdeen, August 18 to September 15; and at Middlesbrough, September 29 to October 27.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



"Excuse me, Sir, were you an eye-witness of this smash-and-grab raid?"

THE SWEEP.

I like to look on his grimy phiz,
So eager and full of fight,
To mark the gleam of those teeth of his
And his eyeballs' glint of white
As he enters, shaking the kitchen-ware
And shedding a shower of soot
And setting on every step of the stair
The print of a big black foot.

It's lovely to see him scale the roof
As lithe as an acrobat,
And stand on the chimney-ledge, aloof,
Where there 's scarcely room for a cat;
It's lovely to hear the muffled boom
As his rods descend the flue
And to wait and watch in the dining-room
Till his magic brush comes through.

I like the sweep for his doughty deeds
Performed in a hero's style;
I like to look on his gloomy weeds
And to bask in his sooty smile;
But I like him best when he lifts his gear
And pockets his paltry fee,
And he and his brushes disappear
Till the Spring of 'Thirty-three.

The chimney-sweep is a gallant chap,
And that is the reason why
I always raise my hat (or cap)
When I see a sweep go by;
Not on some superstitious plea
Do I give him my grave salute,
But because he is always polite to me
And I like to follow suit.

W. H. O.

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH HIS PUTTER.

It was during a round on the Rough-over Links with his old friend, General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I. (12), that Lionel Nutmeg (15) expressed himself bitterly on the subject of his indifferent putting.

The General was dormie two at the time and could afford to administer magnanimous advice.

"You don't give yourself a chance," he said. "You've never taken the trouble to master the elementary points that make for a good putt."

"But I take the club back with my left hand, follow through and——"

"Yes, I know," returned the General; "those rules may be all very well for professionals and so on, but, damme, Sir, people of our calibre want something with more meat to it."

The Man of War produced his leather pocket-book.

"Got these from my father in '97," he said, reverently handing his friend an old and frayed bit of paper. "Find they rarely fail me."

Nutmeg took the instructions and read:—

Nine Essential Rules for Putting.

(*a*) Take a deep breath.

(*b*) Fearlessly lay hold of the handle of the club with both hands.

(*c*) Keep the heels on the ground, the big toe of the left foot turned upwards and slightly outwards.

(*d*) Throw the torso about until it settles comfortably.

(*e*) If the lower lip starts to quiver grip it instantly with the eye-teeth.

(*f*) Count slowly up to seven.

(*g*) Pray fervently.

(*h*) Strike the ball in the direction of the hole.

And finally,

(*i*) Shout at the top of your voice, "Go in, you brute!"

There was a note of exultation in Nutmeg's voice as he said, "Perhaps you'd let me take a copy of this, General; it seems to be just what I've been wanting for years."

For Cooks with Cold Feet.

"Cook, standing in hot water, whipping all the time."—*Instructions in Daily Paper.*



THE BOND OF SORROW.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 9th.—"Did the FOREIGN SECRETARY realise that something was wrong?" asked Sir WILLIAM DAVISON plaintively *à propos* of the Lena Goldfields award. Sir JOHN SIMON replied that the Government was satisfied with the action the Government was taking, but did not explain what that action was. Something, it seems, is still wrong to the tune of £13,000,000.

China's overdue contributions to the League of Nations have become a sort of obsession with Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, who cannot bring himself to believe that in this particular club of queer trades non-payment of the "sub" does not involve loss of privileges. The explanation seems to be that the privileges are nearly as illusory as the Chinese Government's I.O.U.'s.

Naturally the FOREIGN SECRETARY could not tell Sir A. KNOX whether Government clerks in the Southern Sudan with salaries of seventy pounds a year had to buy their own quinine. No doubt his private opinion is that anybody who can live in the Southern Sudan on seventy pounds a year must be too tough to need quinine.

Ten persons, Sir JOHN GILMOUR explained to Mr. MCENTEE, had applied to the Ministry of Agriculture for licences to keep musk-rats. It would seem that in spite of agricultural depression the expected rush of the British farmer to beat his middle-white pigs into musk-rats has not yet materialised.

The Second Reading of the Finance Bill naturally involved the covering of much ground already well-trampled in the Budget debate. The Labour Motion for rejection, moved by Mr. C. BROWN of Mansfield, reiterated abhorrence of a Budget that threatened to enlarge the scope of indirect taxation, and Mr. BROWN himself declared that in relation to their wealth-producing power the working people of this country were worse off than the slaves of ancient Rome, which is possibly true, since the Roman slave was not, generally speaking, a producer of wealth.

Sir ROBERT HORNE plunged fearlessly into a plea for controlled inflation by this country as a bold contribution to the rise in world-prices and its corollary, cheaper money, without which the world could not hope to get on its economic legs again. We must have a managed currency, Sir ROBERT explained, but it must be managed by the Bank of England under the Government's orders and not *vice versâ*. He personally would like to see the Bank Rate at 2 per cent or even lower if it would help us to get back to the prices of 1929. The tone of Sir ROBERT'S speech might be described as one of optimistic pessimism. The world might win through to prosperity again, but, as



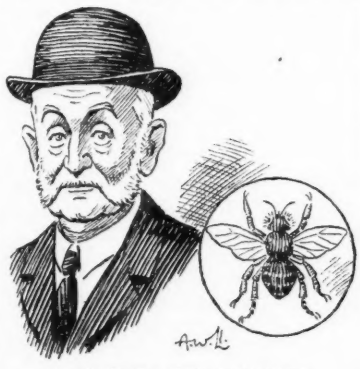
BROKEN WEDGWOOD-WARE.

"This Budget destroyed all hope of the taxation of Land Values."

COLONEL WEDGWOOD.

the Duke of WELLINGTON said of the Battle of Waterloo, it would be a "damned close-run thing."

Lord BORODALE thought the Budget had disappointed the majority of people whose hopes had been unduly



A BEE IN HIS BOWLER.

Inset: The Bee (*Apis Capitalis Sanguisuga*).

"Gentlemen opposite were so obsessed with their old prejudices against Capitalism that they still thought that Labour could be made to flourish by the destruction of Capitalism."

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. LANSBURY.

fostered by the popular Press—a view that does more credit to the lungs of the less expensive newspapers than to the brains of his lordship's constituents. Major NATHAN and Colonel WEDGWOOD joined in the demand for moderate inflation, but the gallant "JOSH" was far more concerned with the abandonment of land taxes than with the jettisoning of the Gold Standard.

Mr. AMERY requested the Government to realise that taxation had by now reached a scale at which it operated as a 33⅓-per-cent duty on British manufactures. He added that no fiscal or economic policy would be complete unless founded on an Imperial basis. Let them remember that not one penny of the £400,000,000 lent to the Empire in the last ten years was in default, while of the £203,000,000 lent to foreign countries £145,000,000 was in default.

Mr. BUCHAN, studiously ignoring the flowery paths of esoteric finance, advanced a plea as stern and rugged (though not so wild) as Caledonia itself for economy, more economy and still more economy.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN contented himself, on the fiscal aspect of the debate, with pointing out that in the Government's opinion also the pound sterling now stood undesirably high. The Government wanted to see a rise in price levels, but still more the return of confidence that such a rise would engender, whether it were encouraged by a yet lower Bank Rate or not.

The Government still considered the question of economy as paramount, and would not disappoint the House in that respect. Meanwhile it was proposed to grant immediately a twenty-per-cent duty on imported silk manufactures to prevent dumping, while the whole question of permanent duties on these articles was under review.

Tuesday, May 10th.—Lords and Commons paused from the day's work to express their sympathy with the French Government and the people of France for the murder of the late President DOUMER. Lords HAILSHAM, PONSONBY and READING in the Upper Chamber and Mr. BALDWIN and Mr. LANSBURY in the Commons voiced with dignity and eloquence the feelings that none in either House can have failed to share.

Lord PONSONBY is one of those uneasy noble democrats who suffers from an occasional rush of disillusionment to the head. The rush to-day took the acute form of a Motion to the general effect that the Geneva Disarmament Conference was a "wash-out" and qualitative disarmament a sham. War, he declared, would only last the longer if it were waged with kid-gloves.

Needless to say, this ill-timed explosion brought a veritable hornets'-nest of protesting peers about the ears

of the exploder. "Utterly senseless!" cried Lord ALLEN OF HURTWOOD in maiden protest. "A most deplorable opinion," echoed Lord READING. "A doctrine of despair," protested Lord HAILSHAM. Even Lord PARMOOR, who never suffered a rush of anything to the head, found himself in sharp disagreement with his colleague. Lord PONSONBY retorted philosophically that he hoped they would all prove to be right and he wrong.

In the Commons Mr. BALDWIN informed Mr. V. ADAMS that there are no conditions attached to the POET LAUREATE'S job, for which he gets seventy pounds a year and twenty-seven pounds in lieu of a cask of sack. Mr. ADAMS is presumably one of those people who think that whether the Laureate gets the sack or not should depend upon whether he (in the homely language of Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY) "churns out a piece" when the appropriate occasion arrives. Or perhaps he has heard the rumour that Mr. MASEFIELD is at the moment engaged upon an epic of national importance dealing with deflation.

Mr. CHURCHILL is in great form these days, and if he sparkled less than usual to-day the subject and not the speaker was to blame. The subject was the resumed debate on the Finance Bill, and Mr. CHURCHILL raised again the "unfashionable subject of economy." What a chance the National Government had to show what it could do! And besides, what was the good of being a National Government if you were not prepared to do unpopular things? No use to ask why he, when he was Chancellor, had not done them. He had had to fight in a party atmosphere.

The House permitted itself a slightly cynical smile at the suggestion that the right hon. Member for Epping, who thrives in a party atmosphere as an orchid does in a hot-house, had ever allowed popular clamour to sway his rigid financial instincts.

It did not, he continued, require the hard thinking mentioned by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to produce the required economies. He simply had to order the Treasury officials to come through with cuts to the tune of the required millions.

On the subject of currency and inflation Mr. CHURCHILL seemed more willing to rush in than to tread in Sir ROBERT HORNE'S footsteps. He described gold as a sort of financial constable that had once been a faithful servant but had gone mad as the result of injuries received, and pointed out that Sir ROBERT'S picture of a world struggling to achieve the happy medium between the apoplexy of too much gold and the anæmia of too little left out of account that the patient was also suffering from neurasthenia as well.

Wednesday, May 11th.—Harassed by Sir WILLIAM DAVISON on the subject of the opening by the Postal authorities of letters to and from Ireland, Sir KINGSLEY WOOD sought to make it clear that the hidden hand is the HOME SECRETARY'S and not his.

The torpidity of an uneventful Question-Time was somewhat impaired when Mr. EMMOTT, in a Private Notice Question, asked the DOMINIONS SECRETARY whether it was the Government's intention to enter into negotiations with the Irish Free State Government in



"I am a very humble person (laughter)."
MAJOR ELLIOT.

regard to the application to the Irish Free State of the Import Duties Act after the 15th of November, 1932.

Mr. THOMAS'S reply was to the effect that if Mr. DE VALERA'S Bill to cancel the Oath of Allegiance became law H.M. Government could not be expected to discuss any further agreements with a Government that had thus repudiated an obligation.

With the Second Reading of the National Health and Contributory Pensions Bill the House resumed its accustomed calm. There is something very soothing about Sir HILTON YOUNG.

"The clergy would be well advised to use all their efforts to prevail upon those who wished to place monuments in churchyards to set their faces against white marble."
Bradford Paper.

Very chilly for the nose.

THE ADMIRAL'S CAT.

(*With a word of advice to the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.)

RAKEHELL cats! That's it. HENLEY, I thank thee for teaching me this application of the epithet. For the rakehells of eighteenth-century London were idle reprobates who loafed all day and made night hideous with dissolute brawling—and so do the rakehell cats of twentieth-century London.

Cats are bad citizens, anti-social. Dogs help mankind in its work and play, but no cat ever carried a newspaper or a stick for anyone, or turned a spit or dragged a cart or sledge. What use would cats be to the monks of St. Bernard? Cat-racing is unimaginable; a cat hunts but for itself alone; and what man has ever shot over cats? War-cats are out of the question; nobody ever cried havoc and let slip the cats of war; cats insist on doing the crying and havoc and war in their own selfish way—mostly at night in other people's back-gardens!

Can anyone imagine Mr. Punch confiding in a feline Toby or a cat playing "lead" to GRACIE FIELDS in a revue? No, cats are not workers nor artists nor sportsmen—poaching isn't sport—but rakehells and impostors who curl up innocently on hearthrugs until they feel inclined to go out rakehelling, thus adding a sly and furry hypocrisy to their other vices.

All of which means that I have had a letter from the Admiral next-door—"a stinger," I have no doubt he calls it, couched as it is in what he thinks the language of the quarterdeck, but what I hold to be vulgar abuse more fitting to the fo'c's'le—with a complaint about my Cairn terrier barking in the garden at night; the simple fact being that the Admiral's cat chooses *my* garden for noisy and disreputable assignations, which are quite properly, though perhaps too emphatically, resented by my dog.

A cat, apparently, may not only look at a king, but also destroy the nightly repose of his lieges, and the lieges' dogs must suffer in silence with their masters. For a dog, poor honest fool, is easily identifiable and so fixes upon its owner legal responsibility for its noise. But no one is held responsible for a controvertible caterwaul. A cat owns its owner, exacting bed and board and using his house only as a daytime restaurant and dormitory; after that they go out and *le soir tous les chats sont gris*. So I could never swear that one or other of the slinking shadows under my laurel-bush, which elude my dog as well as his master's bootjack and old golf-balls, is really the Admiral's beast.



Variety Agent. "'FRAID HIS TURN 'S A BIT TOO HIGHBROW."

My dog, of course, tells me quite distinctly with his eyes; but unfortunately what one's dog *looks* isn't evidence. Like all born criminals, cats are experts in dodging detection; that 's why they've given their name to the more daringly agile sort of burglar. They inherit a sneaking elusiveness that is uncanny. Not for nothing have they been for centuries the satellites of sorcerers and witches.

Besides, it's notorious that they can cover incredible distances at night; and it's not impossible that the Admiral's cat may be ruining the nerves of another brain-worker at Hampstead while the pair on my toolshed have come all the way from Hammersmith or Hornsey to ruin mine. One can't apply for a summons on a surmise, and the Admiral's cat is probably quite ready with an irrefutable alibi.

What am I to do? Deny my dog access to his own bone-cemetery after dark at the dictation of a mere cat's-paw in a cocked hat? Let us, at any rate, have equality of treatment. Let cats be licensed like dogs, but on a heavier scale. In London alone there are some seven million people, of whom one at least in every dozen feeds and houses a cat. On the basis of a one-pound licence, that works out at about five-hundred-and-eighty thousand pounds, from London only, towards a shilling reduction in the income-tax. And then there's Birmingham—NEVILLE, your own Birmingham—and all the other big urban areas—and back-gardens. Here, my searcher for untapped sources, is a tip for your next Budget that should satisfy even SNOWDEN. I'll mention that in my reply to the Admiral, which in all fairness shall purport to come from my dog. It's nearly midnight, but now 's the time:—

"DEAR ADMIRAL,—In reply to yours of even date, your cat, if I may say so, possesses a *coloratura soprano* of exceptional range and purity. But, though I say it as shouldn't, my own *basso vivace* was acclaimed the outstanding feature at Cruft's recent recitals. Therefore I regret your failure to appreciate our *notturno* duets and must deprecate your suggestion that they should be replaced in the nightly programme by a *solo felino*. But I am willing to cancel the concerts by mutual consent, and would propose that your cat should render further comparison impossible by the transfer of its musical ambitions to some distant platform—say Covent Garden (it seems to prefer gardens) or the Meeowlian Hall. If this can be arranged I will give up my singing and take to crossword-puzzles. After all, both our houses have wireless, and in a few days' time we shall have the nightingale to listen to.

Yours antiphonically,
CHALIAPIN MCCAIRN.

P.S.—It may interest you to hear that a suggestion is being made to the CHANCELLOR for an annual licence of not less than one pound to be levied on cats. I know that as a patriot you will——"

MEEOOUUWOUE! . . . SPTZZST! . . . THUD!

The postscript, you notice, is unfinished. You see, the window was open and the inkpot nice and handy.

MR. PUNCH'S WHITSUNTIDE CROSSWORD.

STARTLING CONCESSION TO OUR READERS!

SENSATIONAL NOVELTY!

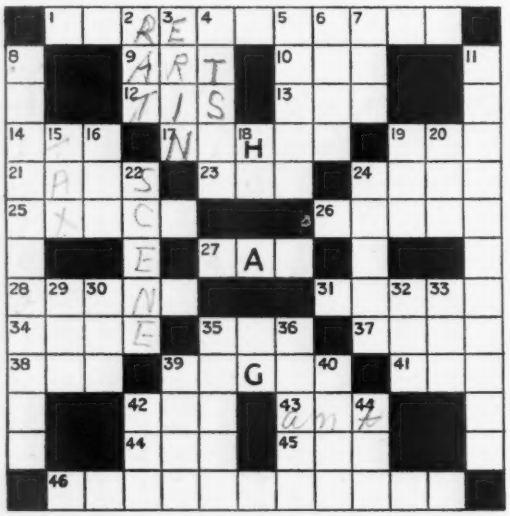
£1,000,000 NEED *NOT* BE WON!!

ENGLAND A FREE COUNTRY STILL!!!

ABSOLUTELY no compulsion will be exercised on any subscriber to this paper to make him win a huge money prize in connection with the Crossword puzzle printed below. In fact he cannot. No huge money prize is being offered. Honour amongst his friends, a sense of duty nobly performed, a *succès d'estime* at the moment, burial perhaps hereafter in Westminster Abbey, will be the consolations of his virtuous endeavour. Looking at other crossword puzzle-solvers rolling by in their luxurious limousines he will be able to murmur to himself—

"Better the life of freedom, the status of the amateur, than gilded slavery in shameful ease."

Yeomen of England! (and yeowomen!) enter now!!



Across.

1. The poet is mixed up with the ceiling.
9. Not at Burlington House?
10. You won't find 'em in this conveyance.
12. It is.
13. You can have a row with this.
14. In the arras.
17. Very little to be got out of this.
19. Heroes grow pale under it.
21. Fruit for eyes.
23. Surprise at judicial procedure.
24. Bearing.
25. You probably are.
26. Takes or is taken.
27. An animal with a long tail.
28. Awkward situation of listeners-in.
31. *Va t'en!*
34. A muddled plan.
35. Into the sand?
37. None meant.
38. Lucky dip for the hero of 35 down.
39. The vehicle is confused about starting.
41. Where you were at 35 across.
42. The dog returns.
43. So does the hill.
44. A poet's finance.
45. One of the immortals.
46. O golly! Greed (anag.)!

Down.

2. Half of what saved the human race.
3. There's anger in this isle.
4. What his friends might say when a famous gangster is released.
5. By charabanc?
6. NANSEN'S ship.
7. Back in the arras again.
8. Out of work.
11. Present condition of the British taxpayer. Perhaps?
15. Not a penny off it.
16. Not back.
18. Westward this year?
19. Not back again.
20. What happened to this car is easily described.
22. Where it occurred?
24. Inform.
29. Had gout.
30. Certify.
32. One of a number of things that it is not wise to be off.
33. If gold, 32 down does not apply.
35. See 38 across.
36. Lip drill.
39. Need not necessarily give way to overt lamentation when confronted by another in cereal surroundings.
40. Hilarious Bohemian environment.
42. Complaint about summer-time.
44. This kind of centenary doesn't come seven times in two thousand years.

The hardest word to guess, on the whole, is probably the one in the centre of this puzzle, as there appear to be two alternative solutions. No prayers or entreaties will wring from us which one of these is correct. It has been placed in a sealed envelope in the custody of Mr. MONTAGU NORMAN, who will open it in the Bank of England and in the presence of the LORD MAYOR of London, on the thirty-first of June.

But we will give this hint in confidence. It has whiskers.

EVOE.

NO FALLING OFF.

("How many men of to-day," asks a writer, "could imitate the feat of Young Lochinvar?")

OH, Young Lochinvar has come out on his steed
And looks on its back very awkward indeed;
To stay in the saddle seems all he can do,
And how will he manage the lady there too?

"They are off!" wrote the bard, but he didn't think how
His words would come true if they tried a horse now;
But let the young couple elope in a car
And, if the girl drives, you won't catch Lochinvar!

W. K. H.

"At present the work on the Cathedral is progressing very favourably, owing to lack of funds."—*New Zealand Paper.*

But very unwise to admit it.

"The first work, 'Revenge,' deals with the valorous deeds of Sir Richard Grenville in the stirring days of the Spanish Inquisition."
Irish Paper.

It was he, it will be remembered, who bowled out TORQUEMADA four Sundays running.

AT THE PICTURES.

BRITISH SENTIMENT AND GALLIC GAIETY.

I WAS wondering, as I watched the film that has been made out of Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE'S wistful and appealing play, *The Faithful Heart*, how long it is since I first saw one actress playing the double parts of mother and daughter—namely, our beautiful invader, Miss MARY ANDERSON, as *Hermione*



A MATE IN THE MAKING.
Blackie . . . MISS EDNA BEST.
Waverley Ango . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.

and *Perdita* in *The Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum: wondering, because in *The Faithful Heart* we see this dual *rôle* once more, both *Blackie* the mother and *Blackie* the daughter being impersonated by Miss EDNA BEST. How long ago was it? Too long; certainly forty years. *Hermione* and *Perdita* were too far removed from daily experience—sublimated, like everything at the Lyceum—for ordinary captious comments to be made about the similarity of their classic features, and of course their ages were sharply differentiated; but since *Blackie* the first, the Southampton barmaid, died when she was quite young, and *Blackie* the second, the London nursemaid, is only nineteen, and nothing has been done with Miss EDNA BEST'S attractive features, our involuntary exclamation is, "Aren't they too much alike?" and we are shocked when Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, who was *Blackie* the first's lover, is not staggered by the recognition. For, as it happens, although nineteen years have passed since he last saw *Blackie* the first, he too has outwardly not changed; he has given up the sea for farming and given up farming for soldiering, and even has won the V.C., but his face is as it was and his hair is not grey. In fact, except that his impudent sailor's voice now approximates more to that of an official announcer, there is no alteration, and the audience may therefore be pardoned if they are a little perplexed by what looks so like an actual return to the First Act.

It is possible that the similarity of the present to the past—Mr. MARSHALL, underneath, so obviously the persuasive ship's mate who wooed and too easily won *Blackie* the first, and *Blackie* the second looking and speaking so exactly as her mother did—makes us unfair to *Diana*, the Society belle whom the V.C. is to marry; for all our sympathies are with the *Blackies*; the conclusion, in short, was foretold directly it was decided by the GAINSBOROUGH STUDIO producer that Miss EDNA BEST should play both parts. This may be an argument against such doublings, but I for one have no objection to lodge, because if one can't have too much of a good thing it follows that one is never satiated by the Best.

After such a course of RENÉ CLAIR as the Rialto has given us, any new French musical film produced there is bound to be scrutinised with almost unfair minuteness; and if *Il est Charmant* does not please us enough it may be not a little because *Le Million* and *À Nous la Liberté* came before it. But, as a matter of fact, the odious practice of comparison ought not to be indulged in, for *Il est Charmant* is pure comic



A SONG-BURST FROM THE BUST.
M. VINCENT HYSPA.

opera, translated to the screen but borrowing very little from it—a comic opera photographed and mechanised—whereas M. CLAIR'S productions have been conceived in terms of the screen throughout. Almost the only device in *Il est Charmant* which could not have been possible on the stage is the dream of the lazy philandering law-student around whose engaging personality the story has been woven. As he sleeps in his chair there emerge from the pages of his legal text-book little alluring figures (very like *La Vie Parisienne* come to life) who dance about his desk and drive *Le Droit Romain* from his thoughts. This feat of magic would be beyond the theatre; nor could an ordinary stage exhibit to



STUDENTS OF LAW (NATURAL).
Jacques . . M. HENRY GARAT.
Jacqueline . MLLE. MEG LEMMONIER.

us M. HENRY GARAT, the hero, pursuing Mlle. MEG LEMONNIER, the heroine, on a bus, or getting quite so wet as they both do in the park. But for the most part *Il est Charmant* is just a jolly, spirited, melodious farce.

It starts with an amusing and novel attempt, not too seriously made, to let into the secret those of the audience who don't know French, and incidentally to give us a preliminary taste of the quality of the principal performers. Successfully enough, for no one having seen M. GARAT, Mlle. LEMONNIER, M. DRANEM and little JEAN MERCANTON, the *Page*, in this Prologue, could possibly leave without waiting for more.

The cast is too long for me to do justice to it. Let me mention, however, the moment when M. VINCENT HYSPA, as the bust of a classical jurist, exchanges a glance of meaning with a fellow terminal figure; and I cannot refrain from putting on record the name of the actor who plays *M. Poitou*, which, after the curious nomenclature of the *personnel* of the American cinema—producers, photographers, continuity-writers, dialogue-makers—comes like a flash of lightning. Who would guess this performer's name? Incredible but true—BARON FILMS. E. V. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"MAN OVERBOARD" (GARRICK).

THIS is a fantasia upon the theme—

"The fear you funk will drown you,
The fear you face will crown you"

—a distich of which alliteration has a little diminished the dignity. The time is "Anytime"; the hero perhaps Anyman. We are dealing, it would seem, with universals under whatever aspects of the particular.

At any rate our hero is introduced to us as a little boy reading *Treasure Island* by the riverside. To him enters an ancient lurching sailorman. The boy has been forbidden by his father, the Vicar of Anywhere-on-Thames, to speak to strangers, because the poor man had lost his wife at sea and is afraid that his son may be lost too. I rather gathered that the wife was an erring wife. Perhaps the author felt that, though this was irrelevant, we might as well have that thrown in for the money. Or perhaps it wasn't irrelevant, and in the distraught Vicar's mind there is fear of moral as well as of physical shipwreck for his son.

The sailorman has a strange knowledge of the boy's history; discovers in his eyes a light which means that the sea is calling him. He indicates in sinister gloating phrases that she will get him. Heightens the sea-hunger in his mind. Hints that he himself is older than DRAKE, or Ulysses for that matter, and that his surname is *Jones*. There is, besides all this, sudden thunder and a sinister touch in the romantic realism of Mr. OLIVER BERNARD'S scene to suggest that perhaps we are already moving in a dream. At any rate we are guessing, which is of the essence of the business, and we remember that our author, Mr. SUTTON VANE, has already proved himself a skilful mystery-monger.

Ten years later. A small squalid inn at Abingdon with a most fantastically lugubrious landlord. The boy, now an undergraduate, is in love with the landlord's pretty daughter. The landlord, always ready to believe the worst, is accusing the young man of seducing his pretty *Ellen*. The boy produces authentic marriage-lines, however, and a belated wedding-breakfast is improvised. This, we have to assume, is a scene from the real life of the three (though it is queer enough). But what is the old sailorman doing here, drinking and chatting with the landlord, half-recognised by the young man, *Jack*, frightening the girl, *Ellen* (more thunder, sinister face at window, footsteps in passage)? Here the author confuses us, whether deliberately, after the manner of the conjurer, concealing the crisis of his deception, or, as we suspect, because he can't forgo his thrill. We are already prepared to accept the *Man of the Sea* as a phantasm in the young man's troubled brain (creature of the fear implanted by his over-anxious father), but not so easily as an objective accepted character on the ordinary plane of life impinging on the other characters. I can't help thinking the author here wandered from the strait path of artistic integrity.



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"
A Man of the Sea . . . . MR. LEON M. LION.
A Boy . . . . . MR. HAROLD REESE.



A THAMES SIREN.
Jack . . . MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS.
Panthea . . MISS LAURA COWIE.

Follows another glimpse of real life—Streatley Woods, over Goring. From this the *Man of the Sea* is very properly excluded; but *Jack* as boy appears to and converses with *Jack* as sometime married man, and his wife, *Ellen* (is *this* quite in order, Mr. VANE?); and a very real naughty and vulgar lady, *Panthea*, swims on demanding assignations (not for the first time evidently) and pooh-poohing married scruples.

And now we move forward more plausibly on the dream plane. The pace is quickened, the dramatic interest heightened; and with some skill the author increases the inconsequence of the affair as it proceeds to its climax and by now fully expected anti-climax—the *Man of the Sea* relentlessly pursuing our hero as steward in a Maidenhead cocktail club; as self-appointed guide to the horrors of a Chertsey weir, in which there has been a suicide; as porter to a Chelsea flat in which poor *Jack* figures as a murderer; as night-watchman in an alleyway at Limehouse haunted by accusing voices; as mate of an ocean-bound ship, from the deck of which the hero jumps—to find his complex finally resolved by no very logical process that we can recognise. But that's perhaps no great matter if we have been sufficiently entertained, as we have been by Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS' sensitive handling of the part of the tortured hero; by the gusto of Mr. LEON M. LION as the ghostly solid sailorman; by Miss LAURA COWIE'S extreme preposterous naughtiness; by Mr. ERNEST JAY'S ultra-pessimistic *Landlord*; by Miss JANE WELSH'S pretty *Ellen*; by adroit stage-thunder and lightning and fogs and scurrying clouds and by appropriately otherworldly incidental music specially composed by Mr. NORMAN O'NEILL.

Dream plays are kittle cattle, and perhaps Mr. SUTTON VANE, as drover, does let this particular one get a little out of hand at times and wander through the wrong gate. But he pulls himself together and makes a sound enough finish—which must be accounted to him for righteousness. T.

"ONCE A 'WHITE ELEPHANT.'
NOW ONE OF FLEETWOOD'S RICHEST
'MILCH COWS.'"
Local Paper.

And next week—such is the insecurity of life and metaphor—possibly just a snake in the grass.

THE DESERTION OF DELIA.

THE strain of running in a race
Is less than that of keeping pace
With one who daily changes face.

And yet my Delia's radiant wear
And curious tinctures of her hair
Designed to startle and ensnare,

Her choice of iridescent hues
In frocks and hose and even shoes
Lent wings to my pedestrian Muse,

Till, whether Proteus-like she donned
The semblance of brunette or blonde,
I cared not; I was always fond.

Things charm us most that dodge
our clutch;
I could not love my dear so much
Had she been just a "dear old
Dutch."

But if you hitch your humble car
To an inconstant twinkling star
You don't know always where you
are.

No more did I, until the jade
Revealed herself a renegade
And all my confidence betrayed.

For I, the slave of Fashion's flux,
Am faced by this appalling crux:
Delia no more her eyebrows plucks.

No more she stains her finger-tips,
No more incarnadines her lips
Or sups off sausages and chips.

The prospect is both dark and drear,
Only one hope remains to cheer
The disconcerted sonneteer.

If eyebrows are allowed to sprout,
No longer plucked or rooted out,
The fount of song again may spout.



THE TRADE UNION SPIRIT.

"BEIN' JUST ORDINARY SEAMEN, 'ARRY, WE AIN'T EXPECTED TO 'ANDLE THIS JOB."

INTER-SEX FASHIONS.

THE Press is once again airing the recurrent topic of brighter hats and clothes for men. In effect, they would have it that what is saucy for the goose is also dressy for the gander.

But the difference to be bridged is far more than one of mere colour: it is also one of form. There is evident an almost entire lack of sartorial sympathy between the sexes.

In the days when woman wore voluminous skirts man favoured tightish trouserings. Now that he finds greater comfort in a more generous leg-wear, woman has reduced the scope of her calibre and become tightly tubular in a sort of one-legged trouser. Qualitatively, as one would say at Geneva, this is all wrong.

It is equally a matter for regret that, quantitatively, disarmament has been unilateral. While man has preserved the *status quo*, clinging with obstinacy to clothing of a heavy category, woman has gradually scrapped the bulky stuff with no apparent loss of effective protection.

Then there is the vexing question of hats. One would have thought that when, only a few vogues ago, woman took to the bowler, every man of us would have dug out his own crown derby from the box-room in acknowledgment of the compliment. But no. Even in the purlieus of Burlington Arcade sloppy head-gear might still be seen accompanying the new feminine peace-helmet.

Later, when woman decided that half a bowler hat was sufficient for anyone and donned it in her best headside manner, you may have imagined that man would follow suit and have his guillotined on the block, if only to fill twice as many pegs on his hatstand. But once more you were to be disappointed.

Signs of any real sartorial rapprochement are practically negligible. True, a hiker or two emblouses himself with pneumonic chest-wear; a schoolmistress or so gives herself over to the severity of a stiff linen collar and streamlined hair; but we can detect no general urge to homogeneity of wear as between the sexes.

Clearly, we shall have to throw a conference or something of that nature. Perhaps, if a true spirit of reciprocity were brought to a sufficient number of plenary sessions, something might be done about it.

ON CIRCUIT.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.)

LECTURING at Liverpool University, Dr. OTTO SCHLAPP, who concluded by singing some of the poet's lyrics, declared that Scotsmen had done most for GOETHE.

Scotsmen in Liverpool and elsewhere would be justified in regarding this as encouragement to carry on the good work by means of an annual "Nicht wi' GOETHE."

* * *

The "Proud of Plymouth" League has been started with the object of inducing children to abominate litter and to help to beautify the neighbourhood.

As a development of this scheme, I would advocate the co-operation of a "Disgusted with Devonport" movement.

* * *

The City Librarian of York has remarked upon the number of letters he receives from Americans desirous of tracing their descent from Yorkshire ancestors.

Genealogical research, however, would not appear to justify the formation of a New Yorkshire.

* * *

The Mayor of Doncaster has described electricity as the most wonderful and the most economical domestic servant of to-day.

He omitted to add, I notice, that it rarely has an evening out.

* * *

At the Birmingham Conference of the Ironmongers' Federated Association the President pointed out that technical knowledge is of little avail without salesmanship.

In this trade there is a future for the bright young man who can convince a customer that a gas-fire looks incomplete without a poker.

* * *

Bath Watch Committee have decided that the fifteen wheel-chairs licensed to ply for hire are now enough for the city's needs.

While sympathising with the bath-chairman's reluctance to surrender, I feel impelled to remind him that long ago he had his Sedan.

* * *

An astronomical correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* points out that from May 14 for nearly three months twilight persists throughout the night in Manchester.

My feeling is that this does not completely refute the prevalent belief that in Manchester during this period twilight persists throughout the day.

* * *

In an action for breach of promise at Manchester Assizes, a Chorlton-on-Medlock girl was awarded damages of five pounds and costs.

Yet wives there may be up in Chorlton-on-Medlock
Who'd swap for a fiver the bondage of wedlock.

* * *

In the course of a whole-day meeting in the woodlands, members of the Worcester Naturalists' Society found *Helleborus fœtidus*, or Stinking Hellebore, which is rare in the county.

It must have been a thrilling moment when they ran from scent to view.

* * *

Among old rules of the ancient Chesterfield Bowling Club is one imposing a halfpenny fine on inattentive green-boys.

DRAKE is believed to have been an advocate of the rope's-end.

* * *

In a lecture on the value of water-drinking a Cumberland doctor declared that visitors to fashionable spas derive benefit from the quantity of liquid they consume rather than from its special properties.

His view is, I gather, that they might just as well go and drink the Lakes.

THE STARLING.

[An appreciation on reading, in a guide-book about birds, that his song is "a medley of soft whistles and croons with cheery bubbles, chatters, chuckles and clicks."]

ONE often hears the Robin called a darling,
And many people rave about the Wren;
But relatively seldom does the Starling
Disturb the equanimity of men;
Our apathy about him is a matter
Which seems, to say the least, a little thick
For the author of a tune
That ranges from a croon
Through a whistle and a bubble and a chuckle and a chatter
To a click.

You'll say that Wrens and Robins are the wrong birds
To offer useful tests of vocal skill;
I ought to choose more celebrated song-birds
To draw a fair comparison; I will.
The Blackbird and the Thrushes (Song and Missel),
Whose concerts are admittedly a boon,
Have no attractive trick,
Like varying a click
With a chatter and a bubble and a chuckle and a whistle
And a croon.

Explore the haunts of water-birds and waders,
Employing a discriminating ear
In search of such accomplished serenaders
Among the denizens of marsh and mere;
The calls of Coot, of Sanderling and Duck'll
Suggest the callow chirpings of a chick,
Monotonous, jejune,
Contrasted with a croon,
A bubble and a whistle and a chatter and a chuckle
And a click.

How strange that one who favours the seclusion
That country life affords should come to miss,
As I have done, such versatile profusion,
So rare a range of melody as this!
It's probable that I shall take the trouble
To find some sheltered place of vantage soon,
A spinney or a rick,
From which to hear the click,
The whistle and the chuckle and the chatter and the bubble
And the croon. C. B.

A Check on Polygamy.

"Members are invited to bring their wives or lady friends to hear this talk. But if you have more than one please notify the Secretary."—*Local Toc H Pamphlet.*

"It has the right *fin de siècle* feeling (I make no apology for reviving this sturdy old-time phrase)."—*Weekly Paper.*

Sturdy perhaps, but slimmer than of old.

"Different kinds of best Fancy Hanging Corners are specfaily as you like."—*Manufacturer's Advt. in Manchuria.*

A boon to victims of publicity such as Mr. SHAW.

"FEMINA VIE HEUREUSE AND NORTHCLIFFE PRIZES.

The novels selected by the committee for the prizes were 'Toby manufactured for hanging photographers at any convenience way Transplanted' by Miss Stella Benson. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. Punch hastens to assure his readers that his celebrated attaché has no intention of deserting Bouverie Street.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH ON WHIT-MONDAY.









In view of the fact that we go to press before Bank Holiday, our artist thought it wiser to supply enough illustrations under the above heading to cover all probable contingencies. In the unlikely event of the day being fine, readers will kindly consider this page a wash-out.



Mistress (in ultra-modern house). "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR HAND, GWENDOLEN?"
New Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I CAUGHT IT ON THE DINING-ROOM WALLPAPER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

More Wit from a Chinese Wallet.

ANOTHER piece of delightful *chinoiserie* from the wallet of *Kai Lung*, and this time with a veritable *Rosalind* of a heroine—what more could the lover of stories that *are* stories desire? In the mud-walled city of Kochow, in the reign of the Emperor *Ming Wang* (who invariably reclined upon his back so that even when asleep neither of his ears should be closed against the upraised voice of the meanest of his subjects calling for justice), a dignitary of the Coral Button had the misfortune to lose his pigtail. He was bereft of it in sinister circumstances; the loss was not only a deprivation but an omen, and all Kochow was conscripted to further its return. Officialdom got to work, but no success worth mentioning attended its efforts. "Two resolute men, acting in concord, may transform an Empire, but an ordinarily resourceful duck can escape from a dissentient rabble"—it is with such befitting interpositions of proverbial lore that the chronicle registers failure. At last, however, *The Moon of Much Gladness* (CASSELL, 7/6) begins to give promise of living up to its title. The beautiful *Hwa-che*, disguised as a fair youth, and her venerable father, *Kwan-Yen*, professional expresser of public apologies, seek sanctuary in Kochow, and in alliance with *Chin-tung*, the bereaved mandarin's secretary, are enlisted, with ultimate success, in the quest. The flavour of their exploits is, I think, best brought out in sips; but even the reviewer's regrettable obligation to gulp cannot rob Mr. ERNEST BRAMAH's latest brew of its rare and refreshing charm.

An Artist with many Friends.

It seems to have been the happy fate of Sir WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN to go everywhere and everywhere to pick up new friends. Here, in his second volume of *Men and Memories* (FABER AND FABER, 21/-), we are introduced to another galaxy of stars, shining as it were in another hemisphere. Perhaps it was almost a tempting of Providence to publish a second volume after the chorus of praise that attended the first, for there are some critics who can never be induced to believe that a sequel is as good as its predecessor. Personally I am not sure that this second number is not even more fascinating than the first. It depends of course where your sympathies lie. There you read about WHISTLER and DEGAS and MANET and VERLAINE; here you have the opportunity of being introduced to the two charming ladies who wrote under the name of "MICHAEL FIELD," and you may meet such men as CONRAD and W. H. HUDSON and H. G. WELLS on intimate terms, to say nothing of GORDON CRAIG and EPSTEIN and RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Instead of Paris we have life in London, and later in a remote Gloucestershire village, before we follow Sir WILLIAM abroad to India and the United States. Then comes the War, and his adventures as official artist to the Canadian Forces—it was at Bonn, just after the Armistice, that I remember meeting him first—and wherever he went he found more friends. This book is filled with letters from men of light and leading—some might say there were almost too many letters—and from time to time the author stands up and delivers himself eloquently on some subject that is weighing on his artistic soul. You will enjoy these pronouncements, and as to the illustrations,

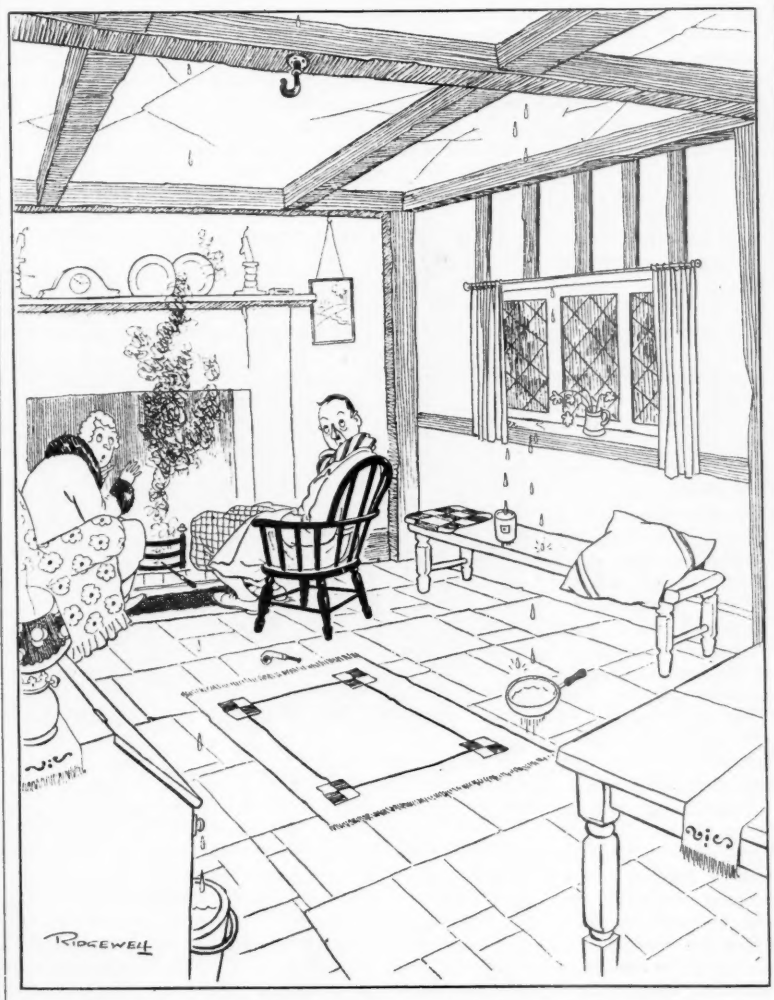
they are as numerous and as fascinating as those in the earlier book, with MAX well to the front, as before.

All on the Essex Shore.

A Child of Chance, a novel all of Essex,
By S. L. BENSUSAN,
Is a romance without (well, more or less) sex,
An Arcady where nymphs are not, nor Pan.
Miss Jenny Wade's a housemaid; *Jenny*'s pretty
And good withal and, though she's lowly born,
She weds her master, none forbidding it. He
Is squire of Overnoons called *Stephen Thorne*.
Squire breaks his neck; vicissitudes a-many
To *Jenny* now occur
Until *Ned Brant* (she's lost her every penny),
Who's loved her from her childhood, marries her
And ends a simple tale that lots of folk'll
Enjoy as such, I've not the smallest doubt,
And for its studies of the Essex yokel.
At seven-and-six JOHN MURRAY serves it out.

Commonsense and Humanity.

The delightful thing about an essay by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON is that it encourages that great man to be himself. Not that he wants encouragement; but the spectacle of G. K. C. persistently remaining himself throughout, say, a biography is distracting, while the sight of him preening his feathers and clapping his wings in a congenial element is a refreshment and an exhilaration. As a matter of fact *Sidelights on New London and Newer York* (SHEED AND WARD, 6/-) is the most coherent and closely-reasoned of that pleasant series beginning (if my memory serves me rightly) with *The Defendant*. It deals, as the writer maintains, in a spirit of vulgar abuse tempered by Christian humility, with two alien worlds; and its standards are not the standards of Mr. CHESTERTON'S own Victorian and English heyday, but the eternal standards of commonsense and humanity. Jazz, for instance, is not condemned because the essayist is an elegant waltzer, or the Eton crop because he prefers the ringlets of L. E. L. Our moderns he finds suffering from mental rather than moral disabilities. As for the States, nothing is wrong with Americans except their ideals. Prohibition, however, has brought in home-brewed beer; and, if only we get enough Prohibition, bread, beef, toys, tales and pictures may all once again be produced by family enterprise. The more literary essays at the end of the book waste rather too much shot on Mr. BERNARD SHAW; but an incidental survey of the rift between the world and its works of art strikes me as being nearly as profound as its subject.



Town-dwelling tenant of country cottage (completely fed up). "AH! NOW I SEE THE IDEA OF PUTTING THAT HOOK IN THE CEILING."

Rifts and Reunions.

The band of youths and maidens, blithe and comely, disporting themselves against the lovely background of the Tyrolean Alps in the opening pages of *Spears Against Us* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) reminds one irresistibly of the opening pages of *The Constant Nymph*. But the resemblance is superficial and momentary, for if the *Edelsteins* flout the proprieties it is from aristocratic arrogance, not from undisciplined Bohemianism, and what looks like developing into a pretty personal drama is presently merged in a larger tragedy. Over the happy life of Schloss Edelstein, clouded only by the irregularities of its lord, and over the friendship between the younger *Edelsteins* and the English *Crawleys*, fast quickening along two lines of communication into something stronger, first looms the menace and then breaks the reality of war. Old habits and old bonds are violently shattered, and the rest is the agony of a noble family and a magnificent race. Nevertheless the personal drama is never lost sight of; though *Crawleys* and *Edelsteins* are in arms against one another the delicate threads

of love and friendship are never quite severed, and in the end there is reunion, though death and other disasters make it sadly imperfect. Mr. CECIL ROBERTS has written a story of singular charm and humanity, exquisitely graded from joyousness to poignancy. Whereas many a writer, intent to unmask the realities of war, has shown men brutalised by its brutalities, he has preferred to show them keeping decency and dignity in their despite. We may be grateful to him for reminding us that men like *Ian Crawley* survived the deluge.

À la Française.

"DOROTHY BUCK" has made an interesting study of the lives of a number of people inhabiting a remote garrison town in French Africa, and has arranged her story so naturally that one is almost inclined to take her fiction for fact. The chief peculiarity of *The Last Oasis* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 7/6) is that, though all the minor figures are sketched with great vividness, the qualities of the hero and heroine are not made very clear. This may be because the author's vision is blurred by intimacy. She hints at the ironical fastidiousness of *Capitaine Bruno de Forêt*, good alike as a soldier and a connoisseur of women and wine, and she suggests, without specific proof, the charm of *Marie-Laure Versigny*, who had been a *fille de joie* before she married a French officer. *Marie-Laure's* past is revealed by *Bruno's* step-father, a Commandant sent to superintend the destruction of some chloral gas cylinders. This man's tactlessness, disregard for the lives in his charge and hatred of his step-son furnish material which, as the publishers remark, is "not for the adolescent or for the Puritan." Certainly the author does mention some rather squalid happenings, and gives a long account of *Marie-Laure's* visit (at her husband's request after she discovered she was going to have a baby) to a *faiseuse d'anges*. But the book shows sound knowledge of human nature, is written with a good deal of humour and contains a really original story.



"JUST A LITTLE MORE *SLINK* IN THE TURN."

Memoirs Worth Remembering.

Some years ago Miss MAUD VALÉRIE WHITE wrote a delightful book of recollections, *Friends and Memories*, and now she has followed it with *My Indian Summer* (GRAYSON AND GRAYSON, 15/-), which is equally charming and pleasant to read. To the undoubted loss of the world of music Miss WHITE has constantly been compelled to fight against the handicap of physical pain, but in compensation she has been blessed with eyes that are always alive to beauty and with a courageous and humorous mind. Times and again she writes of the many friends who, in very different ranks of life, have earned her gratitude, insisting always on their kindness and never bewailing, except amusingly, her own misfortunes and mishaps. This volume in many respects, and notably in its modesty, is a model of its kind; but those who read between the lines cannot fail to recognise that by no means the least of Miss WHITE'S many gifts is her gift for friendship. In days when memoirs are apt to be rather overpoweringly pervaded by the personal note a book that is always of real interest and never in the remotest degree blatant is a rare delight.

"Pa."

Mr. N. LANE JACKSON was born in 1849, and at the age of seventeen made his "first tentative efforts at sports organisation." Beginning to show his enterprise and ability at this early age, Mr. JACKSON, who is known to our sporting and game-playing world as "PA," proceeded to live the life of activity which he describes with never-failing gusto in *Sporting Days and Sporting Ways* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 12/6). So many-sided and so intimately concerned with the development of various kinds of sport has Mr. JACKSON'S career been, that I must be content to say that he was the founder of the Corinthian F.C., the London F.A. and Stoke Poges Golf Club, and refer lovers of games and athletics to his pages for further details. It is an interesting and amazingly active record, and the illustrations that are published with it are themselves of considerable value in the history of sport.

Mr. Punch extends a warm welcome to *Folly Calling* (METHUEN, 5/-), a collection, mainly from his pages, of verses by E. V. KNOX. They are delightfully illustrated by that rising young artist, "P. M."

The clock on the new Shell-Mex building now in course of erection will be the largest in London. We understand that it will be called Big Benzol.

CHARIVARIA.

SCOTTISH banks, it is pointed out, follow a more liberal policy towards the borrower than English banks do. Hence the expression "bonnie, bonnie" applied to certain banks in Scotland.

***

The Turkish censor of books is a young girl. In certain literary circles this will be regarded as a break with the tradition that a censor must be an old woman.

***

An eleven-year-old boy who chased his sisters with a red-hot poker has been sent to an industrial school. He is believed to have come under the baneful influence of the pantomimes.

***

A recent newspaper photograph depicts a policeman holding up the traffic to let a duck cross the road. Nervous pedestrians should quack.

***

Nice growing weather is reported. We hear that the Thames is receding and that several riverside bungalows are coming up beautifully.

***

There appears to be no likelihood of the Derby being postponed for a few days in sympathy with the Irish Sweepstake.

***

The National Federation of Anglers has decided that the championship shall be fished under the "all-in" method, which, we understand, differs little from catch-as-catch-can.

***

London waitresses have formed a cricket team. A stimulus to smart running between the wickets would be the ringing of a bell.

***

Fast motor-traffic is said to have made milestones obsolete. On the other hand it has stimulated the demand for tombstones.

***

Iceland is to take a referendum on the question of abolishing Prohibition; but it is not anticipated that the result will have any effect on the depressions.

***

A photograph has been published of a débutante leaning from her car during a wait in the Mall and patting a policeman's horse; but we have been unable to ascertain whether these animals are specially trained to be accustomed to dummy débutantes.

***

It is recalled that chloroform parties had a vogue in the Early Victorian era. In more recent times we ourselves have had experience of parties where we should have been glad to be treated with an anæsthetic.

***

A medical writer recommends the practice of "letting go" for a few minutes when travelling by tube or bus. His advice of course is not addressed to straphangers.

***

After having been lost, perhaps for centuries, fossils which formed part of the first geological collection at Oxford have been discovered at Oriel College. The home of lost fossils is revealed.

***

The performance of unfamiliar foreign dances at the Downing Street Garden Party is regarded by critics of the Government as evidence of a cynical indifference to the opportunity to initiate a "Dance British" movement.

***

A contemporary reports the case of a Stockport woman who laughed so much that it made her ill for several days. It is thought she must have seen a sample of the "One-Eyed Connolly" hat.

***

A correspondent in a contemporary points out that items in Welsh have often been broadcast. We always mistake them for atmospherics.

***

A groundsman at Lord's attributes the abnormal trickiness of the wicket to the weather, thus disposing of the belief that the weather was caused by the abnormal trickiness of the wicket.

***

The fact that Lord BEAVERBROOK booked his passage to America on the liner *Berengaria* has led to the rumour that he has abandoned the Crusaders and gone over to the Cunarders.

***

One London railway-porter wears fourteens in boots. It is said that the question of his promotion depends upon the Company's ability to find a railway-station to fit him.

***

A modern Dick Turpin in the form of a motor-bandit is reported to be working on the Great North Road. We doubt whether he will be able to die in as many hostels as his prototype. No human constitution could stand it nowadays.

***

Actors are generally keen golfers. Some are so vigorous they give the impression of being scene-shifters as well.

***

"Tobacco," says a writer, "calms the nerves and stops people losing their heads." Sir WALTER RALEIGH cannot have known this.

***

Burglars at Bristol used a school-boy's string trick to break into a shop. The demoralising effect of school-stories upon the criminal classes is greatly to be deplored.

***

A Colchester farmer has a parrot which imitates the nightingale. We doubt if the B.B.C. would be deceived.

***

A gossip-writer points out that a certain celebrity has been spending a lot of his time in Harley Street recently. Perhaps he is trying to get a specialist to inoculate him against gossip-writers.

***

There is a general desire that the crime wave may not become permanent.

***

A newspaper refers to the double lives of writers. But most of them can only just keep a single one going these days.

***

It is thought that the gangsters who use luxurious high-powered cars do it just to keep up disappearances.



Guide (to sight-seer as brawl starts in notorious café). "TAKE NO NOTICE. DON'T LET THEM SEE YOU 'RE INTERESTED."

THE C.T.S.

Now that summer has begun, hosiers often send me advertisements of light shirts, vests and pants—— No, no, no! That will not do at all.

What I meant to say is that now that summer is commencing specialists in male outfitting often send me descriptive brochures recommending new ranges of warm-weather shirtings and underwear. I read them with pleasure and occasionally buy some. But I never read them without remembering sadly and fondly what I shall call the combination shirt or, for the sake of brevity, the C.T.S.

It may be on the market still. It has its advantages. I should be the last to deny them. I bought the C.T.S. in a hurry—three of it—about five years ago. They were made of exquisite white flannel and designed more particularly for tennis wear. I cannot proceed any further without making a small picture of the C.T.S.



Artists, even colleagues of my own on this paper, are wont to decry my pen-and-ink drawings, and it is possible that one of them might be able to produce a better illustration of the C.T.S. than I have done. I care little. Mine is a rough work, not an Academy portrait of the C.T.S. But the main features, I hope, are clear.

The point emphasised by the specialist who purveyed or assisted in purveying it to me was the extraordinary convenience of the C.T.S. in regard to maintenance of poise. The common shirt, he said, and said truly, was apt to rise and bulge above the top of the trousers during a strenuous game. The C.T.S. could do nothing of the kind. It was inhibited, to use a modern term, by the very nature of its pattern. It assimilated, so to speak, the comparatively fluid characteristics of shirt-wear with the more rigid technique of abbreviated trouserings.

But the inventor had forgotten one thing. He had reckoned without the fact that wearers of exclusive ranges in shirt manufacture may desire not only to play tennis but also to bathe.

I was going to make holiday on a fairly deserted part of the English coast—but not more than fairly deserted. At any hour of the morning or afternoon there would be from forty to fifty people within two or three miles along that stretch of rocky strand.

Now the bathing habits of England vary. Prudery, fashion and the desire for the wild free life of nature fight a continuous battle, so that in some places we have hut- or tent-bathing, and in other places bathing from the hotel; but in yet a third kind of place we have what might be best described as rock-bathing, where the land-animal, disappearing or half-disappearing for a few moments into a crevice of the shore, emerges almost immediately a radiant sea-beast, and plunges into the tide.

Such was the type of place that I had chosen. And for such a place—I have to put it on record—the C.T.S. was a failure. Clearly for tennis, for cricket, for hiking, for golf even, it might supersede all other kinds of apparel if the weather happened to be warm. Put a charmingly-embroidered belt around it, add shoes and stockings, and your young athlete is equipped for almost every adventure of the day. But for rock-bathing, no. Except in places so desolate that only the blushing seagulls and careless cormorants can observe him, he is bound by rigid conventions at no moment during rock-bathing to be observable in the absolute nude. The arms naked—yes. But the totally uncovered—never. Rocks are rocks, and you never know who will suddenly walk round them.

There is a technique of the business. The trousers once withdrawn, the bottom part of the University Bathing Costume may with perfect decency be assumed. The shirt removed, the top part of the University Bathing Costume can be draped over the upper limbs without the slightest sense of shame. The process of drying the body is similarly conducted, only in reverse order. The shirt is then replaced, the wet University Bathing Costume peeled carefully from the nether limbs, the pair of trousers or whatnot modestly re-endued. The exclusive sea-monster becomes an exclusive land-animal again. He can range the promenade in freedom as he formerly ranged the deep.

Knowing all this from childhood, yet not clearly perceiving the dilemma in which I had placed myself, I raced shouting gladly to the beach, discovered a convenient rock, flung off my coat, flung off my pullover, flung off my trousers. . . . Flung off my coat, flung off my pullover, flung off my trousers. . . .

Quite. Well, there was the C.T.S.

Now, gentle reader, what next? I have not seen this problem mentioned amongst the quandaries so cleverly supplied and answered by the correspondents of *The Evening Standard*. I have never seen it analysed in any book of etiquette. I do not know what any Watch Committee or the Town Council of any of our great watering-places would suggest or request. Here was a visitor, innocent of any desire to outrage the sensibilities of the community, yet faced with the inconvenience of forgoing a dip in the ocean, or else with the dreadful possibility of standing for a single moment stark to the sun and wind on a British shore. And all because of the C.T.S.

Make no mistake about the matter. Think it out clearly. There is no ingenious solution to be got by dynamics nor any acrobatic convolution that will find you a way out of the impasse. The C.T.S. holds you in fetters of iron.

I often wonder how many people bought C.T.S.'s, forgot their terrible implication, and in the far places of England either hurled morality to the winds or went home sadly to change.

I have a single specimen still. It reminds me, whenever I see it at the bottom of the drawer, of the way in which modern civilisation, striving always to advance and to evolve nobler and yet nobler ranges in production for the benefit of humanity, is apt to stultify its own endeavours and bring us back to barbarism again.

It has been suggested to me that a sensible man would have merely ripped or torn the C.T.S., like an ancient prophet in the Bible, in such a way as to transform it into an ordinary buttoned shirt, and so proceeded with his preparations to bathe.

As a matter of fact that is what I did.

EVOE.

TRIPE.

[A German expert has succeeded in producing from tripe a "skin" that can be used in place of leather.]

SHOULD those who bind our books begin
To utilise this German skin,
There's many a volume will be found
To be appropriately bound.

Intimate Studies of the Great.

"Miss Sitwell's Bath. By James Laver."
Weekly Paper.

A Case of Bad Odour?

"A Fish and Chips, in suburbs; good reason for selling; practically no good will."
South African Paper.

The No-Soap Brigade.

"Councillor J. R. ——, chairman of the Baths Committee, said:—
'There is a time and place for everything, and the bath is no place for disrobing.'"
Liverpool Paper.



A SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

M. STALIN. "DO NOT SHRINK FROM ME, COMRADE CONEY, AS IF YOU WERE HUMAN. YOU ARE CONSECRATED TO THE CAUSE. YOU ARE PART OF THE FIVE YEARS' PLAN."

[For purposes of commissariat the Soviet Government has initiated the mass production of rabbits, and has announced its intention to give them "full rights of citizenship" in the Soviet Union.]



Proprietor. "DON'T LOAF ABOUT, EVEN IF THINGS *are* SLACK. PRACTISE SELLING SOMETHING TO MCGREGOR HERE."

THE DERBY.

NOTE.—It is sincerely to be hoped that all the animals mentioned below are as fictitious as they are meant to be.

THE approach of the classic event at Epsom has set all the world by the ears. Not only the racing fraternity, but every Englishman with a trace of sporting blood in his veins, is asking what will win. Who is fated to be the proudest man in England, in that never-to-be-forgotten moment when he leads his victorious horse to the judge's box to receive the Blue Ribbon of the Turf? No one can say. The glorious element of uncertainty enters into this no less than into any other sporting event, and the most one can do is to attempt to estimate the chances of the various contestants and then proceed to draw one's own conclusions.

So much has already been written on the form of the leading horses that I do not propose to deal with them here, but to confine myself to some, I hope, pertinent remarks on a few of the less well-known entries. Who knows but that what not—not that what—what not that—— Who knows? It may be, such is the glorious uncertainty of the Turf (as I seem to have said before), that the winner will be found among their number.

AKBAR. A promising colt with nice fetlocks and a slight list to port, like its owner. Given fair-play and a following wind it might spring a surprise. Goes better over grass than on cinders, but his form on asphalt has to be seen to be believed.

SWEET WILLIAM. Subject to fits and starts. Everything depends on which he has on the great day: if it's fits he won't start; if he starts he won't win; but worth backing for a place on the chance of all the other horses, bar two, falling dead in their tracks.

SMILING THROUGH. Quite the ugliest animal that ever won the City and Suburban; but, as any racing man will tell you, the Derby is not won by good looks, and this horse seems to me to have a reasonable chance of success if his trainer can only cure his (the horse's) habit of coughing in his (the horse's) stable.*

JOE. The only cart-horse entered.

SLIGO. Rather full in the barrel and a trifle long in the withers for a thoroughbred, but a real trier, and ran a nice race at Stoke Poges over the old course last year, finishing second to Arrowroot, who twisted his hocks a mile from home. Two ran.

* It cannot be too strongly emphasised that he (the trainer) is himself free from any bronchial trouble.

GOODNIGHT WATCHMAN (*to be sung standing*). Lost a leg in the War, but still full of running. This horse, which will be thirty-three years old at the end of this month, was entered under the new Jockey Club rule by which any horse attaining the age of thirty is deemed to be dead and may begin counting all over again. His participation in the race will set up a new record, though in 1923 an animal of great age was entered as a yearling after having its face lifted. The deception was not discovered till just before the start, when its teeth fell out in the paddock.

TARPIN. A very nice horse, by Strewwelpeter out of Daisybird out of Tune out of Sight out of Mind—and now unfortunately out of the running by pure bad luck.

WATER-MELON. Won in a cantaloup from a large field in the Covent Garden Selling Plate, but was shortly afterwards suspended for a breach of etiquette at Plumtree.

MARQUIS. Bought originally at 35/- for trade purposes by Mr. Rudolph Emsworthy, an East Ham grocer, this horse, largely through being accustomed to wearing blinkers, has never looked back and is widely fancied as a long-odds chance. Mr. Emsworthy proposes to ride the mount himself in full grocer's kit to give it confidence.

PONTO. It is possible to get a line on this horse through Crackers, whom he beat by a snaffle at Ipswich. The son of Tarraconna had previously beaten his half-brother, Sergeant Slack, who beat Woolacoombe, who beat Dumb Crambo, who beat the uncle of Flying Fox,* who beat Shotover, who beat Eglington, who beat his own grandfather, who beat his wife's sister's second cousin, who just beat Bolsover, the horse that gave this year's favourite such a smack in the eye at Fratton in the Southsea Stakes. But form in racing is never quite reliable, and Ponto can hardly be considered as more than a likely outsider. I shall back him for a place.

PLUNKET. Almost as fast backwards as forwards. A small safety bet each way should provide for any contingency.

KING ARTHUR (4–6–0).† A dark horse. They are saying nice things about him in the East End and as far West as Kensington and Hammersmith, but Chiswick, Egham, Staines and other centres are inclined to be sceptical. No news to hand from Surbiton.

SACKBUT. An uncertain quantity. Here are the facts. At the age of eight months he covered a mile (four up) in the excellent time of 2 mins. 4 secs. This was at a garden fête, and the whole thing was done in a spirit of pure fun and was quite unpremeditated. He has not run since owing to croup, and it remains to be seen whether he will reproduce his early form in serious competition. I hear his owner is offering an apple a day to a safety-pin that he will be in the first four, which looks significant.

TED MATHERS (Portsmouth). A probable runner and one who ought to be watched. His wonderful performance at the Durlington Point-to-Point, when he ran right away from the field and, though severely handicapped by obstacles, covered the five furlongs to the station in record time, will not readily be forgotten. He was carrying a lot of money, and a large crowd of backers followed him home with the utmost enthusiasm.

* By a second marriage.

† The figures in brackets refer to the placing of the horse in its last three races, not to the number and disposition of its wheels.

THE LAST STRAW.

AT times a tender feeling
  Amounting to a pang
Into my soul comes stealing
  When I recall the slang
Now banished from our lingo—
"Great Scott!" "By Jove!" "By Jingo!"—
And songs in praise of Stingo
  That once our fathers sang.

Style to be truly graphic,
  As DRYDEN wisely said,
Springs from impartial traffic
  With the living and the dead;
And, though some Transatlantic
Locutions drive me frantic,
English would be pedantic
  If it remained "all Red."

Yet many a good old saying
  Is treated as old junk,
Just as fine fiddle-playing
  Yields to the banjo's plunk;
So, while new sources tapping
That none may catch us napping,
We must not shrink from scrapping
  A lot of modern bunk.

Thus, when I dine or sup with
  Youth of the new *noblesse*,
Though ready to put up with
  Strange customs, I confess
I can't refrain from hooting
At people for polluting
Their talk by substituting
  "That's right" in place of "Yes."

C. L. G.



Canvasser. "IS YOUR MISTRESS AT HOME?"
Maid. "NO, SHE IS NOT; AND IF SHE WAS SHE WOULDN'T BE."

A Fair Cop?

"FIRST POLICEWOMAN WEDS."
Trade Paper.

What to do with the Police.

"ALEXANDRIA MUSEUM ROBBERY. INVESTIGATORS RAFFLED."
Cairo Paper.

"BY ANY NAME . . ."

"THE *anæmias* are wonderful," I said.

My companion gave me a doubtful glance but said nothing. We walked on beside the herbaceous border. "And those *arthritis*," I said, pointing to a cluster of scarlet blooms. "Always so divine at this time of the year."

Again the dubious glance, and again no utterance except an appreciative "Um." I came to the conclusion that the young lady knew no more about flowers than I do.

We joined the group of guests in front of us, and I drew attention to the *erysipelas*. All admired the flowers, but none questioned their name. Our hostess had been called into the house by the telephone, and I formed the opinion that all her guests were miserable Cockneys like myself.

And they were all pretending.

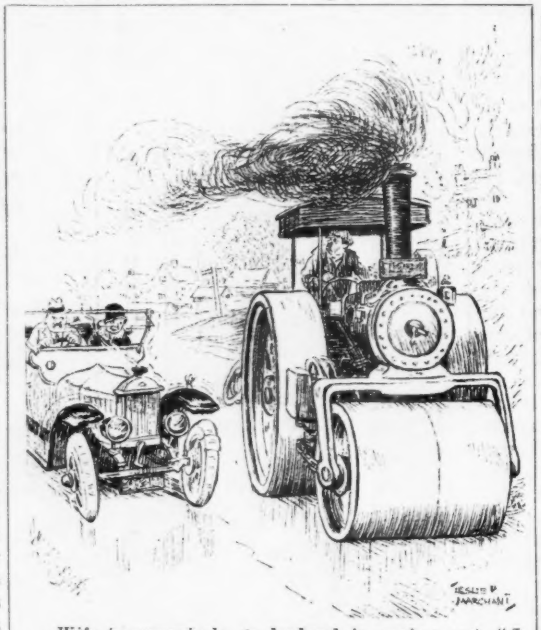
Rather a grand moment.

You know that somewhat grisly half-hour before lunch on Sunday in the country. Those who have been to church feel bound to talk about it; and those who have spent the morning reading the Sunday papers in quiet corners feel bound to put them down and make some pretence of sociability. Lunch seems years away. Lunch is at some terribly fashionable hour just before tea. One wanders about looking at the flowers, or the clipped yew, or the Long Field, or the new cow, or the incinerator, or the tomato-frames. One returns exhausted to the herbaceous border; there is still not a whisper about lunch. Possibly it has been postponed a little because an editor is dashing down to this meal from London. And the only thing to do is to walk about the garden and talk about the flowers.

Generally the hostess leads the way, talking brightly about the flowers, explaining how beautiful the what-nots were last week before I came, and how lovely the what-is-its will be next week when I have gone. I must have some sinister influence on vegetation, for I find that the best plants resolutely decline to flower when I am there.

Only the flowers with difficult names perform during my week-ends; and I can never remember their names. Whenever I am attracted by a bloom I have to say, "What is that?" Generally it has a name like *salpiglossis*. And the next year, when I visit that house again, I again have to ask what the name of the *salpiglossis* is. As a rule it is still called *salpiglossis*; but I suspect some hostesses of changing the names of their flowers from year to year. For there have been times when I could have betted on *salpiglossis* and the wretched growth has turned out to be *penstemons*. I have even murmured confidently, "Your *salpiglossis* are fine this year"; and it is extremely humiliating to hear my hostess cock her eyebrow, so to speak, and reply, "Oh, yes; you mean the *penstemons*."

She does not realise that we townsmen are severely handicapped in the remembering of floral names. Garden flowers should have more simple titles; and no flower must ever again be called *salpiglossis*, *penstemon*, or *what-is-it-aria pendens*.



Wife (encouragingly, to husband in ancient car). "I THINK WE 'RE GAINING A LITTLE, DEAR."

Call me hypersensitive if you will, but for years this business has wrecked my infrequent week-ends in the Shires. I have suffered agonies beside the herbaceous borders of my friends; I have felt inferior and backward; and I have always begun Sunday lunch in the country with indigestion.

And then, last year, light came to me. From time to time there is a flower in my own little London garden. We had a flower last year. And one day I was strolling about the estate (it is twenty feet wide) with a visitor when he said, "What is that flower?" I had not the faintest idea. No one had ever expressed an interest in our flower before, and the experience was pleasing. "*Scrofula*," I answered idly; and the man was perfectly satisfied (he lived in Holborn).

Brooding over our flower when he had gone, it occurred to me that his satisfaction was easily explained; for nearly all flowers do sound like something in the *Medical Dictionary*. You would not be surprised if I said to you, "Poor old Thompson has come back from the Gold Coast. He's suffering from *salpiglossis*." It is a perfectly convincing tropical disease. The commoner flowers too—"Lady Flake is down with *wistaria* again," or, "Old Reggie's ill. A bad attack of *tulip*."

Anyway, this is my system. As I know more diseases and medicines than flowers I have renamed the flowers. And now that half-hour before lunch has no terrors for me (unless I am caught in conversation with my hostess). On this occasion, when we had duly admired the *erysipelas*, I said with enthusiasm, "My *dear*, *do* look! The *diabetes* are out!" Then I turned towards the house and remarked with an air of culture, "I always think the *climbing vertigo* is rather *vulgar* in bloom, don't you?" And we all gazed with some distaste at an extremely common creeper, the name of which (*ex hypothesi*) I cannot tell you.

Then I wandered on with the young lady and we goggled at the *double pneumonias*. She agreed that they had a much more pleasing shade than the single variety. She liked too the *yellow quinsy* and that charming little orchid which I call *housemaid's knee*. I showed her the *peritonitis Britannica*, the *blue diphtherias* and the delicate *pink-eye*. We stood a long time smelling the *uvulas*, then in full bloom. I think the girl enjoyed herself, and I know that I did.

I have now renamed nearly all the garden-flowers of these islands; and I hope that my work will prove a boon to the townsfolk, who, once my system is adopted, will be able to start the week-end on equal terms with the countryfolk. I want to make it clear that there is nothing capricious about my nomenclature—that is to say, the same flowers are always *anæmias* to me. I mean, I do not call one flower the *anæmia* at Mrs. A's and another flower at Mrs. B's. Anyone, therefore, who has week-ended with me may be sure that he has the official names; and by degrees I hope to spread my system throughout the countryside (will really *rich* hostesses please note?). I cannot, alas! conduct a correspondence course or tell you

directly what is the new name, for instance, of *salpiglossis*, because I have again forgotten which the *salpiglossis* is. But an illustrated booklet will shortly appear in which the pictures should make all things clear.

I hope, by the way, that nobody will take this as a joke and begin re-christening the flowers at random. For if people go talking about the *pyorrhœas* when they mean what *I* call the *purple asphyxia* the whole flower-world will be thrown into a ghastly muddle.

A. P. H.

Autobiography of a Goalie.

"The exceptional interest of the book arises from the fact that its author, after a life largely wasted in various English goals, can look back and analyse the course of his own career."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

"WELLS CATHEDRAL.

Monday—10. Cruickshank in E flat. Anthem 'As the harp pants' (Gounod)."
Bath Paper.

It 's a long long way from Tara's halls.

"Blazing sunlight, summery seas, a sky of Italian blue and a swift rush of delayed foliage from Scotland to the Sussex shore ushered in what promised to be a wonderful Whitsuntide on Saturday."—*Local Paper.*

We understand that the foliage was rushed by air.

THE RING AND THE KNOCK.

[It is stated that two wedding-rings are now fashionable. The second is an extremely elaborate affair.]

Delia, I read of late
That the plain wedding-ring
Our sires held adequate
To-day is not the thing;
The modern point of view
Demands not one, but two.

Gone are the days of old
When the young man would come
Down with a band of gold
Or even platinum;
Now he has got to shell
Out for ring 2 as well.

None of your plain hoops here;
The latest fad inclines
To something chaste and dear
And jewelled to the nines—
Emerald, ruby, pearl—
Whatever suits the girl.

I do not know the bride
Who 'd jib at such a plan,
Though there 's another side
As seen by her young man;
But still the problem, Why,
Evades the naked eye.

True we 've developed now
From a less agile past
When the connubial vow
Was rather meant to last,
And people (mad, no doubt),
Once wedded, stuck it out.

To-day, when bonds wax loose
And stand but little strain,
This link might have its use
In building up the chain,
Though whether it would act
I question, as a fact.

Or if the bride's clear gaze
Turns to the coming split,
And it seems sound to raise
Something that 's really It
To bind her heart-break, there
I 'm not prepared to swear.

But, Delia, understand
That when our day has come
I shall produce one band
Of good plain platinum;
I 'd scorn to offer two
Rings to a girl like you.

DUM-DUM.

"Beckenham Town Council, after considering the decision of the management of the Beckenham Pavilion Cinema to close down because of the censorship, decided to continue the censorship.

The Council sat in camera."
Evening Paper.

Does the Council intend to star in its own talkies?



Caddie (to errant Golfer). "I NEVER REALISED UNTIL TO-DAY 'OW MUCH OF ENGLAND IS OUT OF CULTIVATION."

CALLIOPE RETURNS.

III.

THE puzzling death of Lord St. Botolph still remains unsolved. He is poisoned, has a blow on his head, six bullet-holes going right through him, and is tied to the chandelier in the drawing-room. His will, torn up but discovered, leaves money to the guests and servants at Colney Sutton, but not to his favourite niece, Susan, nor his missing son, James. Fitney Herder, the great detective, cannot share the belief of Sir Richard Pyke, the Chief Constable of the county, that Susan did the deed. But why are there three apparent causes of death? Why is the will torn up? Who did what, and how? *The Triple Murder* reaches its final stage.

Acting upon instructions, Sergeant Blight
Had not been idle either day or night
In helping Fitney, for a case so grim
Might mean promotion, he knew well, for him.
Though often snubbed by the detective, he
Continued nosing out the mystery;
And on the third day following the slaughter
He dragged the stretch of ornamental water
And found a Fearful Thing there, mud-bedabbled.

The villagers stood round, pale-faced, and gabbled,
"That be his son, that thing all muck and weed.
The Honourable James."
It was indeed.
Foul murder, treading on the heels of murder,
Seemed, as he viewed the corpse, to Fitney Herder
To drown the love-song of the hedgerow linnet.

The second body had six bullets in it.

Six bullets piercing Lord St. Botolph's corpse
And six in this one! Speculation warps
The mind that broods too deep, and drives out sense;
Yet could that six be mere coincidence?
Something clutched tightly in the dead man's fist
That eyes less like an eagle's might have missed
Stirred Fitney from his dream.
It was a button.
Where had he seen before at Colney Sutton
A button just like that? And on whose coat
Sewn newly? Fitney made a mental note.
And then a new suspicion seemed to burst
Over him like a cloud. He saw the worst
Deed that had ever dimmed the English sun
In all the catalogue of dark deeds done,
Strode to the village, grave and filled with care,
And prosecuted fresh inquiries there.

Now the whole vision, not a corner smudged,
Stood clear in Fitney's mind as back he trudged.
The hawthorn filled the air with scent serene;
He felt that he could reconstruct the scene.
He summoned all the household—servants, guests—
To leave their temporary interests—
The Thorpes, the butler, even saucy Em,
Into the drawing-room, and spoke to them.

Here again we have a necessary epic formula common to all detective stories. To the mere prosaic and critically-minded reader it may seem unusual that the guests at a house-party should go on staying quietly at a house after a terrible murder, sharing it with the detective, the Chief Constable of the county and possibly one or two members of the local police force. It might seem that a shadow would fall over the dinner-table; that the amenities of the park would be impaired. One is apt to wonder who pays the bills and whether the service does not grow slightly disarranged. But the grand closing scene in a detective saga would be impossible unless this custom were observed. For the guileless reader is now betting busily on the identity of the criminal, and he wants all the runners to be there in a bunch as they near the winning-post.

"Lord St. Botolph," Herder began,
"Was not a respectable type of man.
His life had been stained by various crimes,
Mostly committed in foreign climes,
Of which the memory now is dim;
But his servants knew, and they blackmailed him."

The servants made ineffective bleats
As Herder spoke, but they kept their seats.

"They blackmailed him," the detective said,
"The poor dumb corpse who was found here dead:
But"—here his accents grew hard and stern—
"They were also blackmailed themselves in turn.
I know the name of the arch-blackmailer!"

He looked around. Not a cheek grew paler.

"To this man all men bowed their necks.
In speaking of him I shall call him X.
Turning now to the fatal night,
Lord St. Botolph, in wrong's despite,
One good deed was resolved to do—
To leave his wealth to the lady, Sue,
And so, having made her sweet life sunny,
To poison himself with antimony.
But scarce had he written '*To Susan Grouse*——'
When X by the window entered the house
And held him there at the pistol-muzzle
And made him write what has been our puzzle—
The will that we found torn up like chaff,
Bequeathing the stuff to the household staff.
X intended to blackmail these
For ever and ever, as legatees."

He paused. Sue wept. Old Colonel Grouse, lean-sinewed,
Tugged his moustache. Em snuffled.
He continued:

(The variations of length in the metre, representing the swift changes of action in the narrative, should be particularly noticed by the young practitioner.)

"But another hider was in the room,
Watching there on the night of doom—
The missing heir. From behind the curtain
He sprang. He read the will, made certain
What it contained and tore it up.
St. Botolph, seizing a Worcester cup,
Drained, as he planned, the lethal poison,
Fell, struck his head . . .
There came a noise on
The drawing-room door, and Thorpe rushed in,
Fired madly. Perkins fired. The din
Was awful.
Then the Honourable James,
Through the confusion and the uncertain aims,
Not hit by Perkins' bullets nor by Thorpe's,
Seized, to protect himself, his father's corpse.
X fired six bullets through St. Botolph's body;
All lodged in James. The room was now most bloody.
X told the servants to remove the heir
And throw him in the pond (we found him there);



Little Girl (whose modern mother sends her to a modern school conducted in accordance with the latest neo-psychological principles).
"MUMMY, MUST I ALWAYS DO ONLY WHAT I WANT TO DO?"
Mother. "YES, DARLING. THAT'S WHAT YOU GO TO SCHOOL FOR."
Little Girl. "WELL, I'D MUCH SOONER DO SOMETHING ELSE."

To take the drawing-room carpet up and lay
A new one down (this one we see to-day),
And strap meanwhile the perforated peer
Out of the way upon the chandelier.
The one mistake was made about the will,
Which Emma, with less sense perhaps than skill,
Removed by turning on the vacuum-sweeper.
There it remained. I stand here as its keeper.

"But who was X? Whose coat had once this button
Snatched by the heir? Who came to Colney Sutton
On that May night, bent on that bestial deed?"
He stopped and pointed to the coat of tweed
Where one new button, standing out starlike,
Clashed with the rest *upon Sir Richard Pyke!*

In gyves they took him off, the great Chief Constable
And secret blackmailer, of Wynds at Dunstable,
And hanged him, Fitney Herder's former friend.
And so the long case wound at last to end.

But Fitney Herder gained the lovely Sue
And all St. Botolph's large possessions too.

There. If that doesn't win the POET LAUREATE'S prize for epic verse, I don't know what will. EVOE.

"SEE THE NEW MODELS IN OUR SHOW-ROOMS.
GENEROUS HIGHER PURCHASE TERMS."
Garage Advt. in Cumberland Paper.

This sounds to us like Hire Criticism.

THE FINER POINTS OF CRICKET.

"IT'S 'IM," said the visiting captain, proceeding to peel a bilious sweater from his tall frame after an anxious survey of the approaching batsmen. "Gimmy the ball. Knock my average to 'ell, will 'e, when the pitch is wet!"

The spoiler of averages was Pemberton, the local JACK HOBBS. It was borne in upon me that I had accepted rather light-heartedly the invitation to assist in umpiring the match between the village team and their rivals of Little Puddleford. There was in the atmosphere something that suggested that knotty points might come up for decision.

The tall captain started measuring off gigantic paces. "You get out to the fence, Bill," he said to a corpulent individual in a crushed hat with rolls of sweater up to his ears. "As like as not 'e will be took there."

Bill growled bloodthirstily, and the air was heavy with the unspoken desire that Pemberton might be killed early in the proceedings. The batsmen arrived just then, the fielders scattered and Pemberton settled himself for action. I shouted "Play!" The tall man, after scraping afresh at his mark, commenced a wild rush in the direction of the stumps. He reached the crease, whirled his arms like a runaway windmill, made a sudden clutching motion and bawled "Dammit!" in stentorian tones as the sphere slipped from his grasp, executed a series of diminishing bounds and, after rolling a few yards, stopped dead. Ten pairs of eyes gazed at it in horrified fascination.

"No Ball!" I called.

"Wot was wrong with that there delivery?" demanded the tall man.

"Nothing, except that it didn't reach its destination," I replied with mild facetiousness.

"And I didn't drag that foot across the crease?" An enormous extremity was advanced for my inspection.

"I don't think so. Something unusual happened; I don't just know what."

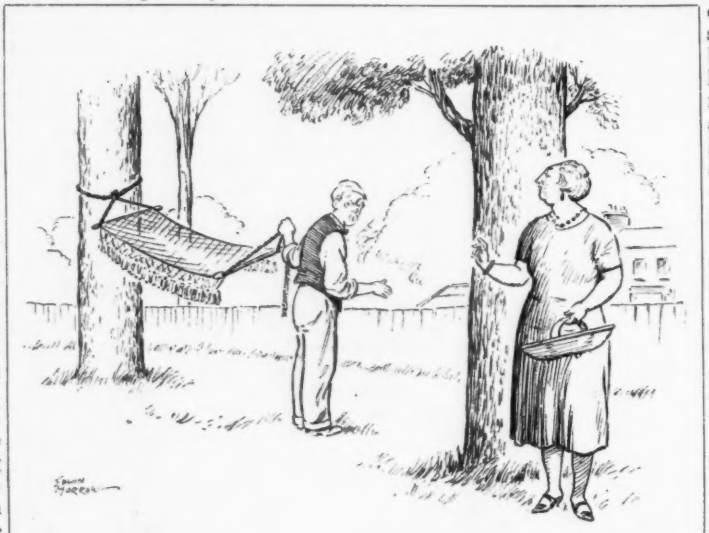
"And yet you give a No Ball!" The tall man glowed with righteous indignation. "It's a wide, that's wot it is."

"It isn't," I argued. "It was going straight for the wicket if it had just kept on going."

"'So 'igh over or so wide of the wicket that it's outuv the batsman's reach,'" quoted the tall man obstinately. "That ball was outuv 'is reach."

"You can't tell Dick nothing," said the wicket-keeper, distinguished by enormous pads and gloves, some white material and a snub nose. "Cricket's in the family. His cousin woulduv been invited to play for Surrey Colts if 'e 'adn't been 'it on the Adam's apple."

The Little Puddleford team crowded round and eyed me with obvious distaste, while the visiting umpire, a replica of the tall man, said reproachfully, "If you 'ad ast me I coulduv told you."



"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT, GEORGE. YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT THAT TREE A BIT CLOSER."

"I don't doubt it," I replied. "But I couldn't give a wide till the ball reached the batsman. It hasn't reached him yet."

"Don't argue with the umpire," struck in the second batsman, whose job as local station-master lent authority to his tone. "It might as well be a No Ball as anything else. It's got to be something."

The captain's eyes bulged.

"And another thing," continued the station-master, "I want to protest against them grey pants o' yours. They should be white. The ball can't be seen against them."

The captain, apparently bereft of speech, made incoherent noises, and a bald-headed long-stop called "Shame!"

"It's red and green lights we should carry to please you," cried the man in the crushed hat. "Wot's 'e to do? Take 'em off?"

"He can if he wants to," rejoined the station-master, stung by this reference to his occupation.

"I think we will waive the objection," I said soothingly.

"No man 'ere will wave them pants—no two men." The tall man spoke throatily, with dramatic motions of his arms. "They was white once, but got stained with moss and I 'ad 'em dyed."

"They're all right," I assured him. "Keep them on by all means. You have just bowled a No Ball."

A hasty movement and a loud shout revealed the batsmen in the process of stealing a run. The tall man dashed like a cyclone in the direction of the ball, his fury seeming to disconcert Pemberton, who, from roaring "Come on!" changed the instruction to "No—go back!" and retreated hastily. The station-master, baulked after a flying start, made a loyal but unsuccessful attempt to advance in opposite directions simultaneously, trod on the ball and collapsed among the tall bowler's legs.

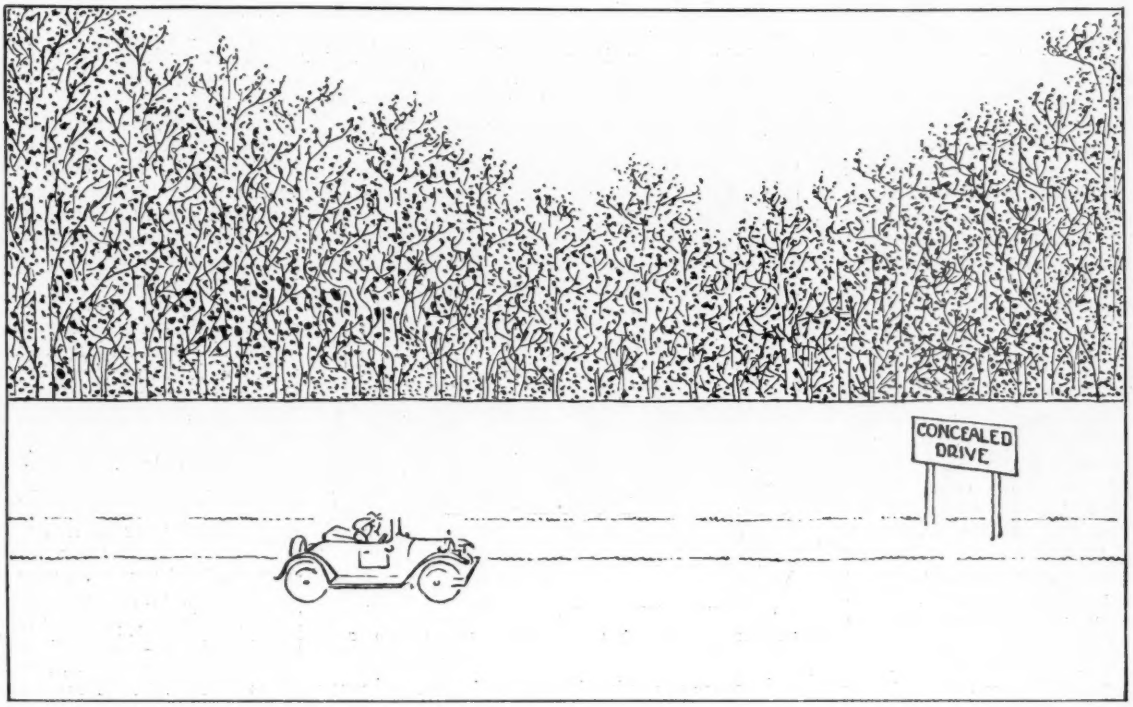
A period of frightful confusion followed, a babel of suggestions arising from all quarters of the field. Finally the discomfited railway official managed to unravel himself and rushed madly towards his end, the tall man, from his knees in the middle of the pitch, making a valiant effort to throw down the abandoned wicket. The ball went wide of the mark and immediately Pemberton came careering down the pitch again calling for a run. But the station-master, mortified beyond utterance, declined to budge.

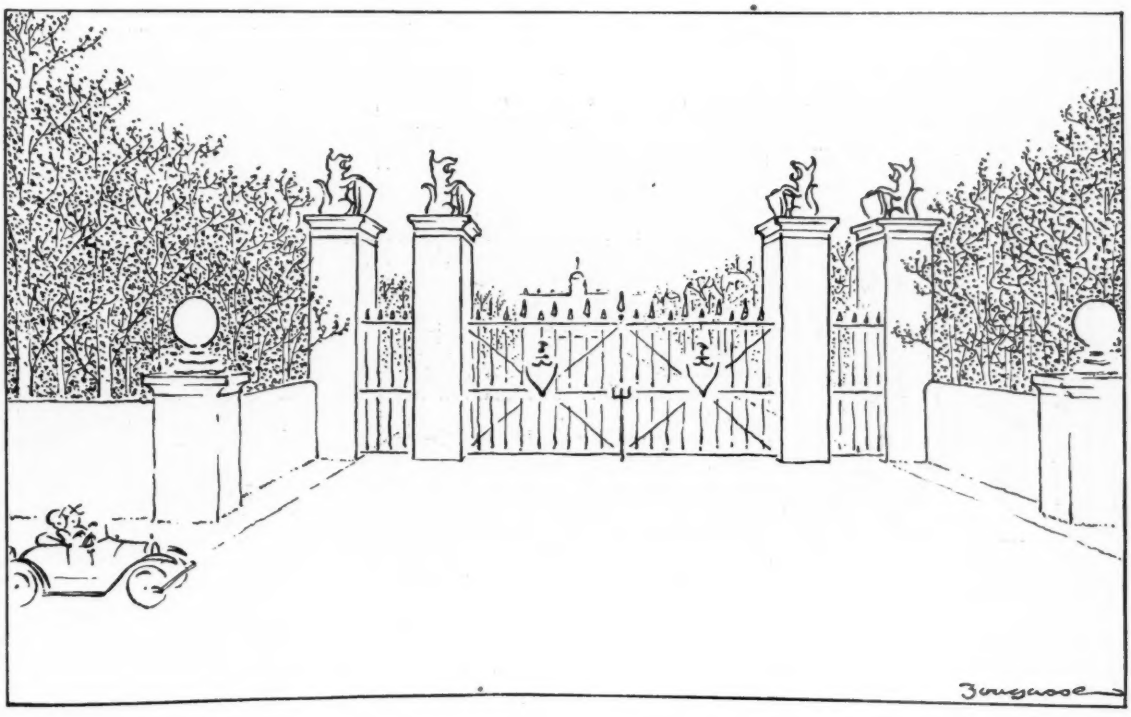
"Other end!" shouted the tall man. From the outfield the ball came soaring through the air towards Pemberton's wicket. It reached it at the same time as Pemberton himself, landing with a resounding thump among the upper reaches of that stalwart's anatomy. A loud outburst of profanity greeted its arrival.

The tall man concealed a smile. "There's one thing," he said in a mollified tone, "it's reached 'im now anyway."

A Troop-Carrying Experiment?

"ARMY TO FLY THE ATLANTIC?
MOLLISON DENIES TALKING OF PROJECT."
Straits Paper.





MODESTY.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—Your letter arrived on Friday evening just as we were starting off for a week-end at the Diddeslows. I'm so glad your household has settled down all right now and that the under-gardener has apologised to the chauffeur for locking him into the carnation-house. Or was it the other way round? I forget. Anyway, I don't wonder old Paddle was furious at having some of his precious plants knocked over.

How *is* Paddle, by the way? He sounded rather terrifying from your description of him when you first went to Starlings—I remember you said he kept on eyeing you very suspiciously as though you were some new kind of plant which Richard had suddenly introduced into the garden without consulting him, and which he (Paddle, I mean) didn't think was likely to turn out much of a success. However, you seem to have won him over completely now, since you say he never stops talking.

I wonder why it *is* that gardeners are such chatterboxes? I suppose it's the reaction from spending so much time with flowers; it must be awfully unnerving to see all those beautiful vacuous faces just staring and staring at you and never answering back. Somebody ought to write a frightfully intense play about a highly-strung gardener who finally went mad under the strain and attacked the sunflowers with a hoe. If you labelled it "From the German" and got it produced by one of the highbrow theatre clubs it would be a roaring success.



"A HIGHLY-STRUNG GARDENER WHO WENT MAD AND ATTACKED THE SUNFLOWERS WITH A HOE."

Talking of that, William and I went to one of them the other night, quite by accident. The Loxley-Bitternes asked us on the telephone what we'd like to be taken to, and we said we were dying to see *Toys and Trifles* (that marvellous new revue at the Longacre), and, my dear, they thought we said "*Poison Ivy*," which is the latest and gloomiest production of the Malachite Club's. The Loxley-Bitternes are members (they *would* be), so they took tickets for it, though I think they must have been a bit surprised at *us* choosing a show like that.



"RUPERT GAVE HIM A PITYING LOOK AND SAID IT WAS MARVELLOUSLY PRODUCED."

My dear, it was *grim*. All about the Right to Kill, and how everybody ought to be allowed to commit one free murder, because the Killing Urge was a natural instinct, and all sorts of repressions and complexes were set up if people denied themselves the Supreme Experience of Murderhood. William remarked in the first interval that if you really put this theory into practice there soon wouldn't be any more people left in the world at all—like a snake eating its own tail, you know. But Rupert L.-B. just gave him a pitying look and said it was marvellously produced.

I whispered to William, "Never mind, darling, let's just pretend we're at a Lyceum melodrama." And we did; and, d' you know, we really quite enjoyed all the murders and things after that. And yet, of course, the Loxley-Bitternes would never *dream* of going to a good old "blood-and-thunder" show or even to a straight crook play. Funny, isn't it? Melodrama by itself, with a Virtue Rewarded sort of ending, they think is appallingly lowbrow; but you've only got to add a spot of psychology and a few chunks of medical-dictionary language, and make the villain come out on top instead of the hero, and *then* they call it Intelligent Drama. . . . All the same, the Loxley-Bitternes are both pets, and really quite human from the forehead down.

Let me see—where was I? Oh, yes—your letter. I took it down to the Diddeslows with me, meaning to answer it there; but *what* a hope! William and I were both dead to the world and looking forward (for once) to a nice quiet countrified week-end, scratching the Diddeslows' pigs' backs and pottering round the garden. W. had been having a v. busy week at the office—thank Heaven!—and I'd been rushing round with Poodles Vane helping her to choose her trousseau, *and* giving Adela Fossick a hand with a charity ball she's organising, to say nothing of both of us having had five late nights running at various parties. (In case you've forgotten, my poor child, there is a thing called The Season which goes on about now.) So we got down to Little Takeham feeling like chewed rags. And the first thing Phyllis Diddeslow said was, "My dears, you lead such a gay life in London that I'm afraid you'll find it a bit dull down here; but we've done our best to fix up a few amusements for you."

And they had. Some people came over that very night to dine and play bridge; and on Saturday they took us over to lunch at the Hughie Morrysons, who've got a week-end cottage about fifteen miles away. We'd already seen them three times that week in London. (You remember them? He cares for nothing but racing, and she used to be on the stage, so every-



"LET THEM FEED THE DUCKS ON THE SERPENTINE."



Artist. "AH! I SEE YOU'RE KEEN ON BRUSHWORK".
Scientist. "IT ISN'T THAT, MY BOY. THERE'S A *MINIMACULA FEROX* ENTANGLED IN THE WET PAINT AND HIS STRUGGLES ARE MOST INTERESTING."

body calls them the Sporting and Dramatic.)

Then they took us to tea with some other people on the way home, and in the evening, my dear—the crowning horror—we were dragged off to the *cinema* at Takenbridge! And on Sunday five people came over to lunch, and Phyllis said they'd arranged to have a "gramophone hop" in the evening because they knew W. and I adored dancing. We said we were *desperately* sorry, we thought they'd realised that we'd got to drive back to London after dinner because of William's office in the morning. (We'd really meant to stay till Monday, of course, and start early, but we felt we really couldn't *stand* any more sociability.) The Diddeslows seemed faintly offended and said they did hope we hadn't found the country too quiet for us.

Aren't people incredible not to realise that what one wants is a *change* from one's own sort of life, not an imitation of it? We've thought of a nice tactful way of bringing this home to them. We're going to ask them both up to London to stay, and then, instead of taking them to plays and things, we're going to arrange a nice country picnic for them in the middle of Hyde Park and let them feed the ducks on the Serpentine.

Good-bye, angel. Love from William and your LALAGE. JAN.

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

COLLIE.

I AM the Shepherd of the Sheep
That I to serve was born;
Ewe, Hogg and Tup, I round them up,
The fleece, the hoof, the horn;
By dale and down and dipping-pan,
Crook, shears and wattle-shade,
I am the nearest brute to Man
That ever God has made.

I am the Shepherd of the Sheep;
Unto the hill I go,
When ways are blind and when the wind
Moans muffled with the snow;
When all familiar things are by
At freak of drift that's blown,
By grace of God, through chaos, I
Still seek and find my own.

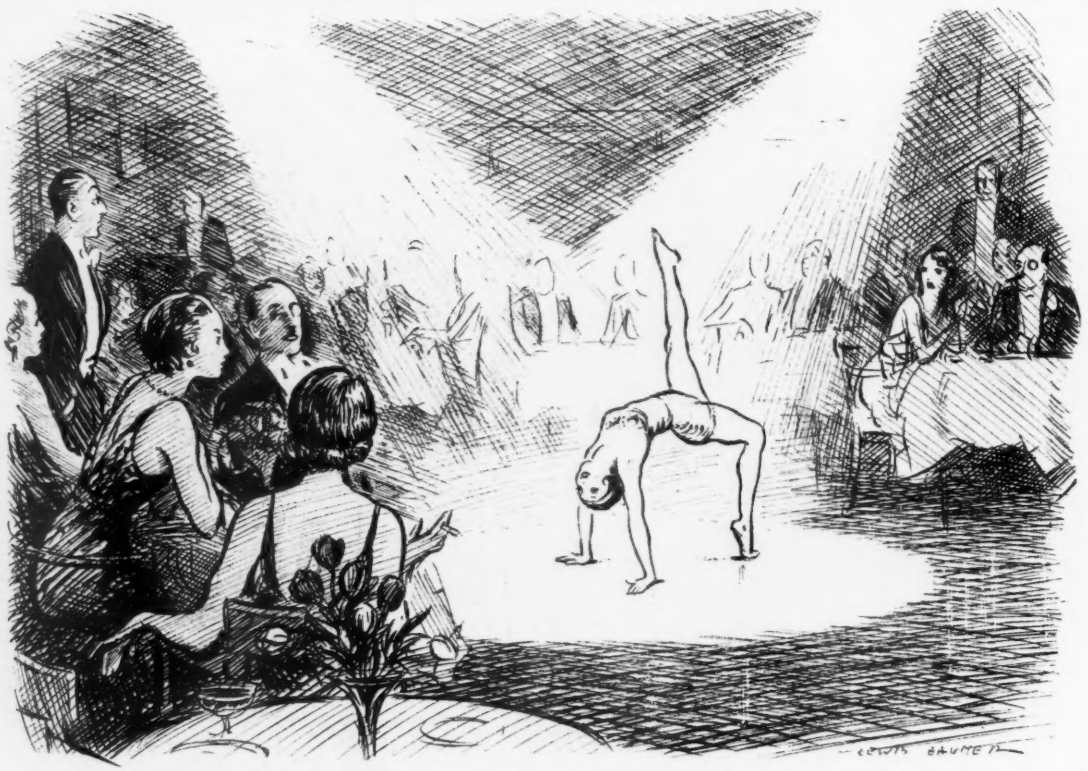
I am the Shepherd of the Sheep,
I am the Dog his Power;
I bid them be or march with me
At two good miles an hour;
I stem their scuffling, panic wave,
I run, I crouch, I creep;
No man who has a soul to save
Has wit to fold a sheep.

I am the Shepherd of the Sheep,
Their first and latest need;
Ewe, Tup and Hogg get heed of Dog
When Man may give small heed;
From the high places to the groves—
Blue Grampian, Hampshire pine,
I am the Drover of the Droves,
The sheep are only mine.

I am the Shepherd of the Sheep;
You've met us on the way
To fair and town; my tongue drips down,
My coat with dust is grey;
I'm four-foot lame, I'm lame all round,
Yet here I run and there
And bring my sheep in safe and sound,
My honour and my care.

For I am Shepherd of the Sheep
That I to serve was born;
I serve them true—Hogg, Tup and Ewe
And hoof and fleece and horn;
Since Lammas first to Lammas ran,
Day's light or lantern's glim,
The nearest brute am I to Man
That God has given to him.

P. R. C.



Young Lady (bored by prolonged cabaret turn). "I WISH SHE'D DO HER BEASTLY SLIMMING EXERCISES AT HOME. I WANT TO DANCE."

S.P.C.M.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I would like to take this opportunity of bringing to your notice the existence of a certain society in which I have been vitally interested ever since its inception—that is to say, for well over fifteen minutes. I hardly like to tell you who is the Founder and first President, nor am I at liberty to disclose the identity of the Vice-President-and-Acting-Secretary. The Hon. Treasurer also wishes to remain anonymous—and for a pretty good reason too; while it is impossible for me to divulge as yet the names of any members—also for a pretty good reason.

I am calling my society—that is to say, at a meeting of the above-mentioned officials it was decided to call the society—the S.P.C.M. The "S" stands—yes, you've guessed it—for "Society." The "P.C." stands at the corner of the street when he's resting from his beat, taran-ta-ra—sorry, it must be the Spring or something. The "P.C.," I should say, stands for "Prevention of Cruelty"; while the "M"—and there, I regret to say, you have us; for, to tell you the truth, we haven't yet decided quite what the "M" *is* going to stand for.

You see, it could stand for so many things, none of which as yet have a society specially formed to protect them from cruelty. Mice, for instance. Just think how the public could be worked up by harrowing descriptions of the soul-searing panics which mice are liable at any minute to have inflicted on them by callous screams from middle-aged spinsters! Consider the wretched housing conditions under which mice exist, or the sufferings caused by the increasing difficulty they must find in wringing a livelihood out of middle-class larders. Yes, we feel sure that any society designed to promote kindness towards mice is long overdue.

Or the "M" might equally well stand for Molluscs, with particular reference to oysters—except that, now one comes to think of it, not being yet under royal patronage, our S.P.C.M. hasn't an "R" in it.

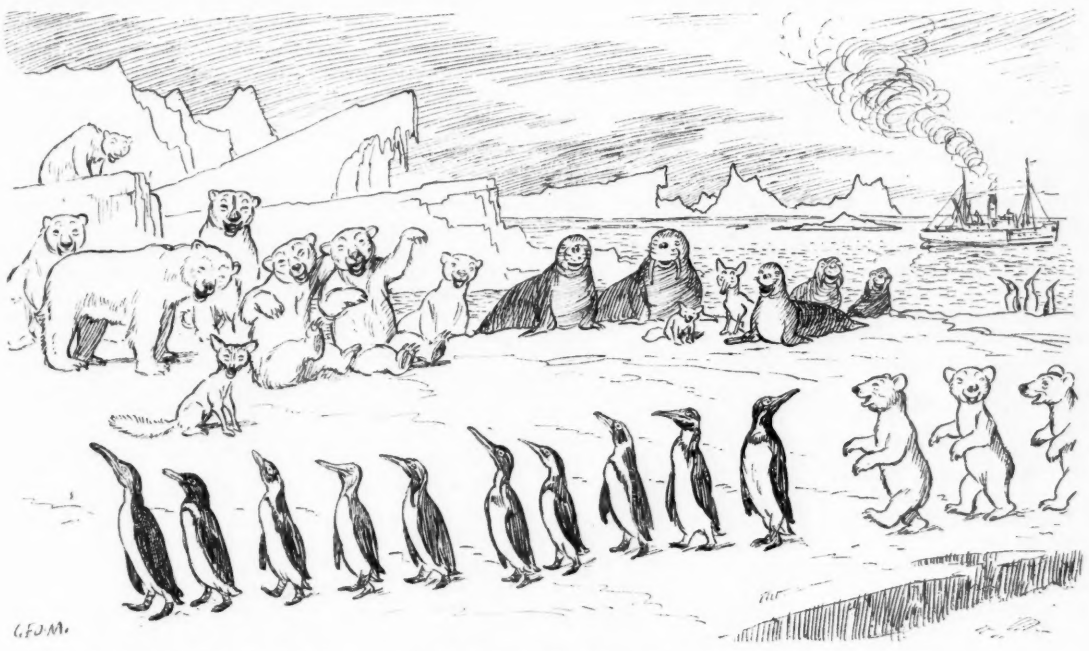
Then there is Macrodactyl—yes, we are by now referring to our dictionary. Who wouldn't rally at once to prevent cruelty to Macrodactyls—which, as you all know, are wading-birds-having-long-toes—even if our object was only to give them a kinder name? Or Mandrake? The dictionary tells us that mandrake is a plant which shrieks—yes, actually shrieks, poor thing!—when it is pulled out of the ground. There's cruelty for you! Any S.P.C.M(andrakes) would at once concentrate on devising a method of painless extraction for Mandrakes, and equally of course for Womanducks.

Then, again, Microphones. Have the people of Britain ever considered what microphones have to put up with—Oxford accents poured into them at close range day after day, running commentaries, American twangs, after-dinner speeches? Think of what they must suffer from these last alone, and without any pleasant memory of a recent dinner which might soften the cruel impact of those halting sentences, those "er's" and "hrm's," those stories about an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman. And Microphones can't sneak out under pretext of turning on their car-lights, nor while away the time by drawing pictures on the backs of menus; they have to stand right up in front of the speaker, drinking in every word. And as for Micro-



THE REPUDIATOR REPUDIATED.

AUSTRALIAN KANGAROO (*"dissembling his love"*). "THERE'S ONE FOR AULD LANG SYNE!"



["A proposal has been made to introduce the penguin to the Arctic regions. Hitherto the penguin has been confined to the Southern Hemisphere."—*Daily Paper.*]

ARRIVAL OF FIRST CONTINGENT.

phones in foreign countries, when I tell you that the Polish for a simple sentence like "The gnat buzzes in the reeds" is (quite truthfully) "*Chrzaszcz szwmc w trzcenie,*" you'll understand what we feel about it.

Or, again, why should not the "M" stand for Moa, the extinct wingless bird of New Zealand? A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Moas would at least be original. People who didn't know what a Moa was might even be induced to subscribe, and, not having any Moas to spend the money on, the Society's officials would be in clover. Besides, though the Moa is reputed extinct, one never knows; one would not like to say for certain that there really are no moa. Should one hatch out suddenly from a delayed-action egg it would be unique and as such should certainly have a society ready to protect it from ill-treatment.

Another neglected "M" is Microbe. Microbes are probably the most numerous of living organisms, but so far from anything being done to bring happiness into their lives the majority of them are being daily subjected to indescribable cruelties. Burdened by large and increasing families, never knowing where the next meal is to come from, the miserable creatures are yet made to suffer tortures from fresh air, fumigations and disinfectants without anyone lifting a finger in protest. To millions, nay, billions of microbes every year callous scientists and grim hospital nurses are meting out lingering and painful death, and there is none to point out that even a measles microbe has as much right to live as the next creature. Think too of what unprincipled sadists are doing every day to the happy denizens of a Stilton. . . . But enough! S.P.C.M.—Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Microbes. There we are again.

Better still—and with especial reference to a lady-driver who has just passed my window—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Machinery. There's a job really worth doing. We shall have inspectors all over the country warning or even prosecuting offenders. "Madam, do you realise the suffering you are causing to your poor gear-box? How would you like to have your teeth treated in that callous fashion?" Or, "Excuse me, Sir; I represent the S.P.C.M., and I propose to summon you for carrying eight large people in a Baby Forstin. I heard the pitiful wailing of its springs half-a-mile away."

However, on maturer reflection and bearing in mind that charity begins at home, we have decided that "M" should stand for an object in even greater need of protection than any I have mentioned. And that is—*Me.* So, if you will all send your subscriptions along? . . . As I said, our Treasurer desires to remain anonymous, but the object of the Society will be achieved if you send them to

Yours truly, A. A.

HATS OFF.

THE hatters are complaining
That men are void of pride,
That self-esteem is waning,
That interest has died
In toppers once so glossy,
In bowlers white or grey,
That battered felts and mossy
Disgrace our heads to-day.

Lest poverty and chill be
The traders' sorry lot,
I'd pass around my trilby,
The only one I've got,
But fear, whate'er were paid in,
They might with scornful pride
Refuse an offering made in
A hat they'd so deride.

"Mrs. —— was 38 when she started playing golf. She is now 60 and a grandmother, and when interviewed had driven from London to Leeds—nearly 200 miles—without showing a sign of fatigue."—*Daily Paper.*

Freak drives like this would take her out of bounds at most courses.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

THE MAGICIANS.

"ONE of the things I have wanted for a long time," said George, "is a string of native beads. The really posh ones, I mean. There's a girl in England," he added dreamily, "who says she'd like me to get her some."

"Um."

"Yes," went on George; "and at the present moment a genuine hundred-per-cent native witch-doctor of high reputation is squatting in the Askari lines. He is the foulest thing I've seen for ages, but he's wearing the finest string of beads, and I've just thought out a way of doing business."

"How much does he want for them?" I asked.

"That's just it," said George; "he doesn't want anything—not money, anyhow. But I have an idea. Can we get him up here?"

Ten minutes later Sergeant Karonga introduced a wizened old man, who squatted on the ground before us after a verbose salutation. Hung about with amulets and charms and covered from the waist down with monkey-skins whose tails flapped intriguingly when he moved, he presented a weird figure; but according to George, who had it from Private Ali, he was at the very top of the Central African medical tree and held in extreme awe throughout the Nukuku district. A magnificent bead necklace of intricate design adorned his withered neck, and George regarded it greedily.

He was, I gathered, popularly credited with the ability to turn himself into a leopard whenever he felt like that; but when George suggested an immediate metamorphosis for our benefit there was nothing doing. The old gentleman merely displayed his toothless gums in an ingratiating smile and shook his hoary head.

"Perhaps it's the wrong time of the year, or the moon isn't favourable or something," said George. "You never know with these fellows. Anyhow, you must admit he's achieved something closely resembling the leopard smell."

Further pressed to show his skill, the ancient fumbled among the monkey-skins and produced a bag, from which he shook out a few small bones, apparently once the property of a Central African fowl. These he arranged carefully on the ground, then swept them together in one hand, tossed them into the air and let them fall. For a minute or so he studied their position.

"He's going to cast my horoscope," muttered George.

Sergeant Karonga, as a good Mahommedan, registered extreme disdain, but Private Ali evinced the liveliest interest. So did George.

Private Ali interpreted.

"He says there is a great future before me," said George; "he says I shall command wealth and rule many men. Not too bad, is it? And he says," he went on a little doubtfully, "that I shall own ten wives and more daughters than Private Ali knows the word for. Perhaps he doesn't know about polygamy and all that."



"GEORGE HELD HIM BY ONE OF THE MONKEY-TAILS."

"I seem to have heard something like this before," I said. "At bazaars and places. What more?"

"Nothing," said George. "Would you like your fortune told as well?"

"No, thanks," I put in hastily. "It might embarrass him to say the same things over again while you are here. Have another try to make him do the leopard trick."

"No," said George firmly. "He might forget how to come back, and then I should lose my necklace. This is where I come in. Watch."

I watched. With the aid of a handkerchief George proceeded to demonstrate some of the simpler conjuring tricks, to the vast astonishment of Sergeant Karonga and Private Ali, but without any visible effect on the witch-doctor, who looked politely bored. Unfortunately George's one really good effort, that of shooting a selected card out of a pack which he casually produced from his pocket, fell flat owing to the inability of any of his audience to recognise one card from another. It didn't appear to me that George was getting anywhere, and I said so.

"Wait," said he, and disappeared into his hut, returning immediately with a bottle of methylated spirits. Pouring a few drops into the palm of his hand, he applied a match to them and a thin blue flame flickered in the sunlight, while George, unperturbed, waved his hand slowly to and fro.

This fairly roused the crowd and only a strong sense of discipline prevented applause from the troops. The witch-doctor emitted a startled grunt and his eyes shone; but when Private Ali, at George's request, tested the reality of the flame by putting his finger into it and subsequently afforded convincing proof of its effectiveness the old man got thoroughly excited and broke into a stream of words.

"Good," said George. With a striking gesture he proceeded to pour a little of the spirit into the witch-doctor's palm, turned it carefully down and applied a match.

The victim leapt to his feet with a snort and every intention of instant flight, but George held him back by one of the monkey-tails.

"Tell him," he shouted, "that I will show him the secret of the magic fire."

The witch-doctor looked doubtful, but the possibilities of the thing overcame his distrust and he sat down slowly, rubbing his hand.

"He says he would give much to know it," interpreted Private Ali.

"That's all right," said George quickly. "Tell him I don't want much. I'll give him this bottle of magic without payment and show him how to use it. But because I too am a great doctor and —er—professional etiquette and all that—well, just as a memento of the occasion perhaps I might take those insignificant beads he wears round his neck."

Private Ali did his best, and the old man, with many protestations, handed

over the beads and took the bottle in trembling hands.

"Be sure to tell him to keep his palm right side up," urged George, and gave another demonstration, this time without injury to the medicine-man's dignity. The latter grinned from ear to ear and began to speak.

"I'll just pop these beads into disinfectant," said George. "What is he saying now?"

"He says, Sir," answered Private Ali, "that he would like some tobacco as well."

The request seemed reasonable, and George gave him a pipeful.

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOUR.

DEAR WEATHER-FORECASTER,—I do think the time has arrived when we should see and hear something of you meteorologists. After all, your brief daily messages to your fellow-men matter quite as much to most of us as the trumpetings of leader-writers and the babblings of bright young novelists.

I do not mean only that you should do your own broadcasting and that your photograph (*inset*) should appear along with the newspaper weather-reports, though even that would be a welcome crack in your icy reserve. No, my dear fellow, we want more than that.

Why are we never treated to back-page pictures of your private life ("Mr. Isobar, the well-known meteorologist, with his favourite hollyhock"), of your wife ("The Woman Behind the Weather Forecasts"), and of your little child playing with a wind-chart or rain-gauge ("Following in Father's Footsteps")? Why don't you open bazaars, lay foundation-stones and give your views on religion, Where is America Going? What Britain Needs, and the Modern Girl?

You seem even to avoid getting into the police news. Anyway, I never read of distinguished meteorologists figuring in famous law cases, or that "the accused, wearing a blue serge suit and speaking with calm composure, described himself as a meteorologist" (*Mr. Justice Gillyflower:* "Is that a business or a religion?"—laughter); or that "counsel stated that he proposed to call medical evidence to show that the mind of his client (who was a meteorologist) had become unhinged owing to the increasingly depressing nature of his profession."

How can we in these times honour you according to your deserts if we never read of your lunching at the Eros Restaurant or chatting to Princess Kummoff, or if you never tell us of the precocious accomplishments of your children, and how being in love affects your work?

Oh, yes, and don't you think they ought to give you meteorological fellows a decorated lorry all to yourselves in the next Lord Mayor's Show?

Yours, D. C.



Girl. "OH, BERT, WHAT A WONDERFUL SIGHT!"
Bert. "AY, LASS; IF WE HAD SOME EMPTY BOTTLES IT WOULD BE CHAMPION."

Economical Travelling.

"Irish farmers to visit Denmark on Page Five."—*Sunday Paper.*

"After a day of sultry heat with little sunshine, Whit Sunday ended in a violent thunderstorm and tropical train, says a London message."—*Scots Paper.*

Another triumph for *Shanghai Express*?

Invitations We Refuse.

"COME IN AND HEAR YOUR PORTABLE INSIDE."
Notice outside a Wireless Shop.

"The services at Port St. Mary Primitive Methodist Church on Sunday were conducted by two candidates for the ministry . . . The anthem rendered by the choir was 'What are these?'"—*I.O.M. Paper.*

A. Candidates for the ministry.

"It was surprising to find so many people at Brooklands unafraid of the showers—there must have been 20,000."
Daily Paper.

Even for England this must be a record amount of damp.



Week-End Hostess. "HULLO! A QUEEN WASP. I'LL SWAT IT."
Afternoon Visitor (with strict ideas of sportsmanship). "GOOD HEAVENS! DON'T HIT IT *SITTING*."

CHALLENGE TO ADVENTURERS.

[An essayist has been pointing out that adventure may be found close to our own front-door.]

WHEN but a boy I entertained the notion
(Which many a true he-man will understand)
That I would sail o'er some uncharted ocean,
Or map the miles of some mysterious land;
Or find some vast volcano's mouth and plumb it,
Unfurl the flag on some new island's shore,
Or proudly set my foot upon the summit
Of monster mountains never scaled before.

But not for me, alas! the open spaces
Where in a special manner men are men;
I earn, in well-policed and placid places,
Mild bread-and-butter with a peaceful pen;
Yet, though I've missed my juvenile ambition,
It's possible to say that I have scored:
At least I've managed many an expedition
To spots the world-renowned leave unexplored.

My camp-fires flicker in no far oasis,
For I grow grey in Glasgow on the Clyde,
And yet I've built upon a solid basis
The right to feel the proved explorer's pride;
What noted hero of our island nation,
Who won through polar seas by cold congealed,
Has dared, like me, to test his navigation
Across the pond's profound at Hogganfield?

To cheer my self-esteem when envy saddens
At thought of those who quest the globe around,
I say, "They never traversed the Cowcaddens
Or tried a trip upon our Underground;
Through distant deserts famed explorers struggle,
But there are exploits which await them still:
Has BYRD yet made a flight to Auchenshuggle?
Has F. S. SMYTHE attempted Keppochhill?"

W. K. H.

ANOTHER SHAKESPEAREAN PROBLEM.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH recently drew public attention to the fact that SHAKESPEARE'S heroines, as a rule, have no mothers.

What "Q" omitted, rather surprisingly, to point out is that the comparatively sparing use which SHAKESPEARE made of mothers fades into insignificance beside his callous neglect of aunts.

In the works of SHAKESPEARE the aunt, as aunt, simply does not occur. Uncles of varying degrees of dignity and moral worth move through the plays, winning their share of respect, dislike and murderous animosity, but the aunt never even figures among the supers.

May we take it that we have here a final and convincing proof that SHAKESPEARE was—well, I mean it's rather curious but this negative attitude towards aunts is to be found also in the essays of FRANCIS BACON.

Your sincere Aunt-lover, D. C.

ASPIDISTRA.

THE orchid flaunts its strange exotic fronds
Where languid odours drug the heavy air;
The waterlily floats on tranquil ponds,
And snowdrops bloom when all the woods are bare.

On mossy banks the primrose greets the dawn;
The wayside copse is carpeted with blue;
While roses round the trim and shaven lawn
Display their careful beauty to the view.

The poet sings of Kew in lilac-time
And round the year a floral garland weaves,
But finds in me, alas! no grace to rhyme,
No inspiration in my leathern leaves.

Yet, where the crowded houses mile on mile
Drag out their length beneath a leaden sky,
The decent dulness I alone beguile,
No other green than mine to cheer the eye.

Between trim curtains of synthetic lace
My shining bourgeois plumes I boldly wave,
A symbol there of elegance and grace,
Though critics mock and minor poets rave.

I am the banner of the lowly born;
My simple cult is no æsthetic sham:
For if, ignoring Chelsea's cultured scorn,
They choose to think me beautiful,
I *am*.



"THAT DAFT PASSENGER SEZ TER ME, 'ISN'T IT GHOST-LIKE?' SO I SEZ, 'WELL, IF A GHOST CAN GO CRUISIN' ABOUT THE ATLANTIC WEIGHIN' 'ARF-A-MILLION TONS, THEN PER'APS THERE'S SOMETHING IN WOT YOU SAY,' I SEZ."

CENSORING THE ZOO.

UNDER the Government's new Sunday entertainment scheme (as outlined by Mr. OLIVER STANLEY to Standing Committee A, B, M, N or what-not) zoos are to be permitted to open on Sundays without licence, let or hindrance from anyone. This has not satisfied everyone; and it has been proposed as a compromise that zoos should be licensed subject to conditions similar to those imposed on the cinema. Wild beasts vary as much as films in beauty, seriousness and instructional value. Some, like the monkeys, are definitely frivolous, and their mischievous gambols can hardly be described as an edifying spectacle for young children on the Lord's Day. To look at some of the tropical fish and the beautiful small birds must help them to believe in a benign scheme of creation. Quite other speculations may occur to their unformed minds as they survey the mandrill or the hippopotamus.

Again, some animals appear to enjoy themselves in captivity and others obviously do not. Those that do not must raise reflections of a confusing nature in the youthful mind. They have been taught on Sunday morning that Might is not Right, but in the afternoon at the Zoo they will see that Might is sometimes very much Right. And if, as they may well do, they form a sentimental sympathy for the animals, they may learn to think disrespectfully of the adults who made them captive. Is this a proper lesson for Sunday afternoon? No.

I have formed, therefore, a small Committee of public-spirited men and women who are conducting a preliminary inquiry to determine what animals are suitable for Sunday study. A few, no doubt, will be passed fit for examination by all and sundry; others, such as the unedifying hippopotamus, will receive only Certificate A—"For Adults Only." And some cages will be closed to all. A curtain will be drawn

across the mandrill, hyæna and wombat.

Our labours have not proceeded far, though the Committee has met several times. We meet every other morning at opening-time, and, standing before each cage in turn, we ask ourselves five questions:—

(1) Is this wild animal beautiful?
(2) Is it edifying?
(3) Is it happy?
(4) Has it any special appeal?
(5) Anyway, should we like our innocent children to goggle at it on a Sunday?

Ten marks are given for each of the first four questions, and to get a full certificate an exhibit must score at least thirty marks. The following, for example, is our preliminary classification of the lion:—

LION. (1) Well, yes, in a way. 8 marks. (2) Not very. Relies on brute force. Is rapacious, greedy, cruel and not over-intelligent. Brave perhaps, but who wouldn't be brave if he were a lion? 3 marks. (3) No. 0 mark. (4) King of Beasts. British Lion. 10 marks. (5) No. 0 mark. Total, 21. Not elected. Classed A—Adults Only.

The monkeys, I regret to say, have won only seventeen marks on the first ballot, and at present are classified "No licence." The Reptile House did little better and scored eighteen marks—No licence.

Unfortunately one of our number is a mother, and she has pointed out that children as a rule make an ugly rush for the lions, the monkeys and the Reptile House. If her children are not to see what they want, she said, she may as well not take them to the Zoo at all. We explained to her gently that we are thinking not of her little one's wishes but their souls. Two of the younger members sided with her and the Committee have not worked in quite such good harmony since.

Bulletins will be issued later as our classification proceeds. Meanwhile I am glad to be able to say that the Aquarium (or most of it) will receive a full certificate. Most of the fish are not only beautiful but seem to be having the time of their lives. But the octopus will be veiled. No child of mine shall study the octopus on Sunday. A. P. H.

"The music of Mozart, eternal youth! is a dance of the goods."—*Gramophone Paper.* Many modern composers fail to deliver the goods at all.

AT THE PLAY.

"SOMEBODY KNOWS" (ST. MARTIN'S).

THE inquest on Cock Robin is, I suppose, a classic example of forensic economy. Plain questions were given plain answers. The assassin's plea of guilt went unchallenged. Fly, Fish and the rest were model witnesses. Spectators in court indulged their emotions freely. And although no verdict was recorded there were no loose threads. Small wonder that modern contrivers of stage thrills so often follow its crisp procedure.

Mr. JOHN VAN DRUTEN, however, takes a different line. His inquiry into the death of *Lily Coles* is less a straight run with the hounds of the law than a reflective study of ordinary human nature in extraordinary conditions. He relegates his trial scene to the wings, even dismisses us with a verdict of "Not Proven." Yet this domestic drama is as exciting a problem-play as if its title had been *Who Killed Lily Coles?* and each step in the investigation one that *Sherlock Holmes* might have taken.

It opens indeed with the question: Who did the killing? This is asked by a young lady and answered by the novelist with whom she is supping at a West End restaurant. His reply is an imaginary reconstruction of the crime based on psychological surmise. While he is speaking the lights in the restaurant dim and we are transported to the house in Kennington, where his narrative is continued in action.

Here we meet the principals in the drama: *Madame Malvinetti*, retired opera-singer and landlady; her son and daughter; *Lance*, out-of-work young actor and adopted son of the house; and *Lily*, the street-walker whom he hopes to reform by marriage. The sitting-room is typical—enlarged ancestral effigies on the wall, aspidistra enshrined in the window; and at the modest tea-party that is in progress our hearts are won by *Madame's* native optimism and Miss MURIEL AKED'S sterling impersonation.

Then *Lily* enters. *Lily* is not a nice girl: a bad lot, though, rather than a bad sort. In confiding the nature of her profession to *Madame* (but not the fact that she is still in practice) she confirms our suspicion that *Lance's* chivalrous interest in her has a morbid element. From the smouldering intensity with which *Madame's* school-teacher daughter settles to correct her pupils' exercise-books we gather that she is unhappily in love with *Lance* and hates this exotic intruder.

Up to the commission of the murder, or rather to the discovery of *Lily's* dead body in her bedroom, the action is life-like. *Madame's* screams, however (tactfully though Miss AKED renders them), give dramatic ingenuity the cue to heighten realistic integrity, and a genre-piece becomes rather more patently a theatre-piece. Three short scenes cover the progress of *Lance's* trial for murder, from arrest to acquittal, before we return to the restaurant Epilogue that leaves the mystery unsolved.

This interesting play shows how brilliantly Mr. VAN DRUTEN can draw and dramatise so-called commonplace character. His *Madame Malvinetti* is a true and delightful piece of portraiture, and, projected by the naturalistic art of Miss AKED, she affects us almost as might a near relation. His *Lily*, a subtler, less cosy character, is equally well drawn and astonishingly well acted by Miss BEATRIX THOMSON. Mr. FRANK LAWTON'S sensitive *Lance* seemed to me happier at domestic ease than when strained by tragedy; Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT forcibly expresses the school-teacher's troubled love, and Mr. LEWIS SHAW'S hero-worshipping adolescent is a minor part perfectly played. H.



THE MURDER MYSTERY.
IF A LOOK COULD KILL . . .
Eunice Malvinetti . . MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT.
Lily Coles . . . . . MISS BEATRIX THOMSON.

"DANGEROUS CORNER" (LYRIC).

Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY's new play is a teaser. He means it to be, but gives us good reason to take the teasing in good part. He starts off in fine style. After-dinner conversation at Chantbury Close has pace, wit and pertinence. The tossed ball is not fully in play until the men join the ladies. Then it begins to weave an immediately interesting pattern. And the sweet tinkle of the musical cigarette-box that causes the ball to be significantly dropped when *Freda* passes it to *Olwen* is admirably timed.

Miss Mockridge, the novelist, ample, urbane and vigilant in her armchair, can see as far through a conversational screen as anyone. And when, with formal compliments to her hostess, she amply departs, she has gathered more than enough raw material for the tale her fellow-guests credit her in advance with spreading all over London. And what a tale it is!

That snatch of tinkling music is the prelude to as momentous a symposium as ever followed the playing of the Truth game by shameless professionals. And (as so often happens in real life when the game is risked by amateurs) things are never quite the same afterwards.

The game is started by the casual question: Can the truth ever really be spoken? The tinkle of the musical-box, like the laughter of Puck, dares these mortals to admit that it can and then to speak it. *Olwen* is pressed for reasons why she thinks she has seen and heard the box before. How, where, in what company? She yields to the pressure and the fat is soon blazing in the fire.

The box belonged to *Martin*, *Robert's* dead brother, whom most of the present company adored. Facts about his supposed suicide, hidden from the coroner, now come out. One by one the speakers rise up and call the dead man blessed. One by one — jealously, self-defensively, callously — each reveals what a curse that love was in reality. To *Gordon*, whose marriage it wrecked; to *Freda*, who married *Robert* to escape from her tragic *liaison* with *Martin* and failed to escape; to *Olwen*, whose visit to the supposed suicide, undertaken as an errand of mercy, flared up into a disgusting fight with a satyr and ended with her accidentally shooting him. Each, maddened



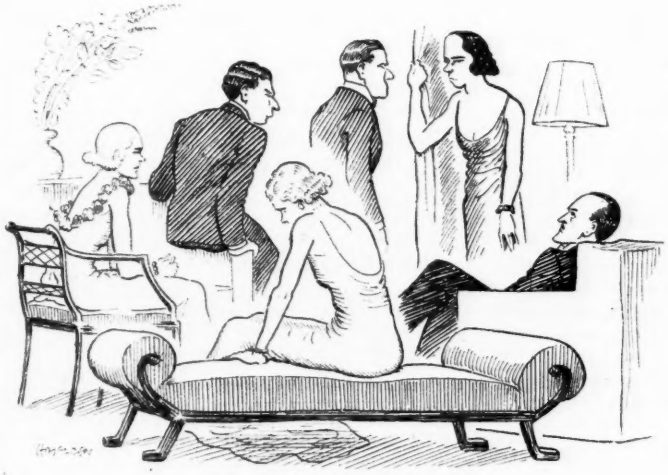
PART OF MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK.

as it were by the Truth virus, tears aside the veil and exposes the canker at every heart.

To us, watching and overhearing, the symposium becomes a kind of revivalist meeting where tortured, exalted testimony interests and also embarrasses. The lust for confession begins to be automatic. Each fresh disclosure arises inevitably from its predecessor, but the train that fires them is laid with rather too deliberate a cunning. The plot is too tightly packed to unfold persuasively, and the device with which its crumpled folds are explained away at curtain-fall is a trick whose ingenuity we appreciate rather than condone.

Mr. RICHARD BIRD, Miss MARIE NEY and Miss FLORA ROBSON invest with admirable tragic force characters that stubbornly resist the light and shade of characterisation, and Mr. FRANK ALLENBY does not allow the ice of a callous heart to thaw. Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE has produced the play with his usual skill, and Lady COLEFAX has designed the attractive bookish drawing-room in which the action passes.

Mr. PRIESTLEY's two crowded hours of inglorious life are preceded by twenty minutes of Miss ELIZABETH POLLOCK's inspired imitations of our leading ladies. Tuned by Mr. HERBERT FARJEON, she is an instrument on which the demon of parody plays some of its most incisive tunes. H.



THE JOYOUS PARTY.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CONVERSATION PICTURE.

Betty Whitehouse	MISS ISLA BEVAN.
Gordon Whitehouse	MR. WILLIAM FOX.
Freda Caplan	MISS MARIE NEY.
Robert Caplan	MR. RICHARD BIRD.
Olwen Peel	MISS FLORA ROBSON.
Charles Trevor Stanton	MR. FRANK ALLENBY.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

II.—MR. BEENY'S ECONOMIES.

"WILLIAM," said Mr. Beeny as he entered the breakfast-room the next morning, "you remember what I said last night about the need for economy?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I hope you are going to take it seriously. I personally had an almost sleepless night."

"I heard you, Sir," said William.

"You mean I snored more than usual?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, it seemed sleepless to me," said Mr. Beeny. "Any sleep I snatched was without refreshing quality."

"Yes, Sir," said William.

"*A propos* our new scheme of economy, William," said Mr. Beeny, "you remember *Mr. Micawber's* famous remark?"

"No, Sir, I can't say that I do. Who is *Mr. Micawber*, Sir? He hasn't dined here?"

"No such luck. He's

a character in a book. Didn't you ever read DICKENS?" Mr. Beeny asked.

"No, Sir. By the time I've looked through the paper after my work's done I've finished with reading."

"But didn't you read DICKENS when you were a boy?"

"No, Sir."

"What did you read?"

"Very little, Sir."

"It's a pity. DICKENS might have amused you."

"I like a good laugh, Sir."

"Well, you'll find *Mr. Micawber* in a story called *David Copperfield*. It's in the library on the left-hand side of the fire, should you ever feel like looking at it. In red leather."

"Thank you, Sir."

"*Mr. Micawber's* bearing on our situation, William, is this. He said that if one's income was twenty pounds a year and one spent nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence, one would be happy; but if one spent twenty pounds and sixpence, one would be miserable."

"Very true and sensible, Sir," said William, "although the income is rather small. But it's a thing I've often remarked myself."

"Not exactly in those words."

"No, not exactly. But near enough, Sir. In fact this isn't the first time I've found I've said the same thing as people in books. There's even something in SHAKESPEARE that I was saying all on my own the other day. All on my own. Cook had said something about somebody, and I remarked that everyone is more or less a play-actor and the world isn't really so unlike a theatre. She said I'd got that from SHAKESPEARE, but I hadn't. I never opened SHAKESPEARE in my life or saw him acted."

"Very interesting," said Mr. Beeny.

"Yes, Sir," said William; "but there's a question that goes with it. Does this mean that DICKENS and SHAKESPEARE are smaller, or that I'm bigger?"

How Mr. Beeny would have replied we shall never know, for at that moment William was summoned to serve breakfast.

A minute later Mr. Beeny pressed the button of the table-bell with unusual emphasis.

"William," he said as the door opened, "do I see any cream?"

"No, Sir," said William.

"You mean there isn't any?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Thank God! I thought I must be going blind. Why didn't the milkman bring it?"

"He did, Sir, but I told Cook to repudiate it."

"Wasn't it good?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. It looked particularly good. Rich. But after what you said last night I thought we couldn't afford it any more, or at any rate that we ought to do without it."

"But that's absurd. I didn't mean necessary things like that. What does cream cost a day?"

"Fourpence, Sir."

"Trifling. We're not going to spoil our coffee in order to save fourpence a day. Fourpence!"

"I thought that was what economy meant, Sir. Every little bit saved. And you yourself were talking about giving up *The Times*."

"So I was. But you over-persuaded me. Anyway, a newspaper is very different from an amenity of life such as cream."

"Very well, Sir, but it's the small things that count," said William. "There's a Scotch proverb about prudence in money matters, Sir: 'Every mickle makes a muckle.'"

"Very likely, William; but the Scotch are prejudiced. I want no muckles in this house; at least not on those terms."

"Very good, Sir."

"Well, what about my cream?"

"I'll see what I can do, Sir," said William as he closed the door.

He returned almost immediately with a small silver jug.

"Cream, Sir?"

"Yes, please, William," said Mr. Beeny. "But how did you get it so quickly?"

"I found that Cook had misunderstood me, Sir."

Thus gloriously opened Mr. Beeny's economy campaign. E. V. L.

Pearls of the Pellucid.

"I make no promises to perform impossibilities as I have found in practice that these are very seldom carried out."—*Candidate's Letter in Council Election.*

Intensity at Geneva.

"The financial situation of Austria is considered so serious, and the possible remedies are so complex, that the League of Nations Council, which reassembled to-day after a week's adjournment, again deferred discussion of the question."—*Daily Paper.*

"SCOTTISH SULTANA'S DANGEROUS HOME
Where Wild Beasts Take a Heavy Toll."
Scots Paper.

We feel that this is no way to refer to a Dundee cake.

"Newport (Mon.) Corporation yesterday decided to construct a reservoir at Tal-y-bont, on the Breconshire coast, at a cost of £431,000."—*Daily Paper.*

Similar work was once undertaken on the sea-coast of Bohemia.

TO A LANDOWNER: AN APOLOGY.

IN days gone by I loved to roam
The fields and woods around your home;
To leave the dusty roads and find
In solitude some peace of mind;
To see with weary London eyes
The smoke-free blue of country skies;
To mark the banks which flowered first
And watch the buds grow fat and burst.
And if you met me by the way,
"The Spring is late this year," you 'd say,
And, "Haven't we a perfect view?"
As though I owned the place with you.

But times, alas! are changed and marred;
Your gates are firmly shut and barred
And notice-boards on either hand
Inform me "This is Private Land
And Trespassers are not allowed."

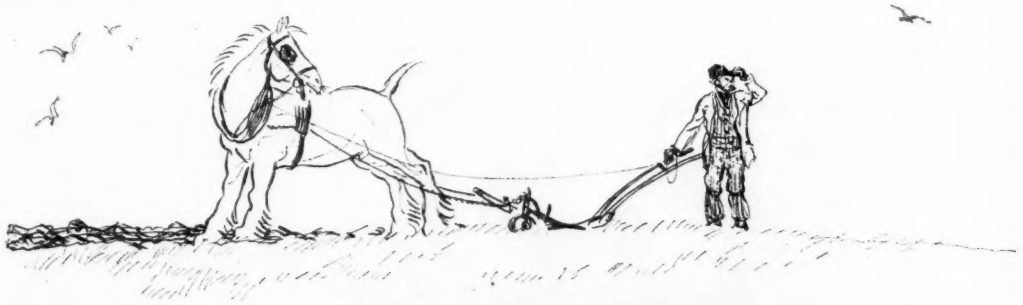
I blame you not; I've seen the crowd
Who come in charabancs from Town
And trample all your fences down;
Who break the branches from the trees
And dig up everything they please;
Who scatter litter when they go
And (worst of all the crimes I know)
Who pluck the flowers all around
Then leave them dying on the ground.

For shame of these I have not sought
To set your notice-boards at nought—
Not even when beneath the trees
I glimpsed the shy anemones,
Or heard amidst the boughs above
The blackbird calling to his love,
And knew the meadow grass was fair
With yellow cowslips everywhere.
(And who can smell a sweeter thing
Than sun-drenched cowslips in the Spring?)

But now for once your boards are vain,
For bluebell time has come again,
And oh, I cannot bear to miss
The sight of beauty such as this!
And so your clemency I pray;
I'm going trespassing to-day.

I'll take the path that winds between
Young larches bursting silver-green,
And cross the little brook below
Where willowherb and kingcups grow,
Till just beyond the bridge there gleams
The beechwood pictured in my dreams,
With shafts of sunlight glinting through
And underneath a sea of blue.
And then . . . I'll hold my breath and stare
At all the loveliness that's there.

A rainbow and a cuckoo's call
May hold a poet's heart in thrall,
But as for me I want no more
Than beechwoods with a bluebell floor.
And so, whatever you may say,
I'm going trespassing to-day!



THE VILLAGE FIRE BRIGADE.



Biddy pulls a plough down by Mayland's hollow,
Blossom pulls a plough by King Stephen's Down,
Where the seagulls swerve and the jackdaws follow,
And Bonny pulls a plough by *The Rose and Crown*;
Bunty pulls another, though she's past her prime,
And they'll all pull the engine if they're home in time—
Four good horses, very strong and very steady,
Whiskered at the muzzle, shaggy at the hock;
But who'll pull the engine if the horses are not ready?
Be careful with the matches until six o'clock!

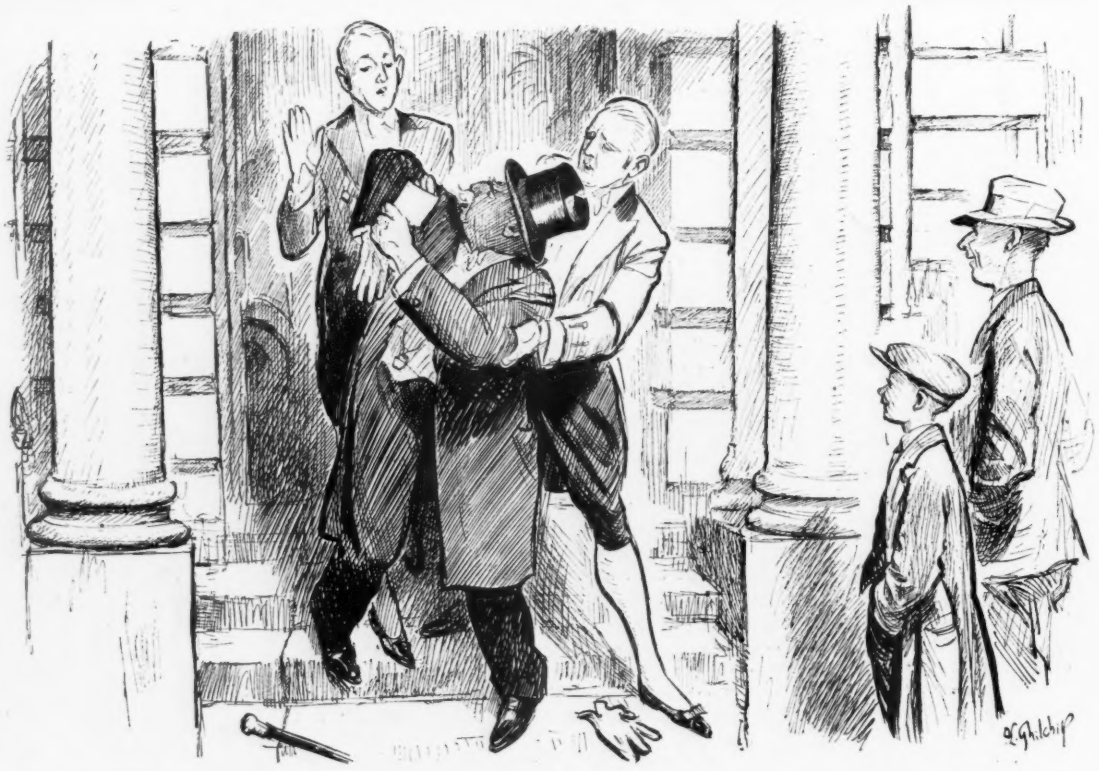




Freddy scrubs the churns up at Newland's Dairy,
Robert's busy hedging near to Wanbrook Chase,
Ernest's out of work, and so his odd jobs vary;
Ernest might be anywhere about the place;
Robert's in the shop or taking parcels round;
And they'll all man the engine when they've all been found—
Four good firemen, very spruce and very dandy,
Ready for adventure, ready for some fun;
But who'll man the engine if the firemen are not handy?
Be careful with the matches until work is done!







Guest. "BUT, DAMME, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! HERE'S MY INVITATION CARD. WHAT MORE D'YE WANT?"
Footman. "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT THIS IS A PARTY GIVEN BY GATE-CRASHERS FOR GATE-CRASHERS, AND WE HAVE STRICT ORDERS TO ADMIT NOBODY WITH A GENUINE INVITATION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Fanny's Wilful Way.

FROM the night when "my Aunt SIDDONS," concealed in her stage-box at Covent Garden, beheld the astounding début of her niece, to the day when "the note of suffering" which struck HENRY JAMES as "audible to the last and pathetic," died with a grandmother of four-and-eighty, *Fanny Kemble* (ELKIN MATHEWS AND MARROT, 18/-) represents both in triumph and frustration the emancipated woman of her time. She has been fortunate in her first full-dress biographer. For Mrs. DOROTHIE DE BEAR BOBBÉ, while lavishing both pains and sympathy on her presentment, has never shirked the lack of discretion which, in the considered estimate of CHARLES GREVILLE, shipwrecked the marriage for which FANNY KEMBLE shipwrecked her career. Touring in the States after her father's financial failure in London, the brilliant young actress met and married a wealthy Georgian planter. England thought that FANNY had thrown herself away. America thought that PIERCE BUTLER had demeaned himself. But the lovers might have succeeded in ignoring public opinion had FANNY adopted her new *rôle* wholeheartedly and PIERCE shown tact in the handling of his wife. She had married a slave-owner with her eyes open. He was, as times went, a good master. But her attitude of fervid abolitionist turned her husband into a bully, broke up her home and parted her from her children. Few tragedies so intimate are so vividly documented and by witnesses of greater discernment. The dovetailing of so great a mass of evidence can have been no easy task, and it has been accomplished with notable skill.

A "Bonne Bouche."

The name of CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE does not appear in the *Ency. Brit.*, though the entry which immediately follows his name—had it been included—is BUSHIDO, the code of chivalry and truth of which he was so conspicuous an exponent. He figures in the D.N.B., but the notice is perfunctory. Yet the story of his career was well worth telling, and in *An Incorruptible Irishman: Being an Account of Chief Justice Charles Kendal Bushe, of his wife, Nancy Crampton, and their Times, 1767-1843, by E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 18/-), it has been told in a way which merges the function of the critic in that of the eulogist. BUSHE was a great advocate; as an orator he held his own in the company of GRATTAN and PLUNKET; as a politician he was one of the very few who came out of the sordid business of the Union with unblemished integrity. He opposed it, though a staunch loyalist, and served the Crown with great distinction for many years afterwards. He was not soured by the lack of official recognition or decoration, for he was singularly fortunate in his home life and in his numerous and distinguished descendants, notably the two brilliant great-granddaughters who have erected this enduring memorial to his fame. BUSHE was not only a great wit, but the cause of wit in others, notably D'ORSAY, who, when from the window of his club he saw him walking down the street with

Lord ALLEYNE of unsavoury repute, exclaimed, "*Voilà la bonne Bouche et la mauvaise Haleine!*"

Sal Volatile.

We myriads standing by to hail
The latest P. G. WODEHOUSE tale
Are not exacting folk. Our wish
Is merely that in any dish
Of novelty that he presents
He 'll mix the old ingredients.

Not all of them, of course; his choice
Is ours with no dissentient voice,
Provided only that he 'll give
A nephew, a stern relative,
A charming girl, a vamp or two—
It doesn't matter what they do.

We know they 'll twist themselves in kinks
To win or miss connubial links;
But what we're ravenous to know
Is how they 'll talk when doing so,
And what himself will say when he 's
Describing their perplexities.

And since, as I assume, we are
Agreed in this particular,
My simple duty is to say
That *Doctor Sally* 's quite O.K.;
By METHUEN it is published at
Three-and-a-tanner. *Verb. sap. sat.*

Rich and Strange.

I am not sure that Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH'S meditated and subtle art of story-telling is not better lavished on a common human theme than on a piece of necessarily vague supernaturalism. There is something in the fabric of her ghost-stories too unsubstantial for their interpretative stitchery; the embroidery is a trifle heavy for the ground; and of nine short stories, all by definition "queer," the five dealing with the living strike me as on the whole more satisfying and memorable than the four dealing with the dead. But *Madam Julia's Tale* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) and all its trans-Lethean companions are remarkable for grace of detail and rarity of atmosphere; and the titular story—of a grandmother who counted on her son's eventually unborn child to cherish her neglected age—is a touching as well as a disturbing conception. "Seen of Men"—in which the parlour of a docker's cottage holds a vision static enough to outlast three audiences—is also, I feel, a coherent and compelling narrative; yet an unregenerate preference for Miss ROYDE-SMITH'S occasionally almost impish humour compels me to give the palm to "The Visitor's Book," a study of ironic frustration which incidentally sheds considerable light on the English holiday-maker's preference for Continental holidays. "The Test" amusingly summarises the counter-appeals to a woman of the helpful and the helpless male; while "Mangaroo," with its thematic and technical echo of FLAUBERT, and "The Ring," with its equally Gallic structure of a later mode, precipitate two entirely apposite plots from two clever solutions of character.



"DIDN'T YOU SEE THE CAUTION SIGN?"
"GOSH! IS THAT WHAT IT IS? I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE Y.M.C.A."

China in Transition.

Mrs. PERCIVAL CONNELLAN'S first novel, *Ten Thousand Yesterdays* (WISHART, 7/6), suggested to me at first a junk-collector's dream of the Orient. Later on, when I became more used to descriptions of bamboo and carp, of red silk shoes, brocade, ivory and lacquer, and grew accustomed to the flowery speeches, quotations and allusions, I discovered that the author's portrait of Chinese life just before the revolution in 1911 was something more than a daubing of local colour. The book is not easy to read, for one is diverted too frequently by accounts of costume and custom, yet the story is worth discovering. It begins with a description of its finest character, the mandarin *Wang Hsien*, awaiting the birth of a son after fifteen years of fruitless marriage. The whole story of his son's childhood in a world half fairyland and half hell is exquisitely written and would

make a book in itself. Another book might have been written about his meeting with *Sun Wen*, the revolutionary; of his visit to England to study in the British Museum, that "Coral Forest of Great Matters"; and of his return with a white bride who, by refusing to bear him a half-caste baby, denied him ancestor-worship. The latter part of the story shows very clearly the eternal differing of Eastern from Western temperament. There is much to enjoy in a book that is so full of many delights—maxims and legends and ironically polished conversations—that it seems ungracious to admit that one has suffered from *embarras de richesse*.

Mexico Past and Present.

In *Mexico: A Study of Two Americas* (LANE, 12/6) Mr. STUART CHASE says little of his own America except here and there to point a contrast, and nothing of South America outside Mexico. As economist and man of business he has evidently seen enough of North American efficiency, hustled mass-production and creation of artificial wants by high-power salesmanship, to fall for the simple leisurely ways, the natural and almost universal craftsman's skill in a Mexico to many parts of which no machine save a very occasional Ford has yet penetrated. He studies in detail a Mexican village, Tepoztlan, at work (quiet), at play (noisy with many fireworks), at prayer (still semi-pagan). He likes the native Indian, finds him honest, generous and friendly; likes him better than his exploiters—the author's fellow gringos and the survivors of the dominant Spanish *haciendado* class in the country and *los correctos* in the towns. He sketches the history of Mexico, approving neither CORTEZ nor PORFIRIO DIAZ; has sympathy with the recent revolution; displays a warm admiration for the stupendous architectural relics of the Aztec and Maya civilisations; conveys an impression of the high-piled mountains and deep ravines, and in fine makes you definitely want to go there and be at peace.



"HERE, TOMMY, RUN ALONG AND PUT THIS ON A BUS."
"WHAT BUS?"
"OH, ANY BUS. IT'S MY HUSBAND'S LUNCH AND HE WORKS IN THE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE."

Lancashire Overseas.

G. Bruce Warner, a Lancashire man who had made good in the States, transported to Warnersville some of the inhabitants of his home village. He did this ostensibly for philanthropic reasons but actually to increase his personal prestige. His daughter *Jane* saw through him and put a spoke in his wheel. The net result was that the simple villagers became Americanised and corrupted to such an extent that in the end they had to be repatriated, with the exception of a young man who was retained as a husband for *Jane*. Such is the tale set forth in *Expatriates*, by M. A. DORMIE (APPLETON, 7/6), and it takes the breath away by its extraordinary naïveté or naivety. In America there exists a small-town public, and such a public requires novels to read, but I can foresee no success for this kind of thing in England. Even the cathedral towns demand something more exciting. There is a curiously Victorian flavour about the writing. The dialogue is stilted and *clichés* are received with open arms. Yet I think perhaps, if I had read this book in 1890 when I was a little younger, I might have been thrilled by the copybook idealism of the heroine. Believe it or not, she is some "jane."

A Naughty Headmaster.

Polchester had scarcely begun its winter term when *Mr. Thorold*, the headmaster, was killed by a bullet; and in *The Public School Murder* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6) Mr. R. C. WOODTHORPE relates the history of this crime with an unfailing irony and humour. As a mystery I do not place this story in the first class, but if one considers it as a story of public school life I have seldom met with a more amusing or illuminating yarn. Only two boys are of real importance in the large cast, but they are admirably drawn. It is to the masters and their wives and to the Chairman of Polchester's Governors that Mr. WOODTHORPE has devoted his principal attentions. And they in their actions and reactions are extraordinarily human and Polchestrian.

The Cotswolds.

Conceivably natives of the Cotswold country may think that Mr. H. J. MASSINGHAM, in *Wold Without End* (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 10/6), allows his antipathies to upset the balance of his book. But, however that may be, much that is beautiful and much that is gloriously true remains; and I, who know intimately the country of which he writes, shall treasure his record of the time he spent round and about the Cotswold Hills, both for reference and for the enjoyment it contains for all Cotswold lovers. Now and again I found myself at loggerheads with his point of view. Broadway, for instance, may deserve chastisement, but those who knew the village before it was exploited will regret the violence with which Mr. MASSINGHAM denounces it. Still, this is not of great importance in a book which is enveloped in an atmosphere of genuine beauty. Mr. MASSINGHAM loves the Cotswold country, its birds and flowers, its little villages, its traditions and language and its shrewdly simple folk, and though he writes in a vein of personal sadness his joy in his surroundings cannot be suppressed. And when "Whisky," his beloved dog, got distemper and died I could have wept, so perfect is the tribute he pays to his faithful friend.

CHARIVARIA.

"Lady Oxford Pleads for Waterloo Bridge," says a headline. We doubt whether she will be allowed to have it.

***

Before an audience at a Bombay hospital Professor L. S. RAO consumed nitric acid, a live viper's head, glass, cokernut-shell and iron nails. Dietists consider this meal deficient in the essential vitamins.

***

A woman gossip-writer observes that Lady —— has teeth ridiculously like her mother's. Many a mother's teeth are marvellously like her own.

***

"What," demands *The Daily Express*, "did Cæsar do after Pharsalia?" Why this academic interest in the doings of unregistered readers?

***

A census of barn-owls is to be taken; but not by their own desire. They don't give two hoots for it.

***

It is pointed out that few London detectives wear glasses. We should deprecate any suggestion that they need them.

***

Large numbers of Americans were among the visitors to Oxford during Eights Week who were described as looking a little bewildered at the frequent volleys of revolver-shots on the towpath. We should have thought it would have made them feel at home.

***

A Society hostess is described as holding good conversational cards and playing them skilfully. Too many conversationalists revoke.

***

Nightingales are being introduced to the coast of Dalmatia in the hope that they will contribute to the enjoyment of visitors to the seaside during the spotted dog-days.

***

Welshmen who are complaining that their language is neglected by the B.B.C. will have only themselves to blame if a Committee is appointed to tell them how to pronounce it.

***

"Do we live too long?" is a question discussed by *Daily Mail* readers. We should deplore a decision on the part of readers of the Insurance Press to live more dangerously.

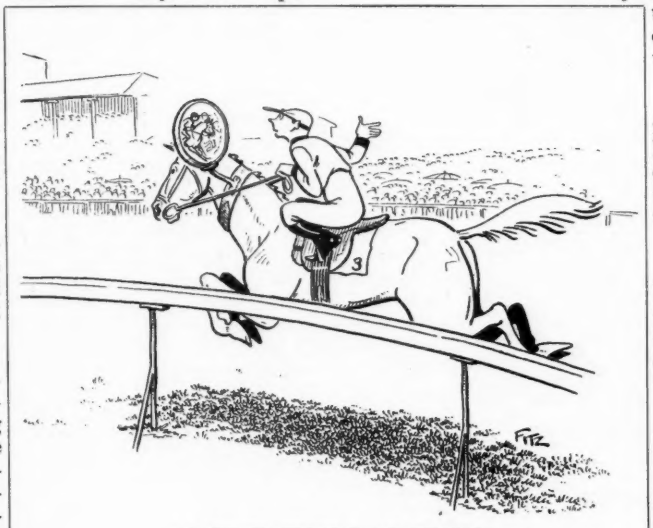
Owing to pressure of Parliamentary business many M.P.'s have been obliged to withhold their maiden speeches. These deferred orations are in grave danger of becoming old-maiden speeches.

***

At the first meeting of a newly-formed athletic club for French literary men the winning high-jump achieved by one of the younger generation of writers was only four-feet-nine. He seems to have been lacking in uplift.

***

A woman gossip-writer informs us that Lady CYNTHIA MOSLEY can sometimes be seen in her waterside garden fishing with a simple rod-and-line. Well, what was she expected to fish with? A jewelled harpoon?



"SAFETY FIRST" AT EPSOM.

STALIN has issued a "No Drought" decree; but it would be unfair to blame him for the recent floods.

***

Publicity has been given to the case of a girl who had a knuckle-duster in her possession; but our belief is that there is nothing unusual in this implement being employed by housemaids in dusting china.

***

Accounts of the reclamation of the Zuyder Zee encourage hopes that it may yet be possible to walk dry-shod across our cricket-grounds.

***

Words that are too sibilant are banned in B.B.C. studios. Villains in radio melodramas sneer instead of hissing.

***

Husbands seem to be in demand again. In a recent court case two women claimed the same one.

Now that listeners have heard the plaints of Philomela there is some talk of the B.B.C. attempting a broadcast of a taxpayer crooning to his last shilling.

***

According to an official, the offices of income-tax collectors are so scantily furnished that it isn't possible to ask taxpayers to take a seat. Nor is there any accommodation for those who faint.

***

A correspondent points out that meteorologists are unable to explain the recent exceptionally heavy rains. One theory is that they were due to the weather.

***

We read that a cyclist riding beside the railway-line near Swindon lost control and crashed into some old buffers. Their names were not given.

***

Lord CASTLEROSSE confesses that he nearly collided with a famous American the other day. Our thoughts would have been with the American.

***

On a certain island in the South Pacific there are no rates, unemployment, crime, income-tax, jazz-bands, wireless-talks or inhabitants.

***

Horses, pigs and fowls have road-rights in this country, but not dogs, which are in the same class with pedestrians.

***

The typewriter has abolished writer's cramp, but nothing apparently is being done about the prevalent epidemic of reader's cramp.

***

The pouch of the pelican, says an ornithologist, is large enough to contain fourteen pints. American Federal agents are on the look-out for any bootleggers attempting to cross the pelican with the carrier-pigeon.

***

A well-known composer says that colours suggest musical notes to him. It must be thrilling to hear a Highland tartan played by a jazz-band.

***

We read of a man who hopes to win a wager by pushing a garden-roller two hundred miles. Yes; but whose?

***

A Chicago gangster has taken to writing theme-songs for talkies. We understand that he has doubled his personal bodyguard.

"A SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY."

[Since Mr. Punch went to press last week with a cartoon, under the above title, illustrating the consecration of rabbits to the cause of Russian renaissance, attention has been drawn by a correspondent in *The Times* to the efforts being made at home by the National Rabbit Council to "promote the interests of all branches of rabbit-breeding."]

WHEN paupers crave for butchers' meat
But cannot "implement" their wish,
The rabbit, though he's dull to eat,
Affords an inexpensive dish;
And if he guessed how sore our need,
How near we stand to stark disaster,
I am convinced that he would breed
(If feasible) a little faster.

True patriot, with a taste for sport,
It would annoy him if he knew
That hunger drives us to import
Rodents from Ostend (o'er the blue);
Rather than entertain the mere
Thought of our rabbit-marts admitting
An alien brand, he'd volunteer
To pause and let us pot him sitting.

And with his flesh he'd not demur
Also to sacrifice his skin
And yield us what should pass for fur
To wrap our stricken bodies in;
A Burrow Council he'd depute
Monthly to meet in every warren
And talk of how to substitute
The native product for the foreign.

He only needs to know the facts
And he will organise a boom;
Look at his tufty tail that acts
As a White Hope in darkest gloom;
By gallant efforts he will try
To heighten mass-production and a
New day will dawn if we supply
The necessary propaganda.

And here a lesson may be learned
From Soviet Russia's Five-Years Plan,
Where coney communists have earned
Admission to the Rights of Man;
Where every hutch becomes a shrine,
And holy ground each rabbit-run is,
And all the shops where comrades dine
Abound with consecrated bunnies.

O. S.

THE ONLY WAY.

SOONER or later, I suppose, my suffering countrymen will drag me from my quiet study and beg me to take over the management of their messy affairs. And one of the first things I shall do will be to see that voting in the House of Commons is by secret ballot (that is, if I allow the House of Commons to vote at all).

I estimate that this simple little reform would improve the quality of our laws by about seventy-five per cent. It is really very surprising that it has not been done before. Everywhere else the way a man votes is regarded as a sacred secret, almost the only thing that in these days he is allowed to keep to himself. I shall never know, for example, who it was that blackballed me at the Foxhunters' Club the other day. And it would be an act almost of indecency to inquire.

And this idea of the secret sacred vote reaches its peak at a political election. No Parliamentary Candidate would dare to ask an elector emerging from the polling-booth which way he had voted. The elector would be highly indignant if he did, and would very likely spout a few dignified phrases about liberty of conscience and so forth. But when that same Candidate becomes a Member that same elector expects to know, and *does* know, exactly how the poor chap votes on every subject under the sun. *He* is not allowed any freedom of conscience and so forth; and really I can't think why.

If the secret ballot has been declared by man in his wisdom to be the best method of registering opinion in a democratic scheme of things, it's a little odd to find that it isn't used in the most important democratic assembly there is. I dare say Mr. BAGEHOT has some good old constitutional defence for the arrangement; but I can't find my *Bagehot*, and anyhow the man is out-of-date. As like as not the thing is really the result of some historical accident. Possibly, when the Ballot Act was passed, there were a lot of Members of Parliament who couldn't read and write or fill up a voting-paper intelligently, so they had to be shepherded through doors by the Whips, as most of them are to-day.

Anyhow, you know what trouble the present system causes. The moment the Wednesday (Eating of Whelks) Bill heaves in sight the whole of the anti-Whelk forces in a Member's constituency are "mobilised." That is to say, a lot of ladies and gentlemen who have nothing much to do sit down and write strong postcards (and even letters) to their Member—

> "Heaven may forgive you if you fail to vote against the Whelk Traffic, but I shall not.—ELECTOR, MOTHER OF NINE, etc."

Floods of these postcards engulf the unfortunate Member wherever he goes; they rain upon his residence and burst his locker at the House of Commons. Eventually they are collected and placed on barges and taken down the Thames, I know not whither; but you can see the postcard-barges almost any day just above Westminster on the Middlesex side.

Meanwhile the patient mass of his constituents, who occasionally wolf a whelk on Wednesday and do not really care whether other people eat whelks or not, do *not* write postcards to the Member to tell him how they stand in the matter of whelks. What would happen if they started to write postcards too it is frightful to speculate. Probably the Thames would be jammed up with the postcard-barges and Blackfriars Bridge would fall down.

But they don't. And meanwhile the anti-Whelk forces are pressing home their assault. When they have almost asphyxiated their Member with postcards they advance upon Westminster with sandwichmen and banners; they lead deputations to him and make him give them tea on the Terrace. After a few weeks of this the poor sheep still sees no real reason why whelks should not be eaten on Wednesdays. But he is quite persuaded that the anti-Whelk people are the only electors who matter in his constituency (not having seen or heard of any others); and he is beginning to be persuaded that in their anti-Whelk opinions they really represent the great heart of the people. He knows that if he votes in favour of the Whelk Traffic his name will appear in a long list of disgraceful "Ayes" in *Hansard* next day. Very likely there will be a "Black List" of the "Ayes" in all the anti-Whelk papers as well; and he begins to tremble for his seat.

So he promises reluctantly to vote against Wednesday whelking; or else he supports a "reasonable compromise" by which whelks may only be eaten on third Wednesdays. And Mr. BAGEHOT and his kind may write learned books about the beauties of self-government till the cows turn pink; but that, my hearties, is how democracy works. And there is about as much self-government in it as there is in a bowl of goldfish.

But all this nonsense would be much diminished if only the Member enjoyed the same privilege as his electors and could keep his vote to himself. He would then tell the anti-Whelk forces to go to the place from which they came. Or rather he could load them with tea and buttered buns on the Terrace, swear that the Whelk Traffic would be his lifelong enemy and vote exactly as he pleased. And unless he was rash enough to make a speech on the Whelk side nobody need ever know whether he was for or against it.

Possibly in the end the revenue might suffer as the flood of postcards began to abate; but it is quite possible that we might in this way get some really sensible laws—even about whelks.

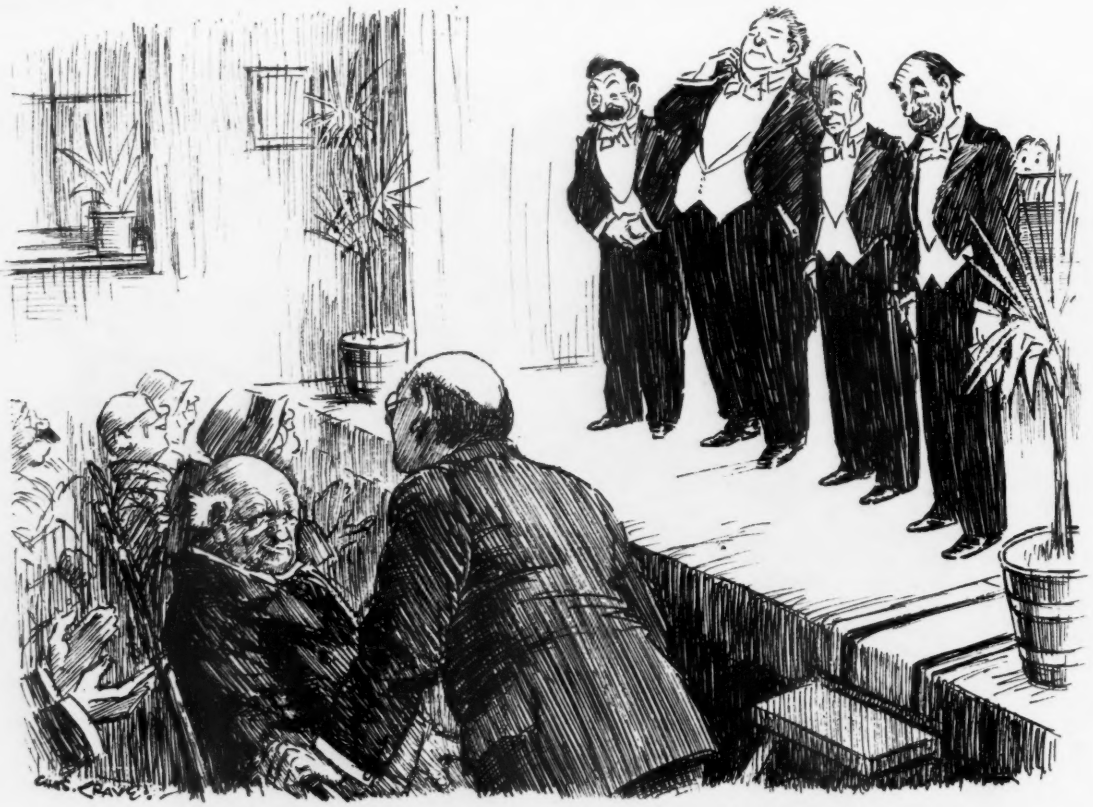
That, at any rate, is the Haddock policy.

A. P. H.



A FREAK ENTRY.

MR. DE VALERA BEGINS TO BE DOUBTFUL ABOUT BACKING HIMSELF BOTH WAYS.



The Vicar. "THESE SEA-SHANTIES MUST RECALL YOUR YOUTH TO YOU, MR. TOPSULL."
Old Shellback (with memories of the original words). "IS THEM SHANTIES? I THOUGHT THEY WAS 'YMNS."

POEM ON THE DERBY.

CERTAINLY I will.

Now sing me of horses
  Renowned for their breed,
Exerting their forces
  With promptness and speed;
The lark's in the heavens,
  My brolly is furled,
The favourite's at sevens,
  All's right with the world. . . .

No, I don't think I like that very much. To begin with, the last few lines seem reminiscent of something or other. And, secondly, the odds on the favourite are all wrong. And, thirdly, how do I know it won't be raining cats and dogs?

The real difficulty about writing a poem on the Derby is that so much has been written about the race before. One might perhaps try something in a more meditative and less personal strain:—

Thrice happy are the feathered creatures
  That flit the hedge along;
Amongst their more engaging features
  I count the gift of song.

Their chosen loves or insects chasing,
  As light as wind-blown surf,
How little do they know of racing
  Or understand the Turf!

How many a person must have noticed
  As Epsom's path he plods
That rabbits have not the remotest
  Idea about the odds! . . .

I don't like that much either. The scheme of course was to work right on from birds and rabbits through the whole animal creation until we got to horses, and then say something like this:—

Does Orwell think the prospects rosy
  As proudly walks he there?
Does Dastur mind? Or do Firdaussi
  Or Portofino care?

This is called the pathetic fallacy and has been responsible for a lot of poetry one way and another. But there are points that I don't like about the piece. How, I mean, does a bird flit a hedge along? It sounds as though it were disinfecting it. Besides, one gathers a general impression that the poet is entirely alone on Derby Day, communing with Nature on his solitary way to the course. This would be totally untrue. Perhaps we had better have an ode after all, though an ode is much harder to do.

Arabian barb! . . .

Authorities on horse-breeding tell me that this is not quite accurate. On the father's side, they assure me, most racehorses are partly Arabian, but there were a certain number of social mésalliances before they began to keep the stud-book. All the same I doubt whether the average punter who reads my poetry is going to worry about a thing like that.

Arabian barb,
On whose sagacity so much depends
To bring the boodle home
And for my recent losses make some
  small amends!
And thou, bright boy, in many-
  coloured garb
  (*This refers to the jockey*)
Who, having clomb
  ("*Clomb*" *means* "*climbed*")—
And thou, bright boy, in many-
  coloured garb,
Who, having clomb
On thy all-powerful back—

Bother! This is one of the peculiar difficulties of odes. The author is obliged to address one thing after another and call each of them "thou," and they become confused. In this case it looks as though the jockey were climbing on to his own back, which is ridiculous. The ode must be relinquished after all. It is the greatest pity, because the final lines were to be very, very beautiful. They were to go something like this:—

And rounding Tattenham Corner, when thou seest
The winning-post afar,
Remember that the pulse of England now
Is beating: there are plaited laurels for thy brow,
Most noble beast
With one white star!

Much of the beauty of course would depend upon whether the Arabian barb really had one white star, a point I have not been able to discover from the newspapers, and whether at this stage in the poem he could be clearly distinguished from the jockey, who would probably have stripes and be annoyed if you called him a beast. But the thing would have been good. I am sorry to let it go.

Nor can I do very much with the modernist method:—

faces. . . .
the striving and strain
, who gave you the winner of the last one?
a gipsy laughed
: we can't open this without a corkscrew
. and then you
with your wild red lips and your eyes
. cigarette-packets everywhere!

Good in a way. Its main merits are brevity and realistic effect, its main demerit that it doesn't give you the slightest idea about starting-prices or current form.

Well, what about this, then?

Each horse has got a number
And each is full of class,
And smooth before them slumber
The long green miles of grass. . . .

No. I am disheartened. Reading it aloud, one would be certain to say accidentally—

And each is full of grass,

which would be a downright untruth. Or "glass," which would be libellous. The course is full of obstacles. It is more like a steeplechase than a flat-race. I give it up. EVOE.

"A traveller in corsets said to me . . ."
Daily Paper.

We shouldn't have listened.



THE ADAPTABLE SEX.

PICTURE OF SOCIETY COUPLE WHO, WHILE ENGAGED IN A FURIOUS QUARREL, ARE SNAPPED BY PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

[On reading that Vitamin "A," which increases resistance to germ infection, has been prepared from "Carotene," a substance which derives its name from being the colouring matter of carrots.]

SCIENCE, which suddenly denounced the parrot,
(See psittacosis) now upholds the carrot
Which, if consumed sufficiently, is said
To counter cold on chest or cold in head;
'Twould seem indeed that thus we may eschew
The harmful and unnecessary 'flu.

Science has spoken: shall we shortly find
England the home of carrot-munching masses,
Or will she waver, having called to mind
That carrots are the staple food for asses? WOON.

"HAPPY EVENTS AT THE ZOO.
THE ARRIVAL OF THE LOCUSTS."
Sunday Paper.

The Egyptians didn't take them like that.

"COMING IN ON THE GROUND FLOUR."
Kenya Paper.

Financiers do not often tumble on anything so soft as that.

"Mr. Albert Sitwell will open, at Carlisle House, 10, Carlisle street, Soho, an exhibition of modern designs for rural decoration."
Sunday Paper.

It sounds like petrol-pumps.

AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

IF there is any compensation at all for being a taxpayer it is that you *do* find yourself on rare occasions heartily approving what is being done with your money. The best of these occasions is with us once again in the shape of the Royal Tournament, and with the wider and heavier incidence of present taxation there should be more people than ever in a position to indulge at Olympia that pleasant sense of proprietary pride. In addition to this mercenary consideration I should add that they will be helping to maintain the last five years' average of £25,000 a year raised for Service charities.

The *clou* of the whole entertainment is the Historical Episode, in which the 1st Battalion The Prince of Wales's Volunteers appropriately re-enact the story of the presentation of the first Prince of Wales to the Welch (with a "c," please) chieftains. The arena becomes the courtyard of Carnarvon Castle, into which enters *Edward I.* (imposingly played by Capt. J. B. E. MARTYR), surrounded by representatives of the baronage, knightage and esquirage in full and impressive panoply and with a covering party of bowmen, both cross and long. His Majesty is received by *Queen Eleanor* with his infant son and thereupon has the Welch chieftains summoned. The heralds blow on delightful five-foot trumpets and into the courtyard stride the local landowners and their retinues, as fine an assortment of thirteenth-century tough eggs as can be imagined.

The first Prince of Wales is then taken by his Father, the Royal Nurse displaying the usual concern lest her charge should be dropped, and probably muttering "Clumsy!" under her breath — and is presented to the chieftains as "Eich Dyn"—"Your Man"—and they come forward one by one to do homage. A thoroughly imposing and well-played piece of pageantry, and, if one Regiment can do this all by itself, it leaves you wondering at the enormous amount of histrionic talent that must lie smouldering beneath the Army's khaki tunics.

The Motor-Cycle Display by Despatch-Riders of the Royal Signals has gained enormously in effect by not having the men dressed up as red devils, girls and so on. You expect incredible things to be done with a motor-cycle by a red devil—or a girl for that matter—and so their feats leave you a little cold; but you don't expect an ordinary mortal in black overalls to perform prodigies like leaning casually out of a sidecar and changing a wheel at twenty miles an hour, or driving his machine with reins while standing on the saddle. I was particularly pleased when a single man on a solo machine picked up seven others one by one and drove out of the arena with the lot of them clinging all over him like flies on a fly-paper. I should like to see that done on the Kingston by-pass.



THE HISTORICAL EPISODE.
WELCH CHIEFTAIN REGISTERS KEEN DISAPPROVAL OF BRITISH INFANTRY.

There is also this year, I understand, though I did not personally see it, a fine Bridging Display by the Sappers. From the programme I should imagine that it is as good as any film and probably better than most, and it apparently culminates in a most satisfying bang.

Of the old favourites we have again the Activity Ride, done this year by the Life Guards. It is designed, according to the programme, to show how a horse can be made obedient to its rider under difficult circumstances, a thing I could never get my army horse to understand; though he could hardly fail to apprehend that the intermittent sudden clasping of his neck by a pair of arms constituted very difficult circumstances indeed.

The Rope-Climbing by the P. & R. T. School, Portsmouth, also called forth as much applause as ever, especially at that bit where the last men slide swiftly to earth head downwards and I close my eyes. There is too, as usual, a Musical Drive — by J Battery R.H.A. this time—probably the cleverest thing in the whole Tournament, though the judgment and exact sense of timing displayed by the performers make it look absurdly easy.

A new touch is this year given to the Physical Training Display by Air Force recruits. They carry out numerous evolutions at the double and to music, and they end by forming very appropriate representations of revolving and interlacing propellers. It is a show that many a troupe of Chorus young ladies would not be ashamed of, and it must be remembered that all these "propeller boys" are recruits of but three months' training.



THE "PROPELLER BOYS."
PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY BY THE R.A.F.

Last but not least (if I may coin a phrase) is that fine turn, the Field-Gun Display by the Royal Navy and Royal Marines. Being, as I have had occasion



CIRCUS TRICK BY THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS.



NO DOUBT THE "BAYS" COULD DO IT TOO IF THEY TRIED.

to remark before, a fellow who never could do the simplest things with a rifle without hurting myself, I am perpetually staggered at the way these stalwarts throw guns and wheels and limbers through the air and over walls without dropping even so much as a round of ammunition on their toes. The gun-tube alone, my programme tells me, weighs as much as a Baby Austin, while the total weight moved by one gun-crew corresponds to the weight of seven upright pianos. And here's a suggestion for the future, when the hand of the pacifist seeks to close on the more martial displays of the Royal Tournament: let this particular turn be run with seven upright pianos!

A. A.

An Impending Apology.

"Miss —— and Miss —— have been appointed Nursing Sisters of the Medical Department. fortunately, incorrect."
Ceylon Paper.

"Furnished House for Sale; owner giving up on account of age and a widow."
Advt. in Local Paper.

We hope she's worth it.

"SOUTHSEA THE ROSE OF BRITISH RESORTS."—*Advertisement.*

Last summer we thought it was the Rose of the Celestial Watering-can.

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

ABERDEEN.

I'M Jock frae Aberdeen;
I'm the brawest ever seen;
I'm the callant
Wi' the talent,
As ma freens a' tell;
An' if Scotland's first o' nations
It's because o' her occasions
For the haggis an' the parritch an'
Mysel'. Dod, ay.

I'm Jock frae Aberdeen,
Whaur the East blaws snell an' keen,
An' yoursel' maun
Sing as well, man,
When the bagpipes swell;
An' if Scotland's what she was o'
Auld lang syne, it's just because o'
The Chanter—wi' a chorus from
Mysel. Just that.

I'm Jock frae Aberdeen,
Cock o' a' the parochene,*
But a ceevil
Little deevil,
As ma freens ken well;
An' if Scotland's unco' bonny—
An' she's bonniest o' ony—
She'll owe her looks to Deeside an'
Mysel'. Ay, will she.

I'm Jock frae Aberdeen,
An' I divna' care a preen;*
I'm the roguie
An' the doggie
An' the chiel that's fell;
An' if Scotland's standing this 'll
Let ye ken—she'll hae at whistle
Kilts an' plaidies an' the laddies like
Mysel'. I'm tellin' ye.

I'm Jock frae Aberdeen;
I'm the brawest ever seen;
I'm the mannie
Gey an' cannie,
As ma freens can tell;
An' if Scotland heads the nations
It's because o' her occasions
For the heather an' brogue leather an'
Mysel'. Dod, ay.

P. R. C.

* Parish.

The Paperchase Season Opens.

"DERBY.
Run June 1.
(In conjunction with London *Evening News.*)"
Coupon in Daily Paper.

The Blue Ribbon of the Bargain Basement.

"WOMAN FLIER.
SHOPPING TOUR IN LONDON.
THREE NEW RECORDS SET UP."
Birmingham Paper.

* Pin.

A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

ALONE of all newspaper-men I have had the good fortune to interview Mr. Spencer Mills Huskisson at his charming *pied à terre* just off St. Martin's Lane.

You have never heard of Spencer Mills Huskisson? You surprise me. You must have seen him dozens of times. The roar of London traffic goes by. Fires break out. Businesses collapse. Cabinets hold meetings. The Bank of England confers with the Treasury. Dusk falls and the lamps are lit. The streets are filled with gaiety. Comes night, with its smash-and-grab raids and its fleeting taxi-cabs. The stars fade out. Pallid dawn creeps up the sky. Mr. Spencer Mills Huskisson has not moved. He is standing, as he was standing yesterday, as he was standing the day before. Cobwebs are spun about him. Sparrows have roosted in his long grey hair. On his haggard face, which seems to have been hewn from granite, there is no sign of any emotion whatsoever. He is the *doyen* of gallery first-nighters, the marathon stander of metropolitan queues. When a few more ships have ploughed their way to harbour, a few more financiers shot themselves, a few more lone Atlantic fliers have crossed the ocean gulf, a door will open, and Mr. Huskisson will ascend a flight of stairs. Foremost of a long procession, he will take the seat for which he has been waiting since the cuckoo, which is now changing its note, began to sing. The quest is accomplished. In due time the curtain will rise on *Poppycock* at the Bandersnatch and Mr. Huskisson's cup of happiness will be full.

"A hundred-and-twenty-nine hours is my record," he said, "for the first night of *Orange Peel*. Put on in June; it was in the year of the cholera outbreak in Buda Pest. There had been a hard fall of snow just previous——"

"*Snow!*" I said incredulously.

"Snow some of the days and sleet the others. Mind you, it was no weakling's job first-nighting in those days. Many a time as the hours wore on I felt my calf-muscles weakening, but I thought of NELSON'S signal at Trafalgar, and I stuck to my guns."

"But surely," I objected, "you had a camp-stool?"

He laughed quietly. "I belong to the old breed of gallery first-nighters," he said condescendingly—"men and women who made first-nighting what it used to be before it degenerated into mere idleness and luxury. Vacuum-flasks they carry nowadays, and packets of sandwiches, and Heaven knows what all. We were sterner stuff in my young days, I can assure you.

"There weren't so many street-entertainers either, nor so many newspapers sold. I remember two French Cabinets fell while I was waiting for the first night of *Orange Peel*; but none of us hardly took any note of it. And there was an earthquake in Samoa, but I only heard about it afterwards. I was expecting an addition to my family too."

"You don't mean to tell me——?" I began.

"Yes. A fine boy he was, that one. They were talking about what to christen him when I got home. George Seymour Cyril, some of them wanted, but I had my way."

"And you called him——?"

"Henry Forbes Beerbohm. He put in his hundred-and-two hours waiting for *Kiss Me, Darling* last week, and I'm proud of him. The first forty hours, he says, are the worst, and I agree with him; after that one gets into the rhythm of the thing. But it's not like the old times. Sometimes, he told me, they would put a canopy down to keep the rain off. They never did that for us. And the producer came out and thanked them personally. Why, they'll be giving them beds to sleep on next, I tell him, and sending round shaving-water in the morning. They're a softer lot than what we were. Believe me or not, I hadn't even an overcoat when I stood those five odd nights for *Orange Peel* outside the Hilarity."

"Was it a good play?" I inquired.

"Nothing out of the usual. But the curtain went wrong in the last Act and the junior lead couldn't remember one of his lines, so it was worth it. A rare time we had. And as soon as I'd hurried home and seen the boy I had to be off again for *The Peer and the Peri* at the Magnificent. Hard weather that was too. I hadn't been there more than thirty hours before a thunderstorm came on and drenched us to the skin. We were still dripping water, I remember, when the Chorus came on for the Oriental palace scene in the Second Act.

"But winter is the worst time with us, of course. You can talk of your Arctic explorers if you like, but they can walk about, or roll themselves up in huts and go to sleep. You wonder how I lost this finger perhaps? Well, that was frost-bite, that was, waiting for *The Honolulu Girl* at Drury Lane."

I expressed my sympathy.

"Not but what one doesn't have some amusing times along with the others," he continued. "It was just about dawn, I remember, of the day when *Ho Hi Ho* began, when a fellow started jostling me. He wanted to take my place. A big burly sort of chap.

"'Who do you think you're shoving?' I said.

"'Shoving yourself,' said he. 'I've a right to be here, haven't I?'

"'No, you haven't,' says I. 'No more right than the man in the moon.'

"'And why?' says he.

"'And why you knows very well,' said I—'because I got here first.'

"'First be blowed!' says this man.

"'First be not blowed by any manner of means,' I says. 'You don't want me to call a policeman, do you?'

"This was outside the Emperor's Theatre, and the market-garden carts were just coming in with the vegetables.

"'I wasn't a-shoving you any more than you was a-shoving me,' went on this man.

"'Maybe you were a-shoving in your sleep, but shoving you were,' said I. 'I've come here for the first night of *Ho Hi Ho*——'

"'First night!' said this man, and he gave a great laugh. 'Why, blimey, I'm waiting for the second night. Shake 'ands!'

"We got very pally after that, and I still see him from time to time. He was luckier than I was too, for the Burmese pagoda gave way and fell on to the stage on the second night of *Ho Hi Ho*."

"I suppose the women," I ventured, "suffer a good deal more than the men on these occasions?"

"Well, now you *are* striking a point, if I may say so," said Mr. Huskisson. "I've often thought it isn't really women's work at all, first-nighting isn't. Many a time I've seen them come over faint after a matter of fifteen hours or less. They'll go into the theatre so used up with want of food and want of sleep and exposure that they hardly know how to enjoy themselves. Why, I've known a woman who hadn't been waiting more than two days and two nights collapse all of a heap when a comedian started to gag. No, if I had my way I should have women put through a doctor's test, compulsory, before they were allowed to first-night for a big play."

I suggested that age also might be a handicap, and asked Mr. Huskisson whether he still felt as hale as ever after his terrible experiences.

"Fit as a fiddle," he replied. "I had lumbago once, stooping to pick up a ha'penny, and got stuck like that for two nights and a day. But a friend massaged me, and I straightened up again before they opened the door. That would be in 1905."

I often feel that London knows very little of her bravest citizens. EVOE.



Lady. "I WISH WE WERE GOING TO STAY AT THIS HOTEL, JANE; BUT IT 'S TOO EXPENSIVE FOR US."
Maid. "YES, MUM. PEOPLE WOULD HAVE TO BE ROTHSCHILDREN TO STAY THERE."

JANE MALONE.

OUR charlady
Jane Malone
Can't abide
The telephone,
But regards with
Feelings bitter
Bell, receiver
And transmitter.

All that 's crooked
She makes straight,
Dusts the shelves
And cleans the grate;
With a will
She works and well,
But "*won't* answer
That there bell."

Thus refusing,
Jane the char,
Tells us what
Her reasons are,
Saying firmly,
"I don't 'old with
Things as people
Makes so bold with."

Once in life's
Forgotten spring
Jane responded
To a ring;
"Some young feller
Starts to coo
'*Hello, darlin'!*'
Meanin'—'*oo?*"

"I won't 'ave,"
Sez Jane, sez she,
"Unknown men
A-mockin' me."
That is why our
Jane Malone
Can't abide
The telephone.

FRIENDLIER FURNITURE.

FURNITURE is getting out of hand again and it is time that someone dealt with the matter firmly. By furniture I mean chairs. True, there are other kinds of furniture, such as tables, tallboys, whatnots and what not, but the furniture that matters is that which can be successfully sat on or, at any rate, leant against. The domestic chair should be the friend of man. Is it? Let us consider the question in detail.

I am not, like so many critics of modern trends, a mere diehard. On the contrary I think the person who succeeded in restoring chairs to their first mediæval simplicity would (and should) die very hard indeed. Still less am I a ruthless Bolshevik, clamouring for the total abolition of chairs as such. I have known studios in Chelsea where the furniture consisted of an oilstove and eighty-five (85) cushions. Such a policy, in my opinion, has not a leg to stand on. What I chiefly desire is to establish or re-establish relations of friendliness, trust and goodwill between the sitter and the sat-on.

Purblind conservatism, I repeat, will not do. It is useless to deny that our earliest chairs were pretty ghastly. Constructed in stone, or at the very mildest in old oak, they were as hard as the heart of a Surveyor of Taxes. Bleak discomfort was their keynote. Their lines were uncompromisingly rigid; their edges and corners were like razor-blades. They fitted perfectly into an age in which the rack and the thumbscrew were matters of everyday usage. No one knows who made these unpleasant things which we sometimes see in museums, but I have often suspected, from what may be termed internal evidence, the hand of TORQUEMADA.

In Jacobean and Carolean times chair-users, as well they might, began to sit up and take notice. All was not well with chairs. Could anything be done? And while they were wondering an epidemic of carving swept over the country. Chair-backs came out in a rash of carved fruit and flowers. This was the heyday of GRINLING GIBBONS, who—correct me if I am wrong—first introduced the Banana Beautiful into domestic decoration; but I doubt if it was a happy time for chair-lovers. The feeling that you could not lean back without a bunch of grapes or a pine-apple (in carved teak) sticking into your shoulder-blades must have considerably restricted your pleasures.

The eighteenth, despite its promise of better things, was not a sitter's century. Gone was the anonymity of the Inquisition Age and people like our Mr. HEPPLEWHITE and our Mr. CHIPPENDALE began, so to speak, to throw off signed articles. Their chairs were attractive from every point of view except the sitter's. They were light and dainty and often had feet (attractive thought) rather like a bulldog's. But solid comfort they had none.

"People can't have everything," said HEPPLEWHITE to CHIPPENDALE.



First Charlady. "'E CAN TALK PERSIAN, GREECE AN' ARRYBIC."
Second Ditto. "'OW D'YER KNOW?"
First Ditto. "I'VE 'EARD 'IM."

"That they can't," said CHIPPENDALE to HEPPLEWHITE.

Examples of this type of chair still exist in the drawing-rooms of our wealthier friends. If in our light-hearted way we sit down on them we are greeted by ominous creaks and groans, followed by still more ominous glances from our hostess. *And we are not asked again.*

Worse was to come. Soon there burst upon an unhappy world the flood-tide of the Victorian Age, which was not so much an age as an orgy, a nightmare. Just as the sensitive historian hesitates to dwell on the worst excesses of the French Revolution so one would prefer to draw a veil over this veritable Reign of Terror. There were rocking-chairs which could only be safely sat in by a trained trapeze-artist. There were horse-hair horrors from which you rose shuddering with layers of anti-macassar clinging to your shoulders like an Inverness cape. There were evil things that infested your rooms in sinister gangs called suites. No, it does not make pleasant reading.

Came the dawn. After furniture's darkest hour hope returned. The Great War was over and when the men came back after sitting about on damp fire-steps for the duration they loudly demanded chairs fit for heroes to sit in. Thus came in the Golden Age of furniture, when every day in every way armchairs grew softer and lower and bigger and better. The armchair of that period was the armchair of my dreams. There are chairs like that at my club. I have not sat in one myself, because I have only been a member for fourteen years, and there is an etiquette about these things; but I have often caught glimpses of the ideal through the smoking-room door, and my heart has welled with longing.

Now, alas! a reaction has set in. Chairs have come all over chromium. A new type has arisen, hard, rigid, metallic, entirely symbolic of the hard, brilliant, unsentimental generation now growing up around us. It is a restless chair. It is the sort of chair that goes with a platinum blonde.

What can we do? Will the Government act? From the present PRIME MINISTER we can, I fear, hope for little. A man of lofty character, he comes from the austere and craggy North and cannot be expected to sympathise with our ideals. It is upon his second-in-command that I fix my hopes. You have only to look at Mr. BALDWIN'S kindly face to know that here is a man who can appreciate a good armchair when he sees one. At present we are sitting down under conditions which I for one do not intend to sit down under much longer; and the sooner the Compulsory Comfortable Chairs Bill is brought in the better. Let Mr. BALDWIN but do this for us and millions of grateful chair-fans will hymn his praises in the line—

A thing of Bewdley is a joy for ever!

"The golfing here to-day was sticky, and the horses who took part in the Cup experienced a severe test of stamina."
Daily Paper.

"Is this the winning-post?" Orwell asked, as he leant against the 18th pin.

GAYER CITY GOSSIP.

Now that a greatly-reduced Bank Rate has strengthened the gilt-edged market and (whether you have noticed it or not) made things so much jollier, I think the City might whoop into line with the breezier and brighter worlds of Society and entertainment.

It is true that for some time past my own particular City gossiper has been presenting me almost daily with a charming photograph of the President, Chairman, Managing Director or Secretary of Something-or-other, but after all this is meagre fare for the really keen finance fan; poor stuff compared with the heart-to-heart burblings of Mayfair and Hollywood. Why cannot we readers of City columns have something like this:—

Ulysses ("Puddy") Quark is back in the City again looking tanned and fit. He tells me he has been in Gumbahoho prospecting for dubbah on behalf of his Company, Wotnots, Ltd. Dubbah, of course, is largely used in the manufacture of iamin, which, I need not say, is the new substitute for toosh. One of "Puddy's" many intriguing habits is to eat macaroni with a pair of silver forceps. His collection of mineral-water bottles is world-famous; but it is not so generally known that his wife (who of course was Miss Guana Chyne of Ealing) is an enthusiastic amateur campanologist.

* * *

It looks as though the Government's forthcoming Conversion will break all records as a Big Money production. Chief of the stars featured in this titanic show is Sir Wellington Scoop, who made so popular an appearance in that wonderful drama of the Gold Standard. Many of you will be surprised to learn that Sir Wellington is a man of amazingly simple tastes; his principal relaxation is to lie in a warm bath and eat pickled walnuts straight from the bottle.

* * *

Meeting Lavina Goshawke, the beautiful blonde chief buyer for the Cradle to Grave Supply Company, she told me that since I announced that she was earning upwards of six thousand a year she had received something like eight hundred offers of marriage.

"Of course it is wonderful to be loved like that," she said smilingly, "but at present I am far, far too devoted to my work to think of marrying." When I asked her whether there was any truth in the rumour that the Governor of the Bank of England had proposed to her in an X.Y.Z. teashop she shook her lovely head. "Please deny it," she said earnestly. "I always have tea in the office so as to avoid the possibility of anything like that happening."

* * *

Looking at the tape this afternoon I noticed that Hokipokos had made a sharp advance and that coffee futures had opened steady. I wonder whether you can guess the name of the well-known City man who will be tickled to death by this.

* * *

Dear old Parnaby Drygland, the popular head cashier of Snobble and Chutts, Mincing Lane, keeps us all guessing as to what he will do next. His latest foible is to wear in his buttonhole an almost perfect imitation of a poached egg. If, as no doubt it will, the craze spreads, there will be some merry tricks played at the Lothbury luncheon-tables. It is delightful to see the City becoming brighter and brighter.

D. C.

"A competition to discover the most beautiful legs on the Riviera is shortly to take place at Juan-les-Ping, says Reuter."
Evening Paper.

A good deal of jealousy is being felt at Juan-les-Pong.



Young Lady-Motorist (in conflict with the law). "IF IT WASN'T SO ABSURDLY IMPOSSIBLE, I'D SAY YOU WERE TOO BIG FOR YOUR BOOTS."

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XX.—A MISUNDERSTANDING.

MR. BIRDIKIN had received his education at Dr. Thwackem's Select Academy for Young Gentlemen at Clapham, and it was intended that Charles and Henry should repair to the same establishment in due course; for the excellent doctor, though now advanced in years, was still vigorous both of brain and hand, and accepted none but the sons of gentlemen of assured standing to whom to impart such instruction as was befitting for those whom Providence had raised above the vulgar herd.

The approaching departure of Charles and Henry to what Mr. Birdikin, in a pretty conceit, was pleased to refer to as "the Groves of Academe," formed the subject of conversation one morning at the breakfast-table, and Mr. Birdikin, with a courteous inclination of the head towards Miss Smith, remarked, "My sons, I doubt not, will be second to none in the excellence of the instruction they have received *before* entering upon their scholastic course, and I trust they will do credit to the attention paid not alone to their *mental* but also to their *moral* welfare by so excellent an instructress as Miss Smith."

Miss Smith, gratified by this tribute from her employer, replied, "Indeed, Sir, my task has been made easy by the high moral standard maintained in this household; but Charles and Henry are now getting beyond the tutelage of a *female*, and their studies will be better directed by the learned Dr. Thwackem and his accomplished staff than by my humble self."

"Why cannot my brothers be sent to Eton College," inquired Fanny, "where the Firebolts are going next half? I am informed by them that Dr. Keate once flogged eighty boys in a morning."

"The necessity for occasional chastisement of unruly spirits is not the *only* requirement of a sound education, Fanny," replied Mr. Birdikin. "The Viscount Firebolt and the Honourable John will repair to Eton College as the sons of my good neighbour the Earl of Bellacre. For *my* sons a more modest and, I may add, a less costly seminary will suffice for the inculcation of those principles of gentility in which I was nurtured myself."

"Tommy Guff is going to Eton," said Fanny, "and is to ride over on his pony every morning to Bellacre Castle to share the instructions of the tutor who is preparing George and John for school."

This piece of information, the veracity of which he subsequently confirmed by questions put to the other children, gave Mr. Birdikin considerable concern. The Reverend Daniel Guff, who had fulfilled the duties of curate in the parish of H—— for some years, had lately been appointed its Rector, and it was only to be expected, and indeed to be desired, that the emoluments accruing to him should result in some increase of expenditure on his part. It would have been seemly if he had set up a modest pony-carriage for his wife, and there could have been no objection to his presenting his son Thomas with a pony. But Mr. Birdikin had been greatly surprised at seeing Mrs. Guff driving about in a carriage and pair, and he knew that three maids and a man in livery had taken the place of the girl from the village who had hitherto sufficed for the domestic needs of the Guff family. To hear now that the late curate had so far forgotten what was owing to Mr. Birdikin himself as not only to emulate the degree of state which he felt it incumbent upon himself to keep up, but to make use of his new position to scrape acquaintance with his aristocratic neighbour and to put his own son on an equality with those so far above him caused him acute discomfort of mind.



"I BESEECH YOU . . . TO MAKE A CLEAN BREAST OF IT."

"This is the result," he said to his wife, "of the sudden rise to prosperity of a man used to a lowly way of living. I had thought better of Mr. Guff. It is not to be supposed that an income of eight hundred pounds a year will justify this extravagant expenditure, and I shall consider whether it is not my duty to write to the Bishop and inform him of the result of an act of benevolence on his part for which its recipient is proving himself unworthy."

"It would be better, I think, to remonstrate with Mr. Guff himself," replied Mrs. Birdikin. "And I would suggest to you, Mr. Birdikin, that you should change your mind about the schooling of Charles and Henry and write to the Earl proposing that they also should participate in the instructions bestowed upon Thomas Guff, you offering to pay your share of the tutor's stipend, preparatory to sending them to Eton College."

This advice commended itself to Mr. Birdikin, who formed the further project of requesting his well-endowed Aunt Maria to contribute towards the education of Charles and Henry, in view of his sending them to a school where they would form friendships with lads whose parentage could only enhance the dignity of his family.

He was somewhat dashed in spirit by the replies he received to both these missives. The Earl of Bellacre wrote with courtesy, but said that his arrangements were made and he regretted that he could not alter them. Aunt Maria replied that she had never been one for going out of the sphere in which she had been born, and had something better to do with her money than to pay for her great-nephews to give themselves airs by mixing with a lot of lords.

As Mr. Birdikin did not feel justified in himself bearing the extra expense involved, he reverted to his original intention of sending Charles and Henry to Dr. Thwackem's Select Academy for Young Gentlemen, but decided to remonstrate with Mr. Guff for the extravagance of his new way of living, which, if persisted in, could only bring him to the state of insolvency that had overtaken the previous Rector, and consequent retirement to a foreign watering-place.

He was about to write to Mr. Guff



THE LAST WORD ON THE MONTH *v.* BLOSSOM CONTROVERSY.

First Tramp. "'NE'ER CAST A CLOUT TILL MAY IS OUT.' WHICH DO YOU THINK IT MEANS—MAY OR MAY?"
Second Ditto. "MAY, O' COURSE, FAT'EAD!"

requesting a visit from him when the Rector presented himself at Byron Grove with a request for an interview. He had on a new suit of broadcloth, and presented himself with an air of having something of serious import to discuss.

"Mr. Birdikin," he said, "as one who is responsible for the good behaviour of my parishioners, I have been seriously disturbed over certain rumours which have come to my ears about yourself. I am told that you arrived home late one night during the absence of Mrs. Birdikin in a state of advanced intoxication, and so far forgot yourself as to arouse the sleepers in passing through the village street by shouting out ribald songs at the top of your voice. If this charge, or any part of it, is true, I beseech you, as a man whose example should be an asset to me in my *own* endeavours to keep up the reputation of this parish, to make a clean breast of it. If you do so I shall not be hard on you, but I warn you that I shall feel it my duty to deal severely with any repetition of so disgraceful a lapse."

The circumstances of Mr. Birdikin's home-coming from a Hunt Dinner at Bellacre Castle have already been recounted. Though conscious of his own rectitude in the matter, he was yet aware that those circumstances were liable to misunderstanding, and he was above all anxious that they should not come to the ears of Mrs. Birdikin. He had therefore to satisfy the Rector that it would not be of advantage to spread the news of them, but, while he gained the assurance that Mrs. Birdikin should remain ignorant of an episode that might well be relegated to the past, he did not feel himself in a position to administer the rebuke that he had prepared for the man who had taken it upon himself to rebuke *him*.

He did, however, before Mr. Guff took his leave, recover so far as to make some reference to the course of expenditure to which he was committing himself, as a friend who wished him well and had been instrumental in gaining for him his present preferment.

"I apprehend, Mr. Birdikin," said the Rector, when he had heard him out, "that you are under some misapprehension. It is true that I might not have been presented to *this* living had I not had the pleasure of meeting my Lord Bishop under your roof. But I would inform you that the recent demise of a relative who amassed a large fortune in the East India trade has made it a matter of small importance to me to fill a well-paid benefice. Had I wished to continue my career in the Church and *not* been appointed to this living, I should have had no difficulty in purchasing for myself another sphere of influence. I will now take leave of you, and beg that you will reflect upon what I have felt bound to bring to your notice, so that I may have no further occasion for remonstrating with you."

A. M.



THIS WEEK'S QUANDARY.

MRS. A. IS DRESSING FOR A RATHER IMPORTANT DINNER-PARTY. SHE FINDS IT TAKES LONGER THAN SHE HAD EXPECTED TO FIX HER NEW EYELASHES. SHOULD SHE BE LATE FOR DINNER, OR GO AS SHE IS?

PLUS-ONE IN ART.

I AM rather pleased with Mr. RICHARD SICKERT for getting away with that extra finger which he has apparently given to one of the figures in his "Raising of Lazarus," because it encourages me to think that one of my paintings may now receive recognition in spite of the anatomical extravagance that I accorded the central figure.

At the age of six I was considered (notably by myself) to be an artist of some promise; and, although adverse criticism dissuaded me from pursuing an artistic career, I have carefully preserved the "canvases" of my salad days in the hope that some day this form of art might become the fashion. Buoyed up then by this School of Extra Fingers, I can now regard with some complacency my neglected masterpieces—unhonoured and unhung—in particular my Study of a Policeman on Duty, the central figure of which has three feet—two on one leg and one on the other.

This, I remember, caused quite a stir in rival nurseries at the time that it was painted, and several theories were advanced as to the significance of the extra pedestal on the constabular limb.

One savant suggested that I had perhaps felt a little unhappy about the "atmosphere" of one of the feet and had accordingly slipped in an additional one as an alternative. A second contended that I was working on the theme, "The stately cops of England, how beautiful they stand!" and had thought that a tripedal foundation would give a stronger impression of stability. A third decided that I was expressing GILBERT'S philosophy about a policeman's "lot," and had taken one consideration with another.

In explanation of Mr. SICKERT'S essay in digital proliferation I have heard it said that an extra finger was frequently painted by Old Masters, so perhaps an extra foot may be permitted to young ones. But in any case, if the Academy would care to see my work, I have since thought of a better explanation than any of those above. My policeman was really a "Yard" man, and that was why, knowing my Tables of Measure, I gave him three feet.

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS.

SAY, folks, you're going to witness later
A masterpiece at this theatre!
You'll welcome it with shouts and clamour,
A throbbing passion-loaded drama!
A film to make your senses totter,
You've got to see it, yes, you've got to!
A film to make you gasp and pant,
You can't resist it, no, you can't!
Don't miss it, folks, or you'll be sorry,
Don't miss this great soul-shaking story
Of virtue, never wholly soiled
By contact with the wicked world!
Don't miss one tear-compelling line
That's spoken by the heroine!
Comedy, pathos, heart-break, larks,
Sensation, laughter, thrills and shocks,
Breathless escapes to raise your hair
And tons of sex-appeal—oh, yes,
You'll find them all in *Passion's Hurricane*,
Photophone's latest, all-American;
And I declare upon my honour
You ought to see it and you're going to!



THE PUNCTILIOUS PAUPER.

JADED JOHN (*to Joyless Jonathan*). "HERE'S WHAT I OWE YOU. I UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR NEED IS GREATER THAN MINE." Words of a famous general, to a Common Soldier dying on the field of battle

[The British Government has accepted the terms demanded by the United States of America for the payment, with interest, of the instalment of debt which was suspended by Mr. HOOVER's moratorium.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 23rd.—Greeks who come bearing gifts may be objects of justifiable suspicion, but Greeks who do not come bearing interest on their loans when it is due are even more unsatisfactory. Sir JOHN SIMON informed Lord SCONE that H.M.G. had on several occasions addressed strong representations to the Greek Government about overdue interest on the 1924 Greek refugee loan. The Council of the League of Nations, under whose auspices the loan had been made, had also urged the Greek Government to pay up and look pleasant. The reply of the latter was to the effect that they were quite willing to look pleasant and hoped ere long to look like paying up.

Mr. C. DUNCAN took up the agricultural cudgels. Why not organise a National Mark beer, made of all-British materials, of a gravity of 1·042 degrees, price sixpence a pint? Why not, indeed! Alas! the MINISTER was readier to dispense cold water than beer of any gravity. There was no money for the initial investigations, and even if National Mark beer came into being the price would not be regulated. The difficulty, it seems, is not to fix the specific gravity of the beer but to maintain the specific gravity of the sixpence.

A Finance Bill, even in Committee, without the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is rather like a ghostless *Hamlet*, but there it is. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has been ordered to Harrogate for a two-weeks' rest-cure for the gout, and the compassion of the House goes with him, not unmixed with a tinge of envy on the part of those Members who are just too well off to have poor man's gout and not well enough off to enjoy the other kind. However, Lausanne and Ottawa are drawing near, and Geneva may come to life again, and the Opposition leaders will have to be content to flesh their oratorical weapons in the relatively insignificant hides of Parliamentary Secretaries and such small deer. To-day, it must be admitted, the small deer, in the shape of Major ELLIOT and Mr. HORE-BELISHA, proved more than a match for their assailants. The Tea Duty provoked loud protests from the Opposition, but the FINANCIAL SECRETARY declined to part with a million of revenue whatever the arguments for or against indirect taxation might be. An attempt by Mr. D. GRENFELL to remove wheat and meat from the purview of the Tariff Advisory Committee was the undoing of Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, that bright young peddler of economic panaceas, who butted into the argument to point out that the Tariff Commission might produce a scheme at variance with that propounded at Ottawa.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA reminded the hon. Member for Ebbw Vale that in his book, *A National Policy* (for a National Government in a National Emergency),



THE CHICKS TAKE CHARGE.
MR. HORE-BELISHA AND MAJOR ELLIOT.

he recommended legislation by Order in Council with three wise men to do the legislating. The only thing that seemed to be wrong with the Three Wise Men of the Tariff Commission, suggested the MINISTER unkindly, was that Mr. BEVAN was not one of them.



"A CONSIDERABLE SAVING."
[In spite of his disappointment, Mr. MACQUISTEN still hopes at some future date to have a nickel sixpence to put away in his stocking.]

Tuesday, May 24th.—It was revealed at Question-Time that the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES would himself be a delegate to the Ottawa Conference. The House will thus be denuded for the time being of yet another of its brightest ornaments. Nobody, on the other hand, is better equipped to keep the British pig's end up when the serious business of swapping Preferences begins.

The reasons that prompted Mr. MACQUISTEN to ask the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY if the Government would not consider substituting nickel coins for the smaller silver coins now in use were obscure. Any travelled Scot will tell him that a nickel saxpence goes "bang" ever so much quicker than a silver one. Major ELLIOT intimated that what with nickel going up and silver going down there was not much to be saved by changing over. The awkward question of whether a genteel churchgoer could be seen dropping a nickel threepenny-bit into the plate will not therefore, as they say, arise.

No thrills marked the second day in Committee of the Finance Bill. The Clause empowering the Tariff Commission to remove imports from the Free List as well as to add them to it wrung strong protests from the Opposition, which insists on regarding the Commission as "three great beasts" bent upon raising the cost of living of the poor for the benefit of the rich. Mr. HORE-BELISHA and Major ELLIOT jointly pointed out that the Commission only recommended. It was the Treasury which made the order, subject to the House's approval, and it was not in the least likely to make an order that the House would not subsequently confirm.

A brief protest by Conservative Members against the Clause dealing with the taxation of voluntary pensions and an abortive attempt by the Opposition to move an Amendment that would raise a discussion on the National Debt kept the pot of debate simmering sporadically until shortly after eleven o'clock, when Progress was reported. At that point even the Third Reading of the Cleansing of Shellfish Bill failed to stir the dying embers of debate, and the House went home betimes.

Wednesday, May 25th.—The Lords came briefly to life to-day, but for no business sufficiently contentious to provoke debate. The Commons concerned itself briefly with the purity of the Serpentine (which the London bather, to his lasting credit, does *not* infest with streptococci, protozoa or other deleterious fauna), Liberian atrocities, floods in the Midlands and other exciting matters. Then Mr. BALDWIN rose to explain that the week-end utterances, fraught with inspissated gloom, of the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF

WORKS and other lesser ornaments of the Ministry represented only the private views of the speakers. All might not be for the best, etc., but there was no occasion for the wave of "hysteria visible in certain quarters."

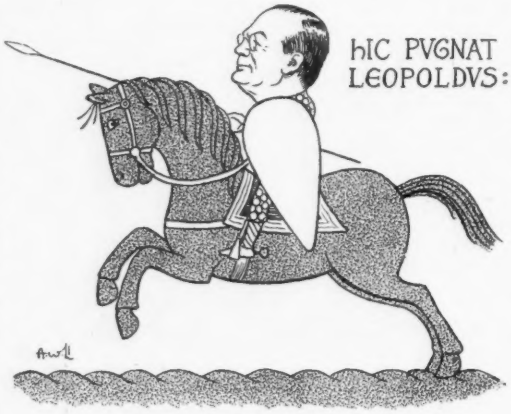
"Truth has many facets," added Mr. BALDWIN. It would also seem, if we may slightly vary the metaphor, to have quite a number of faucets.

For a change the Finance Bill provoked eager and fruitful debate, the topic being Clause 21, which provides for the Exchange Equalisation Account. Mr. A. BEVAN led the attack and first ventilated the idea that the Treasury, or at any rate the Government, could not be trusted to give a fair show to industry and commerce as against finance. Mr. HAMMERSLEY, who was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. A. M. SAMUEL when the latter was Financial Secretary to the Treasury and should thus speak from inside knowledge, expressed Conservative sympathy with Mr. BEVAN'S Amendment providing for an Industrial Committee to assist the Treasury to control the Account. Other Amendments cropped up, and the volume of criticism swelled, culminating in a suggestion from Sir ROBERT HORNE that the Government should be prepared to reconsider, in view of the strong feeling of the House, its whole attitude towards the question of a managed currency and its apparent desire to return on some basis or other to the Gold Standard. This suggestion Major ELLIOT promptly accepted—to the evident surprise of some of those present.

All was not over, however, for Mr. AMERY presently moved an Amendment enabling the Treasury to use the Account for the purchase of silver as well as gold. It did not commit the Government to any bimetallic theory, Mr. AMERY explained, but enabled them to buy silver if at any time circumstances made it desirable. Behind this Knight of the Silver Shield rode other champions, including Sir ROBERT HORNE. Sir E. HILTON YOUNG, for the Government, pointed out that this question principally concerned our China trade, and while that would be materially benefited if the ratio value of silver to sterling were raised, there was no great advantage to us in raising the ratio value of silver to gold. The ratio value of silver to the pound had, however, increased by 21½ per cent since we went off gold, but there had been no material improvement in our Chinese trade. The MINISTER indicated that the Government had an open mind on the question, but requested Mr. AMERY not to press his Amendment on an issue that must receive close attention at Ottawa.

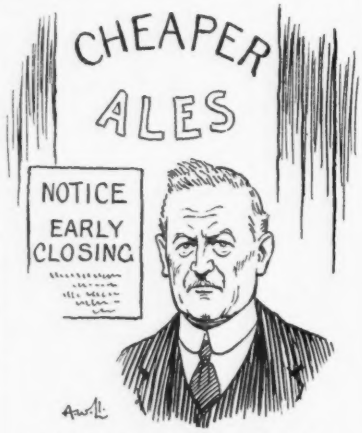
An Amendment by Colonel WEDGWOOD providing that the Controller and Auditor-General should give an annual account of the use of the Fund also found considerable Conservative support, so much so that Major ELLIOT, while unable to give any undertaking in the matter, promised to convey the feeling of the House to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Thus ended a useful and more than usually harmonious day.



THE CHAMPION OF SILVER.

MR. AMERY ENTERS THE LISTS: SHIELD, ARGENT.



"TOO LATE, TOO LATE!"

Sir WILLIAM WAYLAND. "BUT WHAT OF IT? A TIME WILL COME."

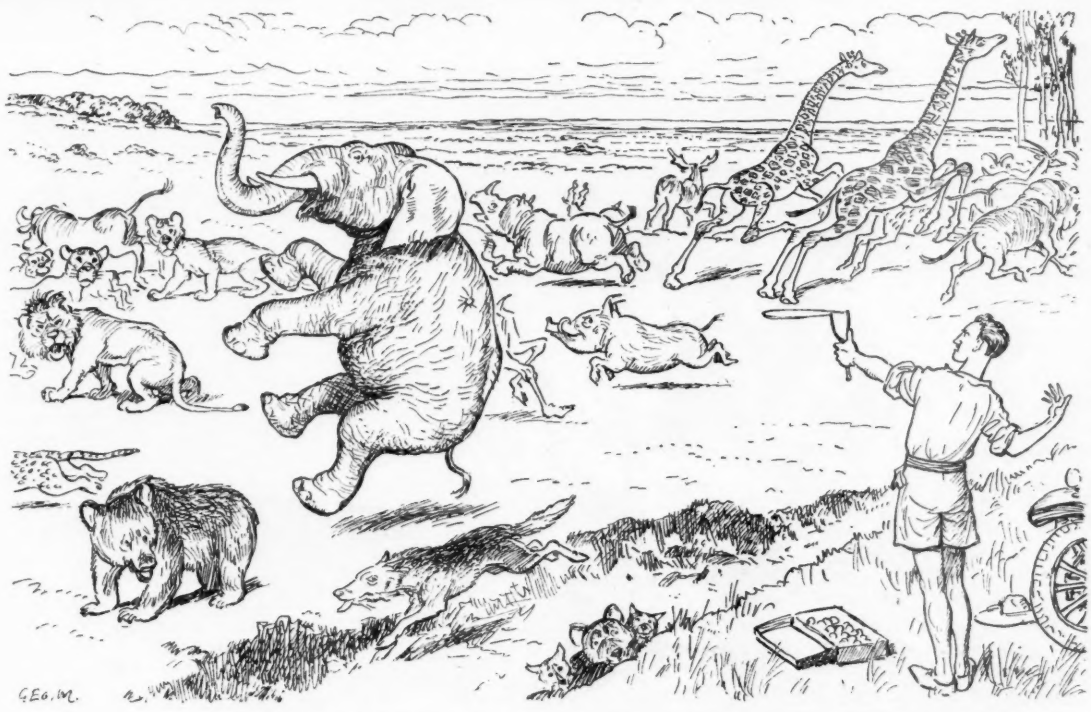
Thursday, May 26th.—The Children and Young Persons Bill received a Second Reading in the Lords on the motion of the LORD PRIVY SEAL. In hoping that the Bill would be treated as non-controversial by their Lordships, as it had been by the Commons, Lord SNOWDEN reckoned without Lord BANBURY, who thought it gave too much power to the Secretary of State. Lord LLOYD shared Lord BANBURY'S doubts as to the extra financial burden it would impose. Lord GLASGOW felt that the Bill, by sparing the rod, might do something to spoil the child, and Lord SANDERSON thought it must be an agreeable change to the LORD PRIVY SEAL to find himself supporting a Bill to protect children instead of opposing Bills to protect commodities.

In the House of Commons the HOME SECRETARY announced the *personnel* of the Royal Commission on Lotteries. The list proved to be notable, as is usual in such cases, by the total absence of any representative of the ordinary sweepstake ticket-buying man in the street. The Government also announced, through the MINISTER OF EDUCATION, that it did not contemplate at present raising the school-commencing age from five to six. The Wheat Commission *personnel* was also announced, and the SECRETARY FOR MINES informed Mr. ISAAC FOOT that the Government would introduce immediately a Bill dealing with the Coal Industry.

In Committee on the Finance Bill Mr. BALDWIN explained that they were suspending instead of repealing the Land Tax measure out of respect for the LORD PRIVY SEAL'S feelings. Seventy-one Conservatives bravely marched into the Lobby in favour of repeal, but to no purpose. A new Clause dealing with the Silk Duties progressed so quickly that when the question of the Beer Tax was reached Sir WILLIAM WAYLAND'S stalwart band of "penny-off-ers" were nowhere to be seen. Mr. CHURCHILL pleaded that they be given another chance, only to find himself heartily berated by Mr. LANSBURY, who charged him with bullying the House and the Government and with general audacity and effrontery. It was a good effort, and the House, and the victim of the attack no less, found it highly amusing. Still more amusing was Mr. BALDWIN'S description of the proceedings—"First the fire, then the whirlwind, and after the whirlwind the still small voice." The beer de-taxers, he explained, could still have their innings on the Report Stage of the Bill.

"NORTHERN LAWN TENNIS.
Second Round.
D. B. A. Moore beat J. Cohen, 4-6 6-1 6-4.
J. Cohen beat D. B. A. Moore, 4-6 6-1 6-4."
Liverpool Paper.

What could be fairer?



STARTLING EFFECT OF THE "STAY IN BRITAIN" MOVEMENT.

DISAPPOINTED LOVER, WHO IN ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES WOULD HAVE FOLLOWED CONVENTION AND GONE AFTER BIG GAME IN AFRICA, TAKES IT OUT OF THE ANIMALS AT WHIPSNADE.

THINGS THAT MIGHT BE MORE GENERALLY KNOWN.

(*With apologies to "B. F. S." of "The Sunday Express."*)

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR had housemaid's knee.

The female Daddy-Long-legs was once called the Mummy-Long-legs by Edward Briggs of East Peckham, a noted wit and man-about-town in the 'seventies.

The consumption of water in North Winstaple alone during the first quarter of last year exceeded three-and-a-half million gallons.

A surfeit of rusty nails may cause congestion of the liver.

Frederick Cragg of Portsmouth could play an obbligato on the bassoon at the age of eleven months, "Home, Sweet Home" on the piccolo at one-and-a-half, and "Rule, Britannia!" on fourteen instruments at once before he was three; but the talkies have thrown him out of work.

I can't *bear* the smell of burning rubber.

Any number of which the first three digits are together equal to the sum of the last four, the middle digit being "2" and the two penultimate figures taken together a multiple of eight, will, when divided by itself, be found to equal 1.

Albert Edward George Arthur Herbert de Lisle Anthony Fitzwilliam Roger Arkwright Montmorency Crook (deceased) was called "Pie-Face" at Eton.

There are no fish in the Sahara.

The common cod lays over a million eggs; but fishermen out nesting never dream of taking more than two for fear the mother may desert.

The holder of the West of England Shovehalfpenny Championship has insured the ball of his thumb for £2,000.

It is contrary to etiquette for the Lord Chancellor to sit on the Woolsack in plus-fours.

No cases of death from snake-bite occurred in Lewisham in 1931.

THE RECEIPT.

Susan is very nervous in London traffic. This is really because she is not so young as she was, but I let her think that it is because she is used to country lanes.

I had just complimented her on negotiating some cross-roads and told her to be a brave girl and go on firing on all four cylinders all the way down Oxford Street when an errand-boy ranged alongside us on his bicycle.

"Hi! Guv'ner," he said, "that rozzer's singin' out to you."

"Susan," I said, "you've clicked. One of our policemen has taken a fancy to you. We will pause and have a chat with him."

Susan promptly choked with emotion and/or too rich a mixture.

"I shall summons you," said Susan's young man unexpectedly, "for driving in a manner dangerous."

"What, me?" I gasped.

"Yes, you," he said.

"In a dangerous manner?" I said incredulously.

"In a manner dangerous," he replied sternly.

"Is—is there a difference?" I asked timidly.

"You'll see," he said grimly, and took my name and Susan's particulars.

* * * * *

Being a gentleman, I naturally didn't drag Susan's name into the sordid atmosphere of the police-court. I shouldered the entire blame.

"Two guineas," said the magistrate almost automatically.

In an ante-chamber I paid two never-



Wife. "I CALLS IT SILLY SITTIN' 'ERE JUST 'COS WE'VE COME FOR THE DAY. IF WE WAS AT 'OME WE WOULDN'T BE DOIN' IT."

to-be-forgotten guineas to a man with no soul.

"Right," he said, and ticked my name off his list of malefactors.

"But I should like a receipt," I said.

"We don't give receipts for fines," he said.

"I don't pay good money for fines or anything else without getting a receipt for it," I insisted.

"You'd best go and tell his worship that," said the soulless man.

I did.

"Young man," said his alleged worship after an appreciable silence in court, "your BODY is your receipt."

"An added spice is given to fishing in this district by the presence of rhino, buffalo, and other fearsome wild fowl."
S. A. Paper.

Nothing could be more exciting than casting for buffalo with a dry fly as the little creatures wing their way home to roost.

"I am in agreement with your correspondent who deprecates the wearing of plus-fours by Customs officials. . . . It serves no purpose whatsoever."—*Liverpool Paper.*

But surely it prevents the legs of Customs officials from catching cold.

ANOMALIES OF THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

[From notes made by a student of race after reading that "in order to form a just estimation of the character of a people, it is necessary to investigate the sports and pastimes prevalent among them."]

IN England we are rightly deemed
Dispassionate and cold;
Displays of energy or haste
Are judged to be in doubtful taste;
Authority is much esteemed
And moods are well controlled.

Let those who wish to test my claims
Observe the human hordes
That in the summer park their frames
At Lord's.

The English have decided views,
And these they love to state;
By passions they are freely torn
And grow profuse of verbal scorn
Unless Authority pursues
The course they advocate.

I gathered this when once I found
A place in an assembly
That patronised a famous ground
At Wembley.

In England life is far from gay
And laughter seldom heard;
Investigations there reveal
That, though the natives think a deal,
Except on rare occasions they
Eschew the spoken word.

This fact will forcibly impress
The student who regards
The populace engaged in chess
Or cards.

The spirits of an English crowd
No pleasure seems to cloy;
Extracting all the fun that lurks
In Man's and Nature's handiworks
They voice their ecstasies aloud
And advertise their joy.

To prove it, follow certain paths
That run by river reaches,
Or, better, study swimming-baths
And beaches. C. B.

Journalistic Candour.

"BANK HOLIDAY NUMBER.
There are big laughs in every page—Free Legal and Medical assistance . . ."
Advt. of Weekly in Daily Paper.

"APARTMENTS.
CATTLE taken in for Summer."
Advt. in North-Country Paper.

We can't afford to send our Alderney to the sea this summer.

AT THE PICTURES.

AEROPLANES AND RACING CARS.

FILMS in which an aeroplane crashes appeal to a set of emotions more or less ghoulish which I do not happen to possess. What then were my feelings when in the same picture, at intervals of a quarter-of-an-hour, no fewer than three of them plunged to destruction? This is what happens in *The Lost Squadron* at the Tivoli, an ill-digested arrangement of thrills and quixotries in which, although the acting is good, it is very hard to believe.

Too many paths have been trodden a little way and then abandoned. The first was to lead, after the glory of the welcome given to American heroes returning from the War, and the speeches assuring them of preferential treatment hereafter, to an exposure of the neglect which so soon became their lot. A good theme for drama, but needing more time than the film can offer and therefore quickly forgotten.

The next idea was to show us the gallant RICHARD DIX and the beautiful but pathetic MARY ASTOR in love-scenes; also soon shelved, so that during the last half-hour the leading lady is never seen at all. The next was to develop the character of an airman's sister known as "*The Pest*," who retains the name but, owing to exigencies of space, does nothing that is in the least pestiferous; in fact is gentle and loving.



THE MAKING OF AN AIR-FILM.
Von Furst (*producer*) . ERIC VON STROHEIM.

The next, which holds good, was to exhibit that most Hunnish of all movie performers, ERIC VON STROHEIM, with a part suited to his Hunnishness, even to dropping acid on the guide-ropes of an aeroplane so that it might crash and thus intensify the sensationalism of the film he was financing and directing; while the last idea, which also prevails, was to make the sympathetic and handsome RICHARD DIX, pure as Bayard, lay down his life for a friend: not only a friend, but the friend who has cut him out with *The Pest-who-is-no-Pest*. But how could he do otherwise when this friend was one of four flying Doughboys who had been in the War together and had bound themselves to be still another—yes, still another—band of musketeers, "All for one and one for all"?



SHE GOT HER MAN.
Anne . . . . JOAN BLONDELL.

Nobody could deny that *The Lost Squadron*—the title, I gather, is an ironical description of ex-service men in America—compels attention, but there are some very perplexing moments in it, and I shall go to my grave wondering why, when all the evidence of *Von Furst's* perfidy was to hand, the detective was not informed of it. But no shot man ever fell downstairs backwards better than ERIC VON STROHEIM (as the wicked *Herr*) does. That is, if it is he. You never know with the films, where substitutes play so many parts.

Having seen *The Lost Squadron* with its skyful of droning and screaming aeroplanes, it was my bad luck to visit *The Crowd Roars*, where most of the action has place on a track for racing-cars, so that my ears were shocked by din and my eyes were dazed by speed all in one evening; and I sought my couch convinced that if ever I were lured into a cinema theatre again it would be only by a natural-history film displaying the leisurely silent processes of the snail.

The Crowd Roars, which keeps to the point more closely than *The Lost Squadron*, employs part of the same self-sacrificing motive, which seems to be popular now in America, and the ambulance is again kept busy. In fact it is upon an ambulance that the curtains come together, after the usual life-risking efforts on the part of one swell kid for another. The hero, JAMES CAGNEY, is the young cinema-star who recently, having had a little trouble with Hollywood over his weekly salary of six hundred pounds or so, threatened to return to college and finish his course unless it was increased, or deeds to that effect. I am glad he finished *The Crowd Roars* before taking this retrograde step, for it shows him once more to be a good actor with an attractive personality and an engaging smile. It also provides the seeker of macabre excitement with as many overturned and blazing cars as in *The Lost Squadron* there are aeroplanes crashing. Knowing that the camera is up to a thousand tricks and that nobody is really ever hurt, I kept my seat; but I don't pretend to care for such fare, and more than ever crave that picture of Helix.

E. V. L.



BROTHERS IN DISTRESS.
JAMES CAGNEY (*in "The Crowd Roars"*) *to* RICHARD DIX (*in "The Lost Squadron"*). "SO YOU TOO ARE IN THE MIDDLE-REEL-ROUGH-CHIN BUSINESS, *AND* A RAILROAD STOWAWAY!"

AT THE PLAY.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" (NEW).

WE ought all, I think, to be compelled by law to take the golden road to Illyria once a year. I happened to have a raking view of the audience—at the first evening performance, not in the chilly afternoon, which is no time for a "first night"—and could see solid men and matrons, youths and maidens under absolute compulsion to laugh aloud as unreservedly as at the latest topical nonsense at the Aldwych. (There was naturally much beside nonsense to beguile them.) Here was no question of polite conventional acquiescence in a hoary tradition. . . There were faults in this production, but there were virtues enough to prove that this play never grows old and keeps the heart young.

The outstanding feature was unquestionably the *Olivia*. Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY was made-up and attired after the assumption of some ingenious commentator that *Olivia* was intended by SHAKESPEARE for an idealised portrait of GLORIANA. And very lovely and commanding she looked with her flaming hair, wide ruff and skirts full-spread like a galleon's sails. She was a great lady, witty, moody, disdainful, passionate. She spoke her lines musically and with an honourable relish. And, singing a verse or two of "Come Away, Come Away, Death!" (by tactful licence of the producer), sang, bending over her broideries, with a rich sweetness and ease that were very delightful. And very cleverly she made the swift modulation from weary indifference to suddenly awakened passion for the handsome ambassador of *Duke Orsino*. A gracious and impressive performance.

Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON emphasised (an emphasis not without its dangers) an aspect of the part of *Viola* often overlooked. She made more plausible for us than is usual—more plausible than was necessary for the author's contemporaries accustomed to the intrinsically absurd conventions—the acceptance of *Cesario* by *Olivia* and *Orsino* and the gentlemen and servitors about them as a gallant stripling. Her *Cesario* was not indeed a boy but an intelligent girl intelligently masquerading as one, occasionally flagging in her impersonation even in public, pulling herself together and successfully covering her mistakes. With what a charming nuance of emphasis (and a rare gleam of humour—for she was more than a trifle too solemn throughout) she spoke the words, "I am the man," as she realised the embarrassing and flattering condition to which her graceful wooing by proxy had reduced the great lady.

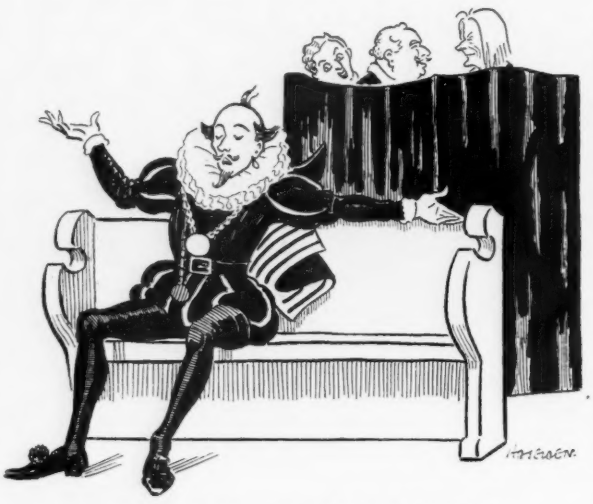
Mr. ROBERT ATKINS was a sound rather than a great *Sir Toby*, missing, I thought, much of the rich gusto of that impenitent *viveur*. I liked Mr. NORMAN FORBES's guileless *Aguecheek*; and how lightly the accomplished veteran carries his years!

Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER chose the most fantastical of the traditional modes for his *Malvolio*, both in make-up and in general manner. He made us laugh. He had an air. He was ingenious in detail. But he did not give *Olivia* much reason for the affection and respect which she evidently had for her eccentric major-domo; and certainly pushed too far the business (the pawings and snatchings) of the declaration of his love. It is a difficult part, let us admit, to balance perfectly. Mr. JOHN LAURIE invented some pleasant antics for our diversion, and used his fool's privileges with discretion. Perhaps Miss CLARE HARRIS was a little too noisily merry, as of one laughing too heartily at her own jokes. Mr. CECIL RAMAGE gave the opening lines of the love-sick *Orsino* their beauty and lovely rhythm, and this is about all the poor unresourceful *Duke* can do.

I have known the flavour of the carousal and letter scenes extracted with less conscious effort, and in the second of these episodes the producer seemed to forget that *Malvolio* was a trout to be caught with tickling. Here the clowning surely needs no stressing but very delicate control.

Miss MOLLY MCARTHUR's decorations and Mr. J. GOWER PARKS's costumes, both carried out in black, silver, white and greys, with here and there a touch of buff, were interesting and not mannered to the point of distracting us. The opening scene had a real beauty and richness of which perhaps the promise was not altogether fulfilled—a qualification made not in a cavilling spirit but for integrity's sake. It was an intelligent and comely *décor*, and the general production honest, spirited and very well worth seeing. I think if the producer could listen to his team from, say, the first row of the dress circle he would discover that not all of them realise the three first secrets of the business of acting—audibility, audibility and again audibility. A little course with DEMOSTHENES' pebbles might not come amiss. . . . And "monăchus" rather than "monāchus," please, *Feste*.

T.



A GARDEN IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

Malvolio . . . . . MR. ARTHUR WONTNER.
Fabian . . . . . MR. JACK CARLTON.
Sir Toby Belch . . . . . MR. ROBERT ATKINS.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek . . . MR. NORMAN FORBES.

"CASANOVA" (COLISEUM).

This mammoth, nay, positively dinosaurian spectacle of ERIK CHARELL's (Sir OSWALD STOLL aiding and abetting) defies even orderly cataloguing, let alone reasoned criticism. You might as well criticise an earthquake. It takes the breath away and almost the sight and hearing. I am very glad to have seen it, but I should not care to have to face it again. It is indeed almost more an ordeal than an entertainment. It has every kind of success but an artistic success—which is not a mere matter of scale. It will storm the town. It will justify Sir OSWALD STOLL's financial courage. And as a feat of detailed organisation it is an impressive, indeed an astounding achievement.

It is almost incredible indeed that such armies—gipsies, bravoes, gondoliers, serenaders, sovereigns, princes and grandees, gamblers, nuns, dancers, tumblers, giants, dwarfs, toreadors, soldiers, Circassian knoutists, servitors—can be assembled, sorted, clothed and re-clothed, presented, manœuvred, dis-

tributed, re-presented, against Venetian, Spanish, Viennese, Russian, Bohemian and again Venetian backgrounds, without confusion or delay. Undoubtedly in the battle (or is it the duel?) between the *entrepreneurs* Sir OSWALD is certainly one up so far as scale is concerned!

And it would of course be much less than just to deny that there are things of real beauty in it. Professor ERNST STERN's scenes have a bizarre splendour. His costumes, when their wearers allow us to examine them in detail, have a fine theatrical magnificence, and one cannot but be amazed at the fertility of his wit and his invention—for they are inventions, not authentic reproductions. But it would have been difficult to see the wood for the trees even if the trees kept still; and one can take away no real impression of ordered beauty unless there is some sort of repose. Professor STERN, however, cannot be held guilty of this grave misdemeanour of perpetual restlessness, which as an artist he must deplore.

The play is adapted by HANS MÜLLER, with libretto and lyrics by Captain HARRY GRAHAM, and music by JOHANN STRAUSS. As to the theme: "Casanova's philosophy," says the programme, "as interpreted by the idealism of ERIK CHARELL, is summed up in the closing lines of the play—'Sing! Dance! Laugh! Love! That is life! That is all life was meant for!'" Well, it is a point of view certainly! And a brave contortion of accepted meanings of great words. Fortunately it need not be taken too seriously, and in less exalted terms we may say that the hero passes from gay city to gay city, pursuing his heroic hobby or pursuing his hobby on a heroic scale, hampered by but one scruple—he will not betray a friend, not he, even if the friend's young woman (as in this instance) is more than ready to be complaisant.

On the evening I was present the part was played (for the strain of shouting their loves in such an amphitheatre is too great to be borne continuously by the principals and they are duplicated) by ARTHUR FEAR not by FERNANDO AUTORI; and well played and well sung. Mr. FEAR, a fine figure in his brave, frequently-changed clothes, skilfully suggested intimate ardours and the air of an irresistible squire of dames in vast arenas not conducive to subtleties of amorous technique.

The other principals I can do no more than name: MARIE LÖHR (*Empress of Austria*); TAMARA DESNI (*gipsy dancer*); JOHN DEVERELL (*Ambassador*) and DOROTHY DICKSON (his wife); Mr. BEN WILLIAMS (*Lieut. Hohenfels*) and SOFFI SCHONNING (his *fiancée*); ORIEL ROSS (*Empress Catherine*); GRETE NATZLER (*Barbarina*, the dancer); Mr. JACK BARTY (*Colonel Waldstein*) and Mr. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD (*Costa*, his servant); MARY LAWSON (*Annuschka*, a maid). MARIANNE WINKELSTERN and ALEXANDER VON SWAINE were the principal dancers, and we saw too little of them. Indeed how much more we should have seen and enjoyed if there had been less to see! But no doubt the organisers of this stupendous affair will entirely refuse to believe this. In a show in which there were so many importations, from ideas to principals—against which as an impenitent Free Trader I have nothing to say—it was pleasant to see or catch sight of such a galaxy of genuine English beauties.

A strange, overpowering, significant, even sinister affair. I have seen among the preliminary Press-agency announcements a description of it as "a subordination of all the arts to the art of the theatre." It has nothing to do, I submit, with the art of the theatre. It and its like can do little but harm to the theatre. These things must run their course and die of a surfeit. It only remains now to double the number of principals and treble the supernumeraries, to let the orchestra down from the ceiling instead of pushing it up from the basement, to make the revolving stage revolve in the vertical instead of the horizontal plane, and to add to the general clamour the bands of JACKS HYLTON and PAYNE blaring through loud-speakers alongside the electrically-operated tambourines which decorate this Venetian pseudo-palace, which was late an Inn and before that the Coliseum. Then it will all be even more stunning.

All the same, nobody should fail to see this gigantic and preposterous affair. T.



A FULL-DRESS AFFAIR.

Empress of Austria . . . MISS MARIE LÖHR.
Casanova . . . . . MR. ARTHUR FEAR.



Casanova. "THESE EMPRESSES ARE ALL AFTER MY HEART."

Empress of Russia . . MISS ORIEL ROSS.

"It is easy to slip on polished lino or on a match-stick on lino, and the special flooring has been introduced in both up and downstair saloons with this end in view."
Bournemouth Paper.

For those who enjoy slipping up on polished lino this should be a boon.

MELLA MEDICATA.

[The Annual Chemists' Exhibition, opened last week, suggests, according to a writer in *The Times*, "the invasion of the territory formerly belonging to the sweet-shop by the pharmacist," owing to the extensive use of glucose in rendering medicated confectionery toothsome as well as curative.]

O PHARMACY, thou Æsculapian maid,
Within whose halls were formerly displayed
Tall jars of gorgeous hues.
Reds, yellows, greens and blues,
How reverently was I wont to gaze
Upon these emblems in my childhood's days,
Yet feared to enter, mindful of the claims
Of GREGORY, who superseded JAMES,
Of senna, calomel and camomile,
Potions and powders vile,
Which the Victorian child was bribed to swallow
By promises of sixpences to follow,
While jam, degraded from its nobler uses,
Served to disguise these bitter herbs and juices!

Now all is changed; an atmosphere serene
Broods o'er the modern pharmaceutic scene.
The apothecary ceases to affright
And radiates mellifluous delight.
None needs to gild the pill
When by synthetic skill
And cunning intermixture of glucose
Sweetness is blended with the daily dose;
When happy children rapturously lick
The treacle-toffee-brimstone stick;
And when the *amari aliquid*, disguised
In barley sugar "subtly iodized,"
Becomes—could any magic be adroiter?—
A "pleasurable remedy for goitre"!

O golden time, when thanks to chemic aid
NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S food is toothsome made,*
And vendors of medicaments appease
The universal appetite for *friandises*—
In fine when every kind of lollipops
Is everywhere "dispensed" in chemists' shops.

C. L. G.

ON CIRCUIT.

(*By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.*)

A SNUFF-BOX made from a tree on the battlefield of Waterloo was destroyed in a fire at the Officers' Mess of the 1st Sherwood Foresters and, according to *The Derbyshire Times*, is to be replaced by one constructed of wood taken from a beam at Hougoumont Farm, through the kindness of the present owner of the property, Mr. HALLAM TUCK, an American.

The possibility that this gentleman is descended from the family of the celebrated *Friar Tuck* should add weight to the suggestion of making him an honorary Sherwood Forester.

* * *

"A Rainy Day in Japan" was the title of a photograph published in *The Manchester Guardian*.

Mancunians may have had difficulty in visualising the Land of the Rising Sun under conditions so like those of their home-town.

* * *

A Yorkshire vicar-designate explained that he had adopted "To the saints which are in Yeadon, greeting!" as the form of address in his letter to the parish because the customary "My dear people" or "My dear friends" was then not quite true to fact.

My feeling is that he would have been on even surer ground in addressing himself to the parochial sinners.

* * *

Mr. S. MORRIS BOWER, of Huddersfield, invites observers, particularly in rural and thinly-populated districts, to co-operate in the annual census of summer thunderstorms.

The chance of encountering and reporting a storm which others have missed should add much to the interest of an outing.

* * *

As the annual meeting of the Market Rasen Liberal Association was about to begin, a bullock walked in and was ejected with difficulty.

My belief is that the animal had mistaken the political tone of the meeting and was under the impression that he was about to try conclusions with a toryador.

* * *

The secretary of the Bury St. Edmunds Cribbage League is quoted as complaining that it is very hard-hit by the tax on beer.

At the present juncture I hesitate to advocate that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should be asked to receive a deputation of Bury St. Edmunds cribbage-players.

* * *

At the spring general meeting of the Midland Association of Gas Engineers and Managers at Birmingham, the Lord Mayor referred to that city as the spiritual home of gas.

I should never have dared to say that.

* * *

In an address on "Marriage" at Worcester, Dame BEATRIX HUDSON LYALL said that men were like cats in staying where they were made comfortable.

Husbands whose paws have been buttered are happier at home than in the cricket-field.

* * *

In objecting to a constable's use of the formula, "When arrested the accused was sober," the Liverpool Stipendiary described it as a relic of the bad old days when many of the people who came before him had not been sober at the time of their arrest.

Nothing could be more significant of Liverpool's moral progress than the increased sobriety observable among her law-breakers.

MAIDS' MOTLEY.

[A lady interested in the popularisation of yachting has said that "the mantle of Drake and Raleigh seems to have fallen on the shoulders of the modern Miss."]

WHEN RALEIGH laid his mantle down for Good QUEEN BESS
to tread,
What ever would his thoughts have been if he had looked
ahead
To see it coveted and claimed by spinsters yet unborn—
An inspiration, not a mat; not trodden on but worn?

Sir WALTER and Sir FRANCIS must not feel exclusive pride;
The girls who put their mantles on have borrowed much
beside,
Their granny's bustle, daddy's bowler, and for strenuous
sports
(Oh, what would GLORIANA say?) their little brothers'
shorts!

W. K. H.

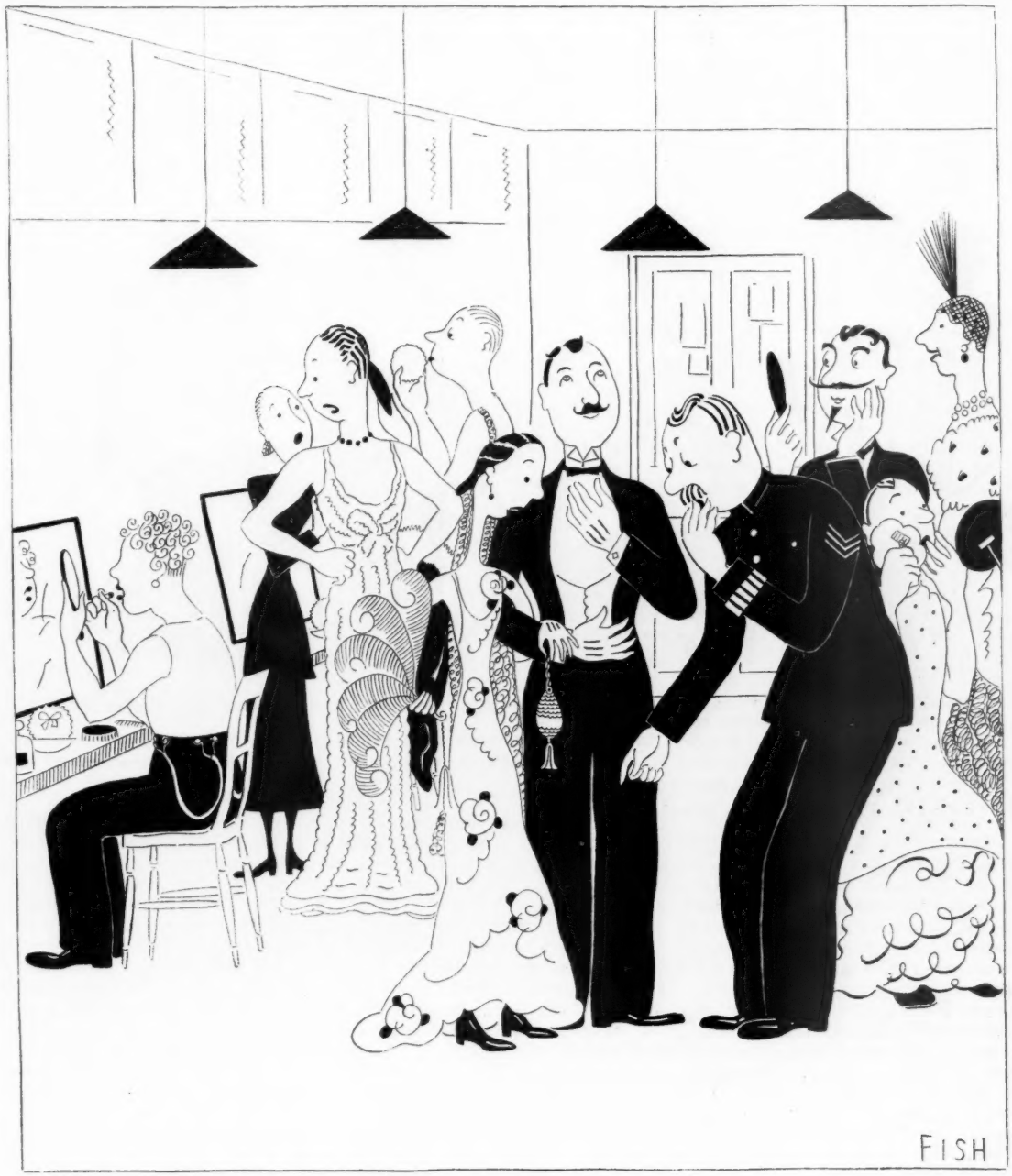
"CHURCH LOTTERIES.

Yorkshire Baptists' Call for Clean Sweep."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

We agree that it is essential for the management of sweepstakes to be above suspicion.

* It will be remembered how, when that monarch adopted a graminivorous diet, he

"Said as he munched the unaccustomed food,
'It may be wholesome, but it is not good.'"



PREPARING FOR A RAID.
THE GREEN ROOM AT SCOTLAND YARD.

"'TANNHAUSER' AT COVENT GARDEN.

Wagner arranged that the end of the original overture should be altered so as to run straight on to a ballet depicting the Court of Venice."—*Daily Paper.*

This would give a fine chance to the rialtos in the chorus.

"Thousands of partridges are expended in an effort to drive the starlings to fresh grounds."—*Farmer's Paper.*

Why are no pheasants exhausted in this cause?

"DESIGNS ON BATHING COSTUMES."—*Manchester Paper.*

The Watch Committees have had designs on them for years.

"... one standing and one couchant Gazelle. The graceful delicacy of the creatures with their fan-like ears, large and lustrous eyes, and slender legs, gives them a curiously feminine aspect."
Local Paper.

Some of Mr. Punch's lady-readers may fail to follow the analogy in its entirety.



Worshipper (to Film Star). "AND THEN YOUR ARTICLES FOR THE PRESS—THEY HAVE LATELY SHOWN AN EVEN INCREASED KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE AND GREATER LITERARY POWER."
Film Star. "YES, I THINK SO TOO. I'VE GOT A NEW MAN DOING 'EM NOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Rural Anthology.

BEAUTY and man's power to be moved by beauty are both on the wane; yet there is still a staunch band of country-lovers—many of them doomed to live in towns—who cherish every hint or memory of the unspoilt English countryside. These are very frequently the people who scissor this or that little essay by a fellow-enthusiast out of their morning paper—and mislay it. And it is for these that *The Times* has collected an anthology of rural delights from its columns, in which men, animals, weather and crops go through a selection of their immortal posturings in the round of the four seasons. Viscount GREY OF FALLODON contributes a charming preface to *The Open Air Year* (TIMES PUBLISHING CO., 7/6) and incidentally reinforces another writer's passion for awaiting, in a camp-bed on the lawn, the bird-chorus that starts before sunrise. Then Spring enters with well-scoured water-courses; hibernating butterflies lazily emerge and several bird-visitors depart—for we lose more migrants than we gain. The book is full of, to me, unknown facts. I have learnt, for instance, that an ermine is only a permanently-blanched stoat and why sea-water round the coast is striped. But familiar things sensitively discerned are its mainstay. Often the essayist borrows a countryman's vision to see a March snowfall with an eye to the damson crop, an increase of English rodents with the response of an old trapper. And for lyric eloquence, in a volume full of the matter of verse, I commend "The Plough-Team."

An Inferiority Complex.

I am afraid I approached *Fortune Favours Fools* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) in the wrong spirit. The cover seemed to me more than commonly fatuous, and the publisher's note within the wrapper threatened me with a work of unrelieved humour. I confess I prefer books in which the laugh comes unheralded. This book purports to be the narrative of one *Clive Swynderby*, and tells the story of three successive attempts on his part to discredit or abash a certain *Frank Parsony*, who is an insufferable example of the Superior Person. It is, in fact, a tale of an inferiority complex treated in the manner of WODEHOUSE rather than in that of FREUD. Let me say at once that I have seldom, if ever, come across a book so determinedly and conscientiously aimed at the target of fun. There is plenty of comic apparatus, an abundance of characters with ridiculous names and absurd mannerisms, but that is all. Mr. RALPH ARNOLD has got together his material with commendable industry and thoroughness. There is hardly a well-tried laughter-making machine that remains unemployed, but somehow or other the effect is rather depressing than hilarious. One cannot take much interest in *Mr. Swynderby* himself or in the too superior enemy whom he sets himself so steadfastly to humble—generally with disastrous consequences. *John Berrington* perhaps may be held to shine by contrast with most of the rest. He is a not unamusing villain; and the dialogue, especially between *Clive* and *Diana*, has moments of brightness. But I do not think the supremacy of Mr. WODEHOUSE is seriously threatened at present.

Jack Bowling.

One of the "Sports and Pastimes" series,
Comes a WITHERBY piccaninny—
The Art of Bowls, by HOTCHKISS, here is;
So we for half-a-guinea
May up and stand, as "FRANKIE" stood,
In a summer sun on the smooth green swards
And learn of "bias" and "jack" and "wood,"
And beat the other chaps afterwards.

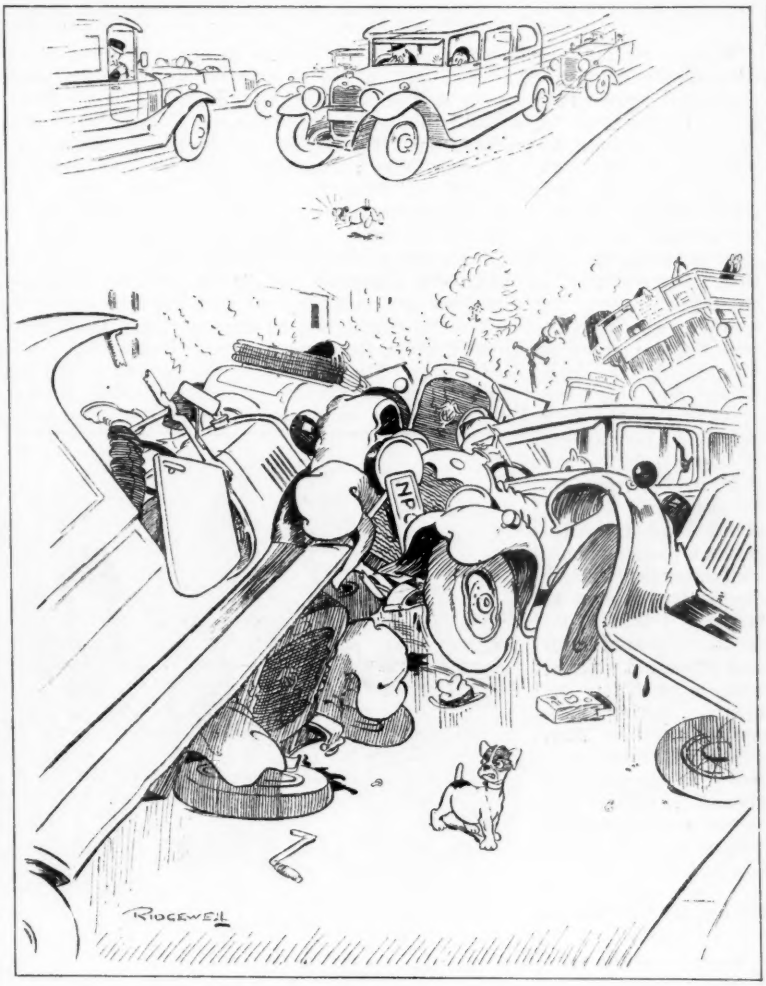
Here you shall see the bowlers bowling,
Veteran player or mere beginner;
Here you shall set the "woods" a-rolling
And trundle 'em down a winner,
When the turf's grown keen as a razor's edge,
When midsummer eves meet mid-summer dawns,
And under the shade of the shaped yew-hedge
Is the ancient quiet of velvet lawns.

The Real Cæsar.

To tell us all that we need to know about a man who re-made the civilised world in a volume which can be read with comfort and ease in a couple of hours is no mean achievement. Yet that is what Mr. JOHN BUCHAN has done in his *Julius Cæsar* (DAVIES, 5/-), and the lucidity with which he has done it is as notable as the economy. This little book is indeed a worthy short study of a great subject. Mr. BUCHAN is a whole-hearted admirer of his hero. "Combined in him in the highest degree," he writes, "were the realism of the man of action, the sensitiveness of the artist and the imagination of the creative dreamer—a union not, I think, to be paralleled elsewhere." But he is too scrupulous an historian to allow himself the excesses of enthusiasm which vitiated FROUDE'S brilliant monograph. Mr. BUCHAN, like Professor TREVELYAN, refutes the old theory that an historian must be either dull or unsound. One can both enjoy and believe him. His CÆSAR, one feels, is the real CÆSAR—no superman, but one of the greatest of humans. He lives in these few pages, and so do his more slightly sketched contemporaries; while the intricacies of Roman politics are unravelled and the wandering Gallic campaigns placed on the map with a masterly clarity. Nor, though Mr. BUCHAN never aims at a cheap effect, does he disdain to quicken our imaginations with a contemporary parallel. To envisage CLODIUS as a "gangster" is more vividly to realise a great republic in jeopardy.

The Two Bennetts.

The Journals of Arnold Bennett (CASSELL, 10/6), of which Mr. NEWMAN FLOWER has just edited the first of three volumes, are (as I should have expected) candid, vivacious and insatiably interested in life. A journalist of nine-and-twenty writes the first page; and the last (here) discovers a novelist of forty-three "perpending on" *Hilda Lessways*. The interval is mainly spent in and around Paris, with reluctant spells of London and the Potteries. And there are at least two BENNETTS worth watching, distinguished by the diarist as "the artist" and "the man." The artist, as a rule, has the last word, save in one magnificent episode, where he goes home meaning to play DE GONCOURT at a funeral and finds the detachment beyond him. For the rest, the diary is lavish with trade secrets, suggestive adumbrations of novels and criticism of Old Masters and contemporaries. At first BENNETT is all for realism; then facts are to be a mere "envelope" for beauty. There is humour in his suggestion that realism is incomplete while masculine dishabille invariably goes undescribed in a bedroom scene; but humour was not his strong suit, and his observation, though just and lively, is seldom amusing. He is at his best in his admirably catholic friendships and in his artistic and human delight in plain decent folk. "Clumsiness in living" (he wrote) "is what I scorn: systems, not people." The artist, I feel, had a tendency to narrow the man; but this and many other developments of interest should be further illuminated in the volumes to come.



VICTORY.

Bimbo (ferociously). "BY JOVE, YES! I'LL SHOW 'EM."

Indian Comedy.

Writers on India usually approach their subject in an over-solemn manner. The dust and misery of that sub-continent depress their spirits and flatten their wit. But Mr. J. R. ACKERLEY has found that to the keen observer the comic element is predominant. His *Hindoo Holiday* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6) consisted of a six months' stay at the Court of the *Maharaja of Chokrapur*, a small native State, and this book is the journal he kept during the period. It was his first visit to India and he gives a clear picture of the "griffin" becoming gradually acquainted with Indian ways. The characters, European and Indian, are firmly drawn; the anecdotes are amusing and well-selected. His account contains no exaggeration; only a gentle satire plays continually upon the figures of the *Political Officer*, *Mrs. Montgomery*, the *Maharaja*, the *Dewan* and some lesser Indians. These persons, though appearing grotesque to English readers, are commonplace in India. The real hero of the tale is the author, who is frank, in the prevailing fashion, about himself. Altogether a pleasing book, containing some vividly descriptive passages. It is a pity, I think, that it has appeared with such organised *réclame*, with competition attached; having been emitted rather than published. Such procedure is calculated to alienate a reader who cannot accept *ex-parte* statements at their face value.

Hiking in the Highlands.

The call of the wild is always sounding in the ears of Mr. MATT MARSHALL. When it deafens all other sounds he takes his stick and his bundle, his most disreputable clothing and his adventurous heart into the wild Highlands or elsewhere. He then becomes *Tramp Royal*, a being impervious to hunger and discomfort, a friend of vagabonds and a hater of landlords. On his return he narrates his adventures in the Glasgow *Evening Times*. The present volume, *The Travels of Tramp Royal* (BLACKWOOD, 5/-), contains an account of two journeys through the Highlands and in the isles of Skye and Mull. It forms stimulating reading for wander-folk. *Tramp Royal* is occasionally self-conscious and derivative—echoes of BORROW and STEVENSON resound through his pages—but we accompany him with eagerness as he bellocks about Scotland, competent and alone. His passion for the wilds is deep and sincere. His enjoyment of the roving life is so intense that we wonder how he can endure Glasgow for a day. He despises maps, stoves, tents and other trifles used by more effeminate campers. He has strong personal likes and dislikes. In fact he is in every sense a man of strong flavour. Sassenachs need not be discouraged by his "braid Skits," for an ample glossary is provided. The verses, which are deft and yet full-voiced, have a quality of their own. The publishers are generous in offering this neat and well-printed volume at a crown.

The Deceitfulness of Riches.

Those of us who are afflicted with the desire to get rich quickly and easily should read and inwardly digest *The Sweepstake Prize* (BENN, 7/6), in which the winning of a large sum of money brought far more sorrow than happiness. *Hugh Darley* was the young man who drew a winning ticket in the Calcutta Derby Sweep, but his friend, *Osbert Lee*, succeeded in persuading both himself and *Hugh* that they had agreed to share whatever prize came to them. *Osbert*, as is obvious, had an elastic conscience as regards money, but, having got hold of some £40,000 by devious methods, he proceeded to show what can be called financial genius and to become colossally rich. *Hugh* promptly lost his money in a wild-cat speculation, but had the consolation of winning the love of a girl to whom *Osbert* and he had for years been devoted. Mr. A. P. NICHOLSON tells the story of the clash between these two young men with insight and discretion.



New Maid (*in artistic family, doing her best*). "MADAM, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR STILL LIFE COOKED?"

Good Hunting.

When those distinguished novelists, Miss CLEMENCE DANE and Miss HELEN SIMPSON, amuse themselves and others by writing about crime and detection they do not trouble to be original as regards plot, but they do garnish their stories with a skill that commands my unqualified admiration. *Peter Varley*, who, in *Re-enter Sir John* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), was suspected of cheating at cards, is not a particularly attractive youth, but he serves a useful purpose in giving *Sir John Saumarez* another opportunity to use his powers of deduction, a chance that he accepts with both hands. Miss DANE and Miss SIMPSON are ideal foursome partners in the field of sensational fiction.

First Aid for Fliers.

Mr. DAVID GARNETT states frankly that he does not think the notes on learning to fly which he has embodied in *A Rabbit in the Air* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 5/-) will be any help to other beginners. I feel that he is too modest. His notes will not perhaps teach the technique, which can only be acquired by practice and under personal guidance; but they may do a good deal towards getting the beginner into the right frame of mind. For his little volume is something much more interesting and, I should say, much more valuable than a handbook of flying. It is a sort of handbook of the sensations of the eager learner, and it takes into account not only those moments of exhilaration which come when some hoped-for end has been achieved, but also those other moments of despair and sheer panic which, as in his own case, mark some of the stages before the tests have been passed. The book should encourage many to learn, and those who have learned will find it constantly awakening memories of difficulties which are difficulties no longer.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR JOHN GILMOUR has expressed himself as satisfied with the efforts which are being made to arrive at a solution of the flooding problem; but the consensus of opinion in the affected districts is that what England needs is a NOAH.

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"Vegetables to be really enjoyed should be eaten alone," says a culinary expert. We have always advocated the segregation of vegetarians.

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According to a paragraphist, if you hear an air sung or whistled which you cannot place among the modern syncopated tunes, it is pretty certain to be one of the new cowboy spirituals. Unless of course it is one of the errand-boy spirituals.

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Dr. ALFRED SALTER, M.P., observes that temperance societies tend to overlap. They should lap in moderation.

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At a wedding in Cheshire the best man dropped the ring into the turn-up of his trousers and it was not found until after the ceremony had been performed with a borrowed ring. When the ring is missing we always turn our best man upside down and shake him.

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Artificial eyelashes are said to have caught on. They would look even funnier if they hadn't.

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Mr. BALDWIN confesses that he has experienced difficulty in keeping his silk stockings taut. He has also sometimes ignored Lord BEAVERBROOK'S repeated exhortations to pull his socks up.

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Mr. SHAW has been explaining what will happen when a revolution comes. We gather that when it does it will be a morning-dress affair.

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In view of Mr. SHAW'S derogatory remarks about Hampstead, the idea of offering him the Freedom of the Garden Suburb has been abandoned.

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Season-ticket holders for the de luxe cars on the Long Island Railway, New York, have been asked to keep the blinds down when the train is standing in certain stations in order to avoid creating an impression that they are rolling in luxury. This has never been considered necessary at Clapham Junction.

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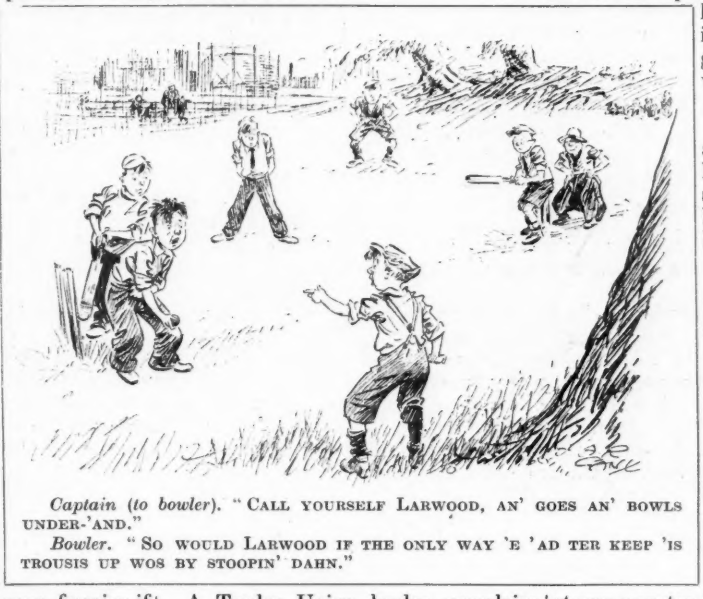
A steam-waggon that skidded in a London street narrowly missed crashing into a statue. A miss is as bad as a mile.

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Marchese MARCONI is said to have killed mice with a death-ray; but our belief is that most people will prefer to keep a cat.

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The Scottish element in Montreal, it is pointed out, is particularly strong. There are bonds too between Ottawa and Aberdeen awa'.



Captain (to bowler). "CALL YOURSELF LARWOOD, AN' GOES AN' BOWLS UNDER-'AND."

Bowler. "SO WOULD LARWOOD IF THE ONLY WAY 'E 'AD TER KEEP 'IS TROUSIS UP WOS BY STOOPIN' DAHN."

A Trades Union leader complains that the younger men don't attend conferences. They must miss a lot of fun.

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Attention is drawn to the increasing number of women who carry an amulet about with them. We should deprecate the suggestion that they have no other charm.

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Because he refused to switch off the wireless a Mrs. R. HENNA, of Maine, U.S.A., threw her husband out of the window. She is believed to be the original Hard-hearted Henna.

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A daily paper complains that there is too much snobbishness in the various enclosures at Epsom. And yet we distinctly saw one or two celebrities being allowed to mingle with the gossip-writers.

Women are now for the first time to be appointed collectors of income-tax. The official view is that they have a softer touch. We think it highly probable.

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Seats for Miss IRENE VANBRUGH'S new play, *The Price of Wisdom*, range from two shillings to ten-and-six. Far less than many other theatres charge as the price of folly.

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An old Cambridge blue is giving up his post as a fencing-instructor in order to take up pig-farming. He seems to believe that the pen is mightier than the sword.

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A county cricketer captured a burglar at Hampstead by pouncing on him as he was crouching near the garden-gate. Caught at the wicket, as it were.

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We understand that, although June is now here, no film depicting a cast clout will be allowed to be shown at Beckenham.

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An apiarist says that bees are not so numerous this year as they were in 1931. We must take his word for this as we neglected to count them last year.

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A writer states that it is a serious crime to attempt to bribe a postal official. The practice of pushing nuts under the grille of a stamp-counter is also most irregular.

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A fashion-writer says that a new bathing-costume is like an afternoon frock, and a woman could walk down Regent Street in it and not be noticed. If she knows this she'll never wear it.

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We hear of a violinist who practises while he is dressing. Fortunately no man is a NERO to his valet.

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A scientist says that moths can emit sounds. We have often heard them squeal with joy while pelting each other with camphor-balls.

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An American film-star on a visit to England says that she expects to see things she could not possibly see in Hollywood. Arrangements have accordingly been made to invite her to a golden wedding.

OUR BRAVE YOUNG THINGS.

IT cheers me, Ann, in this profound depression,
Which calls for courage steady as a rock,
That I assisted at the private session
Where you rehearsed your gallant Ascot frock.

(Of British make, I hope, and not Parisian,
Though Paris you recalled and that brave mien
Of Beauty going gay, as if Elysian
Fields were the venue, to the guillotine).

Let other scribes report its cut and colour,
Using the curious jargon of the trade;
I, whose intelligence of style is duller,
Simply remark the challenge it conveyed.

A challenge to the pessimists who mutter
That, far from viewing with a sanguine eye
Our prospect of emerging from the gutter,
They see us wallowing deeper by-and-by.

Indifferent to their rumbling atmospherics,
You are not scared by any ORMSBY-GORES;
You take no cognisance of those hysterics
Which Mr. BALDWIN properly deplores.

Wearing your latest gown with calm composure
(Your last it well may prove, but what a duck!)
Full-sail you'll cross the bar of that Enclosure
And go down fighting with your flag unstruck.

O. S.

CADDYING FOR THE CADDIE.

FOR months I had been waiting to get my own back on that caddie.

I never quite understood how the pro, an upright Presbyterian Scot, came to allow him on the course. If ever a youth had Borstal for his middle name, that youth had. His revoltingly vivacious personality was saturated with sauce. Sauce was revealed in the cut of his cheek-bones; sauce had powdered the bridge of his nose with freckles; sauce welling up from some secret perpetual spring of sauce overflowed in the faint grin with which he handed you an iron—for a thirty-yard approach-shot. Sauce in varying and subtle shades hung about his frayed cuffs, his torn pockets, the bunch of daisies in his button-hole. The quintessence of sauce lay in the tilt of his preposterous cap over a blue and innocent eye.

I disliked him at sight. Directly I saw him swinging a derelict cleek at a daisy, a morning's unexpressed sauce latent in the careless rhythm of his perfect follow-through, I disliked him. It struck me as preposterously unjust that youth and sauce should accomplish a natural freedom of action that a dignified and respectable Englishwoman, in spite of half-a-dozen lessons from the most expensive pro on the South Coast, had failed to achieve. He looked up and saw me disliking him. He grinned; it pleased him enormously. He had been looking for me all his life. He followed me into the caddie-master's shed, where I had gone to book a caddie; he saw to it that he was the caddie I booked.

After that, as often as possible, he saw to it that he was the caddie I booked. He liked teeing-up my ball for me; he enjoyed my haughty instructions with regard to its height and position, realising that my elaborate manner as of a Byzantine emperor issuing a command to an inferior sheikh was merely a cloak to hide my self-consciousness. He would hand me my driver with a gesture of exaggerated respect. "Of course you'll fluff it," was what he really meant. And of course I did. He intended me to. I could feel him grinning at me, intending me to.

He would walk behind me carrying my bag. I imagined him tittering to the other caddie, whispering behind his hand: "What price rabbits to-day?" But if I turned round suddenly to catch him at it he was just whistling softly to himself, looking at the horizon with a blue and innocent eye.

He would make apparently helpful suggestions: "Lifted your 'ead up, M'm," or, "Oughter turn the club-face out a bit for a chip-shot." What he was really saying was, "Give it up, Baby, and go back to snakes-and-ladders."

So that when the secretary's wife asked me if I would give my services in the caddies' competition I jumped to it with an alacrity that seemed to surprise her. It is the charming old custom for women members to caddie for the caddies in their annual competition. I had not realised before what a charming old custom it was.

"Certainly," I replied—"on one condition. I want to caddie for that young man with the bright face and alluring ways of an incipient motor-bandit."

I fancied he wilted a little when he saw me approaching him with his clubs slung carelessly over my shoulder. He gave a rapid glance at the bunch of daisies in my buttonhole. I hoped he took in the angle of my new hat which a convenient fashion commanded me to wear tilted over a grey and innocent eye.

I teed his ball up for him in a significant silence. I handed his driver to him with a gesture of exaggerated respect. "Of course you'll fluff it," my manner told him. And he did. I was in the act of not quite concealing a faint grin when he shot a nervous look at me. I whistled softly as I followed him down the fairway. He took an iron to his next shot and topped it. "Lay the club-head *back* a little for a loft," I advised him softly. He knew that what I really meant was, "Say, I've seen my Aunt Tabitha do better than that on the course for Gentlewomen in the Early Stages of Senile Decay at Little Puddlecombe." His fourth shot landed about ten yards off the green. I offered him a mid-iron pointedly.

He drove into the gully at the fifth hole and lost his ball in a group of furze-clumps. I clambered lightly down the nearly perpendicular side after him. As I beat the furze with a mashie I hummed a little. It seemed to annoy him. When at last I found his ball in an unplayable position, so that he had to drop and lose a stroke, he hit at it viciously and pulled it into a bunker on the tenth fairway. "Lifted your head up," I murmured pleasantly as he ground his teeth.

He didn't win the caddies' competition; but his character seemed to improve slightly after that day. Some of the objectionable sauce seemed to have gone out of him. When, a little later, I found he had been booked as my caddie in a medal round, I noticed that he no longer wore a bunch of daisies in his buttonhole.

What did Lane Shout in April the Fifth's Ear?

"Lane will disagree with Wragg, I know, for he claims that it was stamina, as well as that unexpected burst of speech, which clinched matters."—*Daily Paper.*

An Appreciation of the B.B.C.

"The Fareham Sub-Committee had received with great regret the decision of the Public Assistance Committee not to comply with the recommendation for the restoration of the wireless set at the Fareham Institution, having regard to the great amount of pleasure that the wireless gave to the inmates generally, and more particularly to the mental defectives."—*Hampshire Paper.*

"'Gandhi's rigidly non-posthumous attitude was most unfortunate,' Lord Sankey writes."—*Canadian Paper.*

The fact must certainly be faced that he is very much alive.



THE BUILDERS.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "I HAVE ARRANGED FOR A NEW ROME TO ARISE WITHIN FIVE YEARS."

JOHN BULL (*aside*). "AND TO THINK THAT LONDON'S TAKEN NEARLY TWICE THAT TIME TO DECIDE ABOUT KEEPING ONE BRIDGE WHERE IT WAS."

[Like the Soviet Government, Signor MUSSOLINI has a Five Years Plan. It includes not only the rebuilding of Rome, but its junction with the sea by a canal and the construction of a vast harbour, to be named Port Mussolini, in the neighbourhood of the new city.]



Bungalow-dweller. "TO COME BACK TO THE SUBJECT OF HOLIDAYS, MARJORY, I THINK YOU WILL AGREE THAT THIS WASHES OUT VENICE FOR THIS YEAR."

HORSE-RACING.

Charles said that racing was the only true sport, because it was founded on mysticism; and, whereas a big-game hunter was almost certain some time in the course of his career to come up against a zebra or a rhinoceros, a racing-man need never see a horse, and indeed probably could not, owing to the crowd, even if he went to a race.

"And in my opinion," he added, "the less a horse-racing man sees of horses the better. They merely confuse the judgment and unbalance the mind. It is the people who make a point of going to see horses in training or in the paddock or on the course who lead so many tipsters and backers astray by mentioning deeds which the horses have done and are therefore, they think, likely to do again, whereas the reverse invariably occurs. As a racing-man of many years' sitting," he said, "I never go to a race."

I said that I liked looking at horses because of the wistful look in their eyes, and even trying to appoint a particular horse to carry my money for me, though this was hard to do because so many horses seemed to have the same kind of face, instinct with both honesty and zeal.

But Charles said this was utter nonsense, and that a man who would back horses on account of their integrity and personal charm was as bad as the man who backed them on the grounds of their antecedents and birth, which was unfair to the horse and rank snobbery as well.

"In my opinion," he said, "a horse is not affected by its past. It throws all that aside when entering for a race and lives only for the moment, like a butterfly, which is the reason why many horses hover, while others pass on in front to sip the sweets of victory. This may be an attractive spectacle for the giddy crowd who go to the race-course, but it has nothing to do with the philosophy of the true racing-man. One of the best racing-men I know does all his racing in a tube-lift on the Underground Railway, except during his holidays, when he goes and fishes in a reservoir for bream. He has devoted an enormous amount of thought and energy to horse-racing, and he knows exactly what will win."

"Does he tell you?"

"Always. Only he is never right. That is why I regard him as such a good horse-racer because his failures never seem to disturb his confidence or make him misdirect the lift. It romps home every time. Another excellent horse-racer whom I know is by profession a leech-gatherer, and horse-races in a public-house in the intervals of gathering leeches from ponds. This great work has filled him with a sane and kindly outlook towards leeches which he extends to all other four-footed beasts."

"Has a leech——?" I began.

But Charles went on hurriedly: "He says that some leeches are of a sullen or lethargic temperament, while others are imbued with a sense of service and salesmanship and what you might call

a will to win. And the same is true of horses, only probably more so; but the horse conceals its characteristics more cunningly than the leech till the very moment of the race. One must therefore go on cheerfully hoping and betting for the best. He makes his own selection by means of dreams in which he sees the race quite clearly from beginning to end. The only difficulty is that when he wakes up the dream-horses have slightly different names from those in the actual race, and he has to take the nearest and put his money on that."

"Does he spot the winners?" I inquired.

"Hardly ever," he said. "But he often finds, he tells me, that he gets braver and stronger leeches on the days when he has made his worst failures on the Turf, so that everything in nature seems to work towards a single and happy end. He is a great beer-drinker also. He tells me that most leech-gatherers are. There is something about the profession which stimulates thirst as well as philosophy. I think that WORDSWORTH would have liked the man."

I then asked Charles how he raced himself.

"Long ago," said Charles, "I raced by astrology—until, in fact, I found that the heavenly bodies did not seem to regulate their movements by *The Racing Calendar* and began to give me a horse to win in a race in which it was not running and on a day when there was no race-meeting on that course. There seemed to be no consistency about the thing, and, though I read the whole of Sir JAMES JEANS' little handbook about the stars, I could not find out where my errors lay. It seems to me that the higher truths of astrology have become lost in the modern search for sensational measurements and distances. Thus the true usefulness of the planets to man may in time perish altogether. A man who tried astrology for the Derby told me that it gave him Totaig, which could never have happened in the old days, I imagine, before science set in.

"After that I began to race on form. I have told you about form. It has no reference to realities. Horses are unaffected by it. They do not understand the meaning of the word. But it was not that that made me drop it as a criterion. It was the labour. Often after a hard day's horse-racing on form I have been so weary with pencil calculations that I could hardly rise from my chair. I became wan and dispirited. The true zest of sportmanship had gone. I found that almost every horse in almost every race had done something which, properly and impartially considered, made it likely that it would beat every other horse; and the advice of tipsters in the papers, every word of which I read, merely confirmed my view. I decided that if I was to continue as a racing-man and get any help or pleasure out of it I must adopt an easier method. For some time I tried owners, judging them by their hats, and even jockeys, judging them by the size of their feet, but it was no good."

"And so?" I said.

"I began racing by sentiment. The name of almost every horse has some emotional significance, but the difficulty was to choose which emotional significance was likely to pass the judge's box first on any given day. I found that every horse stirred some echo in my past or responded to some present mood. I was too big-hearted, too cultured, too widely-read to race on romance. That is why I have come down to my final system."

"Which is?"

Charles said that his final system was to race on the alphabet, backing a horse for the big race every day and using the letters of the alphabet in rotation where possible; so I asked him whether that was doing him any good.

"A little," he said. "I won on the Derby, for instance, because it was 'H' that day."

I said I would buy that one, and Charles said that he didn't bet on the first letter of a horse's name, but on the last. It seemed luckier somehow.

EVOE.



Tipster (loudly). "DIDN'T I GIVE YOU THE WINNER OF THE LAST RACE?"
Disgruntled Accomplice. "NO, NOR THE 'ALF-CROWN YOU PROMISED ME."

HOUSEWORK.

IF I had my way I should do nothing but housework. Not house*keeping*, for that is foul, but house*work*. I am amazed (so far as women can still amaze me) by the complaints of women that they have to stay at home and do domestic drudgery while we lucky men go out into the world and do big things.

Drudgery? The real drudges are the poor chaps who have to go to the same office every day and do the same things all day every day, and have nothing to show for their labours at the end of the day. Consider the life of the unhappy wretch who has to keep account of my overdraft (among others). All day every day he sits on his high stool entering up cheque after cheque on the debit side of the great ledger; and in the evening what has he to tell his wife? "Poor old Haddock is down another twenty." "Lord Hammersmith is overdrawn again." The "shop" talked by bank-clerks in these hard times must be dismal in the extreme. And I doubt if it is much more exciting when they are able to report that poor old Haddock's account is very nearly in funds this week.

But what of the bank-clerk's fortunate wife? She too has laboured, but not in vain. She has scrubbed the garden-seat so that it looks like new; she has polished the dining-room floor so that you can see your face in it (if you wish to); she has weeded the garden; she has painted the conservatory blue—*she has something to show.* Even if she has done no more than cook two secret meals for herself and wash up after them she has something to show; for everything was dirty and now is clean again. The march of life is going on for her; whereas to him who tends my overdraft life must look like one long retreat. But there it is—she thinks she has been "drudging" and she thinks her spouse has been having fun all day. Queer.

The other queer thing about women is that they are so bad at housework. I know about all this because I keep a sort of mobile houseboat—a houseboat? nay, a noble ship. Not that I have not done my due share of housework on land. Many's the fair pile of washed-up plates that stand to my credit, many the stop-upped sink I have assaulted, many the midnight orgy I've tidied up after for fear the staff should say things in the morning.

But on land the women are always in command of housework. One obeys orders; and, though one may deem their proceedings fantastic and erroneous, one seldom dares to say so. Indeed, as a rule, one generously assumes that they know best.

But at sea, in my noble ship, now riding at anchor at the bottom of the garden (due South of W.6), *I* am in command; the presumption of female omniscience is not present; and I perceive with clear eyes that women really know nothing about housework.

Cooking, you say? Well, yes, perhaps their cooking. Yes, certainly their cooking is comforting and pleasant—and even good; and perhaps—yes, frankly, I cannot do without it. Though even there, if we men had time to give our minds to it . . .

However, let us take tidying, long regarded as one of the pinnacles of female superiority. The principle of female tidying is, roughly speaking, to put everything away in the wrong place. Or, more softly speaking, the female does not care where she puts everything as long as she puts everything away *somewhere*. Put manuscripts in the coal-cellar and the corkscrew in the work-basket—so long as neither manuscript nor corkscrew is visible when company comes, everything is quite all right. This is the real reason, by the way, why men leave home.

Now in their own homes the ladies can get away with it. Further, when a house is on land, the safety of the house will rarely depend on the immediate finding of my manuscripts, or even the corkscrew. The continued concealment of these and other desirable objects in the sacred cause of tidiness merely causes continual small wastages of time and a small but continual exodus of men from their homes.

But when the house is at sea quite other considerations arise. The principle of tidiness in a ship—the grand male principle—is that everything should be put away in the *right* place. The safety of the ship may depend, indeed in these rushing tidal waters *does* often depend, on the immediate finding and casting of the anchor. And if the anchor has been put away in the engine-room or under one of the beds it is a very small consolation to the captain that the ship looked tidier so.

I do not say that I have ever at a moment of peril found the anchor under one of the beds; but that is only because it is too heavy for most women to move. I have found it festooned with knitting or covered with dish-cloths hung out to dry; and I have found the cable hopelessly entangled with the legs of the tea-table. The Mind of Woman may have its special qualities, superb Intuition and all that; but it does not react rationally to such things as anchors. Woman thinks the anchor is one of those queer fads men have, and resents its presence in the prow of the vessel. She would like to deal with it as she deals with manuscripts and corkscrews; and I advise all seamen to keep a very heavy anchor.

I have also to report that even in her own sphere Woman falls short upon the water (always excepting the cooking; and I must say that she does get up nice and early and get the fire going). As soon as the ladies leave my ship I set to and have a thorough tidy-up. I put everything back in its right place. I sweep (and even scrub); and I am sorry to say that I sometimes find unwashed dishes and pans concealed here and there; and I boil a little of the Thames and, with a smile of Christian resignation, I wash these relics up. Yet these same ladies would say that in the home I am an untidy person. Pshaw!

However, I did not set out upon this discussion in order to belabour Woman,



Wife (as bubbles appear at the spot where her husband has fallen overboard). "GOOD GRACIOUS! JUST LOOK AT THE AWFUL LANGUAGE GEORGE IS USING."

or even to advertise my great domestic virtues. My simple aim is to sing the joy of housework and brighten the lives of all those women (if any) whose place is still the home.

Painting, now. I know no joy so exquisite, no toil so satisfying as the putting of fresh, bright, shiny paint upon some dingy bench, boat, rudder or cabin-door. Nor do I know anything quite so disappointing as the spectacle the same work presents sometimes in the morning, when the paint was improperly mixed, or dogs, ducks or cats have gambolled o'er the surface during the night.

But generally there is something to show as the result of the exquisite agony of painting in white along a border of blue, so that the white does not drip or trickle over the blue (as it nearly always does); and there are all sorts of semi-ethical problems—as, for instance, if you are painting a cabin-wall behind a bed, should you paint conscientiously down to the floor or stop at the point where the bed or bed-clothes conceal the wall from view? Personally I generally go the whole hog, for there is always a chance that some prowling woman (bent on concealing an anchor or manuscript) may look under the bed and discover that you have scamped your work.

Such are some of the delights of painting. Happy must be the house-painter, I feel, and happier still is he who paints his own house blue. Were I a woman I should seldom cease from painting my house.

But then again the extraordinary thing is that women are not really good at the job. They are impetuous and impatient. They dash along, leaving blurred edges everywhere, flinging white paint over blue and green over both. When the women have stopped painting in my ship I find that I have to go round with a rag and some turpentine and clean up the—— But no more of that. A. P. H.

Geneva in the Cold Soup.

"Signor Grandi, the good-cooking and indefatigable Italian Foreign Minister, is growing impatient with the slow work of the Disarmament."—*Indian Paper.*

". . . an opened mailbag found on the foreshore at Aust, near the Severn mouth, which had been made up at Walsall."
Daily Paper.

Why should the Severn go all that way for its lip-stick?

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch would like to remind his readers of the excellent work undertaken each year by the Women's Holiday Fund. In 1931 this Society made it possible for 1,116 women and 615 children, some of whom had not had a holiday for ten years, to enjoy a fortnight's respite by the sea from a life of hardship and drudgery. The scope of the Society is unlimited, but in view of an overdraft of £560 it is feared that a drastic reduction in numbers will have to be made in 1932 unless the Fund can by the generosity of the public be sufficiently increased. Last year Mr. Punch's readers subscribed to this deserving charity a creditable sum, and he earnestly hopes that once again they will make an effort to give it their support. Donations should be sent to: Hon. JASPER RIDLEY, Hon. Treasurer, Women's Holiday Fund, 440, Strand, W.C.2.

An Unbreakable Record.

"My favourite English folk song is 'The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies O!' and I have been suggesting that somebody should sing it for the gramophone for nearly ten years."
Sunday Paper.



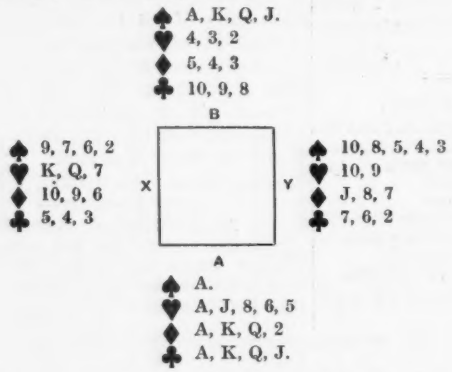
Old Lady. "BEFORE YOU GO, SIR, I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU WOULD BRING SOME OF YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN AND HAVE A LOOK AT MY SEWING-MACHINE."

MORE FROM "THE HAWTHORNS."

"The Hawthorns" have just held their annual Bridge Tournament and, as I had anticipated, I have been inundated with correspondence relating to it. From amongst the mass of problems discussed I unhesitatingly select the following hand as most worthy of comment.

My correspondent states that the awkward position in which he found himself would never have arisen but for the fact that different packs of cards are often very similar in colour, that new ones are never used until the Final, that the Club admits the children of members, and that its amenities are not confined to the playing of Bridge.

The tournament opened in a somewhat sensational manner, the following remarkable first hand being dealt at my correspondent's table:—



A (my correspondent) dealt, and on observing four Aces in his hand immediately bid a No Trump; X passed; B bid Two Spades; Y passed; and A, without bothering to look at his hand again, bid a Little Slam in No Trumps. There was no further bid, B's remarks not constituting a call.

X led off with the 2 of Spades. A says that, on Dummy's hand going down, his first instinct was to draw attention to the extraordinary fact that both he and Dummy held the Ace of Spades, which, as he says, was most unusual. However, on second thoughts and after counting his cards and discovering that he had fourteen, he decided to carry on. So, closing up his cards quickly, he leant forward as if to examine Dummy more closely, at the same time thrusting his hands well under the table, his object being, of course, to get rid of his superfluous card, the Ace of Spades, by flicking it on the floor.

Having carried out this manœuvre, he played the Ace of Spades from Dummy and, leaning back in his chair, opened his hand to see what to discard.

"To my utter consternation," he says, "I made the appalling discovery that I still possessed the Ace of Spades, having, in my eagerness to get rid of the extra card, thrown away a wrong one; and to make matters worse I did not know what card I had thrown."

To follow suit was of course out of the question, so he discarded the 5 of Hearts.

By this time, he continues, he thought he saw a Little Slam all right, but to claim it there and then would have been running the unnecessary risk of having to expose his hand with Dummy's Ace of Spades still far too fresh in everyone's mind. So, after clearing his throat and saying, "Well, here goes!" he started to play out his cards, hoping that by careful deduction and keeping his own Ace of Spades till the end he would be able to say either "The last is mine," or, "I will give you a Spade" (Heart, Diamond or Club, according to circumstances), while throwing the Ace of Spades face downwards on the table or retaining it in his hand.

All went well until just before the last round, when he noticed a card lying face downwards on the floor by Y's feet. "Naturally presuming," he says, "that this was the card I had dropped and having realised by then that it must be a Heart of sorts, I determined to retrieve it and perhaps even obtain a Grand Slam." It appears that he then dropped his cigarette under the table and plunged almost simultaneously after it, and, whilst retrieving the cigarette with one hand, exchanged the Ace of Spades for the card on the floor with the other.

Thereupon, without looking at it, he flicked it on to the table saying playfully to X, "Have you a Heart to beat that?"

"Imagine my horror," he goes on to say, "when I realised that the card I had played was Mr. Bung the Brewer, apparently a souvenir of the children's party held in the Clubhouse that afternoon."

For perhaps a minute, A says, there was complete silence, and then Y, who, it seems, always possesses an ill-timed sense of humour, said, "Yes, he probably can beat that, if he produces Mrs. Bung." X, however, who is a bachelor and a stickler for the rules, looked hard at A for a moment and then looked under the table and eventually found, with Y's help, the Ace of Spades, the Knave of Hearts and Mrs. Bones. X then said that for his liking there were too many Aces in the pack. "Not having a reputation as a humorist," says A, "it was impossible for me to pass the whole thing off as a leg-pull. I did offer to wash the whole hand out, but X merely said he would prefer to see the Committee first. The party thereupon broke up."

A says he is now in a most invidious position through no fault of his own. Apart from the very natural objection that one can never rely upon old packs, he also complains that, although most packs of "Happy Families" are different in texture and front view from ordinary playing-cards, the distinction in size is not sufficiently emphasised; moreover, as in his case, the card in question was lying in the shadow cast by the table and Y's legs.

Last year, he says, I gave him some useful advice on the matter of discarding (on an occasion when he was holding fourteen cards to only twelve of one of his opponents), and he now wishes me to give my opinion on this.

The lesson to be deduced from the careless discarding of the wrong card in the first instance is obvious and calls for little comment. Carelessness in discarding nearly always brings its tale of woe, as here, and I cannot press this point too strongly on readers. However, A having thrown the wrong card away, the case becomes more difficult, but upon consideration it is obvious that the Grand Slam should never have been attempted. Having obtained the Little Slam he should then have said (knowing, as he states, that the missing card was a Heart), "I give you a Heart," at the same time throwing his Ace of Spades face downwards amongst the tricks and muddling them all up together. His opponents would in all probability have accepted the trick, even if the missing card was the best Heart. In the unlikely event of their pointing this fact out he could say it was his mistake, but he must stand by what he said. During this interchange he should, of course, go on collecting, muddling and shuffling.

With regard to the regrettable appearance of "Happy Family" cards in a club where Bridge is played I would rather remain silent. Altogether an infelicitous hand.

Dazzling Footwork.

"The pace and direction of Miss Nuthall's shoes were beyond the French girl."—*Evening Paper.*



"THE ALTERATIONS HAVE IMPROVED THE ACOUSTICS OF THIS HALL, DON'T YOU THINK?"
"YES, BUT I STILL BRING MY CUSHION."

"DON'T WRITE—PHONE."

DEAR MR. POSTMASTER-GENERAL,—This is by way of being my answer to a brief remark you made to me yesterday—on the outside of a letter from my Aunt Araminta. The gist of your observation, which was tastefully combined with the postmark, was that I should be well advised to employ the telephone service more frequently in my business and write fewer letters, from which I deduced that you considered the telephone to be more efficient and more economical of time and money than postal correspondence, or you would not thus have recommended it as preferable.

Well, I am afraid I must very humbly but very positively disagree with you. Of course I am not one of your multi-telephoned captains of industry, fellows who can deal simultaneously with far-flung interests and large fat cigars and to whom the suggestion may be better suited; I am merely a poor boob with one telephone only, and even that is on my desk and not on one of those attachments like small lift-gates that pull out far quicker than you expect and knock you off your chair. Yet your remark on the envelope of my letter from Aunt Araminta was quite definitely addressed to me, and so if you will spare a moment I will tell you just what happened that very afternoon when I took your advice. And remember I'm not the only one; there must be many others to whom the same sort of thing is constantly occurring and who have been nevertheless similarly exhorted by you on the outsides of letters from their Aunts Araminta.

I wanted to write to a firm of lawyers, say Messrs. Legge, Legge, Legge, Mutton and Legge, and ordinarily I should have scribbled off a letter in five minutes or so and thought no

more about it till I got their answer. But just as I picked up my pen I thought of your advice: "Don't write—phone!"—so I started to phone.

Now I am one of those people who before I came on the automatic system always used to ask for the number before the exchange, thus, "6298 Gerrard, please." So I dialled happily away and naturally found myself connected up to MAY 8437, a wrong number such miles off the mark that I almost thought I must be back in the dear old days of the manual exchange once more. After five minutes, during which I talked heatedly to O and to ENG and was treated by both, probably rightly, as a not-too-bright child, I got my number.

A young lady asked me what I wanted, so I told her my business at some length. She said, "*Just* a minute, please," buzzed sharply in my ear and after three minutes said again, "Yes, what is it you want?"

"But I've just told you!" I protested.

She said, "Who is it?"

I countered angrily, "The same person who was speaking to you three minutes ago," and we put over a hot cross-purpose cross-talk for some while before I realised that it wasn't the same young lady at all, but another one. So I told *her* my business, and she listened attentively, and said, "*Just* a minute, please," and before I could catch her I had once more had the Ships-That-Pass-in-the-Night game played on me.

After some further time a man suddenly asked me what I wanted. I pointed out between my teeth that I had already told two of his young ladies in some detail; hadn't either of them been broad-minded enough to have passed it on to him? He said he was afraid they hadn't; their job was only to put me through to the right person. I asked him point-blank if *he* really was Mr. Right, and he replied guardedly that he thought he 'd be able to attend to my business. So, a bit relieved that I was at any rate dealing with a representative of the more reasonable sex, I went through it all again with him. He tut-tutted regretfully as I finished, said he thought I'd better speak to Mr. Smeet's secretary, added with sudden swiftness that he 'd put me through and had gone before I could even begin to sketch out a good idea that had occurred to me for his next occupation.

Subsequently and respectively I explained my business to yet another Ship-in-the-Night; to a young lady who appeared to be Mr. Smeet's secretary, but was only one of the first young ladies again; to a strange man who was convinced I was Mr. Tetworthy, and to someone on a crossed wire who told me peevishly to get off the line. At the end of ten minutes all I had achieved was that I was at least word-perfect. I felt that if someone were to wake me abruptly at midnight any time during the next week and ask me what I wanted I could, like any good actor, say my piece without drying up, fluffing or even opening my eyes.



"MY DEAR—'THE BRIDGE'—HOW *DISGUSTINGLY* OBVIOUS."

Moreover, the affair wasn't at all helped by the fact that Messrs. Legge, Legge, Legge, Mutton and Legge were a typical English firm; that is to say, the real working partners were a Mr. Smeet, a Mr. Throttlebottom and a Mr. Tetworthy. Young Mr. Legge never came to the office, Mr. Mutton had died last year, the elder Mr. Legge was in an institution and to all intents and purposes as dead as Mutton, while the other pair of Legges had died in 1899 and 1863 respectively.

None of these considerations made it easier for a poor chap who, in accordance with the advice outside the letter from his Aunt Araminta, was not writing—phoning.

When finally I did definitely track down the man who could attend to me I got a message to say Mr. Throttlebottom was extremely sorry, but he was busy with a personal interview; perhaps I could call him up in half-an-hour's time. . . .

Muttering hoarsely "Heaven forbid!" I said that I'd write, and pushed the telephone, which by then was nearly red-hot, off the desk to make room for pens, ink and paper.

Across the top of the outside of the envelope I printed largely, "DON'T PHONE — WRITE;" and, Mr. POSTMASTER-GENERAL, I hope you noticed it.

A. A.

THE AUNT IN SHAKESPEARE.

WE deeply regret that in a recent issue we made the too-sweeping statement that "in the works of SHAKESPEARE the aunt, as aunt, does not occur." We have received the following very proper letter of protest:—

King Richard II., Act V., Scene iii.

SIR,—I have lived long and suffered much, but until the issue of your number of 25th May my existence has not been denied. The insult is hard to bear. Your contributor, "D. C.," is referred to the above scene, where he will find me in the openly acknowledged relationship of aunt to *Bolingbroke*, afterwards *King Henry IV.* My nephew's *thrice-repeated* "Good aunt" should convince the most hardened unbeliever, and his gracious tribute to the eloquence and efficacy of my prayers (l. 145) during the painful interview will, I hope, show "D. C." that he should not under-estimate, far less ignore, the personality of

THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

Though she was only a ready-made aunt and not a creation of SHAKESPEARE'S we have great pleasure in begging her Grace's pardon.

We have received another letter of protest. It is addressed from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I., Scene i., and purports to be written by *Lysander's* aunt. But apart from this communication we have only *Lysander's* word for her existence, as she is not in the cast and makes no appearance on the stage. In the circumstances we do not propose to do her the honour of publishing her observations.—*Editor.*

The First Cloud City.

"Owing to unfavourable conditions the air race organised by the Newcastle-on-Air Air Club, was postponed."—*Sunday Paper.*

Our Japanese Paragon Still at Large.

"Educated, pure young Japanese poet seeks position as journalistic worker, window cleaner, tutor, housekeeper or schoolboy."
Advt. in Japanese Paper.



ANOTHER MUSICIAN THROWN OUT OF WORK.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—I've been having rather fun this week doing the heavy chaperon to Kitty Rockingham's eldest girl, Marchie, who has just come out. (Makes you feel pretty ancient, I can tell you, when people only ten years older than you have daughters ten years younger than you actually going about and being treated like grown-ups by men of your own age!) You see, Kitty sprained her ankle playing tennis, so I said I'd tote the girl round instead. She's not a bad child, and of course debs aren't nearly so bloggish as they used to be now that they have a sort of trial run the year before as sub-debs and don't burst straight out of the schoolroom, as you and I did, with their eyes popping out of their heads and their hair looking like nothing on earth.

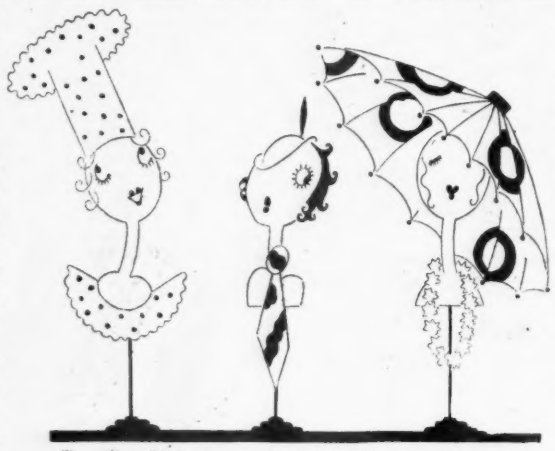
Marchie—*what* a name by the way! Apparently Kitty and Ted had a fearful row about it, because before she was born Kitty said that if it was a daughter she was going to call it "April," and Ted said it was affected nonsense, and Kitty said it was the only possible name for a girl born in April. And then of course the infant arrived early and Ted R. put his foot down and said logic was logic and she'd jolly well got to be christened "March." Kitty said that



"I ASKED HER WHAT REAL SACKCLOTH FELT LIKE AND SHE SAID, 'OH, MY DEAR, TOO *THRILLINGLY* ASCETIC!'"

was hideous and sounded like a surname, and Ted said she could be called "Marchie" for short, and Kitty said that was simply silly, and Ted said it wasn't any sillier than "Archie."

Anyway, I had to take her round to various frock and hat shops, trying on, and really some of the things Kitty's chosen for her are *ravishing*. Of course all her evening frocks are cotton or wool or muslin or something like that—one feels quite dowdy in silks and satins now! They told us at Elzevir's that some people are going even further—one woman got them to make her one of their smartest models in ordinary bright red Turkey twill; and I saw Phryne Gollenberg at the Grape-Vine the other night dressed in real *sackcloth*. I asked her what it felt like, and she said, "Oh, my dear, too *thrillingly* ascetic! I know *just* what it feels like now to be a hermit." (But of course, as William said afterwards, hermits don't have silk underclothes to stop the scratchiness.)



THE CHEF'S CAP, THE ONE-EYED COSTER AND THE PARASOL HAT.

As for hats, they get madder and madder every day. Marchie and I spent a delirious morning trying on all the new shapes. I bought a Little Boater for myself, but we decided that it wouldn't do for Marchie, because it was too *jeune fille*. (I mean, if you *are* one, you simply can't afford to dress like one, can you?) So she got a Postman's Cap instead, which I must say is most fetching. It is great fun trying to guess what other professions the hat-designing people are going to borrow shapes from. They haven't done anything in the Parasol or Umbrella line yet, for instance, or the One-Eyed Coster. And the Chef's Cap, I think, would be very engaging, made in white piqué or spotted muslin.

Also I have thought of lots of possible variations on these plain string belts that everyone's wearing. You could make a lovely one out of elastic-bands linked together with paper-clips, for instance; or curtain-rings and plaited picture-wire would be rather chic.

Oh—you know the other day one of the railway companies ran a special excursion-train called the Tiny Tots' Puff-Puff or something, complete with toys and rocking-horses and a troupe of real live clowns, who gave a performance in the corridor? Well, I sat next to a man at dinner last night who's a director of one of the other railways (I forget which), and he told me in *strict* confidence that they're going to go one better and run a train called "Eve's Express," specially for women. Not going anywhere in particular, just out and back for the sake of the journey, like going on a sea-voyage. It's to have copies of all the fashion papers lying about, and a bridge-table in every compartment, and a free cocktail-bar, and a beauty-parlour with free treatment, and a mannequin-parade of travelling-clothes going on up and down the corridor the whole way.

I said wouldn't it cost the railway company a lot of money? and he said yes, but it would be worth it in the end, because all the women would buy the most divine travelling-suits, and afterwards they'd simply *have* to go on railway-journeys in order to show people how beautiful they looked in them.

Of course there *is* nothing quite so intriguing as a really neat travelling get-up. On trains, I mean. Somehow it doesn't seem to matter so much what one wears in a car, because there's no one to be impressed by it, except blah



"BLAH YOUTHS AT FILLING-STATIONS."

youths at filling-stations. It was different in the good old days when cars were always having break-downs and the best way to get help was to sit by the side of the road looking pathetic and exquisite. Nowadays they're so devastatingly reliable that one really has *no* scope at all. And anyway all women-drivers (except me) are so boat-shaped about cars these days that nobody *dares* to offer them any help.



Colonel. "WHY THE BLAZES DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT WAS IN THIS BUNKER?"
Cadaie. "I W—WAS AFRAID."

Well, I must go and change. We've got the Fossicks dining, and afterwards I'm chaperoning Marchie at the Bollingers' dance. *Oh* for the emancipated nineteen-twenties, when we no more dreamt of taking a chaperon to a dance than of going there in cricket-pads!

Love, from LALAGE.

JAN.

Slimming in the East.

"Though not as full as usual, visitors are arriving daily."—*Indian Paper.*

". . . two women who were arrested had a row of safety-pins round each of their waists."—*Evening Paper.*

Would you prefer two waists to a double chin?

"'The robbery must have been carried out by a steak-thief in the sale-room at the time,' said an official of Christies."—*Sunday Paper.*

He should have been apprehended by a point-policeman.

"ZUYDER ZEE NO MORE.

A quarter of the Polder has been cultivated with dye, oats, and other agricultural produce."—*Sunday Paper.*

We predict that "Comin' thro' the Dye" will become as popular as "By the Side of the Zuyder Zee."

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

SEALYHAM.

SHORT of leg, you'll not mistake him,
Harsh in coat, of carriage gay;
All the pickles went to make him
Once upon a lucky day;
There was charm in't and no harm in't
When old Squire, says he, "I am
Going to make a *proper varmint*
Here, at home, at Sealy Ham."

So he took what most came handy,
Condiments most devil-born,
Took the Pepper-pots of Dandie,
Took the Kennel Sauce of Quorn—
Stuff to sting the prince of thieving
On the ridge-and-furrow's slope
(Sterns and steam and wet backs heaving),
In the kill's kaleidoscope.

Squire he took the Cymric Mustard,
Squire he took the Border Salt—
It could stick and it could dust hard,
It was pinching to a fault;
Squire, when he was confidential
With his cronies round the port,
"*Bite*," says he, "is the essential;"
Said his cronies, "*Bite*'s the sort."

And they got it good and proper,
Got the one essential thing,
Got it, bottle, ay, and stopper,
Got cayenne and hornet-sting;
Fox and foumart found no charm in't,
Squire he ups and says, "By dam!
But I've made the *proper varmint*
Here, at home, in Sealy Ham!"

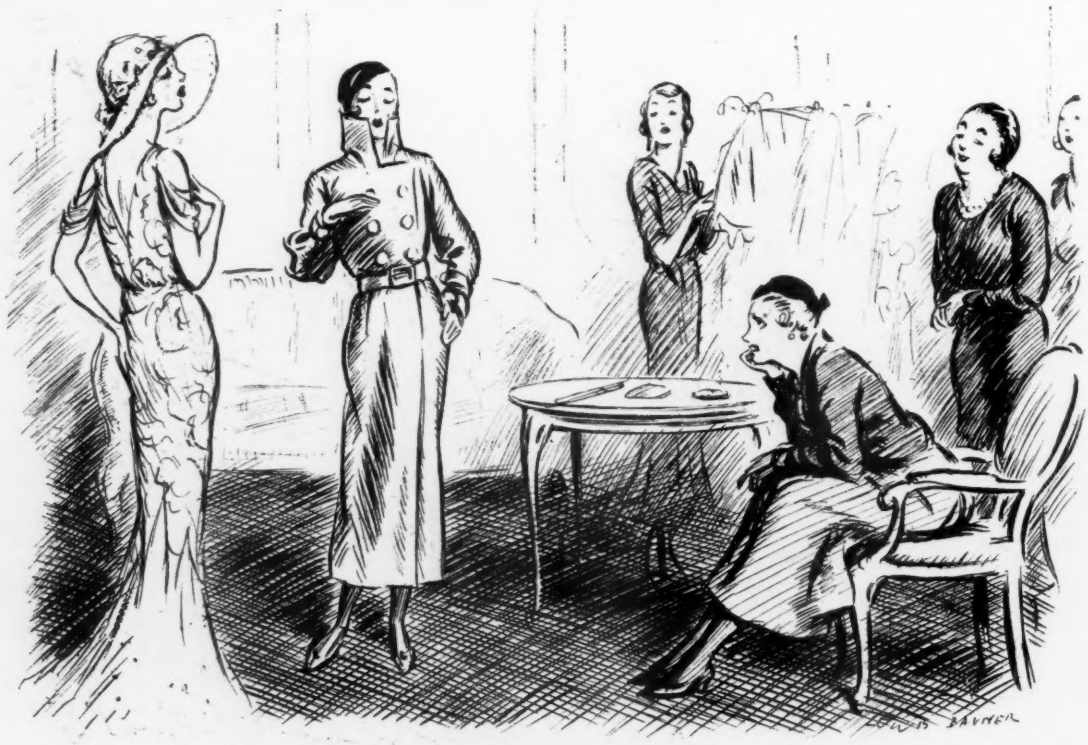
So he had, says you, but more is
Here than his accomplished ends;
Phyllis on the drawing-room floor is.
Phyllis to the "varmint" bends,
Phyllis bends above a basket,
"Lamb," says Phyllis, "lamb of lambs;
Was there e'er such pup, I ask it?
Oh, I *do* love Sealyhams!"

"Lamb," says she anew; and Phyllis
Fondles it to tremolos,
Loves it up against her lilies,
Loves it all against her rose;
And says Squire to see her do it
From the dim Elysian coast,
"Lamb?" says he. "*She's got the cruet*
Just as sure as I'm a ghost."

P. R. C.

Statements that We Accept with Reserve.

"He chose the nom-de-plume of Balmy Bill as a joke."—*Evening Paper.*



THIS WEEK'S QUANDARY.

MRS. B. CAN AFFORD ONLY ONE NEW COSTUME FOR ASCOT. WHICH SHALL SHE CHOOSE ?

A CRICKET SWEEP.

MORALISTS have often told me that any sudden unearned increment is not an unmixed blessing.

The thought has consoled me (to a certain extent) when the draw for each Irish Sweepstake has left me uninterviewed by our enterprising Press. And now I know that, as far as cricket is concerned, it is undoubtedly true.

We always hold a sweepstake in connection with our matches, and if this lacks some of the magnitude of Dublin's inducements to violate the law, the innings of the man whom you have drawn becomes nevertheless one long thrill when every single brings you nearer to no less a sum than eleven half-crowns.

Last Saturday it was not a high-scoring game, and when Jones, my man, duly passed the seventeen previously made by Robinson, the money seemed as good as mine, in view of the fact that the ninth wicket fell immediately after, leaving only me to bat.

In the ordinary way my batting only interests those in search of a hearty laugh, and with the game already won there was certainly no reason to indulge in anything but my usual light-hearted slog with its (also usual) corollary of a swift retirement.

But there comes a day in the life of even the most incompetent of us when we can do nothing wrong. Almost before I realised it my score stood at nineteen, while Jones's more sedate methods had not carried him beyond twenty-one.

If you imagine that the thought of sacrificing my wicket in order to obtain the money occurred to me for a moment it only shows that you have never known the rapture of unaccustomed run-getting, but all the same, when at this point "Last over" was called, I could not find it in my heart to regret it. After all, eleven half-crowns are eleven half-crowns, or about 16*s.* 4*d.* now that we are off the Gold Standard.

Jones had the bowling and his first scoring stroke was a single off the fifth ball. I felt secure. If I determined not to score off the last ball, who shall blame me? Accordingly I scraped forward and pushed the ball gently to mid-off.

Admittedly I dragged my foot in doing so, but the man was absurd to imagine he could run me out. I had been back a week when his ridiculous return hit the leg stump and ricochetted out of the wicket-keeper's reach.

The money was mine. And then my horrified attention was caught by the antics of the umpire. He was signalling the four overthrows for which the ball had gone after hitting the stump, and thereby carried my total past that of Jones.

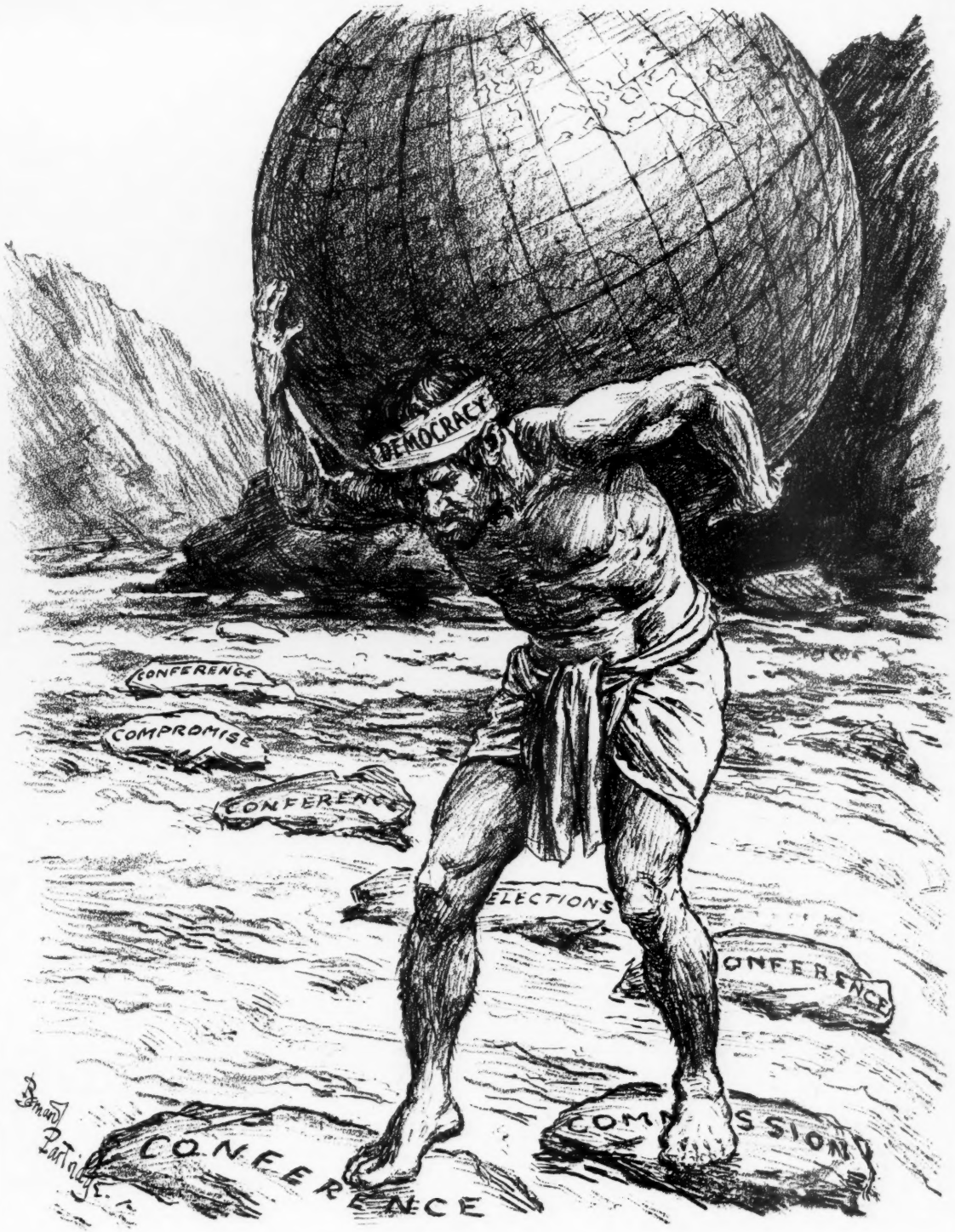
There was nothing to do but turn again to our moralists' teaching for consolation, and it did not fail me. If my unearned increment of runs had brought me the sorrow of missing the prize it had, at any rate, I reflected, spared me the misfortunes attendant upon the easy acquisition of eleven half-crowns, or about 15*s.* 2*d.* after the obligatory celebration of this achievement.

Pyrotechnic Arrival from the Blue.

"DR. ADRIAN BOULT
Famous Conductor's Lightning Visit to Belfast."—*Belfast Paper.*

"The Cost of Equipping a Dental Office."
University Press Catalogue.

Unfortunately certain periodicals now charge extra for back numbers.



THE EMBARRASSED TITAN.

A SLOW-MOTION PICTURE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 30th.—When is a toy revolver not a toy revolver? The answer, according to Mr. LUNN, is: When it is capable of being converted into a lethal weapon. Anyway, what was the HOME SECRETARY going to do to restrict the sale of these weapons? Sir HERBERT SAMUEL thought nothing required to be done. As long as the toys remained toys they were not sufficiently dangerous to call for legislation. Once they were converted into lethal weapons the Metropolitan Police would take proceedings.

This reply, satisfying all the demands of logic, did not satisfy Mr. LUNN. Was the HOME SECRETARY aware that certain courts of summary jurisdiction in the North of England had held that the articles in question came under the Firearms Act? The HOME SECRETARY remained unimpressed. These were matters for the Courts. However, anything to oblige Mr. LUNN. He would ask the chief constables to inquire into these apparent inconsistencies.

Whenever another Coal Bill crops up the classics are searched in vain for apposite quotations to meet the occasion, but only provide the suggestion that old King Coal is a jolly old soul. He is, in fact, a dismal and rapidly declining old hypochondriac, and his fiddlers are not three but legion, and include, if we are to believe the miners, most of the coal-owners and, if the coal-owners speak truly, most of the officials of the Miners' Federation.

Needless to say Mr. RUNCIMAN did not venture to put it in that way to-night when he moved the Second Reading of the Coal Mines Bill, a brief measure designed to postpone the evil day by retaining seven-and-a-half hours as the statutory day in the coal-mines in return for a gentleman's undertaking by the coal-owners to keep wages at their present level for at least a twelve-month.

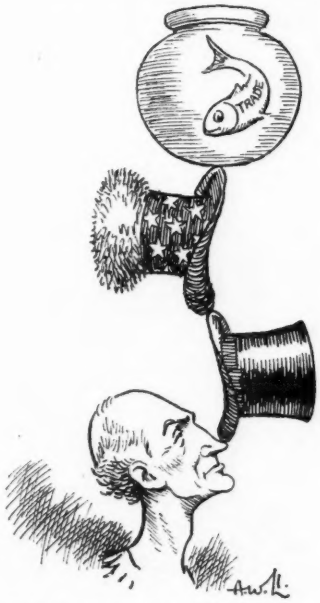
Mr. RUNCIMAN was content to say that the future of the coal industry lay not in the arena of politics but in the arena of science, in which he no doubt intended to include the science of industrial organisation. The Government would have preferred the owners and miners to make their own agreement, but they had not done so, and legislation therefore became necessary if the seven-hour-day was not to be automatically reintroduced. The Labour Government had not found its reintroduction feasible, and now, with the coal trade in a worse plight still, the Government felt justified in doing what the Labour Government had done. If, however, the Geneva Convention fixing an international seven-and-a-quarter-hour-day was ratified all round, we should adopt it with the rest. As for



"I am the very pattern of a modern
Major-Gineral;
I have information vegetable, animal
and mineral."

Major COLFOX, *R.A.* "IS IT NOT OBVIOUS THAT AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY IS THE MOST COMPETENT PERSON FOR THIS JOB, OR INDEED FOR ANY OTHER JOB?"

wages, with reductions being made in all other industries and in the wages of coal-miners abroad, some guarantee was needed to keep them at their present rate for a twelve-month. What the position might be after that nobody could foresee.



THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE.

SIR JOHN SIMON CALLS IN THE NEW WORLD TO REDRESS THE BALANCE OF THE OLD.

Mr. GEORGE HALL moved the rejection of the Bill. His arguments were in effect that since 1920 the miners had already suffered a wage-reduction of over fifty per cent; that nobody, least of all the coal-owners, expected the Geneva Convention to be ratified, and that, on the contrary, both the Government and the coal-owners anticipated a still further reduction of wages or they would not object to a Bill stabilising wages as well as hours.

Viscount CASTLEREAGH, in an excellent maiden speech, put the point of view of the coal industry. It was all very well to talk of closing redundant pits, but that often meant the wiping out of a complete social unit. The real problem of the industry was what to do with the miners who would become surplus in the face of the permanently diminished output that science for the time being showed no signs of being able to extend.

Two other maiden speeches, by Miss IRENE WARD, Conservative Member for Wallsend, and Mr. T. B. MARTIN, the versatile young Member for Blaydon, proved once more that the House suffers no lack of new debating talent. For the rest the speeches, whether presenting the mine-owners' or the miners' point of view, had all the length, the technicality and the pessimism that their melancholy topic inspires.

Tuesday, May 31st.—If you want a receipt for that popular mystery known to the world as a Royal Artilleryman you need look no further than the House of Commons. Major COLFOX may not be a blend of all the remarkable people in history, but it is clear that he is the man you want, no matter what you want him for. This was made plain when Lieut.-Colonel CLIFTON BROWN, a mere cavalryman, asked the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE WAR OFFICE if the appointment of a Royal Artillery officer as officer in charge of cavalry records was temporary or permanent. Mr. DUFF COOPER indicated that it was temporary. Major COLFOX moved modestly down to the footlights. "Is it not obvious," he asked, "that an officer of the Royal Artillery is the most competent person for this job, or indeed for any other job?"

The Second Reading of the Coal Mines Bill moved to its appointed end. The speeches added little or nothing, except by lugubrious repetition, to what had been said on the previous day, but the Opposition, chiefly as the result of a sort of cross-examination by Mr. BEVAN, wrung from Mr. ISAAC FOOT the admission that, though the agree-

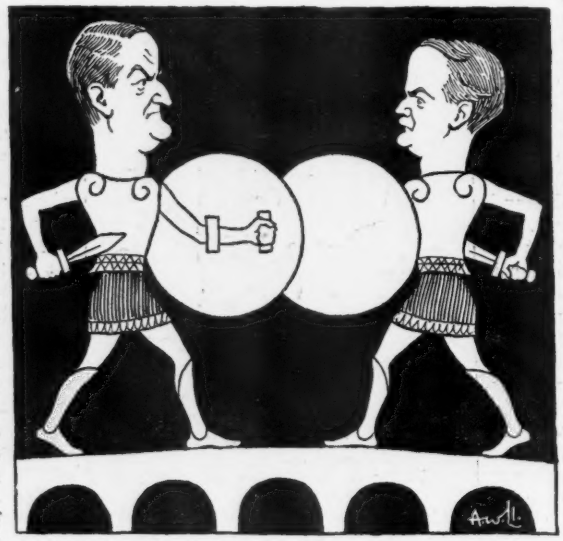
ment of the mine-owners not to lower wages was a "gentleman's" agreement, the Government stood ready to enforce it, if that should be necessary, with a spot of thoroughly ungentlemanly legislation.

Wednesday, June 1st.—Lord IDDESLEIGH—no relation to the immortal *Irene* of that name, but endowed nevertheless with some of her fatal optimism—besought the Government to enlarge the six months' period of residence in this country after which Indian officers and others home on leave had to pay income-tax here. Lord SNOWDEN pointed out that by judiciously dividing his stay between two fiscal years a visitor could dally here for as long as ten months without being mulcted—which the Royal Income Tax Commission thought was long enough for anybody.

A free vote of the House is generally the signal for a feast of reason. It must be admitted that the free vote taken to-night on the question of whether Waterloo Bridge shall be replaced or repaired was rather a flow of the strong stream of enlightened public opinion which favours the retention of the bridge. Sir W. DAVISON, who led the opposition to the L.C.C. scheme, rested his argument on economic as well as æsthetic grounds, pointing out that the bridge could be adequately repaired and widened to four lines of traffic for a trifle of £656,400, as against £1,300,000 for a new bridge.

Mr. PYBUS endeavoured to represent reason—the cold and by no means convincing reason of L.C.C. officialdom. For nine years the bridge, shored up with timber, had stood as a public eyesore, showing what happened when doctors disagreed. The estimates presented by Sir W. DAVISON for repairing the bridge were not detailed enough to be reliable, and Sir EDWIN LUTYENS had declared that with the footways corbelled out to make a four-track roadway it would not only be a new bridge but an unsightly one. Anyhow, the experts differed widely, not only as to appearances but as to cost, and might easily go on differing for ever. The L.C.C.'s estimate for repairing and widening the existing bridge was £1,000,000, or only £300,000 less than the cost of a new six-lines-of-traffic bridge which had been rendered doubly necessary by the House's rejection of the Charing Cross Bridge scheme.

These arguments proved unavailing. To no purpose Mr. J. H. THOMAS rushed into the breach, to be encountered there by the still more formidable advocacy of Mr. DUFF COOPER. To no purpose Mr. LANSBURY announced that the Opposition would support the L.C.C. The old-bridgers emerged from the Lobbies victorious over the new-bridgers by a matter of 222 votes to 154.



"WHEN GREEK JOINS GREEK."
THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT, MR. PYBUS, AND THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE WAR OFFICE, MR. DUFF COOPER, "AGREE TO DIFFER" ON THE BRIDGE.

Thursday, June 2nd—It is to be feared that Lord DANESFORT'S Road Traffic (Compensation for Accidents) Bill will collide with something before long in spite of the Second Reading their Lordships gave it this afternoon. The purpose of the measure is to make the motorist liable for any and every accident not proved to be directly due to the negligence of the injured party. This, as the LORD CHANCELLOR pointed out, would put the motor-car into the same classification in the eyes of the law as a wild beast. Lord HOWE, putting in a word for the motorist, suggested that to pass a Bill which would make the pedestrian, already incredibly reckless in his use of the streets and highways, more careless still was not the way to reduce accidents. Lord PLYMOUTH, for the Government, thought the Bill went too far, but preferred to examine its possibilities rather than to ask the House to divide against it.



THE WINNER OF WATERLOO.
SIR WILLIAM DAVISON.

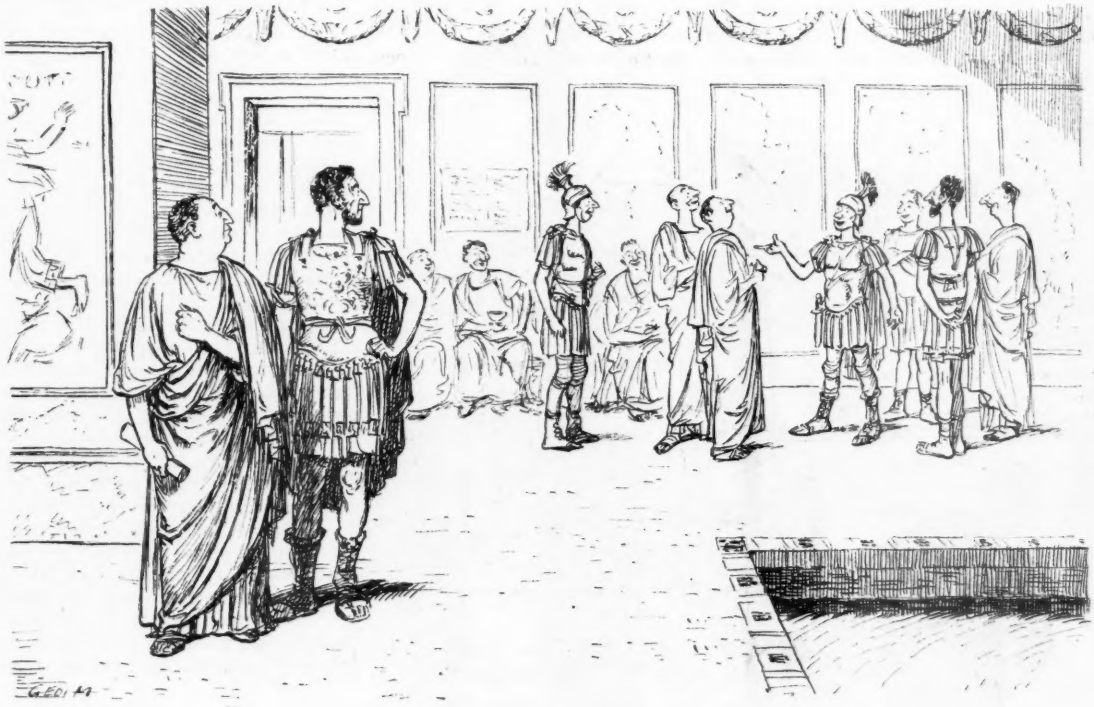
In the Commons Mr. J. H. THOMAS explained quite bluntly that the Government was having no pre-Ottawa confabulations with Mr. DE VALERA'S Government, since a Government which broke one agreement would be quite likely to break another.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA cheered the House with an account of the foreign firms that the Tariff Act had caused to set up factories in this country; and Mr. JOHN WALLACE, who comes from Dunfermline, where the man who says "Och ay!" twice in an afternoon is considered a bit of a chatterbox, depressed it again by asking the SPEAKER if he would help to cut speeches shorter by withholding his eye from notoriously long-winded Members. Mr. SPEAKER declined to do anything of the sort. Shorter speeches, he thought, should be achieved by the good sense and merciful dispositions of Members. Mr. MACQUISTEN pointed out that some speeches short in point of time seemed much longer than they really were. He was probably thinking of the two rival boarding-house-keepers who were having a few words. "At any rate," said one, "I keep my boarders longer than you do." "Not at all," retorted the adversary; "you keep them thinner, and that makes them look longer than they really are."

The House, having heard the glad tidings that it would probably rise early in July, proceeded to polish off the Coal Bill.

"BAR TO SHADY NIGHT CLUBS."
Sunday Paper.

They're not much use without one.



THE VENERABLE SCOTTISH JOKE.

Scene—The Centurions' Club, Londinium, A.D. 200.

Clubman. "THAT LITTLE MAN? OH, THAT'S HILARIUS PERTINAX, JUST RETURNED FROM HADRIAN'S WALL. HE HAS ATTAINED A CERTAIN SPECIOUS POPULARITY FROM HIS FACILITY IN TELLING STORIES ILLUSTRATING THE PARSIMONY OF THE SCOTS. I'VE HEARD MOST OF THEM BEFORE."

COULD MUSSOLINI . . . ?

["Il Duce has evolved a Five Years' Plan for the rebuilding of Rome."—*Daily Paper.*]

GREAT is BENITO,
The lord of his day,
His *No* is his veto,
His *Yea* is his yea;
And without a committee
He rules as he wills
The ancient old city
Of the Seven Hills.

What autocrat reigning
Or now in the ring
Gets away with remaining
So much of a king?
Supreme *avis rara*
Whom no one anoints,
Yet beating CARNERA,
I hold, upon points.

A man of less fibre
Would walk about Rome
(Which is built on the Tiber)
Content with his home;
MUSSOLINI is thorough,
He notes with some pain
That parts of the borough
Need doing again.

So high-cockalorum
With classic retreats!
Have tubes to the Forum
And subways for streets;
New ways must be broken
And down go the slums!
MUSSOLINI has spoken,
Depressing his thumbs.

All hail the dictator,
All power to his might!
And oh, if but later,
When Rome is put right,
He only might toddle
Round here with his powers
And slightly remodel
This London of ours!

Would he do it, I wonder,
Or own that the mess
Both above ground and under
Was past all redress?
Would he help and deliver,
Or feel like a midge
In the face of the traffic
On Waterloo Bridge?

With his forehead in creases
I trow he would say,
"Oh, take it to pieces
And send it away!
There are cosmic disasters
Defying the touch
Of all temporal masters,
And this one is such!"

EVOE.

An Impending Démenti.

"Girton is the women's college of Oxford; Newnham the Cambridge women's college."
Daily Paper.

"'JOEY.'—How can I care for a tortoise?"
Provincial Paper.

We never cared much for them, Joey.

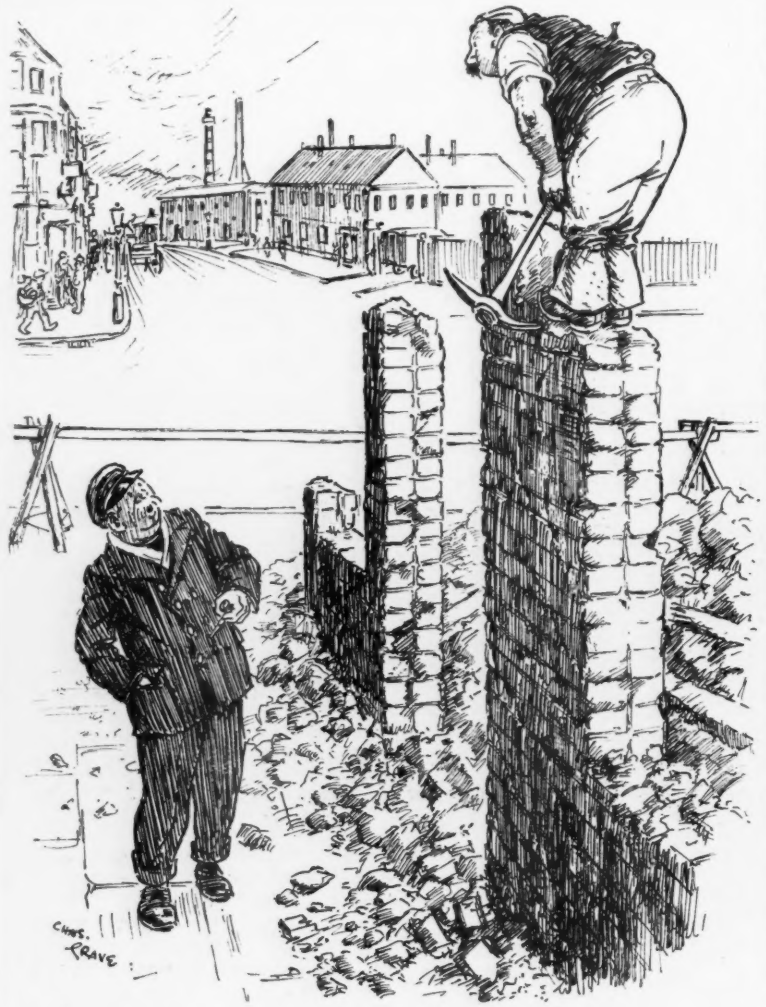
"Locally, the cow is regarded as something of a prodigy. Her face has spread far and wide."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Doesn't she know of a good beauty-specialist?

"INSTRUCTION IN SEWING CHEAP NOURISHING MEALS."
Canadian Paper.

This is the kind of meal that leaves one with a stitch.

A correspondent suggests that, as so many engagements are being broken off, the "Hatched, Matched and Despatched" columns in the daily papers should be supplemented with a subdivision for the "Detached."



Returned Wanderer. "DIDN'T THIS USED TO BE A LITTLE 'AM-AND-BEEF SHOP?"
Housebreaker. "YUS, MATEY. BUT IT'S CLOSED NOW."

THE AMATEUR GARDENER UNMASKED.

I HAVE never understood why some characters in fiction are naturally bad, while others are just as naturally (or unnaturally) good. Attorneys, but not, of course, white-haired family solicitors, are bad. So are financiers, taxi-drivers, non-Nordic foreigners and baronets—especially baronets. On the other hand, all sailors, bus-conductors and amateur gardeners are men of blameless life—especially amateur gardeners. The professional gardener is different. Like his brother the marine engineer, and his other brother the Cabinet Minister, he is very Scots and very dour. He says "whenever" whenever he means "as soon as," and is an irritating character in most other ways. But the amateur gardener is pure gold. A gentle idealist, he smokes the pipe of peace among his roses, knowing no enemy but bellbind and hating no fellow-creature but the *aphis* or green-fly.

A charming picture, is it not? Sez (if I may coin a phrase) you. It is time this sentimental notion was debunked. The function of the modern writer is to tell (*a*) the truth or (*b*) the facts, *whichever sounds worse*. Let us, then, unmask this Tartuffe of the turf-cutter, this hypocrite of the herbaceous border.

In the first place he is a liar, and none the less a liar because he speaks in quiet even tones. No one is sufficiently interested to resent the dull pedestrian lies of the motorist, the fisherman and the golfer. These people have their technique, such as it is, and they do little harm. They do not deceive themselves. They do not even deceive each other. The amateur gardener, on the contrary, lies with the aplomb and fluency of a Münchhausen. Never does he deliver any goods. His eschscholtzias, even if he can spell them, are ephemeral; his marigolds belong to a fabled Eldorado and his delphiniums fade for ever into the blue distance. Flowers yesterday (you observe) and flowers to-morrow, but never flowers to-day. Yet without a blush he will tell you (as if he had just come from hearing Miss RUTH DRAPER) that, while there are no anchusas at present, next month they will be a blaze of glory and that, whereas the japonica has gone off a bit now, if-you-had-only-been-here-on-Tuesday-the-twenty-seventh-oh-boy! "It's rather between seasons in the garden now," he murmurs. *It always is.*

He practises not merely falsehood but the sin of envy. From the basest motives he will traduce the character of the marrow next-door. He will cast calumny upon his neighbour's cauliflower. He will even make bitter anti-clerical speeches against the Vicar's broccoli.

"I yield to no man in my respect for the cloth," he will sneer, "but if that old dodderer has the cheek to compare his measly little worm-eaten cabbages with mine—well, I ask you. . . ."

He will resort to physical violence under the slightest provocation. If the Vicarage hens break through a fence to examine his lettuces (as they will, if I know anything about Vicarage hens) he will dash out upon them with a golf-club in his hand and hate in his heart. However gentle he may pretend to be the Vicar's Rhode Islands make him see red. Berserk fury fills his soul. A charming, kindly old gentleman? Oh (if I may so express myself), yeah?

Finally, he is revengeful. When you have lunched him at your club he has listened with cunningly-assumed interest to all the fascinating things you have told him. That birdie at Walton Heath, that salmon at Invercannich, those eighty-one-miles-an-hour on the Kingston by-pass. You know. Whatever the particular lie was he appeared to swallow it meekly and without resentment. But the fellow is merely lying in wait for you. He is brooding in secret over his injuries, and when his plans are ripe he will lure you down into the country for the week-end. Then, when he has you at his mercy, he will sweep to his revenge. For every time you have bored him he will bore you sevenfold. His marrow's little finger will be thicker than your salmon's



Young Woman (just engaged to film star). "I DIDN'T KNOW THERE *was* SUCH HAPPINESS."
Film Star. "ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, DARLING? YOU KNOW, YOU'RE ONE OF THE *very* FEW I EVER REALLY LOVED."

loins (if any). You will have fertilisers, so to speak, for breakfast and weed-killer, as it were, for lunch. He will belabour you with begonias and thrust his tomatoes down your throat. And, being his guest, you will not be able to say a word. To murder your host with an edging-tool is simply not done, and you will have to go on writhing in silence.

Mendacious, violent and implacable—there you have the man's true character, and if you don't believe me I can prove it. Would you like to come down and see my garden next week-end? It's rather between seasons now, of course. If it had only been the week-end before last . . .

"THE CHARM OF OXFORD GREATLY REDUCED."
Bookseller's Advt.

All the more reason to support the Oxford Preservation movement.

"The Anthem on Sunday night at the Collegiate Church will be Gounod's 'Unfold Ye Postals.'"—*South African Paper.*

In this country we are tired of telling the G.P.O. to get on with it.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

[The doctors in Chicago are of opinion that the business depression has exerted a beneficial effect on the health of the community. People are living more simply, taking more walking exercise and spending more time in the open air. To these causes they attribute a decline of nine hundred in the death-rate during the last four months.]

THOUGH across the wide Atlantic
She whom TENNYSON in epic style
Hailed of yore as the "gigantic
Daughter" of the ancient mother isle,
Waxes sadly pessimistic,
Racked by many a lacerating qualm,
Science in its mood statistic
Brings to ease her pain a precious balm.

In the city of Chicago,
Where 'tis universally confessed
Mortis plurima imago
Hitherto has reared its undiminished crest,
Though in Spring for deeds of bumping-
Off the merry gangster fiercely yearns,
There is now a serious slumping
In the last recorded death returns.

See, the medical profession
Traces this salubrious advance
To the present deep depression
In the realms of commerce and finance,
Since this stringency or shrinking
Forces folk to moderate their fare,
Curbs excess in food or drinking
And promotes resort to Shanks's mare.

Hence a breath of hope comes stealing
O'er the haunts of homicide and graft,
Where the righteous few are "feeling"
More than ever heretofore "the draught";
For disaster has its uses
When a kindly Providence contrives
That an evil wind conduces
To the leading of much healthier lives.

C. L. G.

"ENTERTAINMENTS.
An Unheard Opera."
Daily Paper.

We have the poet's authority for expecting something sweeter than a heard opera.

AT THE PLAY.

"PARTY" (STRAND).

IT was *Miranda Clayfoot's* first night, and the party was being thrown by her at a mixed gathering of some of the ruder ultra-sophisticated young women and guileless young men of the hour; a popular critic or two; an ingénue all googly with admiration and her ingenuous mother; stray members of the profession; an official gossip; a Baronet who had been very much *Miranda's* till she threw him away in a fit of pique (and is now sorry); the Baronet's frail white *Rose* of a wife, excessively pre-Georgian and all that; an Earl who is bent on making a Countess of *Miranda*; and the formidable stage back-number, *Mrs. Macdonald*, who had been a power in her day, not merely because she was a great actress but because she could be more woundingly and wittily insolent than any of her rivals and could apply a peculiarly gracious balm to the wounds if they were but borne bravely. Naturally Mr. NOVELLO protests that as all the characters are purely imaginary any attempt to identify them will be strongly deprecated. As if that deceived anybody!

Is the play a flop?—that is the topic for debate before the entrance of the hostess and the aristocracy. The critics are not enthusiastic. But then they never are. The general sense of the meeting seems to be that it is, and the betting that, if it is, then *Miranda*, harassed by brokers and income-tax and other collectors, will take her Earl and be done with it.

When Mr. NOVELLO has set his party alight with plenty of champagne and noise, highly-seasoned gossip and stark gibes he lets us see a little below the surface.

Miranda (Miss BENITA HUME) makes her entry, is challenged by *Mrs. Macdonald* (Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE) at her rudest, ripostes by affecting to mistake her for the mother of the PRIME MINISTER and accordingly wins the spoilt old favourite for a friend and guardian angel. But there is more on our *Miranda's* mind than fear of the flops or county-court judgments. She wants her lover to return to her, *Rose* or no *Rose*, and she will stick at nothing, not even at making him slightly drunk, not even at taking a little white stuff (for the first time) if her witchery should fail. She has a box of it in her bag.

Sir Philip Bay-Clender, *Bay* for short (Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW), and his lady (Miss MARGARET VINES) arrive. The two girls take each other's measure. *Miranda's* conscience fights with her desire—and loses. *Bay* is friendly, but evidently well on with the new love and determined to keep out of mischief. Dangerously tender memories, however, are recalled, and, offering a love-potion in the form of a full tumbler of liqueur brandy, treacherously alleged to be a whisky-and-soda, which the young ass tosses down, remarking by the way that it was rather strong and tasted rather like brandy, *Miranda* gets on with her witchery. The inevitable embrace is as inevitably observed by the agonised *Rose* (the revellers have temporarily rioted into the next studio to see a highly improper film; later reported a complete wash-out). She swallows *Miranda's* boxful of "snow" at a gulp—enough, as *Mrs. Macdonald* said, to enliven the whole House of Lords. Why it gave the poor distraught girl no more than a headache, and how precisely *Mrs. Macdonald* carried out her *rôle* of guardian angel to compass a happy ending it would not be fair to tell. Mr. NOVELLO handles his slight but distinctly ingenious plot with much adroitness, skilfully suspends his explanations, which are entirely satisfactory, and cleverly uses the noise, bustle and inconsequence of the party to heighten the effect of his tragic interlude.



THE RISING AND THE SETTING STAR.

Miranda Clayfoot . . . . . MISS BENITA HUME.
Mrs. Macdonald . . . . . MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.



A USEFUL PARTY MAN.

Duggie . . . MR. DOUGLAS BYNG.

Perhaps the use he made of certain of *Miranda's* visitors—of *Duggie* (Mr. DOUGLAS BYNG), who had come on from a cabaret; *Betty* (Miss ELIZABETH POLLOCK), who obliged with some impersonations, including one of Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE (and it was pleasant to see how appreciative of this the imperious *Mrs. Macdonald* pretended to be!); and *Namara* (NAMARA), who embroidered some rich PUCCINI for us and made heroic havoc with "Annie Laurie"—perhaps all this, which occupied the whole of the Second Act except for the love-potion, the impassioned kiss and the taking of the cocaine (OFF), might offer us the chance of hinting that he was gravelled for lack of matter. And perhaps he did rather unduly protract this essay in realism, just as (considering the vision we had had of their manners) his studio-party certainly overdid the rapt attention with which they listened to obviously familiar turns.

But what of it? He has told us a good story and made for us many good jokes. *Mrs. Macdonald* had real wit. She was a character, not a wraith, and Miss BRAITHWAITE played with a grave

relish and a nice humour the imperious faded beauty. *Miranda* had some depth to her, and Miss BENITA HUME gave us a glimpse of it. The party certainly goes with a bang, and no one should hesitate to crash into it at his own charges. T.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

"EAST END AMATEURS" (QUEEN'S HALL).

SOMEWHERE by the Ratcliff Highway dwells and works a padre, "late a member of Sir FRANK BENSON'S Company." He has been impressed by the natural talent for song and dance in the streets and alleys, by the invention and the unfettered expression of "personality" among his charges and their friends. This liberal shepherd is inclined to think that any gate into a fold—even a stage-door—is a good gate. He adopts Mr. THOMAS BURKE'S criticism of the variety stage—that it has lost touch with the people. Its stars live grandly in the West-End (or did so live before the decline in variety and may do so again now that it happily shows signs of revival); they are therefore out of touch with "the people," the true source of music-hall inspiration; there are therefore no more MARIE LLOYDS or DAN LENOS.

He has accordingly organised the East End Amateurs—for the East End has, he claims, something with a special vitality, a characteristic tang and flavour to contribute—has something, in fact, to show the West. The good padre has the candour (and intelligence) to admit that he doesn't know precisely where his experiment is leading. It obviously provides admirable and exciting entertainment; education also in important ways, and physical development, for his young people—the youngest of his stars is four, the oldest not long out of his teens. He thinks that he may make discoveries—and indeed there were in his company three or four at least who seemed to have something of that genius of personality which is of the essence of success in this kingdom of human endeavour, though it is always difficult to know whether youthful "genius" is mere precocity or has promise of solidity and permanence.

And of course the good man wants money—for his church and schools and the continuation of his experiment. Taking the Queen's Hall for, as he hopes, an annual exhibition and "sale of work," so to speak, and substantially filling it (as he did on this first occasion) is one of his ways of raising the wind. I think I may here tactfully betray his name and address—the Rev. VINCENT HOWSON, St. James's, Ratcliff, E.

The audience was mainly composed of the relatives and friends and friends of friends of his artistes. There was no doubt whatever of their opinion of the value of this experiment in self-expression—and that's an important testimonial. There was a fair sprinkling of outsiders from the West-End who, if I may judge by the impression made on one of them, were startled into honest and quite objective and unpatronising approval by the quality of the work done.

There were twenty-one turns, not counting extras and encores. Chief favourites were Miss MOLLY LYNN'S Company (Miss LYNN also is an amateur)—"LYNN'S LITTLE LINNETS," ranging in age from four to fourteen, in stature from three to five feet, who appeared six times, dancing with a fine natural grace and with an admirable gravity, their producer having intelligently omitted to train them in that musical-comedy grin. If only other producers would imitate her discretion! When the LINNETS gave tongue all together in full-throated song they made the rafters (or girders) ring, the timbre being perhaps not precisely linnet-like. Little JOAN TURNER (aged four) is young enough not to be spoiled by premature publicity. She drilled her company of soldierettes, sang her song—an old favourite, "Dear Old Pals, Jolly Old Pals"—with a fine aplomb and did her "splits" with an air. And of the rest



"NOT EMULATING SISYPHUS, I HOPE?"
"NO, SIR, I BE SHOVING THIS BLASTED TAR-BARREL UP THE HILL."

of the young people I may say that there was not one who did not show a budding talent and signs of real teachability.

Of the turns by older but still young members of the Company that could be judged by an absolute standard the violin-playing of Mr. HARRY HERSHCOVITCH (his first appearance in public) demands special mention. He played SARASATE'S "Gipsy Airs" with the feeling of an artist and the precision of a potential virtuoso—the double-stopping and harmonics being admirably true. The tone indeed was not good, but I think that this was due to the poor quality of the instrument, and surely there must be a good violin resting neglected in the case of some amateur who might be inspired to lend it to the advantage of all three—the lender, the artiste and the violin. *Verbum sat benevolenti.*

Mr. ROBERT KEMP has a baritone of good quality and compass. The lower and upper notes need development, the middle notes are full and rich; entirely untrained, he sings with spirit and restraint.

An interesting experiment, and a very refreshing experience for the jaded entertainee. T.

GRANDMA'S LATEST FUNERAL.

IT is long since I saw the Derby; but this year's Derby had such dramatic elements of novelty that I felt I had to go just once more. Derby winners have of course meant fortunes to somebody ever since the race began, in 1780, and Sir CHARLES BUNBURY'S Diomed came in first, but never before, apart altogether from private wagering, were the first and the second and the third, by coming in in that order, meaning £30,000 each to twenty-eight lucky persons in the Dublin Sweepstake, £15,000 each to twenty-eight more, and £10,000 to still another group, to say nothing of the stakes and all the other sweeps in the world, from Calcutta to Bethnal Green.

The paddock before the Derby is invariably an exciting place; but this year it must have been for those who had drawn a horse almost unbearable. A classic horse is always a beautiful creature, bred with such skill and discretion; nourished with more care and watchfulness than can be given to children; trained up to the moment. It would be a joy merely to look at the favourite; but this year the favourite was far more than a noble animal with four long and slender and very speedy legs, one at each corner; he was also, to keep it in terms of the Irish gamble, twenty-eight times thirty thousand pounds, and I could not dissociate him from those figures: I could not think of him as Orwell any more, but merely as £840,000. His owner, Mr. SINGER, his trainer, Mr. LAWSON, and his jockey, ROBERT JONES, no doubt were worthy of separate consideration, but them too I grouped under this new embracive heading.

There was a second, worth £420,000, and a third, worth £280,000, somewhere in the Ring, being led round by stable-lads for our admiration; but who could tell which they were? Cockpen, a vision of chestnut loveliness, I thought might be one of them; but that was sheer conjecture. All that we knew for certain—for had not all the prophets told us so and was not his price a little less than two to one?—was that Orwell would come in first.

When at last the son of Gainsborough and Golden Hair appeared, unaccompanied by a posse of police, he turned out to be just what we were expecting, and all the white toppers nodded approval. The noble animal was largely concealed beneath a striped cloth, on which was perched a small proud boy, but his bright liquid eyes were visible, although they gave no indication as to whether or no he was conscious of what he meant to those twenty-eight ticket-holders (and to all the other beating hearts the world over). But at that moment he was more than Kings and Presidents and Dictators; his name should have been Golconda.

If it was a unique Derby in the paddock, what must it have been on the course itself? How many of the people who had drawn horses (among whom I, with no fewer than twelve tickets, most conspicuously was not) were present, I cannot say, but I do not envy their state of nervous expectation while the race was in progress. Stout hearts, forward! A parade of the picked company who had drawn Orwell was far more important than the parade of the twenty-one runners. It would have been an impressive and unforgettable sight, and I regret that it was not arranged. I wanted to see in real life the smiling lordly ones who had been photographed for the papers. I wanted to see Mrs. DORF of Bayswater and Mr. RUSTON of Kingston-on-Thames and Miss LE GROS of Ealing and Mr. BEYFUS the barrister, who heard the news in court, all of whom, in a few minutes' time, might be £30,000 the richer if their chances were still unsold.

In spite of the white toppers in the paddock, it seemed to me to be more a people's Derby than ever; and motor-buses can never have been so numerous. The rain had at last stopped; the cold winds no longer chilled us; in fact the sun actually shone and diffused warmth. Everything seemed to go like clockwork; the cokernuts, though repeatedly hit, refused to leave their sockets; the pennies, rolled on to the latest and most popular of the tables of chance, seldom succeeded in "clearing the line"; gipsy women with borrowed babies would not be repulsed; powerful men with sledge-hammers failed to make the bell ring; and in the booth which promised a glimpse of BARBARA no sign of that much-advertised young woman was to be found. But who cared? It was a holiday through and through.

Everything went like clockwork—except the big race itself, which, as is now ancient history, went the very reverse, Orwell being nowhere and April the Fifth winning in a fine burst. For a while we were all dazed and hushed by the surprise; then, "No horse with a 'w' in his name," said a stranger next to me, "can win the Derby." Poor Orwell, to have all his grace and strength and fleetness rendered null and void just because Gainsborough used to linger by the river of that name in Suffolk!

"April the Fifth's owner, Mr. TOM WALLS," I said, after a moment's thought, "has 'w' in his, right enough."

"That," he replied, "is another matter."

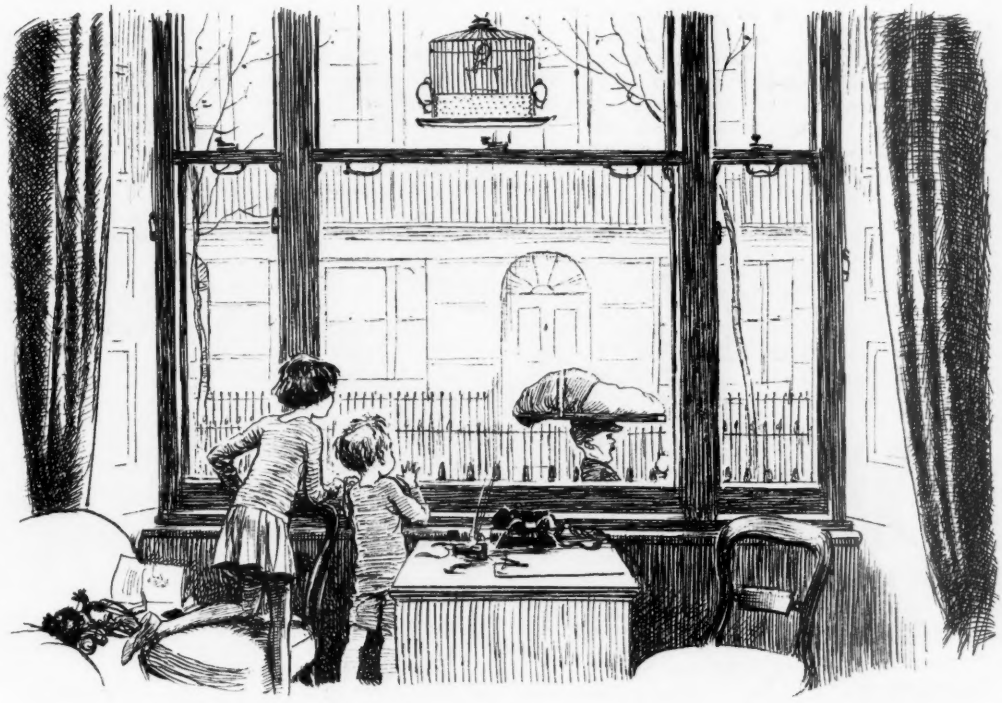
Meanwhile the son of Craig an Eran and Sold Again was being displayed to HIS MAJESTY and the glad tidings were, I imagine, being telegraphed to the twenty-eight lucky ones who had drawn him. But I now felt glad that there had been no parade of the Orwell ticket-holders. I should not have been able to bear the thought of the disappointment on the hitherto shining countenances of Mrs. DORF of Bayswater, and Mr. RUSTON of Kingston-on-Thames, and Miss LE GROS of Ealing and Mr. BEYFUS the barrister, who heard the news in court.

It was on my way back to London, a tireder and a poorer man, that I remembered a piece of advice given me long ago by an old racing expert. "Always," he said, "at Epsom, back an Epsom-trained horse." Looking hastily at my card I verified the misgiving that April the Fifth was the only runner from a local stable. Such is life. I am wise only after the event, and then not too noticeably. E. V. L.

"AN OXFORD PETITION.

Sir,—On April 4 you published a list of signatories to the petition for the preservation of Waterloo Bridge from Cambridge University."—*Letter to Daily Paper.*

Can't Cambridge be satisfied with having Barnes Bridge to themselves?





SYCAMORE SQUARE.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

ON winter Sundays
At half-past three,
When we're just beginning
To dream of tea,
There comes the sound
That we know so well—
The welcome sound
Of a distant bell.
Sweeter than harp,
Braver than trumpet,
It sings of muffin,
It shouts of crumpet,
Till two of us simply
Have to tear
Out of the house
And up the Square,
Yelling as loud
As we possibly can
To catch the vanishing
Muffin Man.
Then on he goes
With his magic tray
Poised in a most
Precarious way
Flat on the top
Of his square grey head.
(It's practice does it—
Or so *he* said.)

JAN.







Speed Merchant (being driven in friend's car). "IS THIS ALL SHE CAN DO? CAN'T YOU GET ANY MORE OUT OF HER?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Wanderings in Italy.

HAVING discovered that mobility is the chief advantage of writing as a profession—for you can carry your ideas and a fountain-pen to the ends of the earth—Mr. OSBERT SITWELL makes the most of his good fortune in a singularly delightful series of winter wanderings. Having wintered pretty often myself on the Venetian mainland of his predilection I can vouch for the rare and unpopularised charm of a country which can be as cold as England and expects you to warm yourself with a few *quintali* of dear wood. PALLADIO'S secular buildings are of course the game best worth pursuing; and, though I personally see the architect as a *Vicentino* in Venice and not as a Venetian in Vicenza, I am immensely Mr. SITWELL'S debtor for his description of PALLADIO'S masterpieces. The Rotonda, which has been adapted over here in Chiswick House and half-a-dozen other enchanting exotics, is the most famous of the villas described; the exquisite Malcontenta, on the *tram-via* between Padua and Fusina, the most forgotten. The narrative, though unequal, has flashes, like summer lightning, of extraordinary clarity and loveliness; and the narrator's criticism exhibits the obviously unfeigned and undeflected enthusiasm he praises in SHELLEY'S *Letters*. He admirably distils the faded-violet quintessence of Parma and exalts the temporarily out-moded CANOVA with righteous eloquence and apposite photography. His travels take him south to Apulia and back to Colorno and the BOURBONS; and as his preferences far outnumber his aversions, *Winters of Content* (DUCKWORTH, 15/-) lives up to the refreshing serenity of its title.

Jenghiz Khan in the Kremlin.

Through Tsarism to revolution and through Leninism to the methods of PETER THE GREAT and IVAN THE TERRIBLE, the Russia which for years has been making not history but legends has remained unchanged, waiting to lead Asia of the despots in one more raid against the free countries of the West. That, at any rate, is the view expressed by ESSAD-BEY in his immensely powerful study, *Stalin, the Career of a Fanatic* (LANE, 15/-). We see in his portrait, looking out through the slanting eyes of the Caucasian brigand who by way of an unspeakable foulness of bloody conspiracy has won to an absolute monarchy, the soul of JENGHIZ KHAN, austere deviser of passionless massacre, bent to enclose within his own grip every race and people under heaven, so that he may order all the details of their lives as he, the infallible one, thinks fit. To this end modern Communism is a convenient instrument; and so was the tribal law of the clans of the steppes seven hundred years and more ago. The whole structure of the Bolshevist state now centres in one grim and very dirty tyrant, and with his death or fall it must inevitably break in ruin. This book, which owes much, I should say, to its translator, Mr. HUNTLEY PATERSON, is the work of a man hovering between hatred and admiration. It is too completely rounded and coherent in detail to be accepted without a great deal of reserve, but it is an impression of Russia that no student can afford to neglect and a piece of writing of no mean order.

A Novelist's Garden.

Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS has taken the first step towards a graceful senescence. He has acquired a garden and settled down to its care in a spirit of humble devotion which would do credit to a Carthusian. *Down the Garden Path* (CAPE, 7/6) is a delightful account of wrestlings with an acre of two of Huntingdonshire, the territory of three country cottages reduced to one dwelling. On arrival at "Allways" the novelist discovered a weed-ridden desert presided over by a sodden caretaker; and his first encounter with *Arthur* is the prelude to half-a-dozen of those varied contacts which gardening has a way of making for its devotees. I would not for a moment have missed *Miss Hazlitt's* way with *Iris stylosa*, the story of *Mrs. Heath's* orange-pips, or even the intrusions of masterful *Mrs. M.*, who grew everything of the rarest with consummate ease from penny packets. But plants, not people, rightly occupy the foreground, and Mr. NICHOLS's horticultural relations are even more eloquent than his human ones. He specialises in producing out-of-door flowers in winter. With the rest of us he is seduced into disastrous experiments with rock-gardens; but, wiser than his neighbours, he scraps the abomination ruthlessly and turns a boulder-strewn meadow into a wood. Before its bills can be footed the wood exacts prodigies of journalism; and to watch the heroic gardener storming the columns of the women's magazines in the interests of another *Abico Colorado* is not only impressive in itself but pleasantly explanatory of much that is otherwise inexplicable in the contemporary Press.



The Editor. "I'M AFRAID WE SHAN'T HAVE ROOM FOR YOUR SERIES OF ARTICLES ON 'THE EVILS OF SPECULATION' UNTIL AFTER THE FLAT-RACING SEASON."

Green-Room and Granite.

The daughter of a celebrated contributor to *Punch* and herself distinguished in the world of the theatre, Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN has not unnaturally written a novel in which wit abounds and a good part of the setting is behind the scenes. Her hero leaps straight from Oxford to the esteem of the box-office; but, being a young man to whom the dream is more than the drama, he is quick to discover that there is a snag in such easy fortune. For a while he wanders in a wilderness of wild parties, a tangle of tinsel tragedies. Success has come, and knowledge of a sort—*But Wisdom Lingers* (METHUEN, 7/6); until, fetched up against a crisis of self-revelation by a tragedy without the tinsel, he shakes the sawdust from his feet and sets forth in quest of a lost integrity. It is in Cornwall that he looks for it; for there, as a child of eight, he had caught in a pair of big eyes seen by candlelight a glimpse of what life might mean. Their owner, *Susan*, was his cousin's aunt, but not so much his elder as the relationship suggests; and when he finds her again she is as elusive as ever and apparently untouched by the years. Miss LEHMANN has depicted the hectic life of the green-room with vivacity, but it is on *Richard* and *Susan à deux* against a background of sea and granite that she has lavished her most delicate craftsmanship. Her book is a charming essay on the relativity of reality.

Giants of the Engine-room.

The title of Mr. W. G. RIDDELL's first book, *Adventures of an Obscure Victorian* (MACMILLAN, 8/6), suggests a chronicle of placid family life. Actually it would be difficult to think of anything less homely than the surroundings of the writer from the time when he joined the s.s. *Ganges* to the day when the *Delhi* put into port. He has, so he tells us in this autobiography of a marine engineer, attempted to describe a generation that is fast passing away and has been neglected by all writers except Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING; and in so doing has made from hard facts a most enthralling

adventure story whose characters are taken straight from life. Five voyages are described, and towards the end of the book comes an account of experiences in Finland during the time of the South African War, when Mr. RIDDELL was employed by a company of Finnish ship-builders whose managing director had the appearance of a foreign ambassador and the nature of a Judas. This engagement ended soon after the director's wife had tried to poison the young man who had discovered too much. The character of this remarkable Scottish woman is as shrewdly described as any in the book; but Mr. RIDDELL has the knack of inducing swift intimacy between his readers and all the odd people whom he met on his travels. Mr. GREGG, chief engineer of the *Trojan*, deserves a whole volume to himself, and so does the *Delhi's* chief, DAVIE CAMERON, who terrorised all subordinates. The author has proved himself a born story-teller, with a wide and witty appreciation of life.

Mr. Dreiser Ruminates at Large.

Mr. THEODORE DREISER has been wandering again, this time in his native land. He visited Oswego, Wilkes Barré, Buffalo, Indianapolis (his birth-town) and other unattractive places. All the time he ruminated and pondered, philosophised and reminisced, recalled anecdotes and observed what lay before him. The tangible result of all this physical and mental activity is *A Hoosier Holiday* (CONSTABLE, 10/-), a book which contains 513 closely-printed pages. Still, we know Mr. DREISER by now; he is a giant and deals with things in a large way. He never uses one word where twelve will do. His sentences are cumbrous and ungrammatical. His comments are often the quintessence of the obvious. But yet he is America's greatest living writer. He admits his readers freely to his mind, he rolls life freely into every paragraph and always he conveys a sense of power. He resembles SCOTT in that he often seems to stand in his own light, trying to hide the greatness which, in spite of his efforts, eventually emerges. Behind all the petty chronicles and trifling occurrences which he narrates, Mr. DREISER retains his cosmic sense. To him the particular, when taken in bulk, illuminates the general and thus never becomes contemptible or meaningless. Those who have mastered *An American Tragedy* will need no urging to persevere with the present volume. And those who are not already Dreiserites may begin their study here.



Policeman (suspiciously). "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?"
Rather meek Burglar. "PLEASE, SIR, WE DON'T KNOW, SIR; WE AIN'T OPENED IT YET."

Good Treasure-hunting in London.

Mr. THOMAS BURKE would have us know that he is the Complete Man About Town—a term which custom has absurdly restricted to mean a sort of club idler who haunts the square mile or so centering on Hyde Park Corner. Now the author of *City of Encounters* (CONSTABLE, 8/6) has lived in a dozen boroughs of London and made acquaintance with a hundred different types of people, and can write informatively and engagingly about all of them. He warns us, however, that we are not to take him as a serious guide when he selects some district as a background for short stories, as in *Limehouse Nights*. Nor, perhaps, ought we simple folk to expect to find the treasures that he discovers in certain places. We might haunt Theobald's Road, for instance, till the crack of doom and never have the luck to stumble upon that remarkable curio-shop-keeper, *Mr. Gabriel Groon*, and his admirably-assorted household. I confess that *Mr. Groon* and his conversations made the book for me, and I could read that sketch called "A Pantaloon" again and again. To my mind it is much the best thing in this rather unequal collection, though there is no doubt something to be got by the diligent out of all of it. I must not forget to give a word of commendation to the final sketch of all, which is done very graciously and tenderly.

The King of Ballyhoo.

We in this country are apt to grumble at the way in which American methods of publicity have linked arms with commerce, rendering prosperity subject to the trumpet and the stunt. But after reading the late Mr. HARRY REICHENBACH'S autobiography one realises how much in this respect the English have missed—or have escaped. He began his career as assistant to a quack-doctor in a circus and ended as the greatest boosting expert in the United States. *Phantom Fame* (NOEL DOUGLAS, 7/6) is hardly a literary achievement, but it is a fascinating record; and it contains many sage observations on humanity in general and the film business in particular. One I must quote: "The future of the entire amusement world is a clinch between radio and television on the one hand, and talking-three-dimensional-technicolor pictures on the other." The first of the *Tarzan* films owed its success to the appearance of an orang-utan dressed in a "tuxedo and high hat" in a fashionable restaurant in New York; and the third to the fact that, on the morning after a crated grand-piano had been hoisted into the hotel-suite of an eccentric musician, who signed the register as "T. R. Zann," a lion was discovered in his sitting-room. These were only two of REICHENBACH'S efforts. America will be a duller place without him.

Sea-Breezes.

"TAFFRAIL" is a most reliable novelist, and those who follow his work will admit that *Cypher K* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) is as delightfully adventurous a tale as anything he has written. The chase after the principal villain is of course mainly a sea-chase, and it is conducted with the knowledge of an expert. And the villain, even in these days when no limits exist as regards villainy, is a remarkable specimen of his kind. Stealing the confidential books of the 8,400-ton cruiser *Lincoln* was merely a side-line with him; his main job was to preside over a gang which specialised in big jewel-robberies. It is an exciting story, and told with a humour that is by no means the least of "TAFFRAIL'S" many gifts.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Ministry of Agriculture has been asked to consider the stamping of imported cheese. In severe cases of course it will have to be stunned.

***

A racegoer who the other day just managed to catch a train at Lewes by jumping into the guard's van was not, as at first thought, a Welsher travelling impromptu.

***

In lawn-tennis, an eminent player points out, the eye must be kept on the goal. We ourselves have little difficulty in "finding the net."

***

"When learning to punt, the pole should be held lightly between the hands," advises a sports writer. The boat, on the other hand, should be grasped firmly with both feet.

***

By taking a wicket with the first ball he bowled in first-class cricket, COPSON of Derbyshire is said to have created a record. And it is unlikely that even he will succeed in doing it again.

***

A man has been robbed when returning home from a church-bazaar. We shouldn't have thought it possible.

***

Visitors to the exhibition of Game Animals of the Empire at the Natural History Museum have been disappointed not to find a stuffed shikari.

***

A woman racing-motorist has described the suspense before the start as being just like sitting in a dentist's waiting-room before an extraction. Our own experience of dentists' waiting-rooms has been that they aren't a bit like Brooklands.

***

In view of reports that the Japanese are giving up wrestling for boxing, conjecture is rife as to whether *hara-kiri* will be superseded by the Occidental practice of signing a newspaper-article entitled "Why I Lost."

***

A famous American detective is to marry a police-inspector's daughter this month. It would be a sporting gesture on the part of a gangster if he offered to hold up the bride's train.

The umpires would not allow Mr. V. W. C. JUPP to resume his innings when he arrived late on the ground. Surely fifty lines to be written in the luncheon interval would have been adequate punishment.

***

As a contribution to the Five Years Plan, sheep-dogs in Russia are to be shorn for the sake of their wool. This has already been done to the shepherd.

***

A young writer suggests that being born is rather like being elected to a club. Another view is that being elected to certain clubs is very like joining the great majority.

***

A judge is described as carrying about with him the stern atmosphere of the Criminal Court, even when playing golf. We are not told, however, whether he has ever had occasion to point out that the course is not a place of entertainment.

***

Vegetarianism is increasing by leaps and bounds in Somerset, says a morning paper. So much for the belief that wild life is dying out in this country.

***

In connection with the case of the Press photographer who fainted at a West-Country cider sale the other day, one theory is that the thoughtless fellow must have asked the farmers to "look pleasant."

***

A Forest Gate correspondent writing to a Sunday paper says he has a tulip in his garden which is three feet high, and he asks if it is a record. We have his own statement that it is a tulip.

"Certain birds," says a naturalist, "come to England for the summer once, but never return again." We can easily believe that.

***

A popular song-composer says that many of his big "hits" have been written in bed while he was unable to sleep. Insomnia is a terrible affliction.

***

According to a scientist, every minute of sunshine raises millions of tons of water from the earth. Still we soon get it back again.

***

An expert says that fish can catch influenza. This is curious with their ample opportunities for gargling.

***

"One sees sandals worn in the most unexpected places," says a gossip-writer. The feet, however, are still the most popular site for them.

***

"Americans don't play cricket to any extent," says a sporting writer. They have had no outstanding batsman since STONEWALL JACKSON.

***

"Mr. DE VALERA'S greatest ambition," says a paper, "is to save his face." Why not have it scheduled as a National Monument of hysteric interest?

***

At the Gare St. Lazare, railway passengers can buy clothes, books and drinks, receive dental treatment, telephone overseas, have a shave or hair-wave, and attend a cinema. Trains are also provided.

***

An evening paper says that Señor CARLOS DEVILA of Chile is the first magazine editor to lead a revolution. We can only surmise that the others have had scruples about the infringement of copyrights.

***

Mr. D. S. SPENS STEUART, who has succeeded in making friends with the wolves at Whipsnade Zoo, declares that these animals have their own sort of wireless. We wish he would send an urgent S.O.S. to the one at our door.



Nervous Gentleman (blundering into hotel bathroom). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON."
Small Girl. "ALL RIGHT, DON'T BE EMBAWASSED. I'M VEWY MODERN."

"FIRE THREAT TO FUTURE CUTLET."
Evening Paper.

We are more concerned about the calcined entrée of to-day.

A BONUS FOR CAREFUL PEDESTRIANS.

[Mr. J. H. DIGGLE, writing to *The Times*, refers to the increased premiums required by insurance companies in view of the growing number of motor accidents caused by excessive speed or careless driving. He thinks it would be only fair to augment the annual abatements allowed for a clean record.]

DEAR Mr. DIGGLE, I agree;
I call it only fair
To give a man a handsome fee
Who drives his car with care.

If for a whole continuous year
His death-sheet he can show
Bearing a record white and clear—
Or very nearly so,

I feel he ought to have a large
Abatement on the sum
Which the insurance people charge
By way of premium.

And still more pay I'd hand to him
As his undoubted due
Who hasn't maimed a single limb—
Or only just a few.

To meet the thoughtful driver's case
This seems a righteous plan,
But I would like it to embrace
The good pedestrian.

Some bonus surely they should knock
Off the amount he spent
When he insured against a shock
Incurred by accident.

If to his name there's no black mark
To prove he played the jay,
Or pushed a motor off its park
For getting in his way,

Or killed a charabanc at sight,
Or laid a lorry flat,
Something—it's only fair and right—
Should be allowed for that. O. S.

TUTTLEBERRY AND POBBLEJOY.

Is it my duty to save money or to throw it about?

A pleasant little controversy has arisen in *The Times* on this subject, one or two eminent thinkers pointing out that, Sir, in these days of financial stringency, public and private economy is the thing to be aimed at, even if it means having cold supper on Sundays and not going to the Zoo; others, with a greater show of reason, roundly asserting that, Sir, this view is poppycock and all my eye. In point of fact the noblest thing a man can do is to spend money as fast as possible in order to prevent producers and manufacturers of goods from throwing themselves into the Thames with a lump of lead tied to their feet.

I have only given the gist of a long correspondence in these sentences. I have not quoted the actual words. But I may say at once that, after allowing full weight to the reasoned arguments of either side and having taken into calculation the various factors necessary to enable me to reach an upright and honourable conclusion, I am on the side, Sir, of the lively old buffers who mean to spend their dough.

Indeed I have already called attention to this problem, and that too at the very moment when the present National Government was formed. Taking the anti-thrift view, I then maintained that the real patriot was he who spent his bank-balance recklessly on all those luxuries which would bring in most money to the Treasury; men of a saintly and self-sacrificing life would spend all their time drinking whisky and smoking cigars. The wearing of silk pyjamas, from being a mere luxury, has become the rugged test of a determination to see the old country through in the hour of her jeopardy.

Naturally at the time no one was as clear-sighted as myself. No one ever is. But I am glad to see correspondents to *The Times* beginning to think today what I thought about ten months ago.

The only difficulty is, alas! that thrift and extravagance are habits depending less on propaganda than on psychology. Some men would save sixpence, even if they were millionaires; others would leave their taxicab ticking while they attended the Bankruptcy Court. Tuttleberry will always be a spendthrift; Pobblejoy will always save. Take away two-thirds of Tuttleberry's income and he merely reduces the number of his activities in order to be extravagant in those which remain. Present Pobblejoy with a fortune and he will still scream with annoyance because two cigarettes are not lighted with a single match.

At the present moment, apparently, the Pobblejoys are putting all the money they can in the bank and getting two-per-cent interest for it. The Tuttleberrys are kneeling on the marble floor and begging in vain for an overdraft. The wheels of industry are thus at a standstill, and anyone who enters an expensive type of shop is treated as though he were an Indian maharajah, which he probably is.

But there is a kind of Pobblejoy who not only economises himself but attempts to make the Tuttleberrys economise, becoming thus a very poison in the body-politic and a bore at the Club. I refer to such men as say—

"You mean to say you bought that at Gadget's for five pound ten? Why I know a little place where you can get it for two pounds seventeen-and-sixpence, and just as good!"

Clearly the State has no use at the present time for such men. Here are Gadget's with their enormous rent to pay, their beautifully-dressed and expensive assistants to support, their lovely paper and their exquisite string—are they to be ruined because this Pobblejoy goes about breathing venom into our cars, when it is just that difference perhaps between five pounds ten and two pounds seventeen-and-sixpence which helps to support a hard-working employee and his family in one of the little palaces of Colindale?

Pobblejoy, or rather this kind of Pobblejoy, is the man who tells me I don't need a new hat. Of course I don't. But what are the hatters of England to do if I listen to these insidious appeals? There may be an old white-haired hatter now with a business trembling on the verge of collapse for whom just this one hat means the gulf between happiness and despair. About this new hat, if I buy it, will cling, as it were, the added lustre of a radiant home and little hands stretched out not in vain for jam as well as butter on their bread.

A more patriotic Pobblejoy, knowing that I did not really like my present hat, knowing also how much it means to England that I should buy a new one, would take some opportunity, feigning negligence, of sitting or jumping on my old hat and so helping the balance of trade.

It was a Pobblejoy who only the other day told me I was a fool not to look for a golf-ball which I had sliced into a potato-patch and (thinking of Empire first and foremost) was proposing to leave where it lay. How is a man who holds rubber shares to be able to send his children to a good school, I should like to know, if I go rootling about amongst vegetables for a wretched two-shilling ball?

It seems to me that definite incitement to private economy should at this period in our history be made a legally punishable offence. Nor do I know whether some reward should not be offered by the State for laying information against our Pobblejoys. Otherwise the fine breed of Tuttleberrys may become extinct and money will almost cease to circulate in the land. EVOE.

"WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS.
STABLE MONEY THE FIRST OBJECTIVE."
Scots Paper.

Has the attention of the Anti-Gambling League been drawn to this?

"Our Government has got us all pretty well down and Mr. ——, on their behalf and on behalf of their advisers, is trying to kick us when we are down. This is not cricket."
Natal Paper.

Nor quite football.



A FLUTTER IN HOHENZOLLERNS.

GERMAN IMPERIAL EAGLE. "I HEAR A RUMOUR THAT THERE'S AN OFF-CHANCE OF MY BEING LET LOOSE."

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG. "I SHOULDN'T COUNT ON IT IF I WERE YOU; BUT ALMOST ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE."



["Eight Society ladies recently offered their services as chambermaids to a hotel."—*Daily Paper.*]

Chambermaid. "OH, MY DEARS, I'M *too* DEVASTATED! THAT *cow* OF A LIFT-BOY JOGGED MY ELBOW AND I'VE SPILT YOUR NICE MORNING TEA. *SHALL* I BRING YOU SOME MORE?"

BIRDS AT SUNRISE.

I HEAR the thrush, when it is early dawn,
Upon the William pear-tree by the path
Sing to his mate. "Oh, can't you miss your bath?
Do hurry up; breakfast is on the lawn.
Worms—worms for breakfast, darling—worms," he sings,
Until my brain-pan rings
And I could scream at him, "Be quiet, thrush,
It's barely four; I want to sleep, bird—hush!"

I hear the blackbird so begin the day;
I hear the sparrows on the ivied wall,
And from the copse comes the dementing squall
Emitted by the early-rising jay.
Starlings and finches in a feathered crowd
Think of their food aloud,
Whistling of grubs and snails' enshelléd meat
And new-born caterpillars soft and sweet.

I lie and listen; and the row gets worse
As other birds a contribution lend,
Till, almost on a sudden, comes the end.
The song is finished and the choir disperse
To go and find the breakfast they have sung
And stuff their grizzling young;
And I, released from the melodious pain,
Turn over and am fast asleep again.

Too early pipers, whose eupeptic craws
And easy-going gizzards bid you raise
For the first meal preparatory lays,
I do not blame your ravishment, because
Me in my bath June oft inspires to chant,
Bacon-anticipant.
But could you fit your breakfast-hour to mine?
Say, eight o'clock—on Sundays make it nine.

VERGES.

In Defence of a Clean Shave.

"Consider the 'unhandiness' of most articles of diet. An apple is 82 per cent. waste; white beard, 84 per cent. . . ."—*N.Z. Paper.*

"YOUR WEDDING TROUSSEAU.

Artistically designed . . . ensuring success and happiness in every dress detail on this memorial occasion."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

We have often had that funeral feeling at a wedding.

"The Prime Minister has devoted part of each day to recreation. This afternoon, in company with Sir Alexander Grant, he enjoyed a few rounds of golf at Spey Bay."—*Liverpool Paper.*

In the best of health we never do more than five or six rounds a day.

LATEST FROM THE LITTER WORLD.

NATURE-STUDENTS this spring must have remarked the strange rarity, in the very places where in former years they were most commonly observed, of a certain make of cigarette-packet. During a country walk at early daffodil-time I failed to observe a single specimen, though other varieties were plentiful. The reason was no secret. Not content with giving away valuable coupons the producers of this brand of cigarette had made it possible for smokers, by the return of the packets bearing judiciously chosen words, to compete for the prize of a motor-car.

Thus, though the scheme entailed an increase in the number of cars, and all cars on the highway are regarded by the die-hard pedestrian as a dangerous form of mobile litter, the cross-country trail of the picnicker and hiker grew pleasantly fainter, thanks to the new habit of collecting these packets. (The pedestrian enthusiasm of the rambler was not enough, I may remark, to allow him to neglect the chance of securing a car for himself.) When I realised the happy results of this scheme my heart glowed with gratitude towards its ingenious organiser, for I credited him with a determination to have tidier beauty-spots, no matter how many motor-cars it cost him. I felt that he deserved to be decorated with the Order of the Golden Waste-paper Basket, with Bows, and to be allowed to add a Vacuum-Cleaner, rampant, to his escutcheon.

To describe my feelings when the scheme was altered so that the packets, no longer required as entry-forms for the competition, were once more made available as litter, would be too painful. One of my heroes fell from his pedestal with a crash; I realised that his scheme had not been devised in the interests of a tidier Britain, but with some far less idealistic intention, such as an increased sale for his cigarettes.

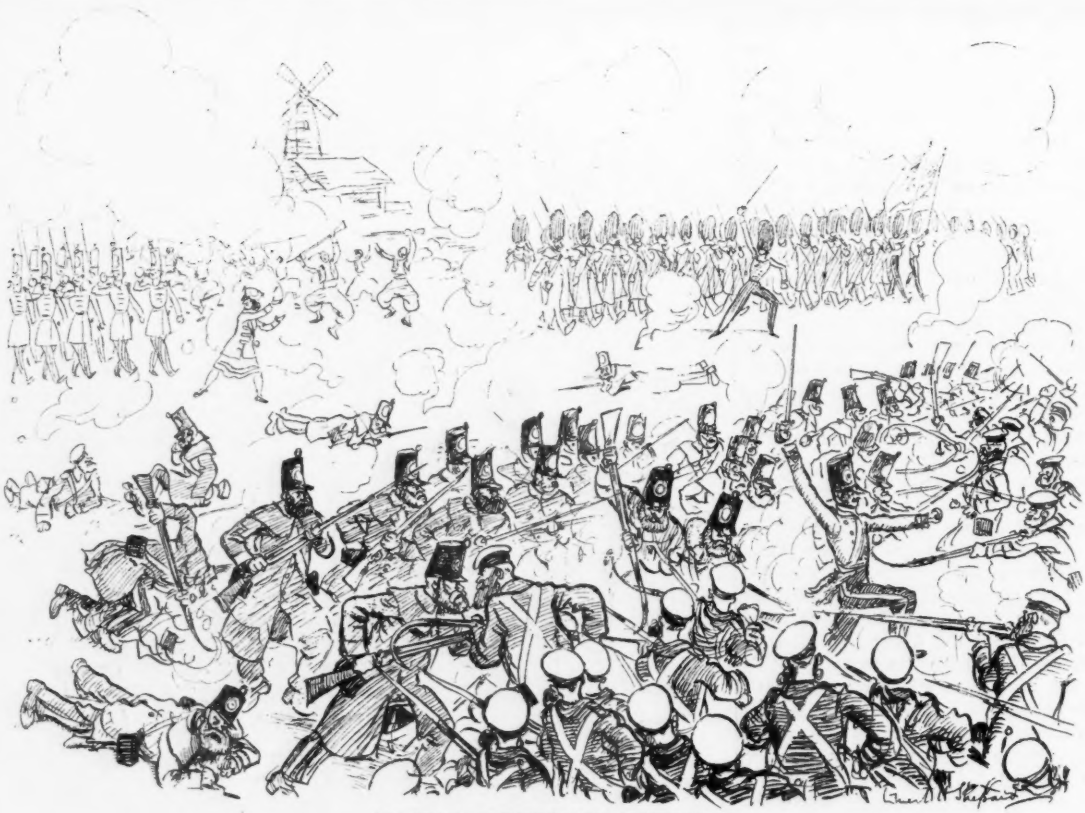
Yet in spite of himself has he not given a lead? Let other manufacturers of potential litter imitate the scheme which he so tragically abandoned. If for returning one hundred paper-bags of a certain make members of the paper-bag-carrying public stood a chance of winning a season-ticket at the local cinema, fewer would be released to flit from tussock to tussock about England's green and pleasant land.

In Canada, I understand, a bonus is given for the skin of a wolf; let some patriotic fruit-importer offer a small prize for so many orange-pelts and these gaudy souvenirs would be less abundant where our caravan has rested. Let him offer a portrait of MARLENE DIETRICH or IVOR NOVELLO for the best slogan in praise of fruitarianism, accompanied by a bundle of twenty-five banana-skins, and half the population would enlist as scavengers, specialising in that form of refuse, while the film-public would certainly become more and more banana-minded and orange-conscious.

Bottles are a more difficult problem. In many cases their return is modestly remunerative, but the porterage of empties is a heavy task, melancholy with the sense of anti-climax, and the joy of smashing a bottle by sheer marksmanship where somebody else may sit down or drive his car is worth more than a halfpenny. I fear that stratum of broken glass will continue to thicken over Britain until science



Trainer. "KNOW WHAT A MARTINGALE IS?"
New Boy. "YESSIR. A KIND O' SWALLOW THAT SINGS BY NIGHT."



AT THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

I.—INKERMAN, THE SOLDIERS' BATTLE. A SERIES OF BEARD-TO-BEARD COMBATS.

invents a material which, as useful as glass and making as satisfactory a noise when smashed, will, when not in contact with liquid, ultimately vaporise and vanish.

Meanwhile let our lost leader ask himself if he would not be happier if he reverted to his original scheme. The reappearance of his packets in our green dingles and bosky dells reminds us less of the merits of his cigarettes than of a bitter disillusion. Would not the absence of these packets, rendering them more conspicuous, commend his brand to our notice and himself to our gratitude? Advertisements can be too obtrusive; let him remember that there is that in man which makes him "greet the unseen with a cheer."

W. K. H.

"During the week-end three 'young marrieds' have returned to England from abroad."—*Daily Paper.*

Who missed the boat?

"Nadia Comstock smiled as a woman smiles at a child's fancy. Her long, jade-coloured eyes left the lawn for the drive."
From Serial in Daily Paper.

They had probably rested for a moment on a sign saying "Keep off the Grass."

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

THE great thing about a Searchlight Tattoo—correct me if I'm wrong—is that it is meant to be seen by searchlight. To see it by daylight is to miss much of its dramatic effect. On the other hand, without darkness for a curtain you are at liberty to observe the mechanics of production and scene-shifting. This may add quite a kick to your enjoyment; personally it took me back to the day when to be shown the time on Uncle's watch was not half so much fun as to "shee wheels go wound."

The effect of some of the items of course is not lessened by daylight. Indeed the R.H.A. Display, the Exposition of Physical Training, in which the performers, as per programme, "enter the arena singing to exemplify the spirit of cheerfulness" (I like that touch—try it in your bath), and the Cavalry Ride by the 5th Inniskilling D. G.'s all probably gain in impressiveness. And so too does the smart appearance of the Toronto Regiment detachment—the first Dominion troops to take part in any Tattoo—the entire cost of whose trip here has been borne by private subscription in Canada. Nor, unfortunately, does the presence of daylight affect the massed Pipe Bands; I speak of course as a Sassenach who finds even one lone bagpipe a little more than he can bear.

But when it came to the Pageant items I was glad enough of the chance that daylight gave me of indulging the childish urge to see behind the scenes, and I was soon lured into the wings, where all at once a bare-ended savage with spear and shield stole softly upon me from the woods, thrust a black and evil face into mine—and asked me if I could direct him to the Royal Scots' dressing-tent. By the time I had ventured down from a tree that I seemed to have climbed in a moment of panic, Chief Ulubengula was away offering a cigarette to a Russian priest encased in a beard up to the forehead. He took it at his own risk; probably there are pretty stringent orders about responsibility for heath-fires.

After this I was prepared for anything, and kindly daylight, I found, shows you many items of interest which are unfortunately doomed to

obscurity at night. You will see, for instance, a smart party of "waves" number off from the left, crawl under the edge of the Indian Ocean (a strip of blue canvas) at five paces' interval and proceed to "break," taking the time from the centre, on the coast of Australia. Subsequently you will see Captain COOK's boats, which have lain rocking realistically off shore, suddenly turn round and double away to their exit, passing a Canadian settler's log-hut as it comes miraculously up at a canter. Later on you will see this hut go off again and will realise why the heavy Red Indian casualties have all occurred in such close proximity to the building: they are the carrying-party for its removal.

You will note too that the Matabele, being clad in thin tights, invariably die on their shields rather than on the wet grass; and you will see Russian, British and French infantry (the last complete with *vivandière*) assembling for Inkerman to the tune of orders like "Beards on the right—fall in!"

The Inkerman troops, by the way, are all armed with bayonets made of rubber in order to prevent a joke being carried too far in the heat of battle. When you have seen the combatants suddenly cease fighting in order amicably to transform the "Sandbag Battery" into "The Barrier" and then begin again, there will be a grand general mêlée, and even a rubber bayonet will become an effective weapon if bent right down with the thumb and allowed to spring back suddenly across an opponent's face.

But genuine casualties at Inkerman this year are not likely to be heavy, thanks to a far-sighted order (1G.B. 43/3—Am I right, Sir?) dealing with the appointment of "casualties," *i.e.*, those men who are to die (and how the British soldier *can* die under a good searchlight!) during each episode. The order reads: "*Men likely to indulge in fighting should be detailed as early casualties.*"

The final Inkerman episode, which reproduces Lady BUTLER's famous picture, "The Roll Call," must be terribly impressive at night. Out of thick blackness suddenly a little square of light is carved and one sees two ranks of weary wounded men answering the Roll. By daylight, however, you see these weary wounded men doubling smartly over to take their place in front of the battery of flood-lights which electricians in overalls are hastily stringing out on the ground. Then comes the signal that the lights are on, and at once



II.—*Royal Scots Matabele to Russian Priest (of the line).* "ABALUNGA BA, LADDIE!"

the group of men who have been chatting away to each other—"Well, you see, chum, as I ses to 'er . . ." and so, on—suddenly droop and wilt and lean staggering on their rifles and all at once become the battle-stained survivors of the 3rd Grenadier Guards.

And the electricians, where are they? Aha! not having time to get back to the ringside and being wanted in a few minutes to remove the flood-lights, they are crouching on the ground *behind the group*, apparently occupied with a game of nap.

After Inkerman comes "The Flag and Empire," and, as an accompaniment to a procession of Empire-builders, DRAKE's fleet under full sail, the Sphinx and Pyramids, an Indian city and so on appear unexpectedly along the horizon. Actually this unexpectedness is due to a bunch of husky sappers hauling with a "'Gain so, heave!" upon ropes attached to flat frames, on the scale of seven flats per three pyramids. The effect at night from a distance, I am told, is beautiful; in the afternoon and close up a streak of daylight has riven the pyramid of MEN-KAU-RA, giving it a slightly unsafe appearance which I am sure would not have been passed by its architect, who, taking him by and large, could never have been called a jerry-builder.

And so—but space is short and I can only recommend you to go to the Tattoo yourself. You won't see all I have been describing, but at any rate, now that I've told you, you'll know it's there. A. A.



III.—"THE ROLL CALL" IN REVERSE.

ELECTRICIANS TAKE COVER.

(Something that Lady BUTLER overlooked.)

"TELEPHONE STRIKE SPREADING.

Buenos Aires.

Telephone operators are sleeping in the exchanges for fear of violence."—*Evening Paper.*

Even in this peaceful country a similar state of affairs has prevailed at our local exchange for a long time.

"MISS ENID WILSON RETAINS THE TITLE.

. . . The match finished in a blaze of summer heat, through which men, women, some children, and dogs without number, all on leash, toiled over sandhill and through gully in its wake."—*Scots Paper.*

Mr. COMPSTON seems to think that the gallery should be muzzled as well.

". . . the Silver Stick Adjutant and Regimental Adjutants of Food Guards were present."—*Daily Paper.*

The Welsh-Rabbit Guards?

"Torquay, the reader will find, has a sunshine average of about 18,000 hours yearly."

Evening Paper.

Few foreign resorts can boast nearly fifty hours sunshine a day.

A SHOWMAN'S CAUSERIE.

ON THE STAGING OF CONFERENCES.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. Charles B. Cochran and "The Daily Mail"*).

IT is a remarkable thing, when one is running half-a-dozen big conferences in various parts of the world, to look back to the old days when these international meets were not treated as spectacular stage productions at all, when the box-office appeal was absolutely *nil*, when there was no colour, no romance, no concern for the public, in fact no showmanship whatsoever.

Since I took over the management of the conference business the amount paid in admission fees, together with receipts from cinema bookings, has been sufficient to wipe out the National Debt ten times over.

COCHRAN'S LAUSANNE REVUE.

I was in Samarkand, negotiating for a mammoth arena in the Gobi Desert, when news reached me that M. STALIN was on his way to Geneva to see the resuscitated revue, *Disarmament*. It will be remembered that this show was a flop when first put on as a straight drama. It was withdrawn after a few performances, and I got NOEL COWARD to write a new script, commissioned half-a-dozen musicians of genius to provide a ravishing orchestral score, induced the POET LAUREATE to co-operate with Bloomsbury and Vienna in the production of some unbeatable lyrics and chorus-numbers, and engaged a beauty chorus of two thousand. Hundreds of people have seen my *Disarmament* a hundred times. Some have taken season tickets for the century, for it is essentially a "repeat" show. Up to date one-and-a-half-million spectators have come by aeroplane alone. Personally I consider the finest effect is the last tableau, when the massed navies of the world turn the Lake of Geneva into a solid platform round which the crack troops of Europe (America at matinées) in their phosphorescent uniforms flash a message of Peace in five-mile letters. Add to this the Angel Chorus from fifteen hundred aeroplanes which fill the sky to the height of a mile and it will be conceded that as an emotional appeal *Disarmament* will take some beating.

COCHRAN'S LAUSANNE PANTOMIME.

My preparations for the Lausanne pantomime, *The Forty Thieves*, are now complete. In order to avoid encroaching on the Geneva show I have had an underground amphitheatre built capable of seating a million people. *The Forty Thieves*, with its financial *motif*, has the intimate interest of a cabaret show. I doubt whether I have ever presented a more acrobatic hero than the statesman who takes the part of *Aladdin*, although I can predict an avalanche of applause for the financial comedians who are billed as *Scrooge* and *Midas*. "The Dance of the Bankers" I can safely say is the world's finest essay in the macabre. It is performed on hot bricks of gold, in costumes of the next world authenticated by the most eminent living theologians.

In the Aladdin's Cave scene I have got together all the gold and jewels of the world outside the antique specimens in museums. Several of my most beautiful Young Ladies' schools will make their début in the Financial Deluge scene. Mr. MONTAGU NORMAN is doubling the parts of *Ali Baba* and *Sinbad the Sailor*. The whole business of Debts and Reparations is dramatically rendered by the largest corps-de-ballet ever assembled, each of whom will represent a million units of currency in order to deal with the dizzily fantastic figures involved. Herr HITLER, who assisted at a dress-rehearsal, told me he never dreamt anything could be so thrilling. I have introduced the Witch of Endor and all the celebrated apparitions of history to accompany the Spectre of Repudiation, who dances divinely. This show will be reproduced in the Middle West of America next winter.

COCHRAN'S OTTAWA COMEDY.

Reports of advance bookings for the Ottawa domestic comedy, *See Canada and Live*, are exceedingly gratifying. As this is pre-eminently a show for connoisseurs there will be no gallery or pit. Such a fine gathering of our best character-actors has never been arranged before, and I may hint that there are still one or two surprises up my sleeve. Unless I am greatly mistaken this show will prove a classic. The simultaneous view of family championship contests in every branch of athletics known to the Anglo-Saxon race, an attraction rendered possible by the mechanical stadium, is a breath-taking experience which should on no account be missed.

COCHRAN'S MIRACLE OF MIRACLES.

Invitations have been sent out for the first night of *The Miracle of Miracles*, my most ambitious venture up to date, in which all the nations of the world co-operate. For this production the Atlantis continent has been specially rebuilt in the Atlantic Ocean. The scheme beggars description. Every spectator is an actor, admitted to full citizenship of every country in the show, which I am running on the non-stop variety plan, with no trade or Customs restrictions.

One of the most novel turns is "The Unlimited Banquet," unique as a feast and a spectacle, in which the world over-eats instead of starving. I have engaged so many chefs and waitresses that there are hardly enough left to go round in normal employment. Several millionaires have thanked me with tears in their eyes for giving them walking-on parts.

The Stage, as somebody remarked to me the other day, has saved itself by its exertions, and will yet save the universe by its example.

A FANCY PORTRAIT.

[With acknowledgments to EDWARD LEAR and *The Evening Standard*, which describes the personal charm, Napoleonic features and diplomatic gifts of Mr. DULANTY, the High Commissioner of the Irish Free State in London.]

How pleasant to know JOHN DULANTY,
So genial except when he frowns,
So tolerant, though he is anti-
pathetic to Empires and Crowns!

He 's never inclined to "go Fanti";
He doesn't consume *Sauerkraut*;
He bans neither Lager nor Chianti
Nor flinches from treble X stout.

His musical lore is not scanty;
He tackles STRAVINSKY at sight;
He shines in a rollicking chanty
And BLISS is his constant delight.

He's douce and he's crouse and he's canty,
Whatever these epithets mean,
And considers the climate of Zante
Superior to that of East Sheen.

He can spout all the epics of DANTE
As well as the lyrics of BURNS;
He has written a Life of BRAMANTE
And a book on Etrurian urns.

He can't be a *pococurante*
Or chronicle beer that is small;
He frowns on the mere *dilettante;*
His features great "BONEY" recall.

Though his motto is "Erin Avanti!"
He mixes with high and with low,
And captures the lot, *tutti quanti*,
In the heart of Mayfair or Soho.

Oh, how pleasant to meet JOHN DULANTY,
That gifted and versatile Celt,
Whose name from Athlone to Ashanti
Is honoured though mostly mis-
spelt! C. L. G.

"CRICKETERS OF PROMISE.

Bowen, who is in the scholastic profession, is a fine stylist with a useful variety of shorts."—*Welsh Paper.*

And outsize pads, we hope.



Little Girl (*who has been given a check to sign, as her mother is breakfasting in bed*). "DO I PUT MY OWN NAME OR MOTHER'S?"
Waiter. "IT DOES NOT MATTER, MEES. IT IS JOOST TO SHOW ZAT YOU AGREE WIZ WHAT YOU 'AVE EAT."

ARMS AND THE INFANTRYMAN.

BEFORE the gentlemen of Geneva go any farther in the mad race to disarm I feel it my duty to say a few words on behalf of the Poor Blessed Infantry, who, as usual, have not been heard.

Long before the end of the Great War the persons at the head of it discovered that the infantry were extremely useful and important. And hard upon that came the discovery that the infantry were extremely vulnerable. When requested to tear a way through barbed-wire hedges under close-range machine-gun-fire they were frequently found unequal to the task. And the last few years of the War were directed by the great brains up above to thinking out new ways of making the War safe for the infantry. They invented tanks to protect the infantryman, to flatten out the wire, suppress the machine-guns and prepare a nice quiet path for him. They covered him with gas-helmets and whale-oil. They used more guns, more gas, more mines, more aeroplanes. The ultimate aim of all these arms was to enable the infantryman to march unmolested into Berlin, Paris or London; and whereas in the old days the infantryman had to arrange this for himself the responsibility was now agreeably divided.

To this extent, therefore, the modernisation and mechanisation of warfare were a good thing for the infantry. When the enemy aeroplanes passed over trench or billet or bivouac on their way to bomb a defenceless town I cannot remember that we shouted from the front-line, "Oy! Drop those bombs *here!*" We were extremely glad to think that those bombs were to be dropped somewhere else; and, to be candid,

we did not much care where. Really, if you are going to have a war at all, there is not much distinction between dropping huge bombs on defenceless civilians and dropping them on defenceless infantry. Taking a long view, the former might be said to be the more creditable operation, since, *ex hypothesi*, the infantry consist of the flower of the nation's manhood. And there is always the chance that a bomb dropped on a capital city may disturb those persons who are really responsible for making war.

At any rate, that is the case for the infantry. At the close of the last war it was said that the next war would be so very much a matter of machines and science that everybody would be in it, and the part played by the infantry would be almost negligible. The safest place, they said, would be the trenches. And I remember clearly that, when we heard this forecast, we expressed the greatest satisfaction.

But now, it seems, Geneva is attempting to wipe out the good work. Extraordinary distinctions are being made between offensive weapons and defensive weapons; and the former, some suggest, should be abolished. Aeroplanes are to be deemed offensive when they drop bombs on useless civilians and conscientious objectors, but inoffensive when they drop bombs on our gallant soldiers. If this proposal passes into practice it will mean that the people who arrange wars will be able to dine quietly at their clubs as before, and all the bombs will, as before, be concentrated on the infantry. This is without doubt a retrograde step.

Then, take tanks. Here we have the most astonishing proposal of all. Tanks (or at any rate some tanks) are being voted *offensive* weapons; and the "experts" are doing some comical hair-splitting (or rather tank-splitting) about the exact tonnage figure above which the harmless little tank becomes an offensive tank. I invite all the mathematical experts mewed in their pedantic rooms at Geneva and elsewhere to look at the history of the tank. The tank, as I have clearly shown, was invented to *defend* the infantry, the most deserving persons in any war; and it is therefore the most defensive weapon of the lot. On the Geneva reasoning the Crusader with the heaviest armour might have been declared the most dangerous.

If tanks are abolished trench-warfare will not be less bloody and dreadful, but more so. We were working up to a reasonable state of affairs in which trench-warfare would be just a sort of duel between tanks, ending, as like as not, in a stalemate or even peace. But now the whole proceedings will be thrown back on the poor old infantry, and they will have to start learning to use their rifles and bayonets again. This will not, I repeat, mean less trouble and bloodshed, but more.

And if you forbid bombing-aeroplanes (you might as well, by the way, forbid shooting-guns) you will only release more artillery to harass the infantry. And when you have abolished guns, rifles, aeroplanes, tanks and every other "offensive" weapon you will still have the poor old infantry sleeping out at nights and taking pot-shots with bows and arrows or knocking each other about with spades.

Then there will not be less likelihood of war but more. For when the baby has been handed back to the infantry, so to speak, the civilian population will have no more to fear, and they will fall back into their careless habit of allowing wars to begin without sufficient cause. If the civilian population are foolish enough to allow a war to begin in this democratic age they deserve to be bombed, gassed, blockaded and everything else. And why they should shuffle their responsibility on to the Poor Blessed Infantry is more than I can understand.

It is only because they begin to realise that modern warfare means bringing them into it that there is all this excited talk about abolishing this weapon and that. I have not read a single protest against the use of infantry in warfare. I make the first protest here and now. Abolish the infantry and you really would abolish war, because nobody but the infantry can finish off a war. But, failing that, make all the weapons of war as deadly as possible and direct them specially against defenceless capitals and the civilian population. Then you will keep everyone in so healthy a condition of apprehension that there will never be a war again.

This, by the way, is the only sensible article I have ever read on the subject of disarmament. And I hope it will be translated into some language which everybody at Geneva understands.

A. P. H.



Street-Cricketer (with great presence of mind). "QUICK! BANDITS!"

THE SNUG.

THE word "slug" has never been one of my favourites; it has always seemed to me too suggestive of the habits, comportment and general appearance of the creature it connotes, and therefore not quite nice.

I am very glad to be able to announce, therefore, that, in default of banishing the creature from our suburban garden, we have recently succeeded in banishing the word from our family vocabulary and replacing it by another and, we think, a better. The English language, as the pundits frequently remind us, is a living language and is always being added to in unexpected ways by the common people of the land. We therefore claim no proprietary rights in our new word, the noun *snug*; on the contrary, we desire to see it popularised and will welcome the day when it eventually takes its rightful place in *The Oxford Dictionary*.

The credit of first discovering the possibilities of "snug" as a concrete substantive belongs to Charles. Asked one day in the garden if he knew the name of that nasty-looking thing there, Charles replied without a moment's hesitation that it was "a snug, Daddy." That was some six weeks ago, just after Charles's fifth birthday, in fact, and snugs the things have remained with us ever since.

Some controversy has arisen as to what was in Charles's mind when he coined the word. There is a school, led by Charles's elder sister, aged ten, which asserts that Charles simply didn't know the proper name of the

thing, that there was inexcusable confusion in his mind between the words *slug* and *snail*, and that anyhow he is a silly little boy. In support of this contention evidence has been adduced that on a subsequent occasion Charles was overheard to apply the new term to an unmistakable snail. But this argument does not impress me. I take the view that Charles was deliberately exercising that prerogative of adding to and improving the language which the philologists allow to the progressive elements in each generation.

It may be of course that his intent was twofold: to eliminate an objectionable word and to surmount the difficulty sometimes experienced of distinguishing between slugs and snails by inventing a convenient generic term applicable to all garden-loving *mollusca*, whether complete in shell, like the snail, or shelled and ready for use, like the slug.

But however this may be I think there is no doubt that the language has been definitely enriched. The new word has much to commend it, and not least among its merits perhaps is its happy and significant affinity with "snag"—which all snugs in the garden are.

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

DALMATIAN.

[*The Practical Dog Book* says of the Dalmatian (or the Carriage Dog) that, in the Victorian era, he was, "as part of the entourage of smart people about Town, as much a matter of custom as red currant jelly with jugged hare or horse-radish sauce with a sirloin."]

OH, grandmama looked prouder
  Than a peacock in full fig;
Her footmen wore their powder
  And her coachman wore a wig;
Her coach-wheels were carnation—
  Finer ne'er did ostlers douche;
And Daniel the Dalmatian
  Trotted under the barouche.

She'd a nodding ostrich-feather
  And a parasol of mauve,
And her chestnuts stepped together
  From Park Lane to Westbourne Grove;
She'd a crest to match her station
  And a motto *en cartouche*,
And she'd Daniel the Dalmatian
  Trotting under the barouche.

See, her coachman sports a nosegay
  And her footmen's calves are fat;
The Park is full, the Row's gay,
  And the PRINCE removes his hat;
VICTORIA's inclination
  Is most *friendly* of the QUEEN;
And Daniel the Dalmatian
  Lends a lustre to the scene.

But the coachman's pinks have faded,
  And the shining pair he drove
Step no more—few stepped as they did—
  Down from Gunter's to the Grove;
Not a Rolls in all the nation
  Takes both Thomas out *and* John;
And Daniel the Dalmatian
  Finds his occupation's gone.

Yet here, on invitation,
  Clio comes and she reveals
How Daniel the Dalmatian
  Once went trotting 'twixt the wheels
(Which the Stygian hose-pipes splash on
  And the ghostly ostlers douche)—
Went trotting out of fashion
  Under grandmama's barouche.

P. R. C.

"NEWARK THREATENED BY TRENT INUNDATION.

At Collingham three families were marooned, and an attempt made by boat to rescue them failed, the water not being deep enough."
Nottingham Paper.

More rain is clearly needed.



Lady. "I'M AFRAID THIS PITH HELMET IS THE ONLY HAT I HAVE TO GIVE AWAY."
Tramp. "THAT'LL DO FINE, LADY, IF YOU'LL THROW IN THE FARE TO ASCOT."

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XXI.—A LAWN MEET.

IT was Christmas-time, and Miss Smith had left Byron Grove to spend a week with her aunt, Mrs. Clott, at the seaside town of X. The young Birdikins were a trifle out of hand in consequence, but their parents felt that the festive season permitted of a certain length of *rope* in this respect, and themselves joined in the merry play with which the hours of holiday were enlivened.

On Boxing-Day there was a Lawn Meet of the West M—shire Hounds at Bellacre Castle, and thither the whole family repaired in order to partake of the hospitality offered to his neighbours by its noble owner and to witness one of those sportive scenes significant of the pursuits of such denizens of the countryside as were in a position to enjoy them. Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin and their three younger children were driven by Bodger in the family chariot, while Charles, who was for the first time that day to join in the exhilarating chase of the vulpine species, accompanied Thomas Guff on his pony. Both lads were under the care of the Rector's coachman, while, in consideration of Mr. Guff's recent access of prosperity, his daughter Lucy had been invited to occupy a seat in the Birdikins' carriage.

Arrived at the entrance to the Earl's mansion, Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin alighted and, followed by the children, entered the stately precincts, there to be regaled with such refreshment as was fitting for the occasion. Mr. Birdikin was gratified to observe the children instantly seized upon by the Viscount Firebolt, the Honourable John and the Lady Mary, for he felt that this exhibition of intimacy between his own offspring and that of his host could not but impress those of his neighbours who were witnesses of it. The Earl himself, a handsome and manly figure in his scarlet coat, came forward to greet him, and requested him in humorous fashion to take something to keep out the draught. Mr. Birdikin was about to engage him in a serious conversation about the Corn Laws, which were then exercising the minds of landowners, but he turned aside to greet others of his guests, and what was Mr. Birdikin's surprise to see that these included Mr. Clott, the ironmonger, Mrs. Clott and her niece, Miss Smith.

A moment's reflection showed him that a nobleman of the Earl of Bellacre's exalted rank might well receive those of a lower station at a semi-public entertainment of this sort, though he had not imagined that his condescension would have included one who followed the avocation of a retail *tradesman*. He was about to exhibit his own affability by a word of greeting to Miss Smith, but before he could do so she was set upon by the children, who showed the liveliest pleasure at this meeting with her, those of the Earl and Countess no less than his own and Thomas and Lucy Guff. They took Miss Smith away with them, but left Mr. and Mrs. Clott behind, and



"THE EARL TURNED ASIDE TO GREET OTHERS OF HIS GUESTS."

the little group was immediately joined by Captain Rouseabout, also in hunting pink, who was greeted by the Earl with a measure of joviality which Mr. Birdikin put down to his acquirements as a *fox-hunter* rather than to his merits as a *man*.

He himself held but a low opinion of his neighbour, and was horrified at his digging him playfully in the ribs and inquiring of him with a wink whether he had been singing songs under ladies' windows lately. This reference to a discreditable escapade of his own, in which Mr. Birdikin had been involved in circumstances that he now wished buried in oblivion, caused him acute annoyance, but he was relieved of the necessity of replying to the ill-timed reminder by the Earl's taking leave of him with the words, "Well, I must go and look after somebody else. I see I can safely leave you with your friends, Mr. Birdikin."

It may be imagined that Mr. Birdikin did not long remain in the company of such supposed "friends," and he was not a little annoyed at being placed in the same category of guests as Mr. and Mrs. Clott, but judged that the Earl had spoken inadvertently in so identifying him. He sought out Mrs. Birdikin, who had been endeavouring to engage the Countess in conversation, but without success, as that lady was unable to give ear to *one* among her guests when so *many* were desirous of a word with her. She was, however, in no small measure disturbed in mind by seeing her in sprightly conversation with Miss Smith, and hoped that the governess had not so far forgotten her position of inferiority as to intrude herself upon her; for the children were no longer in the room and she had not the excuse of *their* company in presenting herself to the notice of her hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin now repaired to their chariot, where they could sit in comfort and dignity and watch what was going forward. It was a scene to which none but our beloved country can offer a parallel. The hounds, attended by the huntsmen and whippers-in, were gathered upon the sward of the park. The gentlemen of the hunt and some few ladies emulative of their prowess were mounting or curbing their high-mettled steeds. Upon the broad stretch of gravel in front of the mansion were gathered various equipages, whose occupants represented all that was most opulent and genteel from the surrounding region.

Not far from Mr. Birdikin's carriage was one of a more resplendent appearance than his own, which in course of years had somewhat deteriorated from its pristine gloss, and harnessed to it were a pair of mettlesome horses whose value was apparent even to his unskilled eye. He was about to inquire of Mrs. Birdikin to what nobleman or gentleman of the vicinity she deemed this spanking equipage to appertain when he saw Mr. and Mrs. Clott and Miss Smith take their places in it. His surprise was so intense that he could not at first give it utterance, but the ownership of the vehicle immediately became apparent when Captain Rouseabout rode up to it and engaged its occupants



Client (to beauty specialist). "AND I MAY SAY THAT IF YOU MAKE A REALLY NICE JOB OF LIFTING MY FACE I SHALL GET YOU TO LIFT DARLING TOU-TOU'S TOO."

in hilarious conversation, for he recognised on the box-seat beside the coachman the liveried groom who had been in attendance on his master when he had driven him home from the Hunt Dinner. His lip curled at the idea of his neighbour's thus parading his low tastes in making such people as the Clotts participators in an entertainment that was properly the province of their superiors, and his indignation at the sight of Miss Smith smiling at the coarse buffooneries of Captain Rouseabout actually within a few yards of where he, to whom she owed respect and allegiance, was sitting well-nigh overcame him. But the children now came tumbling into the carriage, and as Charles and Thomas Guff came up to it on their ponies, accompanied by all three of the Earl's children, the necessity of harmonious intercourse with the latter prevented him from giving it expression.

Nor could he do so when Captain Rouseabout himself rode up and, throwing his eye over the horses of which Bodger held the reins, said in a voice that could be heard by all who chose to listen, "Well, old Birdikin, when are you going to send this cats'-meat to the knackers and let me find you a good pair of gees?"

The fear of what he might say next kept Mr. Birdikin from replying except by a sickly smile. Captain Rouseabout's eye then fell upon Fanny, to whom he said, "Well, little lady, come and have a ride in my new carriage."

This, however, could not be permitted. The field moved off and the Birdikin family wended their way homewards, with Fanny making loud protestations.

The account of what followed these various encounters must be reserved for another chapter. A. M.

"This episode has but the filmsiest connection with the play."—*Sunday Paper.*

But many of our best new plays are distinctly cinematic.

DARBY AND JOAN

(NEW STYLE).

GOOD Wife, the signs of age begin
To show on both of us, nor can I
Abstain thereat from dragging in
The tag about "*labuntur anni.*"

I might have used, had this occurred
In other days now past and olden
A second cliché and referred
To silver threads among the golden.

But since, to match the nation's plight,
A humbler image seems more proper,
I 'll say I love you still despite
The signs of nickel mid the copper.

A Big Splash Which Impends.

"Members of the public who wish to see the mailboat arrive from the air may book seats in the Club machines for the occasion."
Natal Paper.

"Reliable person; look after baby girl 2 years and flat cook."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

The round kind of cook is usually well able to look after herself.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The Duchess (at Ascot). "LORD ADOLPHUS, WILL YOU BE A LAMB AND JUST SKIP ACROSS AND PUT A SHILLING FOR ME ON THE FAVOURITE—THAT IS IF YOU CAN FIND A BOOKMAKER WITH A NICE HONEST FACE?"

THE MERRY BOWL.

Now that the game of bowls has been brightened (in a newspaper sense) by the appearance of a woman champion or two, I daresay a more general interest will be taken in this historic but so far unboosted pastime. I anticipate being urged by leader-writers to think "bowlsfully" and requested by ecclesiastical and medical authorities to consider the effect of bowls upon the health of the soul and body respectively. It would not surprise me if players whose names hitherto have appeared in very small type in out-of-the-way corners of the Sports page suddenly found it comparatively easy to Earn Money by Writing.

Those of you whose acquaintance with bowls is limited to the story of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, who, you may remember. . . . (*Editor.* "We do.") Oh, well, anyway you ought to know more about bowls than that.

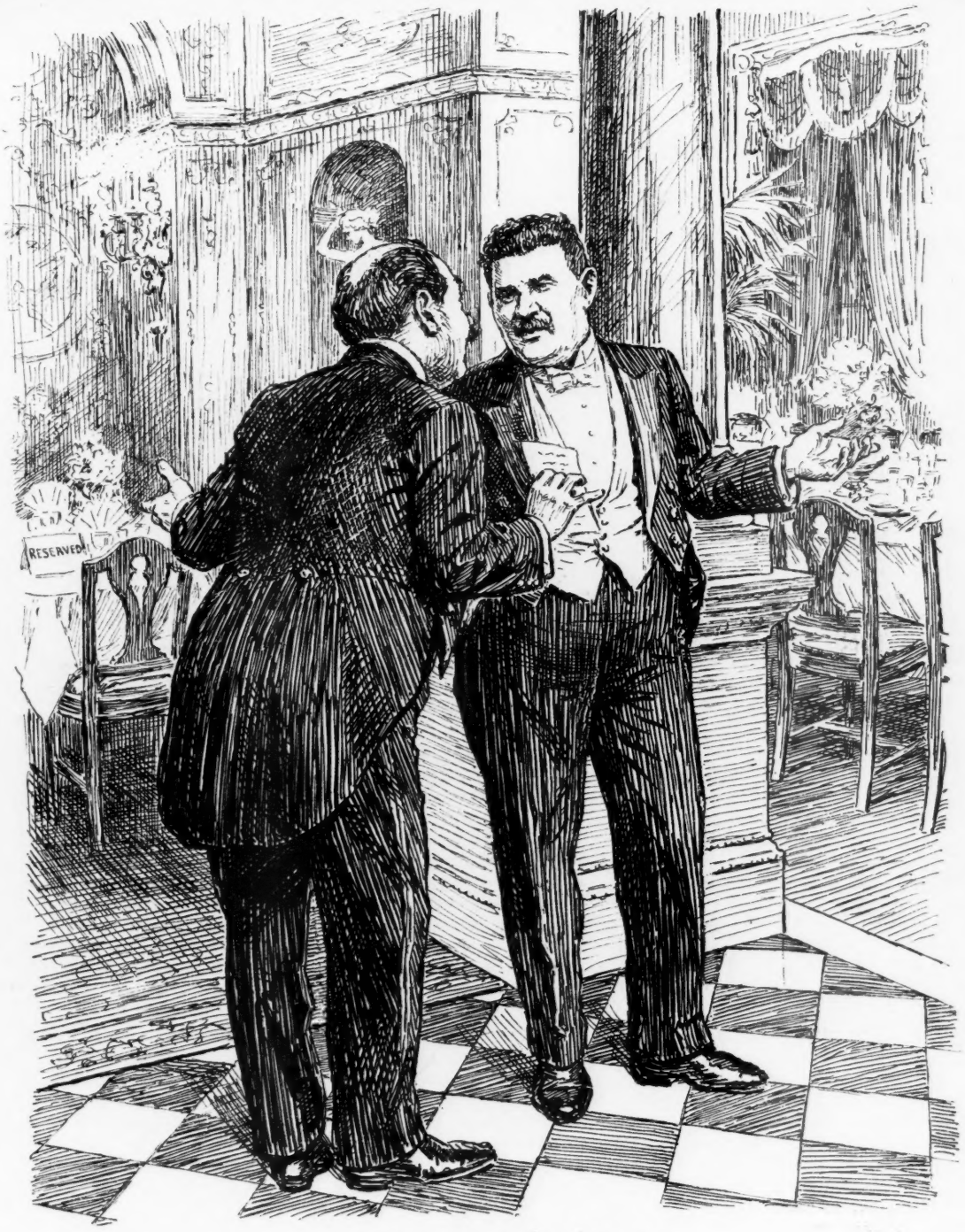
The bowl, like the quoit, is one of the deadliest instruments employed in our national sports, but is seldom, if ever, used for purposes of assault. Members of bowling clubs are for the most part of a staid and equable temperament, for it is universally recognised that the enrolment of people liable to run amok with a handful of *lignum vitæ* weighing some three-and-a-half pounds would tend to rob the game of that tranquillity which is one of its most cherished features.

When choosing your bowl or bowls (the stylishly equipped player is expected to be able to produce four if required) bear in mind that the technical name for the thing is "wood." This, when you consider it, is very sensible. To walk into a large store and demand to be shown a bowl or some bowls would almost certainly result in your being swooped away by the lift to the China and Glass Department and made to look silly. On the other hand any mystification arising from your request for a wood or some woods could only be due to staff ignorance, and the intellectual superiority is yours.

The principal feature of a wood is the bias, and you must take care to see that this is to your liking. The bias should be neither religious nor political. Your bowl should simply be swollen on one side as though it had faceache. This will prevent its rolling quite straight, but for some subtle reason this (to me) exasperating peculiarity is rigidly regarded as essential to the game. I need scarcely add, therefore, that, should you be discovered to have scraped the bias away and reduced your wood to a state of perfect rotundity, you will be warned off the green if not actually kicked off the mat.

The mat referred to is that upon which you adopt the semi-kneeling (and in my case rather wobbly) stance prescribed by the traditions of the game. It may be inscribed with such words as "Salve," "Welcome" or "Life's Worth While Because You Smile"; but this is unusual.

The bowl must be bowled, but neither over or round-arm bowling is permitted. You may employ any kind of uncensored verbal stimulant you please in order to encourage the wood on its way to the jack; you may pursue it with persuasion (I have seen men in moments of tense emotion pleading with their wood like a mother with her child), but it is considered bad form to lie down and blow it along. And you are absolutely forbidden to hit it with a club or mallet. The bowling-green is no place for the more brutal primitive passions. D. C.



ENTENTE GÉNÉRALE.

SCENE—*Hôtel Concordia, Lausanne.*

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL. "I'VE RESERVED YOU A TABLE FOR TWO, MONSIEUR."

M. HERRIOT. "THANK YOU, BUT WE SHALL ALL BE DINING TOGETHER AT THE TABLE D'HÔTE."

[M. HERRIOT's speech in the Chamber has been understood to imply that he approves the policy of the League Covenant as it is interpreted in England—a policy based on goodwill to all nations and excluding separate ententes and alliances].

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 6th.—Sir JOHN SIMON, replying to various inquirers, explained that the projected international conference on world trade was still, as it were, *in ovo*. That does not mean that it will prove on emergence an egg-dance. For the moment, one gathered, there was some doubt as to what was meant by "world trade." Mr. BALDWIN soothed the fears half expressed by certain Members by assuring them that the Government retained and would retain complete liberty of action at Ottawa.

Incursions into the Sudan by the Abyssinian Anuak, with measures taken for spanking same, the British investor in Chile's farewell to his money, an offer by the Soviet Government (rejected with contumely) to settle the Lena Goldfields award of £13,000,000 for £1,000,000 (subject, we may presume, to the Soviet Government's being able to borrow the £1,000,000 from somebody else), completed the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S contribution to the afternoon's symposium. Wresting the torch, as one might put it, from Sir JOHN'S failing grasp, the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE took up the running, explaining to Sir C. CAYZER why foreign cheese, instead of being marked under the Merchandise Marks Act, is still left to speak for itself; to Mr. ATTLEE that he had no power to prevent the sale of diseased live chicks; and to Mr. TOM WILLIAMS that the British strawberry-canners, who are complaining of the extension of the Strawberry Duty period, should try canning British strawberries.

Replying to a Private Notice Question by Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES stated that the Bishops of Malta and Gozo had withdrawn their pastoral letter of May 30th (making it a mortal sin for the Maltese and Gozoans to vote for a STRICKLAND Candidate), and a General Election could therefore be held.

Now, as the Duke of WELLINGTON said to *Sam*, "let battle commence."

Mr. J. H. THOMAS informed Mr. LANSBURY and a somewhat astonished House that he had received an invitation from Mr. DE VALERA to pop over to Dublin for a chat and would be popping that night, accompanied by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR in his capacity of ex-Lord Chancellor.

Might he express the hope that there would be no compromise? asked Mr. CRAVEN-ELLIS. Mr. THOMAS repudiated any suggestion of a change of heart or policy. He merely hoped that commonsense would triumph.

Commonsense continued to triumph over the Town Planning Bill, or at any rate to poke more Amendments into it. Even so, Members were still complaining at a late hour that the Bill was giving local authorities needlessly wide powers to harass the poor property-owner. Sir HILTON YOUNG strove manfully to dispel their anxiety, but, like the schoolboy's cuckoo which lays other birds' eggs in its own nest, failed to be entirely convincing.

Tuesday, June 7th.—The House of Lords may do nothing very well, as the noble Peer in *Iolanthe* suggests, but at any rate it does nothing by halves. Witness Lord BUCKMASTER'S Traffic Bill, which proposed (until their Lordships in Committee made hay of it) to make a motorist who caused the death of a pedestrian guilty of manslaughter and to limit the speed of heavy lorries through cities, towns and villages to five miles an hour. Both these fantastic projects, which the Government, through Lord PLYMOUTH, firmly declined to countenance, and some others scarcely less absurd, were deleted from the Bill to-day before its Report to the House.



THE RETURN OF THE WESTMINSTER WONDERS.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

[*After SIR JOHN TENNIEL.*

A Question-time otherwise uneventful was made brighter by the reappearance consecutively of those distinguished invalids, the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. Both looked the picture of health, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S fawn-like motions in particular suggesting that high finance and gout have absolutely nothing in common. Mr. LANSBURY proffered congratulations and hoped that the gentlemen would be able to "stand up to it" in the future.

It was this happy phrase no doubt that spurred Mr. DENMAN, who rises in the House as the defender and champion of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to stand up to Mr. GODFREY NICHOLSON, who intimated in a Question that the Commissioners were responsible for Paddington's more outstanding slums. Mr. DENMAN denied the intimation and defied the intimidator. Let him prove his allegation or publicly deny it. For a pronounced pacifist Mr. DENMAN'S simulated militancy was singularly effective. Others came to the assistance of poor Mr. NICHOLSON and drew from Mr. DENMAN the admission that there were portions of Paddington nominally under the Commissioners' control but over which they would not have actual control until the year 3800. Then, if the Government was still in power, he could promise his tormentors that suitable action would be taken.

The House gave the Town Planning Bill its Third Reading. Mr. GREENWOOD mourned the shrunken and dilapidated appearance of the Bill—once an ornament of the PRIME MINISTER, as well as of others—now that it had passed through the Tory mangle, and several Conservatives prophesied that it would mean a deal of needless interference with the private citizen and no notable enhancement of quasi-rural or other amenities.

Wednesday, June 8th.—It cannot be said that Lord HAILSHAM, who moved the Second Reading of the Coal Mines Bill, Lord SNELL, who spoke for the miners, or Lord GAINFORD, who put the coal-owners' case, added anything of import to what had already been said in the Commons. Lord SNELL spoke as if the "acceptance" by the miners of low wages and a seven-and-a-half-hour day was a concession by them to the coal-owners and not the unavoidable result of low prices and dwindling trade. Lord GAINFORD said that if the industry was left to work out its own salvation he was satisfied it could do so—a conclusion which few outside the industry are inclined to accept, and to support which there is no evidence.

Lord HAILSHAM'S reply consisted largely of a rather savage attack on Lord SNELL, accusing him of trying to make political capital out of the industry—a suggestion to which Lord SNELL might have retorted, had he had an opportunity, that as the coal-owners were all capitalists and mostly Con-

servatives any convincing attack on their methods or their mentality is likely to have political results distasteful to Lord HAILSHAM and his friends. Political results might equally be attributed to the speech of Lord CRAWFORD, who pointed out that a policy of State interference with the industry—the sort of thing Lord SNELL wanted more of—had cost the taxpayer £40,000,000 a year.

In the Commons Sir BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL informed Mr. CHORLTON that the Navy did not contemplate the use of pulverised coal because of the increased weight and space required to produce a given power. The Gordian knot of coal is not, it seems, to be cut by the simple process of cutting the naval knot of efficiency.

The law may not care about trifles, but a hard-pushed CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is in no position to overlook them. Hence Major ELLIOT's passionate resistance to Sir H. CROFT's proposal to reduce the Excise Duty on home-made matches, which, he said, would give the industry—practically the only one still unprotected—a chance to buck up. It would cost £300,000, declared Major ELLIOT. Over his dead body first!

Then came Sir WILLIAM WAYLAND with his postponed but rousing attack on the Beer Duty. He proved to his own satisfaction, if not to the Treasury's, that decreased consumption and increased unemployment resulting from the tax ate up about £7,000,000 of the £10,000,000 that Mr. SNOWDEN anticipated from it. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declined either to attribute the diminished beer consumption to the extra tax or to assume that if the tax were removed the consumption would rise again. Sir WILLIAM WAYLAND had estimated that the extra tax produced unemployment in the industry to the tune of 80,000, but actually it was under 10,000.

Continuing, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN expressed the fullest sympathy with the industry and the beer consumer, and no sort of sympathy with the tax. The cold fact remained that he had to have the money and there was no other way of getting that £10,000,000 if the tax came off.

Mr. CHURCHILL made it quite clear that while there was good reason to raise the question there was no sense in carrying it to a division. It was not a major question of policy, but at the same time the important problem of overtaxation—devouring next year's seed-corn as a part of this year's harvest—was involved, and the Government might well consider if the money could not be got elsewhere—say by reimposing on sugar the reliefs granted by himself and Lord SNOWDEN. Others rushed into the fray, but neither the persuasive support of the Amendment by Mr. JACK JONES nor its arid denunciation by Dr. SALTER moved the CHANCELLOR from his adamantine purpose. As a result the Amendment was heavily defeated. Presumably as a sop to Cerberus, Major ELLIOT accepted an Amendment of Colonel GRETTON making it an offence to offer as a substitute for beer, ale, porter or stout any substance on which Beer Duty had not been paid.



"Your mangling has ruined your master's shirt."
"On the contrary I 've laundered it to perfection."

SIR E. HILTON YOUNG AND MR. GREENWOOD.

Thursday, June 9th.—The Lords always show to better advantage as custodians of the old order than as critics of the new. This afternoon they amended the Children and Young Persons Bill by restoring the authority of courts of summary jurisdiction to order children charged with indictable offences to be whipped. Lord LUCAN urged that to spare the rod would not spoil the child, but failed to shake the historic arguments of Lord DANESFORT.

There are times when a metaphor may be unfortunate without being inadequate. So it was when Major ELLIOT, in the course of explaining how the Inland Revenue came to be a creditor, in a recent City failure, to the tune of nearly £30,000, observed that, owing to the present weight of taxation, the State was practically a sleeping partner in a great many concerns. "Is it not time it woke up?" asked Mr. ATTLEE unkindly.

The House concluded the Report stage of the Finance Bill. On the clause dealing with the Exchange Equalization Account a further, but still unsuccessful, effort was made to wring from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the nature of the Government's monetary policy, but it merely excited him to the rather disheartening declaration that "whether the time would ever come for this country to give a lead on monetary policy, this was certainly not the time nor the occasion." One recalls that in the day of the CHANCELLOR's esteemed father, not to go any further back, it was taken for granted that this country would give the world a lead, not alone in monetary but in any other policy, and any time was considered a good time to do it.



BED-TIME: OLD STYLE.

"She whipped them all soundly
And sent them to bed."

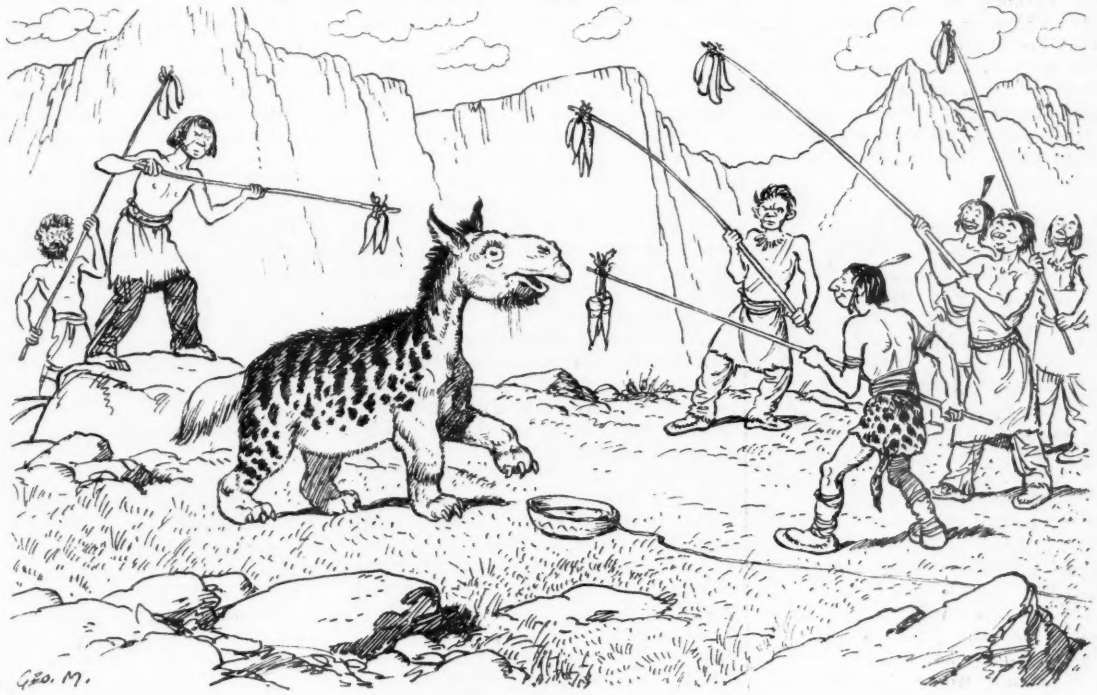
Lord DANESFORT. "CONTINUOUSLY THROUGHOUT THE AGES WHIPPING HAS BEEN RECOGNISED AS THE APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT FOR OFFENDING CHILDREN."

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Prettily.

"This part of Kent remains amazingly rural in spite of Mr. Winston Churchill having gone to live there."—*Evening Paper.*

"SUSSEX ASSOCIATION OF CHANGE RINGERS."—*Sussex Paper.*

With so many bad sixpences about we have a good mind to join.



FORGOTTEN SPORTS.

MUGGING THE WUMP.

A SICKLY PLANT.

THERE has lately come to my notice a Business Handbook which professes to give the good word to those whose affairs do not prosper as they would like. Now journalism, as I demonstrate yearly to H.M. Inspector of Taxes, is a business like any other, subject to profit and loss, and after studying this Handbook I find myself possessed of a vocabulary sufficient to explain to myself, and possibly to you, exactly where I fail in my business.

The productive end, you will be glad to know, is in working order. Output is plentiful if not constant. But my product, it seems, is not sufficiently standardised. If I worked closer to pattern on mass lines, the book tells me, my customers would know what to expect and could rely on the maintenance of quality as per sample.

At the same time I am urged to study the public taste and be on the look-out for such popular lines as are suited to production by my plant. Thinking it over, I have come to the discouraging conclusion that my plant is incapable of turning out articles on "Do Men Prefer Plump Women?" or "Should Girl-Kiddies Be Encouraged to Make-up?"

But perhaps all this does not apply to me. Very likely I have my eye on a smaller, more exacting public "for whom a specialty product is required." He seems to know something about editors, this fellow. "These high-class prospects we shall henceforth refer to as a *clientèle*." That ought to keep them sweet.

Very well, then. Mine are specialty products. So far so good. I must first overhaul my plant, seeking defects. Am I plentifully and regularly supplied with raw material? Yes; my silo, or head, is teeming and most of the material is very raw indeed. Is the routeing efficient? Here I am in trouble, since I am not in a position to examine the details of routeing. All I know is that somehow or other the ideas are conveyed from my head to the point of my pen. Now and then a good one gets lost on the way but generally the routeing works efficiently. So I won't bother any more about that.

Do I pack my goods attractively and do I, when packing, visualise the opener and view his problem? Yes, I use sound envelopes, fastening them loosely to allow of ready opening, and I always sheathe the pin where it can do no injury. I visualise only too clearly the Editor's face, but he doesn't seem to have any problem. He just marks it R.D. or something like that. Not very helpful, this bit.

Next we come to Sales. "The Sales Department is the life-blood of the business." He knows something about journalism, this lad.

Now I see where I fail. My Sales Force is inadequate and inefficient. Later, I am told that my methods are obsolete. I can quite believe that. I used to have the idea that the reason why you couldn't sell a thing was that the "prospect" didn't want it.

Now I learn that the reason is merely Sales Resistance. "Where Sales Resistance occurs, it must be beaten down by high-powered salesmen."

Also I must cut my "overhead." I shall consult my barber about that.

Stop a moment. Here is a passage which actually refers to the profession of Letters. Now we shall get something straight to the point. "Some prospects, and these the best, ignore sales-talk and literature and concentrate on the goods. In such cases the goods must sell themselves."

So in the end I have to fall back upon producing goods that sell themselves to the kind of person that ignores literature.

Pleasant prospects! E. P. W.

AT THE PICTURES.

SURGERY AND SADISM.

HAVING long been an ardent reader of the work of FANNIE HURST, I went eagerly to see *Melody of Life* at the Tivoli, adapted for the screen from her *Symphony of Six Million*, and was not disappointed. Incidentally, it is more



THE MOVE.

Meyer . . . . GREGORY RATOFF.

like a play than any film I can at the moment remember, for it draws hardly at all upon what might be called the cinema's extra-mural resources, relying on its drama and good acting. Even if these were less noticeable I should still like it, for the characters come from FANNIE HURST'S usual background, the New York Ghetto, and there is to me something irresistible in the American-Jewish voice and American-Jewish gesture and, above all perhaps, in the American-Jewish idiom and the liberties it takes with the conditional mood.

The story is a moving one, telling how a young doctor, having devoted his career to the poor, is deflected to an office on Park Avenue—the consulting-room in America is called an office—where, although the most famous surgeon in the city, with "million-dollar hands," he gives advice on hypochondriacal women's nerves and when feeling a pulse still looks at his watch. None the less, so earnest is RICARDO CORTEZ in this part, we believe in him, and believe also in IRENE DUNNE, as *Jessica*, a teacher in a school for blind children, and the surgeon's good angel, if only he knew it. But the voices and gestures and misplaced "should's" that I find so alluring are provided not by these stars but by two famous performers from the New York stage: ANNA APPEL, who plays the surgeon's mamma, *Mrs. Klauber*, and his papa, *Mr. Klauber*, played by GREGORY RATOFF, and played superbly.

At the Cambridge Theatre, which is very hard to find, a season of foreign films has begun, the first of which is *M*, a German thriller based on the exploits of the homicidal maniac who, a few years ago, terrorised a town by announcing his forthcoming murders and then keeping his word. In the very costly picture in which it has been thought worth while to memorialise his efforts the victims are little girls. A genial theme.

As an example of German thoroughness the film is interesting, and the process of substituting English voices for German has been marvellously successful; but the horror that all this elaborate photography and machinery and acting are out to reproduce and excite is not there. At any rate I failed to respond. There is also, I should guess, a psychological flaw in it, for the wretched creature who pleads convincingly that he cannot help an overmastering desire to shed blood—that it comes upon him suddenly at the sight of the victim—would not be the writer of letters giving the time and place of the next atrocity. Two different strains of madness would be here at work.

One of the most striking qualities of *M* is its silence. In *Melody of Life*,

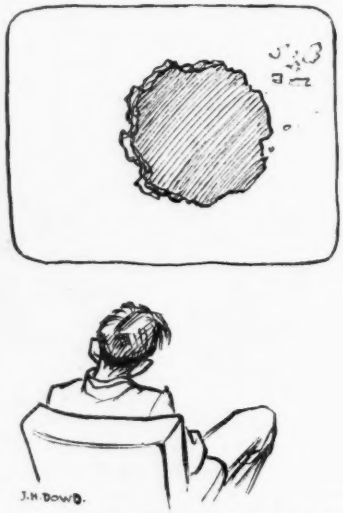


ONE MORE MEDICAL STAR.

Felix (the man) . . RICARDO CORTEZ.

by contrast, every movement is accompanied by music—canned, of course—but the only sounds in *M* are speech and footfalls, hammerings and gasps. So anxious are the audience to know what is going to happen that they are noiseless too—at any rate for a long while; but there is too much delay in catching the murderer and so much that is confusing in the pursuit that in time we tire and coughing has its devastating way.

I don't know whether, as CHARLIE CHAPLIN is said to have done, TOM MIX made a vow never to appear on the talkies; but if he did he has broken it. He and his horse, Tony, looking hardly any older than they used to do in the



Fan (weary of repeated close-ups of hole in the floor). "I SHALL BE GLAD WHEN WE GET TO THE 19TH."

movie days when they came to London and displayed themselves in the Row, are the heroes of a new BRET HARTE-ish episode called *Destry Rides Again*, with all the old ingredients, of which the sound of galloping hoofs is not the least acceptable. Tony must be getting on in years—"aged," as the race-cards have it—but he can still be relied upon to stand where he is left after his master has flung himself from the saddle—for TOM MIX would never do anything so paltry as to dismount—and, should an unauthorised rider be on his back, to buck him off. E. V. L.

Miss Baba and Mr. Barber.

"Miss Baba ——'s new Empire coiffeur was being much admired."
Gossip in Weekly Paper.

"M. HERRIOT MAKES HIS BOW TO-DAY. DELICATE TASK TO PRESERVE HIS EQUILIBRIUM."
Headlines in Evening Paper.

He ought to try the pop-on bow.

"A bird's nest containing six eggs has been found on the back of a spring of one of the wagons of a L.N.E.R. train from King's Lynn at Bourne."—*Daily Paper.*

Unless the acceleration of railway services is stopped at once, English birds will cease to regard our rolling-stock as sanctuary.



Small Son. "WILL YOU GIVE ME A KNIFE FOR MY BIRTHDAY, MUMMY?"
Careful Mother. "I ONCE KNEW A LITTLE BOY WHO HAD A KNIFE GIVEN HIM AND HE CUT HIS FINGER RIGHT OFF."
Son. "CAN I HAVE A KNIFE LIKE THAT ONE, MUMMY?"

THE GREAT COME-BACK:

A shout of exultation on receipt of the news, no doubt false, that the ex-CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY may perhaps be made President of the German Republic.

Now in the time of falling prices,
  Now in the hour of the nations' doom,
Now when we face the last worst crisis
  Dawn is over the hilltops—boom!
Sad is the earth and the outlook chilly,
  But sunshine beckons us after rain,
WILLIE my love, O love my WILLIE,
  White-haired WILLIE is coming again!

Shall not a few friends meet together
  And sit and talk by the warm June fire
And say that this atones for the weather,
  For the world has gained its heart's desire?
Gold is nothing and credit freezes,
  But the hope of the ages has not gone:
Men eat bread; there are mites in cheeses,
  And WILLIE is putting his jack-boots on!

Oh, if the favourite gets the glanders,
  Oh, if the last dog nips the hare,
Now we know why we fought in Flanders,
  Now we know that the fight was fair;
And the nightingale has called to the roses
  And the word has gone from York to Rome
That the little fist round the sword-hilt closes,
  The wandering boy has reached his home.

Dreams of people long frustrated!
  Perfect model in deeds and dress!
Chin that the papers have illustrated,
  Loveliest eyes of the evening Press!
Days when the globe was ashake with battle!
  Years when it argued about the right,
And always somewhere behind the rattle
  LITTLE WILLIAM was sitting tight!

Give me a thousand foolscap pages,
  Give me a quart of purple inks,
That I may be first to tell the ages
  All the thoughts of a man who thinks!
Now, though it makes me somewhat silly,
  Now in this hour of need and pain,
WILLIE my love, O love my WILLIE,
  White-haired WILLIE is coming again! EVOE.

"Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, the former M.P. for West Leicester, was seen by a London friend on Westminster Embankment last night. He is still keen on politics but has no definite seat in view."
Leicester Paper.

They're all free on the Embankment.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE VINEGAR TREE" (ST. JAMES'S).

MANY, I think, will find reason to be grateful to Mr. PAUL OSBORN for getting his little comedy through the Customs and transferring the scene of it to Essex, where his characters seem quite at home (save perhaps for the hard-up young lover who, in pursuit of his beloved, travelled down from Town on a coal-truck). Nor do they speak an alien tongue. *The Vinegar Tree* is of course all nonsense, but so adroitly put together as to have quite a plausible air (which is all that matters). There is nothing slovenly about the writing. There are the most ingenious surprises; and the author shows himself a master of that most useful modern technique of appearing to be quite intriguingly improper without saying a word or, when everything is explained, suggesting an action to bring a blush to the most withered cheek.

It is likely enough that Miss MARIE TEMPEST contrives, cannot help contriving, to make the vague *Laura Merrick* less of a fool than the author intended, and so perhaps disturbs a little the balance of the affair, if we can reasonably talk of balance in so airy a trifle. But she is entirely delightful, and the more delightful in that this is not merely a play with a MARIE-TEMPEST part and attendant dummies, which Fate occasionally deals her, but it has a variety of engaging characters for her to play against and so bring out the notably fine quality of her work.

Winifred Mansfield (Miss BARBARA HOFFE), *Laura's* much-marrying sister, has arranged for her lover, *Max Lawrence* (Mr. HENRY DANIELL), the famous painter, to meet her at the *Merricks'* house—*Max* has known *Laura* and indeed felt a mild affection for her many years ago. The vague *Laura*, who has not seen her sister for fifteen years, fails to recognise her. *Max*, however, she receives with a warmth which puzzles him, especially as she refers to his great reputation as a musician. *Max* has other embarrassments. He does not quite approve the forthright methods of his *Winifred*, having some old-fashioned ideas about taste. Has further, which may help to account for these scruples, just met, or rather observed in some crisis of distress in a railway-carriage, a young woman who has sensibly affected him.

This young woman is *Laura's* daughter, *Leone* (Miss CELIA JOHNSON). Her distress is due to her having just parted from her impecunious young man, *Geoffrey* (Mr. LOUIS HAYWARD), who has not only failed to pop (as the Victorians so oddly put it) an expected question, but has expressed the deep and devastating conviction that marriage is bound to be a failure with a girl so obviously destitute of experience as *Leone*. He adored her, but he was a man of principle, and he had torn himself away; had then, having only half-a-crown, followed *per* coal-truck, arriving as smirched and bedraggled as



THE CURSE OF INNOCENCE.

Daughter (suffering from inexperience). "WHY WAS I NEVER SENT TO A SCHOOL OF LOVE?"

Augustus Merrick . . . . MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.
Leone Merrick . . . . . MISS CELIA JOHNSON.
Laura Merrick . . . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

such characters in such situations are wont to do. So that is our house-party—not of course forgetting the old bear, *Augustus* (Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE), *Laura's* husband, who hates guests and is always more than ready with information as to what train out of Essex can be caught at any given moment.

And now, Mr. OSBORN's ingredients being ready, he addresses himself to the mixing and the cooking. *Leone*, taking thought, has decided that there is an experienced look about the handsome *Max*. She indicates her educational objective with a directness which startles that courteous gentleman just as he is very diffidently beginning to make the first delicate and most honourable overtures towards a better understanding. *Laura* is indulging in the most complacent dreams of a passionate redintegration of first love—dreams which naturally the author fosters with the usual misunderstandings. *Geoffrey* finds in *Winifred* exactly that note of experience which seems to him so essential. *Winifred*, angry at the defection of *Max* and no doubt for less vindictive reasons, is very gracious, *Leone* finding time from her serious studies to snap at both. And all the time *Augustus* is barking about, making harsh jibes, losing his temper and offering trains with no takers.

And so to the Garden Scene (a brilliant set by WHITE and ALLOM). 3 A.M.; nobody able to sleep; *Laura* staggered at *Max's* defection; *Max* and *Leone* preparing to elope for marriage by special licence; *Laura* horror-stricken thereat, and no wonder in the circumstances as she conceived them; *Geoffrey*, having wandered about the countryside since dinner, bursting in full of apprehension; *Leone* running to him with a cry showing her real uneducated self; fundamental explanations, the ingenuity of which with my customary conscientiousness I withhold; an absolutely startling exhibition of gentleness by the bear to his mate. Curtain. Genuine applause. Author too shy to appear (foolish fellow!).

An admirable cast: Miss TEMPEST at the top of her form; Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE showing how well he can do with a part that gives him a chance; Mr. DANIELL playing a responsible and difficult part with quiet distinction and holding the balance of the play very deftly; Miss CELIA JOHNSON ringing clever changes on her moods—fresh love, tears, gaiety, jealousy, pseudo-sophistication; Miss HOFFE suggesting three husbands and trimmings. In fact a wow.

But: not a few lines were inaudible, and that is a blemish—happily capable of correction with so good a team without essential loss of pace. T.

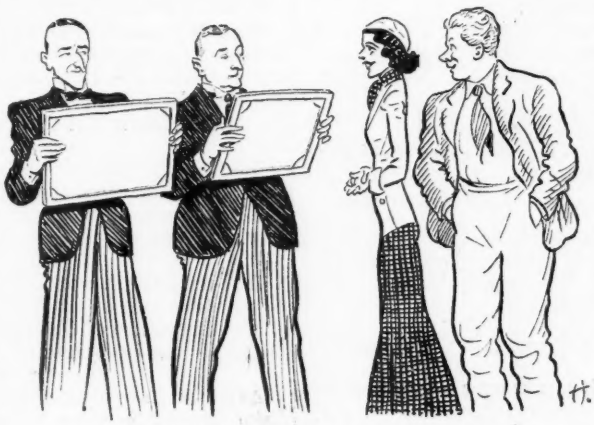
"HOCUS POCUS" (GARRICK).

This little play, of which the parts perhaps are, if it be critically examined, rather better than the whole, is expanded by AUSTIN PAGE from a short story by SUSAN ERTZ. It treats of painters and painting and the business of art-dealing with all the winsome *naïveté* of the magazine-story. Romantic comedy declining to farce is its category—romance being uppermost at

this moment, farce at that, while now and again patches of explanation are interpolated with awkward effect owing doubtless to the difficulties of adaptation from the one medium to the other.

Johann Liebl is a Viennese painter of genius, living in a garret, hungry and with rent in arrears; a widower with an adored son of sixteen, *Fritzl*, a fiddler of genius. The few shillings *Johann* makes to keep his beloved *Fritzl* in health are dropped penny by penny into his hat in Whitechapel, whither he steals in the afternoon to draw rapid sketches upon the pavement. The landlady (Miss POLLIE EMERY) is getting difficult; a bailiff serves a summons, and in despair *Johann* takes two of his thirty unsold canvases "in his new manner"—the old was above the heads of the public, so *Keppler* (Mr. FRANK CELLIER), the Bond Street dealer, admitting its unquestionable merit, insisted—and beards the suave magnate in his expensive den. The dealer refuses even to look at the new work. *Johann* stands his ground, arguing his case with occasional bursts of obloquy, and will not desist even when a beautiful lady, a rich amateur, *Sandra Gauvain* (Miss ADÈLE DIXON), arrives to settle the details of her forthcoming show. *Sandra* is the good fairy of the guileless tale—how good you may guess when, *Johann* having with fiery eloquence explained to her in detail the manifold demerits of a large vague flat canvas which stands prominent on an easel (it happens to be hers), she recognises the truth of the plain unvarnished criticism and sets herself forthwith to help the neglected genius. The two new canvases are by a rather over-elaborate misunderstanding taken by her to be by young *Fritzl*—*Johann* has spoken of his son as a great artist; she insists on showing them to *Keppler*, who recognises a merit astonishing in so young a painter and sees money in an infant prodigy show. *Sandra*, refusing to let *Johann* explain, surrenders her own date, and the great fraud is launched. *Mr. Swann* (Mr. HENRY MOLLISON), *Keppler's* sleek assistant, addresses himself with gusto to the necessary "ballyhoo."

Act II. The Gallery (a feat of elegant realism which extorted a burst of applause from us). A collection of obviously mature and interesting paintings deck the walls, in an astonishing variety of moods and manners. (As these are, in fact, loaned authentic pictures to the value of ten thousand pounds, as the programme proudly states, by such well-known artists as J. D. FERGUSSON, S. J. PEPLOE and JEAN LURCAT among others, our *Mr. Keppler's* misgivings as to whether young *Fritzl Liebl* had really painted them without help are excusable, and our growing misgivings as to whether *Mr. Keppler* knew the first thing about his job are distinctly enlarged. Not for the first time has expensive realism diminished artistic integrity!)

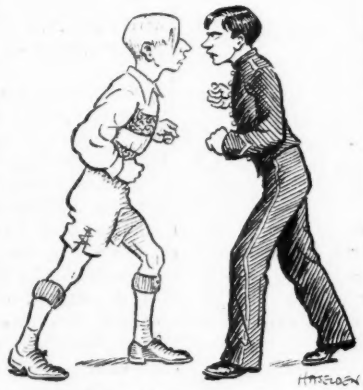


ART IS TO CONCEAL THE ARTIST.

Dealers (examining work of unsuccessful painter). "THESE PICTURES, SIR, DO GREAT CREDIT TO YOUR PRECOCIOUS SON."

Swann . . . . . MR. HENRY MOLLISON.
Keppler . . . . . MR. FRANK CELLIER.
Sandra Gauvain . . . . . MISS ADÈLE DIXON.
Johann Liebl . . . . . MR. WALTER JANSSEN.

Faked decoy bidding, wangled by *Sandra*, and authentic bidding by an American connoisseur of intelligence who knows a good thing when he sees it and draws, without exposing, his own conclusions, lead to what are known as "phenomenal" prices. Ten thousand pounds in all, four thousand for one canvas. After all we need not complain, for we have now been frankly delivered over to the farcical. Young *Fritzl* has made half a speech in yodelling costume; Society ladies have babbled and critics burbled the nonsense that both sometimes do in fact utter. The *Liebls* are saved. What will happen at *Keppler's* on the morrow when *Osgood Chamberlain* of *The Tribune* has let the cat out of the bag is not too seriously considered. It remains only for a light declaration of mutual love between *Sandra* and *Johann*, with *Fritzl's* blessing, and another vow extracted from *Fritzl* by *Johann* that in prosperity he will never drink champagne but always beer.



THE NOBLE ART—PRIVATE VIEW DAY.

Fritzl . . . MR. ROLF MUELLER.
Mickie Flynn . MR. RALPH GOODWIN.

We depart, having expressed our warm approval of our two clever visitors, Herr JANSSEN and the young HERR MUELLER (their admirable scene together exhibiting the exuberant un-English affection of father and son was a gem, and Herr JANSSEN sings charmingly to his guitar); of Mr. CELLIER'S embarrassments and Mr. MOLLISON'S cool unscrupulousness; of a superb little study of a bailiff by Mr. LOMAS, all gloom and adenoids and fundamental kindliness; of Miss DIXON'S prettiness and competence; and of a shrewd quiet little sketch of an American millionaire by Mr. JACKSON WILCOX, and a more flamboyant portrait of a millionairess by Miss MAY AGATE. T.

In Piccadilly Circus.

The light illuming Eros burns
In lanthorns shaped like antique urns;
Are these a symbol, rather grim,
Of hearts reduced to ash by him?

"LITTLE PLAY AT LORD'S."
Daily Paper.

Performed, we presume, by the "Old Stagers'" XI.

"It was noticeable that nowadays people do not ask why an aeroplane flies—but how much petrol it consumes to the gallon."
Bristol Paper.

And how many yards it does to the mile.

"A B.B.C. official stated yesterday that the tunes which have won most appreciation are 'Hush, hush, hush, here comes the b ' y man,' . . ."—*Manchester Paper.*

Hush, indeed.

FEY SANDY.

Sandy Mackenzie sits at the head of the brae,
An old man, failing, not very sure on his feet,
Folding his hands on his stick, smoking a cutty clay—
Sits there hour by the hour on the new Town Council seat,
And his eyes are over the hills and far away.

Says Scott o' the smiddy to Campbell the wright,
"Auld Mackenzie has the second sight;
He kens something we never kent;
He's traivelled some road we never went;
An' the look on 's face whiles gies me a scunner."
"Ay," says Campbell, "I wudna wunner."

Sandy in years has totalled a good fourscore,
But he's one particular memory locked away;
Sometimes you'd think he was starting to open the door
And show you his secret. "Man, I mind o' the day—
I mind yon day——" he'll say; and he'll say no more.

Simson the grocer says to his friend,
"Poor auld Sandy's brains is t' mend;
He's aye seein' somethin' we dinna see,
And a gey interestin' sight it maun be.
What wud ye think the auld fool's seein'?"
And the friend says, "Naethin'. The man's jist deein'."

But once, on a harvest Sunday, now over a twelve-month gone,
Sandy said, "I mind o' the day——" *and* Sandy went on.

"I mind yon day," he said, "as clear as clear;
A Sabbath it was in the springtime o' the year.
I was doon-by in the den, walkin' my lane,
And I seen the fairy lassie astride o' a stane.
Sirs! Yon lassie . . . A bonny bit thing was Jean
When I married her first—bonny as ever I seen;
Jessie my dochter's aye had the name for looks;
But the fairy lassie! Certes, in a' the books,
In a' the bonniest picturs ever ye saw
Ye never seen anything one-tenth part as braw.
Astride o' a stane, wi' a white frock tae her knee,
An' laughin' she says, 'Sandy, come on wi' me!'

"I went," said Sandy—"I went like a shot frae the gun,
An' may Heaven forgie me. . . . And what wud *ye* ha' done?"

Still as a stone he sat, his chin on his hand:
"An hour o' a Sabbath eve—but in fairyland!
An hour at kirk-time it was tae the likes o' ye,
But a lifetime o' lifetimes was that short hour tae me.
What did I see there? There arena' the words t' tell ye.
What did I get, then? Somethin' I wudna sell ye. . . .
'Come you wi' me,' she says, an' I wasna slack;
I went, an' I'm glad o't; but why did she let me back?
For this auld world since then's been bitter and bare and black."

His doggie whined to go home, but he took no heed.
"I never tellt it t' Jean, an' noo she's deid;
I never spoke to the bairns an' noo they're awa';
An' it's turned till a dream, an' it's forty year syne an' a'.
Auld am I an' done, an' they ca' me daft,
But, Sirs, the way yon fairy lassikie laughed!
Auld an' finished an' done an' I ken it fine,
But, Sirs, the feel o' her wee bit hand in mine!
Done an' doited an' crippled wi' years an' pain,
But young an' souple an' gleg she'd make me again;
An' I'm fain t' see her," said Sandy—"fain, man, fain . . ."
Says Campbell the wright to Scott o' the smiddy,
"What's he aye glowerin' at, the daft auld biddy?"
Says Scott at the anvil, "Weel, may be
He's seein' somethin' we dinna see.
I tell ye he kens what we never kent,
I tell ye he's wandered where we never went;
The man's no canny, the man's jist fey."
"Ye hae 't," says Campbell; "he's that—'deed, ay!"

H. B.

ON CIRCUIT.

(*By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.*)

THE Worcester Butchers' Association have offered to provide the ox to be roasted in connection with the Carnival, and Mr. BULLOCK has been elected Chairman of the Procession Committee.

I feel confident that there will be no confusion.

* * *

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has intimated his intention of going to Manchester to attend the Lancashire Cotton Pageant.

I look forward to seeing it at Drury Lane when *Cavalcade* is withdrawn.

* * *

A visitor to Bath is quoted as complaining that in no other city has she seen so much obstruction by perambulators.

The abundance of these vehicles adds poignancy to the passing of the bath-chair.

* * *

As a start in combating the belief that the climate of the Lake District is abnormally wet, *The Cumberland and Westmorland Herald* advocates the dismantling of the rain-gauge at Seathwaite, which is so high in the clouds that its records are misleading.

The alternative I suggest is that an adventurous climber should imitate the feat recently performed at Cambridge on a pinnacle of King's Chapel, and fix an umbrella over it.

* * *

Speaking at Colwyn Bay, Mr. R. D. GRIFFITH, musical director of the Colwyn Welsh Choral Society, expressed his disagreement with the belief that the Celtic peoples only turned to the arts in times of national trade depression.

I must admit that Welsh singers have impressed me as being not quite happy about something.

* * *

Publicity is given in *The Nottinghamshire Guardian* to complaints that Gainsborough tradesmen find it difficult to get errand-boys.

My suspicion is that local lads are unsettled by the thought that GAINSBOROUGH's famous "Blue Boy" wasn't in the service of a butcher.

* * *

With reference to the broad-mindedness of a Northamptonshire rector in encouraging Sunday bowls, *The Mercury and Herald* expresses the belief that MARTIN LUTHER would have engaged in this sport on the Day of Rest.

I doubt, however, whether the great Reformer, whose figure was ill-fitted for these secular diversions, would have gone so far as to play tennis on the Sabbath.

* * *

According to *The Bath Chronicle and Herald*, Mr. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, a noted bee-keeper of Lacock, near Chippenham, who possesses an ancient secret formula for making mead, which he has always drunk in preference to beer, can claim kinship with the famous Birmingham family of the same name.

I feel certain, however, that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would never allow this consideration to blind him to the fiscal possibilities of a "Drink More Mead" movement.



DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

THE SNAPSHOT PRESS, HAVING ITS FINGER ON THE PULSE OF THE PEOPLE, KNOWS THAT THE PUBLIC INSISTS ON HAVING ITS "BATHING BELLES," NO MATTER WHAT THE WEATHER MAY BE.

More Violence in India.

"The Vice-Chairman assured the Council that he would warm the persons concerned."—*Madras Paper.*

"The presence of Venus in the seventh house is usually fortunate and indicates happy marriages and being in good aspect to aMrs shows an increase of engagements and marriages."
South African Paper.

It always pays to get on with one's chaperon.

"J. F. Ming, B. Foo, J. Wah, A. L. Ming—English Restaurant."
Canadian Paper.

The Dominions teem with similar grand old names from the mother-country.

"A Ukraine set free would make it easier for Poland to gain access to the Black Seat at Odessa."—*Australian Paper.*

Very useful when one tires of walking up and down the Corridor.



A HUSBAND'S PLACE.

Wife (about to enter shop). "TELL ME, JOHN—WHERE SHALL I FIND YOU IF I WANT SOME MORE MONEY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Mid-Victorian Scene.

A VOLUME on *The Eighteen-Sixties* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 12/6) succeeds the two books already dedicated to the 'seventies and 'eighties by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature. Its nine essayists have, as a rule, fought shy of big names on the ground that limited talents are more typically of their times; but one writer, as Mr. DRINKWATER notes in his preface, has caught a giant, and Mr. Punch's antics of the period are handled in a spirit of enthusiasm not unmixed with tender reprobation by Mr. C. L. GRAVES. Sir OLIVER LODGE too has drawn some sizeable figures in his "Science of the 'Sixties," though perhaps his most memorable portrait is that of the man who spotted an electron and didn't know it. Mr. DRINKWATER writes appreciatively of the poetical theories of E. S. DALLAS of *The Times*; and Dr. F. S. BOAS, who has netted the historians, metes out to the unfortunate HENRY BUCKLE a disparagement that might have been partially shared, one feels, with FROUDE. Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE sees in CLOUGH a born satirist stifled by the ARNOLDS; and Sir JOHN FORTESCUE blends a charming study of WHYTE-MELVILLE with a roseate panegyric of the English squirearchy. Mr. LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE has his work cut out to reintroduce Sir HENRY TAYLOR to a contentedly oblivious generation, a feat more easily performed as regards forgotten dramatists by Mr. H. GRANVILLE-BARKER in "Exit Planché—Enter Gilbert." This and Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE'S "Early Novels of Wilkie Collins" strike me as undoubtedly the twin peaks of a notable range of essays.

A Very Modern Vacation Idyll.

Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM, in *Home for the Holidays* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 6/-), has set his stage and drawn his characters extremely well. Scene: The Vicarage at Witheringsett. *Dramatis personæ*: The Vicar; the Vicaress; their two sons and daughter, newly home for what it would be more proper to call the vacation; the elder son's remarkably unpleasant literary friend; and (enter later) the Vicaress's somewhat irregular actress sister. Of Mr. MOTTRAM'S action I am not quite so sure. To begin with, there is very little of it; then, would a girl, slightly and not at all tenderly attracted by a young man, be quite so openly crushed when an elder, even an aunt, easily annexed him? Still, *Cara's* reaction when she finds *Daverly* in her relative's bedroom, if very acute, is understandable. *Daverly* himself, with all his highbrow airs and his editorship of *The Cryptogram*, behaves as even a modern young man, however disgruntled, however little used to the social life of old-fashioned vicarages, would scarcely allow himself to. And as for the actress aunt, the extent to which she leads *Daverly* on is as unlikely in the circumstances as the entire lack of opportunism with which she ends their connection. But after all that let it be admitted that the atmosphere of English summertime and Mr. MOTTRAM'S method of telling the story, from the angle of each character in turn, are wholly charming and successful. But he has made one terrible blunder: the modern girl, with all her swimming and games-playing, is the least

likely since EVE to be unable to get her hair "done"—not waved or cut, mark you—without the aid of a barber.

The Game of Murder.

After dinner one festive night
The game of "Murder" is at its height,
When the "victim" is found on the
library floor
Really dead as a nail in a door.

Everyone whispers "suicide,"
Until it's revealed that the corpse's hide
Has twice been punctured with charges
of lead,
One of which must have shot him dead.

How many guests in that stricken rout
Took a hand in laying him out?

Such is the problem deftly planned
By ROLAND PERTWEE (no prentice
hand),
Reinforced by JOHN HASTINGS TURNER
(Who equally cannot be classed as
learner),
In *It Means Mischief*, which HEINEMANN
Offers the expert mystery fan
At seven-and-six, and my advice
Is that the fun's well worth the price.

Love in Adolescence.

The present regrettable fashion for long novels has seldom played havoc with a prettier initial idea than that of *Little Red Horses* (HEINEMANN, 8/6). In an obviously inspired gambit for the opening of a miniature comedy, Miss G. B. STERN shows you a couple of infant prodigies, the property of two equally tiresome but otherwise dissimilar families, and proposes to herself to crown young love in what ought to have been a swift, if necessarily complicated, series of moves. Her preliminary chapters display *Halcyon Day*, offspring of a peppery English Naval captain and a romantic defunct American, in the act of being reclaimed from the life of an eleven-year-old poetess with a "stoodio" in New York. *Halcyon*, firmly rechristened *Margery*, is brought to England, and in a pleasant but antipathetic New Forest setting starts on a course of compulsory assimilation to the Captain's ideal of dutiful English girlhood. A chance meeting with a delightful urchin in the ruins of Beaulieu Abbey allies *Halcyon-Margery* enthusiastically to *Eden Herring*, sole financial hope of a down-and-out family of strolling players. *Eden* and his small ladylove —the latter banished to a series of boarding-schools— engineer several stolen meetings in London and Munich and pass an innocent night in each other's company in a deserted Suffolk house. Their final marriage, at the ages of eighteen and seventeen, after *Eden* has won a personal triumph in *Halcyon's* unsuccessful play, despatches, with a curious air of cynical estrangement on the part of the narrator, a novel of progressively evanescent charm.



SEAMANSHIP.

Sailor (to apprentices). "BAH! YOU YOUNG 'UNS WON'T EVER EVEN BEGIN TO KNOW WOT REAL SEAFARIN'S LIKE. WHY, THE GREAT SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE USED TO BITE CHUNKS OUT O' GLASS TUMBLERS, AN' WOT'S MORE 'E CHEWED THE BITS."

Family Jars.

It is fashionable to tag a novel on to the end of a well-known quotation, and perhaps Miss BARBARA NOBLE has begun a new habit by setting forth as the *raison d'être* of her book, *The Wave Breaks* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), the opinion of one of its characters: "A crisis is a culmination. Don't imagine that it is when the wave breaks over you that you are drowned. It is when you go into the water, when you see it mounting into a rushing curve and you do not run up the beach—that's when you drown. You're dead before the wave breaks." This mainly inaccurate statement was made by *Kay* on the evening when she acted as show-woman to her brother's *fiancée*, *Hilary*, and summed up for her all the

virtues, faults and idiosyncrasies of the *Fambridge* family, who, while awaiting the death of its head, spent a good deal of time in being malicious to one another. They were not, especially the men, a pleasant lot, as *Hilary* found when she went to stay with *Alison Fambridge*, who also put up (and put up with) her husband's mistress and his brother *Max*, the prey of a blackmailer. The affairs of these people and of *Anthony Fambridge*, his children and barmaid wife, are described carefully, but the book makes tedious reading, only relieved by the ironies of the "family-conscious" *Kay* and by *Hilary's* rather minxish repartee. The culmination is not interesting, and the breaking of the wave sounds dully (though I believe that is intended) in the reader's ear.

High Adventure.

There is possibly no type of man more universally admired than the mountain-guide. Other classes of superman have their detractors, but the solid efficiency and, be it said, the modesty of the muscular folk who become, on the heights, both our servants and our masters quell all hostile criticism. Moreover there are very few rascals among them; the status of the profession stands high in the general judgment. So when one takes up *Adventures of an Alpine Guide* (MURRAY, 10/6), written by the famous CHRISTIAN KLUCKER, the mind is already favourably attuned. Here are accounts of climbs, comparisons of ascents and discussions of technique in which the mountaineer will revel. For those outside the circle these may well prove tedious, but after all the book was not written for them. It belongs to a specialised class of wander-literature, but its appeal is broader than most, since Alps are easier to come by than deserts and primeval forests. Anybody with a fortnight's holiday before him, provided that he is decently fit, can essay a climb and taste the more obvious delights of the high places. Mountains fortunately resist urban development; but they offer to those who court them delights which surpass those of a soft civilisation, and their solitude is not too remote. It is a fact beyond all question that the Alps impart a particular and genuine euphoria.



Lighthouse-keeper. "NEVER AGAIN WILL I KEEP A CONFOUNDED WATER-SPANIEL THAT HAS TO BE FETCHED IN EVERY NIGHT!"

Triangles and Tushery.

In his volume of vignettes of Old London, called *Voices from the Dust* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL combines the sort of material which he usually employs with excellent effect in his romantic pictures of a rather sentimentalised past with the sterner stuff of historical truth. The result cannot be termed an unqualified success. History and fiction are always kittle cattle to drive in double harness. The greater the admixture of fact the more unreal by a paradox do the unrealities seem, and such is emphatically the case here. The connecting link between the thirteen chapters—"that which never dies," to quote the sub-title—is a version of what is sometimes called "the triangle motive," in which two men contend through the ages for the love of the same woman; and its rather banal repetition in the successive episodes of the book becomes more than a little monotonous. Moreover, the period atmosphere is far from convincing, as when Romans and Early Britons say, "Plague seize 'em!" and "A right noble fray!" and address each other as "Sir Daintiness." Ods bodikins! Mr. FARNOL, I trow tushery flourished not thus when London Stone was new.

A Far-Flung Diocese.

CECIL WILSON was a young man and happy as Vicar of Moordown when he was asked by Bishop JOHN SELWYN to succeed him as Bishop of Melanesia. Frankly he says that he had no wish to be a bishop, but, after seeking advice, he decided that it was wrong to refuse, and in April, 1894, he left England. Now, in *The Wake of the "Southern Cross"* (MURRAY, 10/6), he gives us a pleasantly-written and exceedingly interesting account of his work and adventures in the South Seas. For some years this work in a diocese of such colossal proportions was hindered by lack of transport, but in 1903 the *Southern Cross* arrived from England, and Mr. WILSON speaks of her as "a wonderful gift," as indeed she was. Just to illustrate the difficulties with which he was faced, it is enough to say that the Melanesian Mission worked in five different groups of islands and that there are probably a thousand different languages or dialects spoken in Melanesia. Nothing, however, discouraged the Bishop in his efforts to tackle the astoundingly various problems that beset him and those who were helping him, and his book is all the more inspiring because it is a most human, and sometimes humorous, record of real work. For sound reasons Mr. WILSON resigned in 1911, and is now Bishop of Bunbury, West Australia. Like the late C. T. STUDD he is a conspicuous example of a great cricketer who distinguished himself in the field of missionary effort.

General Confession.

Peter Browne was so execrably odious that his relations may be excused for thinking that his death was desirable; but those who take a *Shot in the Dark* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) may consider that the various assaults made upon him exceeded the limit. One of these attacks put an end to *Peter*, and when *Mr. Malcolm* began to investigate the case he was soon embarrassed by the number of people who claimed to have committed the crime. But I doubt if anyone will discover by whom *Peter* was really murdered until Mr. GERALD FAIRLIE chooses to reveal the secret. A cleverly-constructed story, in which some of the incidents are exceptionally dramatic.

Mr. Punch extends a paternal blessing to *The Frank Reynolds Golf Book* (METHUEN, 5/-), a collection of drawings from his pages, with a preface by BERNARD DARWIN.

"SUSPENDED BRIDGE WORKS."—*Motor Paper.*

Engineers discovered that some years ago.

"'No chap who was sitting with a girl on the tram or at tea liked to see the girl paying, yet at the same time that chap could not afford to have his experience doubled."—*Leeds Paper.*

Then let him stick to the same girl.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. DE VALERA disapproves of bowler-hats, it seems. He himself talks through a sombrero.

***

We gather from an article on the thoroughbred horse that it took two thousand years of selective breeding to produce the also-rans we backed last week.

***

Wivenhoe Fire Brigade had its first call for three years last Wednesday. When will local councils realise the value of advertising?

***

There is much ill-feeling in the Acting profession at the number of Society people on the stage. The general opinion is that the upper circle should stick to the upper circle.

***

The only thing missing from a London house after a visit from burglars was a piece of chalk. They seem to have overlooked the billiard-table.

***

We understand that at the recent motor-car race over Parnassus no special precautions were taken to keep the course clear of poets.

***

A gossip-writer observes that a charity concert gives all the snobs and climbers in London an opportunity to purchase for three guineas the privilege of saying for the rest of their lives, "When I was last at —— House . . ." This of course isn't how the privilege is acquired by gossip-writers.

***

With a view to the stimulation of trade, people in Chicago are asked to spend one dollar between June 27 and July 2 on something they would otherwise have done without. Confidence is felt that they won't spend it on alcohol.

***

An authoress speaks highly of the rejuvenating effect of mud-baths. All the same, we should not easily be persuaded to take a course of modern fiction.

***

A German scientist, working on the assumption that moths communicate by wireless, is said to have discovered the wave-length and to have attracted the males with a transmitter. It would be interesting to know whether he has noted the reactions of these creatures to a loud-speaker when a dress-suit has been at the microphone.

***

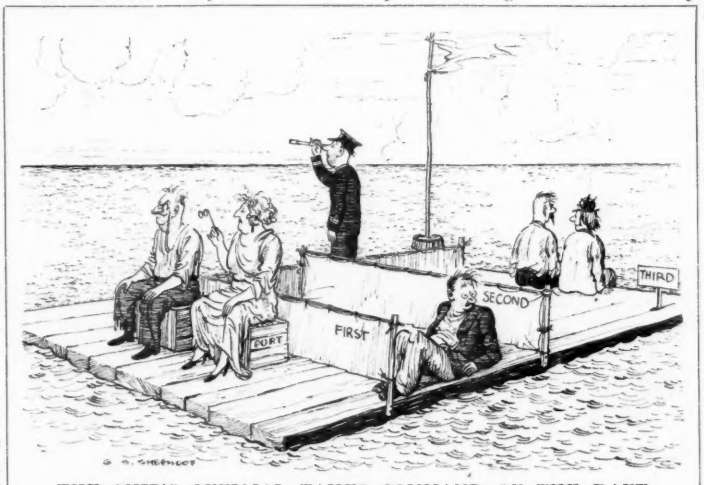
A *Bradshaw* used by THOMAS CARLYLE has been sold by auction. It is a moving thought that it may have contributed to the Sage's irritability.

***

In view of protests by Post Office workers that the films present them in an unfavourable light, it is anticipated that telegraph-boys will be shown in accelerated motion.

***

A film-star who was married on January 1 has come to Europe on a deferred honeymoon. It is more usual for a busy film-star to postpone the honeymoon to a subsequent marriage.



THE SHIP'S OFFICIAL TAKES COMMAND OF THE RAFT.

According to an historian the GREAT MOGUL enjoyed hearing an Englishman play the cornet. We can believe anything of the GREAT MOGUL.

***

The lady-novelist who considers that all young women are bores is too sweeping; they don't all write novels.

***

Women are said to be finding it easier to get married to-day than they did thirty years ago. Yet many of those who failed then are still single.

***

The British team for the Olympic Games at Los Angeles is an unusually small one, and regret is expressed that this country will be without a single representative in the egg-and-spoon race.

***

A man fishing on a canal near Derby is reported to have caught a bicycle-thief. It is not said what bait he was using at the time.

"The coarse-fisherman," we are assured, "is never dull." This decides us to repress the impulse to cheer him up.

***

Some Welsh milk-vendors in a recent prosecution pleaded that it was owing to the wet weather that milk produced locally was of poor quality. At the same time one cannot disregard the fact that a cow's hide is waterproof.

***

Since Finland abolished Prohibition, arrests for drunkenness have decreased by fifty per cent. Prohibitionists say it is evident that some people weren't trying.

***

According to an historian the craze for collecting autographs was started by QUEEN ELIZABETH. This does away with the theory that her only hobby was sleeping in beds.

***

A small revolving light seen at night in Epping Forest is puzzling local scientists. Can it be that even a glow-worm will turn?

***

Professor THAINSON declares that ants travel about in miniature vehicles which resemble motor-cars. We have a strong suspicion that at a recent picnic we sat on one of their parking-stations.

***

A shopman has stated that you can tell a person's character from the gloves he buys. If, for example, he asks for boxing-gloves you know he is fond of autobiography.

***

There is a demand for an alternative designation for the New Poor. What about "Indigentry"?

***

A saxophone factory in America recently caught fire. So many fire-brigades rushed to the scene that the flames were extinguished before any real good was done.

***

In a court case it was stated that a wife had thrown a portable wireless set at her husband. That's the worst of portable wireless sets: they are so portable.

"A second pair of birds, sparrows presumably, have set up house-keeping in an old bowler hat which was nailed in the croft of a maple tree. This, it is suggested, was done by some playful youngster for a lark."
Montreal Paper.

Still, sparrows are better than nothing.

THE PREOCCUPATION OF AMERICA.

ABOVE Geneva's placid Lake
An air of Destiny is brooding;
Grave interests are there at stake;
A cosmic agitation stirs
The hearts and flutters in the faces
Of everyone engaged
In the great drama so superbly staged,
Including
Masses and masses of stenographers
With their attaché-cases.

Where is America? Is she on the spot?
No, she is not.
A sense of private duty stern and high
Compels her to remain at home.
O say,
Don't she at least stretch hands across the foam
To ease a world in swift decay
And anxious not to die?
No, she is too distraught
To give our poor old hemisphere a thought;
Too much preoccupied to think
Of anything but drink
And how to choose between the rival camps
Of Dries and Damps.

Meanwhile the Conference, with her away,
May solve the liquor question out of hand;
For, if they fail to rectify
The present gloom, regrettably abysmal,
Our world, and with it U.S.A.,
May haply—who can tell?—
Go phut,
Slithering down the dismal
Descent direct to hell;
And hell, as I am given to understand,
Enjoys no local option, but
Is absolutely dry. O. S.

PERSONAL INTERVIEW.

A DRAMA IN THREE SCENES, ONE AFTERNOON, AND A FIT OF PIQUE.

Characters in Order of Importance:

ME. THE OTHERS.

SCENE I.—*The lobby of* Messrs. Circular, Circular, Flote and Sunk's *offices in the City. It is furnished with a period Commissionaire in full medal. A flourish of revolving doors* (OFF). *Enter* Me.

Commissionaire. Yes, Sir?

Me. I want to see Mr. Sunk, please.

Com. (*suspiciously*). Have you an appointment?

Me. Yes, for 3.30.

Com. (*reaching for the telephone but keeping an R.S.M. eye on me to see that I don't play any tricks*). One minute, please, Sir; I'll speak to Mr. Sunk's sekketary. (*Into phone, still sceptical*) There's a gentleman here who says he has an appointment with Mr. Sunk.

Me (*gently*). Who *has* an appointment with Mr. Sunk.

Com. The name, Sir, please?

Me. Apple. A. Apple.

Com. (*into phone*). Mr. Rapple, he says. (*Is apparently chagrined to hear from* Mr. Sunk *that I have been speaking the truth, and summons a small boy.*) Take this gentleman up to Miss Throstle.

[*Exit* Me, *without a stain upon my character.*

SCENE II.—Mr. Sunk's *office, containing, but only just, a large desk, three telephones* (*big, middle and small*), *two chairs and* Mr. Sunk.

Enter Me, *piloted by Sekketary.*

Mr. Sunk (*genially*). Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Apple. Take a seat.

Me. Thanks. I hope you're not very busy.

Mr. S. Oh, so so. Mustn't grumble. (*Does for three minutes.*) Well, about this business of yours?

Me. Yes. It won't take long, but I thought it better to settle it up personally rather than write letters back and forth.

Mr. S. I quite agree. You can do more business in five minutes' uninterrupted talk face to face with a fellow than in half-a-day's phoning or writing. Personal interviews are——

[*One of the telephones on the desk—the big ugly one—here interrupts.*

Big Phone (*importantly*). Zzz-zzz. Zzz-zzz . . .

Mr. S. Excuse me just a minute. . . .

Me. Oh, by all means.

Mr. S. (*to phone*). Yes? . . . No, I can't; I'm busy. Ask him to ring again. (*Pushes big phone away with a dirty look and turns to* Me) I'm so sorry.

Me. Quite all right.

Mr. S. Now, as I was saying, what I always find is that. . . .

Small Telephone (*diffidently*). Buzz.

Mr. S. So sorry! Just one minute.

Me. Not at all.

Mr. S. (*to small phone*). Yes, Miss Throstle, what is it? . . . But I told you to ask him to ring later. . . . Oh, catching a train, is he? Oh, well, put him through! (*To* Me) Please excuse me—fellow leaving London in half-an-hour.

Me (*all false smiles*). Oh, go ahead, please.

Mr. S. (*getting out big phone again while I examine my finger-nails and assume the air of one not really listening at all*). Hullo, Wogworth. . . . Yes, all right. . . . Yes. . . . What did you say? . . . No. . . . Well, it'll cost them more. We told them that. . . . Yes, I'm certain we did—wait, I'll verify it.

[*He calls up* Miss Throstle *on small phone and puts over a fine comedy-juggling act with the two instruments for five minutes.*

Mr. S. (*concluding, breathless but finally triumphant*). Well, that's that.

Middle Phone (*which hitherto has taken no part in the conversation, apparently feeling out of it and beginning to ring hysterically*). Rrrr-rrrr. Rrrr-rrrr. Rrrr-rrrr. . . .

Mr. S. Curse the thing! Yes? . . . (*To* Me) I'm terribly sorry; this is the boss, Mr. Circular. You must excuse me.

Me (*a little short by now*). By all means.

Mr. S. (*to phone*). No, I'm afraid we haven't got the order in yet. . . . If you like. . . . Well, Poop should know. . . . (*And so on for four minutes, at the end of which middle phone, smirking slightly, is pushed away again.*) I'm really terribly sorry for these interruptions. Where were we?

Me. Actually we were talking about the advantages of a personal interview; but what I really wanted was this. You know you wrote to me and . . .

Big Phone (*possibly just for the devil of it.*) Zzz-zzz. Zzz-zzz.

Mr. Sunk (*airily*). Miss Throstle will take it. Carry on.

Me and Big Telephone (*duet—could be set to music*). You know . . . zzz-zzz . . . you said . . . zzz-zzz . . . that if . . . zzz-zzz . . . I wanted . . . zzz-zzz. . . .

Mr. Sunk. I'm terribly sorry, old man, she must have slipped out. I'd better just. . .

Me (*between teeth*). By all means.

Mr. S. Yes. . . .? Who. . . .? Why, hullo Dick, old chap! When did you get back? . . . . No. . . . Look here—I'm very busy. . . . Oh, all right, if it's not more than a moment. . . . Yes. . . . Did he? . . . No, I never heard that. . . . Well, we shall have to do something. I'll fix it with Sprogg. . . . Good-bye. . . . What? No, is it a good one? . . . Ha, ha, ha, that's funny! I must remember that. I say, did you hear the new one about the girl who. . . .

Me (*rapidly at door*). Excuse me, Mr. Sunk, I have an appointment to go and phone. I'll get in touch with you later.

SCENE III.—*A telephone booth just outside, ten minutes later* (*to give the fellow time to finish his story*).

Me (*entering, dialling, etc.*). Is that Messrs. Circular, Circular, Flote and Sunk? . . . I want to speak to Mr. Sunk, please. . . . You think he's got someone in with him? Never mind; put me through. I feel certain he'll speak to me. A. A.



WET OR DRY?

EUROPA. "THERE'S A HEAVY DEPRESSION WHERE I COME FROM."
AMERICA. "OH, YEAH? WELL, I'M BUSY WITH MY OWN GLASS!"



Lion-Huntress. "DARLING, DO COME AND BE INTRODUCED TO MR. FITZBROWN, *the* VARIETY STAR."
Rival. "*Too* STATIC, DEAREST. LET *me* INTRODUCE MR. BILL BOODLE, *the* VARIETY *Comet*."

GIVE ME MY HEAD!

WHENEVER I go to the photographer I determine to get my own way *this* time, and emerge routed on every point.

I see a plaster bow-window, out of which I request that I may lean, as giving me something to do with my hands, plus a sort of general sense of *raison d'être*. My desire the photographer either doesn't hear as he rumbles the camera about and flaps black velvet into the ether as in some mournful bullfight, or he replies, "Ah, yes. It gives a pretty effect," as he pushes a small low stool, backless at that and humble exceedingly, into range and places me upon it. Never once yet have I secured that bow-window. I think I never shall. What the necessary steps for acquiring its use are I don't know. (Perhaps it only goes with the £12 12*s*. a dozen prints? Or is it reserved for women of title?)

Then one's appearance. Most of us have a profile which we favour, a nose we want dissimulated, a chin we wish suppressed. Is it any good to hint this? No. Is it even any good to take up firmly one's own pose? No. For little by little the photographer coaxes one round to his own preferred attitude, in which one's best effects are lost for ever. The idea appears to be that the camera wouldn't like it. It holds strong views against one's comfort, and one's head must be moulded nearer to its desire, one's hands draped into clammy starfish to suit its whim.

By this time one has grown some five auxiliary muscles on each jaw; one fights against "cow-face," feels it creeping, settling, and the photograph is taken.

During the placing of the second plate in the camera one determines that it is time that a smiling portrait was achieved, an effect for which one has tried to muster courage for some twenty-eight years, ever since, in fact, the local craftsman said to Nurse, "I'd smack that child if she were mine for looking so serious." But how to lead up to the smile? One isn't a revue actress. Nobody has said anything amusing or means to. If I begin a faltering anecdote the photographer either murmurs at it civilly or waits till I have finished and then turns my ten extra muscles round to another unnatural angle. The smile, I think, is possible only to the professional beauty or actress who sees nothing cynical or ridiculous in blaring her teeth into the middle distance *à propos* of nothing.

All the same I once said, "Shall I try to make the next pose a little cheerful?" (I meant, "Shall I smile and will you try to save my self-respect while I'm doing it with some light legitimate humour?") To this the answer was, "Oh, I don't care for smiling portraits of authors. It's all right for stage-studies and so on, but I like something serious for novelists and so on." Since then I have never smiled again and so on.

When last a photographic firm solicited the pleasure of taking me for nothing, and even went to the length of offering to stage the show in my own drawing-room, I thought, "I shall get my own way at last. Here, surrounded by my familiar things, I can know peace and naturalness. And I can have Pugsie on my lap, and it will all be over in ten minutes."

Punctual to the second, two gentlemen arrived in a taxi. They were cumbered with what appeared to be suitcases so numerous that I feared they

had mistaken the house for a private hotel; but they went into the drawing-room, assuring me that they "wouldn't be ready for some time yet." So I replaced the cat in the kitchen.

Ten minutes later they asked for an extra lamp and some more flex. Twenty minutes later they asked for a screen, which was brought from the extreme top of the house. Later still they incredibly requested a blanket. They had brought a sheet, but I am bound to admit that they showed no interest in pillow-slips or bolster-cases. By this time I was blue with cold and drawn with serving. When at last they were ready I made one more descent to the kitchen and returned with Pugsie to find the drawing-room strange indeed. By the hearth they had placed the screen draped with the sheet (and, presumably, the blanket). The camera had ploughed an even furrow upon the parquet. Disposed about it were the suit-cases (open), which seemed to be full of glass cylinders of electric-light in that malignant shade of blue associated with certain shop-signs. The curtains were closely drawn.

Into this Irish wake I stepped, and then a voice asked me, "Have you a *nice fur coat?*" . . .

I answered carefully that I had "a coat," feeling the undesirability of going with my gentleman into certain skunkerella details. Having fetched the coat I was placed on the only hard stool we possess, the collar was pulled round my ears and the result proclaimed as "quite a nice Rembrandt effect." It was of course a profile, against which I have fought long and pluckily.

Pugsie, in my arms, behaved beautifully for six minutes, but just as they were about to effect a portrait tried to kiss them both, and at the critical second began to kick me upon the bosom and to look dismayed. I implored them to take him quickly, and they attempted instead to amuse him. They struck matches with this intention; they danced embryonic portions of the tango before him; they ejaculated "Shoop!" By this time I was in danger of kissing them both and offering the cat port and biscuits.

Courteous and considerate to the last, they eventually left me, having throughout secured their way, their own way and nothing but their way.

I now see that that iron support and those iron side-pieces into which the heads of sitters were clamped in VICTORIA'S time had something to recommend them. Absolute slavery is in a way a more satisfactory condition than the false and illusive freedom offered us by the photographers of to-day. RACHEL.



THE JUGGLER'S WEDDING.

PATRIA POTESTAS.

[An amendment to the Children and Young Persons Bill to restore the right to punish by whipping was recently moved by Lord BERTIE and accepted by the House of Lords.]

My human boy, though rather
Regretfully I don
The *rôle* of Heavy Father
To check your goings-on,
With righteous indignation
I had observed of late
That corporal castigation
Was getting out of date.

So, while a staunch observer
Of the Proverbial creed,
I've lacked perhaps the fervour
To emphasise the deed;
A want of moral unction
You too have chanced to find
When I've performed the function
Of laying on behind.

But see! the noble BERTIE
Has struck tradition's chords,
And won thereby the hearty
Approval of the Lords.
My status thus made stronger,
To rigour reconciled,
I'll spare the rod no longer
Lest I should spoil the child.

One moment let me tarry
To rid you of a doubt
Ere I proceed to carry
My solemn sentence out:
With the stern voice of Virtue
Seeing that I agree,
Believe me, this will hurt you
Very much more than me. A. K.

"In Greenwich Park the London Fire Brigade will play from seven to nine tomorrow evening."—*Daily Paper.*

That ought to lay the dust.

ABOUT EDUCATION.

JUST a few thoughts for the next conference of educationists, which must be almost due.

Let them consider, I beg, the case of the small boys who stand upon the London bridges and spit upon the yachts and motor-boats which pass below. I have long been accustomed to these small boys, as also to those who shout, "Oy! give us a ride!" and those, less congenial, who whistle if I have ladies with me. It is my reluctant conclusion, by the way, that there are no male persons under twenty in London who are able to see a man and woman pass by in a boat without whistling in a meaning way, and sometimes shouting "Oy!" as well. Another pretty subject for the educationist. (What a word!).

Of these barbarians the boys on the bridges naturally receive most attention from the mariner. If he is travelling swiftly on the tide he may often evade their loathsome artillery by a slight last-moment movement of the tiller. But the little brutes, by long practice, are accurate. They allow for height, wind and the speed of the vessel with devilish cunning, and I and my companions have suffered many a direct hit. Even so, if the day be fine and the heart high, I can sometimes bring myself to interpret it as a friendly gesture. But ladies, I find, more snobbish perhaps than us men, almost always resent being spat upon by a perfectly strange boy.

Sometimes now there is not one boy but a regiment, and there is no doubt that the nuisance is growing. I feel I should not mind so much if I could be sure that all the boys belonged to the waterside and had as it were a legitimate interest in the river. But I understand that special expectorating-parties come down on Sundays from inland boroughs, and this seems to me to be going too far. There may be those who think that this is a more desirable Sunday entertainment for the young than the cinema. The mariner must respectfully differ.

For me the climax came last Sunday. My gallant engine was slowly driving us against the strong tide under Blackfriars Bridge. A row of boys bombarded us, as usual, and with fair success, from the western side of the Bridge. The usual courtesies were exchanged and we plodded on. But when we emerged upon the eastern side the brave lads, adding injury to insult, let fly two or three volleys of extremely hard *gravel* at our defenceless heads. If we had been under sail and becalmed, as one often is in the neighbourhood of bridges, we should, I suppose, have been done to death with gravel or poisoned to death with proletarian saliva.



THE MAN WHO SHOWED HIS HAND.

"I WANT SOME PLAYING-CARDS, PLEASE."

"JUST ONE PACK, SIR?"

"HAE YE NO LOOSE ONES? JUST A QUEEN AND TWA ITHERS?"

The mariner is at a great disadvantage on these occasions; he cannot leave his ship and have his assailants arrested (moreover, as all the world knows, when small boys are offending there is never a policeman within forty or fifty miles). The Bridge is far too high above the boat to throw anything back at the boys; and few modern yachts carry any ammunition which would meet the case. Had I had a shot-gun I would gladly have peppered the little dears. One of them might have lost an eye; but so, from the gravel, might I. But we had no shot-gun, no weapon in fact but the human voice, which can be most ineffective.

When we were out of range I remarked with reasonable emphasis to the small boys that they were being educated at the public, that is, at my expense, and that, on the evidence of the day, I was quite unsatisfied with their progress. I also expressed the hope that they would suffer early and lingering deaths. They were clearly unmoved by both propositions. But the former at least should interest the educationists (what a word!).

Some of them may prefer to study the psychology of the thing. What queer instinct is it that moves the human boy to spit upon the helmsman, say, of a small sailing-dinghy, proceeding innocently along a public highway, embarrassed by wind and tide and deserving, if anything, the sympathetic interest of adventurous youth? There is here no vulgar ostentation, such as might reasonably arouse the resentment of the poor. I do not think there is anything political in this movement, though, now I come to think of it, I cannot remember that I ever saw a small boy spit upon a tug or coal-barge. Is it the sense of power, the knowledge that injury can be inflicted without risk of retaliation? Is it just their charming boyish mischief—"Boys will be boys"? That might charitably explain the expectoration; but what about that dangerous gravel? The psychology of that looks a little nasty to me. That, my dear educationist, looks more like "Boys will be beasts—if you educate them badly." I do not believe that the much-abused public-schoolboy, if he saw the whole Grand Fleet passing below him, would be tempted to expectorate—even on the Admiral. Which shows there must be something in a classical education.

But hang the psychology! As I said to those cowardly expectorants the real point is, "Am I getting my money's worth?" All the educationists (what a word!) agree, I believe, that a system of education is only sound if it imparts not only geography and arithmetic but good discipline and manners, and produces not scholars only but citizens. Well, I was unable to examine the boys on Blackfriars Bridge in geography or arithmetic, but I am satisfied that their discipline and manners are shocking.

And this is not an isolated exhibition of boyish high spirits. London, in my experience, is full of youths and small boys who seize every opportunity that comes their way of being a nuisance. They commit runaway rings, they blow the horns of stationary motor-cars, they tear flowers out of window-boxes (if they can reach them), they scribble on white front-doors, they untie boats at their moorings or climb about them till they are foul with mud, they whistle or make remarks to ladies whom they do not know. And on the Lord's Day, as has been recorded, from every bridge in London they expectorate on the mariner.

Fifty years have passed since free compulsory elementary education was instituted, and the glorious fruit of that half-century is the row of expectorating spawn on Blackfriars Bridge. It is really time for the educationist (what a word!) to face the question, "Is it a good thing?" The children of canal-boatmen (as I have before observed) have perfect manners; they would never think of spitting on the mariner or tearing flowers from window-boxes. This is because they live with their parents and learn discipline instead of going to the elementary school and learning arithmetic and dates. And I do most earnestly suggest to the educationists (what a word!) that the curriculum of the elementary school should now be drastically revised. Let them cut out an hour of arithmetic, drawing or whatnot every day and substitute an hour of Manners and the Duties of the Good Citizen (Boy or Girl), first among which is the negative duty to refrain from spitting on the distressed mariner—at any rate, when he is navigating against the tide.

When I complain that I have quite enough children of my own to educate without having to pay for the education of other people's, I am told by educationists that I am selfish and anti-social. But they can't have it both ways. Let them educate the brats in whatever way they please as long as they don't send me the bill. But if I have got to pay the schoolmaster I am entitled to call a little of the curriculum. Therefore let the instructions given above be carefully noted.

Meanwhile, think me selfish, anti-social or what you will; but if I catch one of the vipers, as I shall one day, I give notice that I will tear him limb from limb. As for the teachers, we hear a good deal about their merits and their misfortunes, but until the bridges of London are made safe for the mariner I shall listen to their tales of woe with marked indifference. *Gravel* indeed!

A. P. H.

WOOL-GATHERING.

On the open hill she lingers,
All among the whin and heather,
Gathering with busy fingers
Tufts of wool as light as feather;
In and out where sheep-paths follow
Grassy ways through ferns and mosses,
Up and down by dun and hollow,
Where a link of water crosses,
There she picks the tags and pieces
Till her creel is overflowing
With a wealth of little fleeces
Whiter than the canna blowing.

As I stand and see her wander
I too gather scraps as airy,
Fancies drawn from here and yonder,
Misty, mountain-wild and fairy,
But, while she with burden gleaming
Down the homeward pathway trudges,
Naught remains for all my dreaming
Save a few poor inky smudges!

Should Rough Sport Go On?

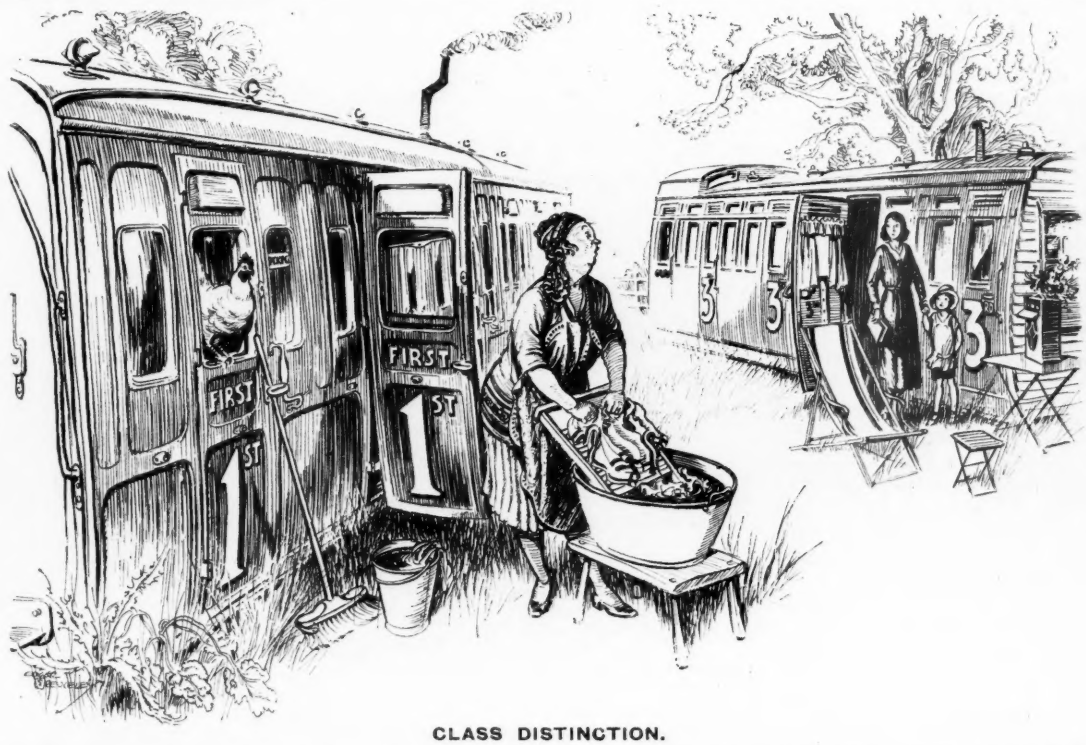
"Round 1.—Except for some fine pinches to the body by Brown, the opening was without incident."

Boxing Report in Daily Paper.

"SANDY LASHES CAUGHT ON THE POST."

Daily Paper.

We suspect the blonde lady of using artificial eye-wear.



CLASS DISTINCTION.

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

CAIRN.

WHERE the burn, flood-frothy,
Gleams on Etive side,
In the stalker's bothy
There the wee dogs bide;
White as are the gowans,
Brindled as the bees,
Rusty as the rowans,
Silver as the seas.

Do you come a-seeking
Malcolm at the door,
You that 's English-speaking?
Out the wee dogs pour;
Like a coat of JOSEPH
Whirled about your boots,
Round the shrill lot goes if
Saxon it salutes.

That 's your kind for *kittle*—
Climb by scar and rig;
Saw you e'er such little
Things with hearts so big?
Where the mountain tod is
Mutton-fed and fat,
There the wee bit bodies
Put him "oot o' that."

Hark! I hear them chiding,
Every devil's bairn,
At the foe abiding
In below the cairn;
Hark, what headlong fury—
"*Yip!*" and "*Yap!*" to prove
That, though denned and dour, he
Needs must make the move.

* * * * *

South to Town and toilet,
Southward, ay, of Tweed,
Sometimes—and to spoil it—
Comes the Highland breed,
Where the wee bit bodies
Walk fine folks among,
Little Lord Tom Noddys
With a lot of tongue.

Combed and brushed so proudly,
"*Yap!*" says each, and "*Yip!*"
Does he talk too loudly,
His Tom Noddyship?
In his far beginning
He was given tones
Mainly to sound winning
In a cairn of stones.

Where the burn is frothy,
Hopping down the hill,
There, in Malcolm's bothy,
Bide the wee dogs still;
White as is the gowan,
Silver as the sea,
Rusty as the rowan,
Brindled as the bee. P. R. C.

The Fluctuating Waist-Line.

"I admired Eileen Bennett's little blue waistcoat and Helen Wills' little white socks. Both, otherwise, had bare legs."
Daily Paper.

A CLASSICAL RENAISSANCE.

AWAKE, archæologists! Up, students of the past! I have good news for you. The Parthenon has been floodlit at last. The searchlight of Progress has been turned upon the faded and half-forgotten glories of the Ancient World, and a new radiance has suffused the fluted pillars and massive pediment of the grandest of Greek monuments.

Here is a portent of the first magnitude. Following as it does upon the performance of *Helen!* at the Adelphi it seems to show that an attempt is really being made to rescue the classics from the cloak of dulness and obscurity that has so long enveloped them. But there is still plenty of room for improvement. I do not ask for the complete modernisation of our ancient masterpieces. Nobody, I imagine, wants to see PINDAR set to jazz or the plays of ÆSCHYLUS performed in modern dress; the spectacle of the sons of Atreus in plus-fours would do more harm than good, and the appearance of Clytemnæstra in the new "postman's hat" might well lessen if not the pity at least the terror inspired by her tragic passages. But I do ask—well, here are a few suggestions:—

1.—BRIGHTER TEXT-BOOKS.

It is true that we are dealing with dead languages, but that is no reason why the funeral rites should go on for ever. Let me have my ARISTOTLE bound in blue-and-gold and its pages enlivened with a sketch of DIOGENES singing in his tub or THESPIS trying on the tragic buskin. The solitary bust of SOCRATES (*see* frontispiece) palls after a while.

2.—CO-OPERATION OF THE PRESS.

A fortune awaits the editor who first publishes THUCYDIDES in serial form. ("Who was responsible for the mysterious mutilation of the Hermæ? Will ALCIBIADES clear himself in time to sail for Sicily? Meanwhile, what of Syracuse? Do not miss to-morrow's exciting instalment of this gripping tale of diplomatic intrigue and internecine warfare.")

Nobody as yet seems to have thought of featuring Trajan's Column as a comic strip, and I want to see more use made of the *Georgics* as a Farmers' Handbook and Weather Guide. What do we care for BUCHAN'S cold periods when we might have the rolling ones of the Poet of Mantua or wherever it was? Give me this:—

> "When the face of the moon is suffused with a ruddy blush there will be wind. Then is the time to sow your wild oats and keep your he-goats from the tamarisk bushes. If Jupiter rains and the sky is overcast, make haste to turn the glebe and re-cork your Falernian."

That may not be pure VERGIL, but it gives you the idea.

3.—A CLASSICAL SECTION AT MME. TUSSAUD'S.

The heroes of Greece and Rome would look at least as well in wax as the members of the Cabinet and, if treated with the care and attention to detail bestowed on, say, birds and fish at the Natural History Museum, would provide a rare combination of entertainment and instruction. A model of PERICLES in his natural surroundings could scarcely have less appeal than that of the bearded grebe presented in the same manner.

Anyway, NERO and ELAGABALUS ought to be in the Chamber of Horrors.

4.—MORE PUBLICITY FOR SCHOLARS.

I cannot see why the achievements of scientists and engineers should be so lauded while those of the classical scholar are almost entirely disregarded. The discovery of a gamma-ray in some disgusting metal convulses the world, but the discovery of a digamma in ἵστημι passes by without a mention outside *The Journal of Hellenic Studies*. Search your newspaper as you may, you will never find—

OXFORD PROFESSOR'S DISCOVERY.

BOMBSHELL IN CONVOCATION.

CUBILE (*a couch*) HAS ACCUSATIVE IN *-IM*.

(*From Our Classical Correspondent.*)

After many years' patient research among the Oxyrynchus papyri Professor Trimble has succeeded in isolating a hitherto unsuspected accusative of neuter nouns of the third declension. When the discovery was first announced there was a certain amount of scepticism among the younger grammarians, but the Professor triumphantly disposed of these scoffers at a special meeting of Convocation yesterday, and the cheers that rang through the Clarendon Buildings at the conclusion of his speech amply testified alike to the importance of the occasion and the affection and esteem in which the Professor is held in the academic world.

One such paragraph would do a world of good.

5.—FLOODLIGHTS ON THE CLASSICS.

Finally, a striking send-off for my campaign is essential, and, taking my inspiration from the illumination of the Parthenon, I venture to suggest a great Classical Tattoo. Perhaps a specimen



Small Boy (at very respectable seaside resort). "DADDY, DOES THE TIDE COME IN HERE ON SUNDAYS?"

programme will give some idea of the possibilities:—

(i.) Advance of the Massed Professors of Ancient Languages in the Universities of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

(ii.) HANNIBAL Before Trasimene. (Please keep your seat to avoid frightening the elephants.)

(iii.) Greek and Latin Exercises. By the Headmasters' Squad. (*Instructor:* Dr. ALINGTON.)

(iv.) Thermopylæ. A reconstruction of the famous battle fought to save Greece in B.C. 380. On the left will be seen the little band of Peloponnesians, prepared to defend their post to the last gasp. Opposite them stand XERXES (in white turban) and his Immortals (supplied by the Sixth Form at Harrow), while in the background the remainder of the vast Persian host is dimly visible. During the struggle LEONIDAS (the Headmaster of Giggleswick) is conspicuous on a knoll, exhorting his men to die rather than surrender. When all is over the Reader in Greek Prose at Cambridge will recite the well-known couplet—

"Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie."

Note.—A full description of the battle, by HERODOTUS, may be purchased in pamphlet form from the attendants (price 6*d.*).

(v.) Display of Papyrotechnics. Arr. by the Royal School of Palæography.

(vi.) Grand Finale. "The Glory that was Greece."

(*N.B.*—On Monday, Wednesday and Friday there will be substituted "The Grandeur that was Rome.")

Nymph Volant.

". . . In it the slabbed part has been turned into swimming pools, and nymphs and other wild fowl disport themselves therein."—*Nottingham Paper.*

ADVERTISING ENTERPRISE IN INDIA.

I RECENTLY referred to a letter I had received from my old bearer, Fusaldar, in which he suggested that I might assist him in getting his name into the Honours List, with the ulterior motive of advertising a certain "new line of goods" which he was preparing to introduce in connection with the "Cheap John" business in which he is now engaged. The following letter comes as a sequel to that communication:—

"I am deeply grieved with cable coming from Master telling there is no blooming chance of my name coming in Honours List. Nevertheless I am happy for inform Master of great success of introduction of my new line of goods of Never Setting Sun of Empire Pyjamas, and also there is strange happenings. First of all there is appointed day of display when immense congregation of man is gathering round my shop for see it decorated window with many notice of great letters, 'Never Setting Sun of Empire Pyjamas.' Also, as arranged, there is my son Nana making slow to and fro in front of shop with notice printed all over the breast, 'I am happy man wearing Never Setting Sun of Empire Pyjamas.' Of consequence there has been great sale with immense profit for my business.

"Of course Subrati [a trade rival of Fusaldar's] is attempting usual vile trick. Towards evening he is bribing throng of little boy that is coming throwing bad names and stones at Nana. This is not nice for poor off-spring of me. But ill wind is blowing nobody good. With my son Nana running and screaming for dear life up one place and down another the attention of many man is attracted. Of consequence Never Setting Sun of Empire Pyjamas is getting more extensive advertise than could ever be expected. This is good slap in face for lazy scum Subrati.

"But more queer story is coming now. Two three day later, great fat man is coming into my shop and asking me for show it bill of advertise of coming of circus for this place. With eye for business I am asking what profit is coming for me. Result of matter is I am showing bill in window and with further payment of small baksheesh am making agreement of greatest stunt that is ever developing for advertise of my business.

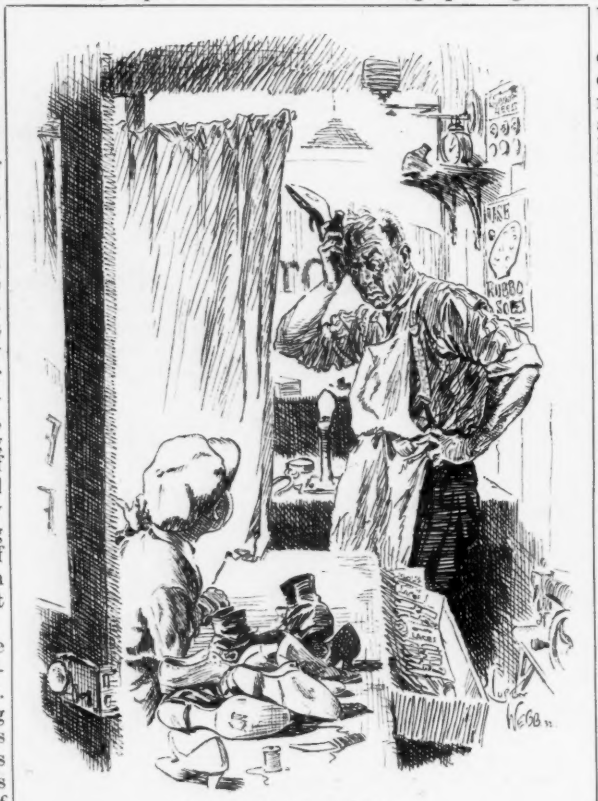
"Now I am humbly request of Master will cast his mind's eye to one week later and look upon inside of circus tent. Tent is packed with throng of man from roof to ceiling. There is strong brass band making father and mother of music noises. Aforesaid fat man is at centre of ring behold of all beholders with clothes all bound with gold. Suddenly fat man is lifting his whip, and brass band is blowing up to state of complete pandemonium. Curtain is drawing apart and there is coming out most gigantic elephant that is ever seen for this place. Slowly monstrous beast is pacing round the ring. On every one of his four legs he has huge trouser of exact same imitation of Never Setting Sun of Empire Pyjamas. In front of his head is attached immense notice, 'I am coming from Cheap John Shop of old Fusaldar Khan after buy it my Never Setting Sun of Empire Pyjamas.' Never has there been screaming and shouting like is taking place in circus tent on this celebrated occasion.

"Now I am again humbly request of Master will cast his mind's eye on very front seat of circus. Here is large chair standing all alone and covered all over with Union Jack same like throne. Only person on aforesaid chair is an old man. And who is this? Lo and behold it is Master's old Fusaldar partaking of greatest historic occasion of all business career. Attendant man is coming holding notice over my head, 'This is the great British Empire Cheap John Fusaldar Khan.' Magic lantern light is shining on me and I am bathed with sweat of excitement.

"But to get on with wonderful story, elephant is come to stand in centre of ring. Then fat man is coming and taking me by hand and leading me up to elephant. Now is great picture appearing of elephant is raising huge bulk right up on his hind legs and I am in below making bow to multitude.

"Then, all of a sudden, band is stopping and fat man is calling out loud, 'Please give order for speech of the great Fusaldar Khan.' Previously, fat man is making assurance of elephant is most strong of his hind legs and there will be plenty of time for me for make it small speech. Nevertheless, slight hitch is occurring now, for I cannot say my words, for I am too busy looking up for fear of elephant will come down too quick. But fat man is most cute dodger and he is making band to play up again, and I am coming out quickly from below of elephant and we are all marching away with accompaniment of continuous cheering of multitude. So is finishing most wonderful and most miraculous episode, and I am well knowing Master will be proud for his old Fusaldar.

"Of course dirty dog Subrati is going round with sneering words of I am low coward for I cannot make it speech. But I am treating this matter with contemptuous shut mouth, for all sensible man is well knowing bravest man of world is maybe not fit for make it speech when he is in below an elephant."



AN ECHO OF LAUSANNE.

Small Boy (at shoe-repairer's). "FATHER SAYS HE MUST HAVE HIS REPARATIONS."

"AN EXCELLENT SUMMER BREAKFAST DISH.

Flour the hands slightly to prevent the mixture from sticking. Then egg and breadcrumb them, and fry in boiling fat to a nice brown colour."—*Monthly Paper.*

It sounds rather painful.



THE ENTHUSIASTIC LOVER.

LALAGE'S LETTERS.

DARLING DODO,—It has happened. I *knew* it would. I always did think Kitty Rockingham's mad schemes would land her in a mess one day. You remember I told you about this out-of-work actor, Arran Blount, that she engaged as a butler because she simply couldn't get hold of a real one with decent manners and appearance and because she'd been so impressed by the way he played the part of the butler in *Love-All*? Well, as I told you, Ted Rockingham mistrusted the idea from the very start, and it turns out he was *quite right*. I mean to say, experiments like that are all very well in a way and get you a reputation for being wildly amusing, but you really can't indulge in them when you've got a marriageable daughter about. And what makes *me* feel so awful is that I was still supposed to be chaperoning the girl as Kitty's ankle isn't quite mended yet. But really, darling, how *could* I have guessed?

You see we'd all had a frightfully tiring day at Ascot, and then I had to take her (Marchie, I mean) to the Fribbleys' dance in the evening. I was feeling done to the world (racing's always so much more exhausting when you lose than when you win, isn't it?) so I was only too pleased when Marchie said to me quite casually while we were powdering our



"WHILE WE WERE POWDERING OUR NOSES."

noses, "By the way, Lal darling, Mummy said you were sure to be bone-tired, so she's sending Parkins to fetch me home at two o'clock. So mind you don't stay a second longer than you want to."

As a matter of fact I *did* stay till half-past one, having a devastating sense of duty, and also because I was enjoying myself (there is a good deal to be said for being between generations—the young men think you're thrilling compared with the debs, and the old men think you're ravishing compared with the dowagers), and when I left I saw "Parkins," as they call him, standing respectfully in the hall wait-



"SHE GAVE AN HYSTERICAL LITTLE SCREAM."

ing for Marchie, looking the perfect butler-in-outdoor-clothes.

Well, the *next* thing I knew was being woken up out of a heavenly sleep in the morning by Anjie Morryson ringing me up about some silly party or other; and she happened to add, "I thought your young charge was looking marvellous last night, darling."

I said, "Oh, my dear, were *you* at the Fribbleys' too? I never saw you."

And she said, "Fribbleys'? Oh, no; we saw her at the Crow's Nest."

The *Crow's Nest*, my dear, of all places!

I said as airily as I could manage (Anjie's *such* a gossip, you know, if she smells a rat), "Oh, yes, of course; I forget whose party she went on with." Anjie said, "Well, she was dancing all the time with a rather intriguing man whose face I know quite well but I simply *can't* remember where I've seen him."

Darling, imagine my feelings! I couldn't eat a spot of breakfast; just lay there tearing my hair and wondering what line I ought to take. Of course, if I'd been a *real* chaperon, I suppose I'd have felt bound to tell her mother; but after all I'm just as near Marchie's age as Kitty's, and I mean to say one *has* done a few things like that oneself, hasn't one? So I decided to ring up and get Marchie to come and lunch with me, and tell her not to be such an indiscreet little donkey again. Kitty answered the telephone herself and said that Marchie hadn't been called yet and had told them she'd ring when she woke. So I said it didn't matter a bit, and how nice she'd looked last night. And then I heard Kitty call out, "Come in!" to somebody else and say, "Hold on a minute" to me. And then all of a sudden she gave an hysterical little scream and rang off!

So of course the only thing to do was to dress and dash round there. And, my dear, they've *eloped!* Marchie left a note, which Kitty's maid happened to find and bring in to her while I was telephoning. It said that she and Arran Blount had got engaged to each other about three weeks ago when Ted and Kitty were in the country and Marchie was alone in London being waited on by him at every meal, and that she'd spent the night—what was left of it—quite respectably at his mother's flat in Earl's Court ("*Earl's Court!*" said Kitty with a groan—I don't believe even the respectability quite made up for that), and they were being married by special licence at nine o'clock in the morning. (It was then five past ten.) And that if Ted and Kitty didn't forgive them she'd simply go on the stage too and help him to earn his living.

Well, that was that. *What* an ending to Ascot Week! And Ted (like me) had lost heaven knows how much money



"WHEREUPON OF COURSE KITTY TURNED SLAP ROUND ON TO MARCHIE'S SIDE."

the day before, to make matters worse. He just kept stamping up and down and growling vaguely. Finally he turned on Kitty and told her what he thought of her and her wild-cat experiments. "Always told you it would end in some sort of trouble." Whereupon of course Kitty turned slap round on to Marchie's

side and said that *she* was going to forgive them anyhow, and that Arran Blount was a charming creature with beautiful manners, and that a man who wasn't too proud to take on a menial job was the best sort of husband to have in these days, and that if Ted wouldn't give them an allowance *she* would. And that he ought at least to stump up the amount of money Marchie had saved him by going and finding a husband for herself in her very first season instead of having to have expensive dances given for her for years and years and years. "And anyway," she finished up, "he told me when I interviewed him that his mother was a distant cousin of the Fulmar-Lexingtons."

Ted said, "*Was*-she-God-bless-my-soul? There was a Fulmar-Lexington at m'tutor's." So I saw that *he* was going to come round all right, and I slipped away before either of them thought of blaming *me* for the whole affair. Not that it was my fault in the least—which just shows what a lot of good it is having chaperons. I must say it *was* rather a good bit of bravado their going off to a night-club first like that. Must have been his theatrical instinct coming out.

My dear, I really must go; we're dining out early for a show. *What* a long scrawl!—and I haven't told you any news at all except about this Marchie business. Never mind, I'll tell you everything else next time.

Best love from LALAGE. JAN.

HAMBROSIA.

[Chicken-and-ham sandwiches are now the favourite food of Atlantic fliers. Miss EARHART ate nothing else on her flight, and the Polish flier made six of them keep him alive for eight days.]

LET manufacturers adduce
The virtues of the goods they're making,
The super-valves or patent juice
Employed in recent record-breaking;
The thrill of new success is theirs;
They boast (and certainly no blame is
Attached for that) that *their* firm shares
Sir MALCOLM's latest fame, or AMY's.

But are there not some other things
That keep the *human* engine going?
That food whose praises no one sings
Makes heroes care not if it's snowing?
I feel that I must lift my pen
To praise what strengthen mind and cheer heart,
The modest pig, the humble hen,
That waft a HAUSNER or an EARHART.

This one has wings but scarce can fly
Enough to foil the stray dog's chasing,
And that one from his lowly sty
Can barely see the high clouds racing;
But blend their flesh with golden grain,
Then wrap the lot in grease-proof paper,
And Harbour Grace to far Coleraine,
Or where you like, is but a caper.

No matter though the thunders roared,
Or (if they could) the lightnings quickened,
The magic carpet was aboard,
The cockpit duly ham-and-chickened;
And off they went, not caring aught
About what time they'd see the land which
Across the ocean waves they sought—
Come ill or well, they'd have a sandwich.

J. B. N.



"THE MAN WHO 'ITS MY DOG 'ITS ME."
"THEN YOU CAN THANK YOUR STARS I MISSED 'IM."

"EQUIPMENT FOR A GAMPING HOLIDAY."
Advt. for Camp Outfits.

Business as usual in spite of the weather report.

"The Customs Tariff (Exemption from Duty) Order (No. 2), 1932, provides for the free entry into British Honduras of pumps, including hose, imported specially for agricultural use and not for sale."
Board of Trade Journal.

Why this discrimination in favour of the dancing farmer?



THE VOGUE OF THRIFT.

She. "LOOK, THERE'S A SMART FROCK—ALL MADE OF DUST-SHEETS! IT MUST HAVE COST A GOOD BIT."
He. "BUT DUST-SHEETS AREN'T VERY EXPENSIVE, ARE THEY?"
She. "NO, BUT THE DRESSMAKER IS WHO CAN MAKE A FROCK LIKE THAT OUT OF THEM."

THE WRONG FACE.

UNTIL recently the prospect of television as an adjunct to telephonic communication had not robbed me of any sleep worth mentioning. There even appeared to me to be at least one pleasing feature about a telephone-system possessing visual as well as aural properties. It would decide for me once and for all the difficult problem of whether or not I shall go and chatter my teeth at Mrs. Potterby-Quayle, who invariably calls up my wife when I am lying in the bath and there is no one else at hand.

Then some newspaper-writer must go and point out, in what I daresay he considered a humorous manner, that with television there will be a wrong face thrown in with every wrong number that is handed out to us. I had not thought of that, and the more I think of it the more it troubles me.

To deal with a wrong number is, provided one has a fair margin of self-control on which to draw, fairly easy, and constant practice has made most of us almost perfect at the job. The question is: How am I to behave to a wrong and probably strange face?

Of course it will depend very largely upon the face. I mean, if the wrong face is fair and feminine I shall naturally register smiling politeness, and if it is prognathous or otherwise menacingly masculine I shall also register smiling politeness in case the brute should recognise me in the street. Expressions suitable for greeting other and less pronouncedly agreeable or repulsive wrong faces can no doubt be acquired with practice. I daresay the authorities will assist by engaging a distinguished film producer to add another set of directions to the Telephone Directory.

Unfortunately it is no rare occurrence to be given or to be called by the same wrong number several times at brief intervals. This is bad enough when the number in question is merely a voice, but to be confronted again and again by the same wrong face will be terrible. Even the nicest wrong face cannot keep popping up without showing signs of strain and depreciation, and what some of the faces which I mentally associate with certain wrong numbers will look like at the third or fourth appearance is more than I dare imagine. As for my own face, I simply shall not know what to do with it.

It is pretty ghastly when you think of it like that, but on the other hand there are a few wrong faces I should like a glimpse of out of sheer curiosity. For instance, there is the man who periodically rings me out of bed round about seven A.M. and briskly asks me if I am the railway-station. I feel that the face of a person able to chat briskly to a railway-station at seven o'clock in the morning must be worth looking at, even worth getting out of bed for. Then there is the woman who is always on at me (before I can get a word in) about her laundry; the girl who says, "Oh, dear!" so pathetically when she finds (for the third time) that I am not "George"; and the fellow with whom by this time I could have done a profitable business in hog-casings and gold-beater's skin if only I'd had any association with that apparently flourishing industry.

Yes, I should love to see such wrong faces as these—just once. The trouble is I feel I cannot rely upon our Exchange not to overdo it. D. C.



THE TREE THAT SPOILT THE PROSPECT.

JOHN BULL. "WHAT'S THIS?"

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. "THAT'S WHAT I DID WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET; BUT I HOPE TO HAVE A BIGGER ONE SOON."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, YOU'LL WANT AN OUT-SIZE AXE IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO WHAT'S GOT TO BE DONE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 13th.—In the Lords to-day, in Committee on the Children and Young Persons Bill, Amendments came thick and fast, with Lord BANBURY in the benevolent *rôle* of Amender-in-Chief. Victory in the heat of the day was tempered by defeat at its close. Lord BANBURY moved to delete a clause of the Bill which permits a child under twelve to take part in a B.B.C. broadcasting programme so long as the public are not admitted to it on payment. Lord BANBURY could not see why the B.B.C. should have a favoured position in the matter of battening as it were on the tender larynges of the very young.

Lord GAINFORD explained tactfully that the very young could not be relied upon to gather round the receiving end of the Children's Hour unless the utterances of Uncle Bill and Aunt Mary were supported by the authentic breathings of other young. Lord LUCAN pointed out that there could be no question of bringing the children into harmful associations or employing them for long hours. The House, well aware of the uplifting atmosphere of Broadcasting House, promptly defeated the Amendment.

For once Sir A. M. SAMUEL, ever ready to hand what we may call a Palmerstonian packet to contumacious Latin-American republics, found himself in the position of deep calling to deep. In other words he called on Mr. EDEN to say what the Foreign Office was going to do about Chile, and Mr. EDEN replied in ringing tones that His Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at Valparaiso had been instructed to inform the revolutionary Junta that, if it started to confiscate British property, it would be given a good slap and made to put it back. Mr. COCKS thought it would be better to send a message welcoming the new Socialist Government in Chile. "I will leave that to the hon. Member," replied the UNDER-SECRETARY. Some would say that the introduction of the Chilean Socialist Party to the British Labour Party is not a matter that should be left to chance.

From Chilean methods to Manchurian Customs is but a step. In that connection Sir A. M. SAMUEL was doubtless relieved to learn from Mr. EDEN that the Japanese share our desire to see the integrity of the Chinese Customs maintained. Sir HUGH O'NEILL is not so certain, it seems, that the integrity of Ulster's customs is going to be maintained. Mr. THOMAS, while declining to be more specific until Friday's debate on Ireland, intimated that Sir HUGH ought to know the Government well enough to have no sleepless nights. Sir HUGH might perhaps have retorted, if



CHILDREN'S HOUR IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.
UNCLE DIE-HARD TALKING.
LORD BANBURY.

retorts were in order at Question-time, that British Governments have caused Ulster more sleepless nights than have the linen industry, shipbuilding and the POPE all rolled into one.

In public business Mr. MACQUISTEN raised the question of the new Supreme Court Rules of Procedure, which in certain cases leave to the discretion of the judge the question of whether the case shall be tried by a jury or not. He thought it would be disastrous thus to deprive the citizen of his long-established rights. Mr. MAXTON seemed to remember—had he not taken a course of Roman Law at Glasgow University?—that the jury system was the cornerstone of the liberty of the people. Sir BOYD MERRIMAN argued that these new rules aimed at meeting the public demand for cheaper and more expeditious litigation, but Mr. O'CONNOR boldly declared that the meritorious purpose of the rules was to prevent speculative actions for personal injury being brought by people who hoped that a sentimental jury might give them damages they were not really entitled to.

Tuesday, June 14th.—Money Bills being in a sense a mere formality in the Upper Chamber, their Lordships naturally take advantage of the occasion to indulge in such generalities, pleasing or other, as happen to occur to them. Pleasing indeed was Lord LONDONDERRY's assertion that "nothing impressed him more when he was at Geneva recently than the manner in which the nations looked to us to give them a lead," though one would hesitate to assume that a lead was all the nations were hoping to get out of us. No less pleasing was the AIR MINISTER's determined announcement that the Government "would not spend a penny extravagantly," that they stood for wise spending, not waste.

Not so pleasing was the declaration of Lord RHAYADER that the Government was spending too much money, a view with which Lord ELIBANK briefly concurred. Lord PONSONBY, in still more pessimistic vein, could not see what good was going to come of the Ottawa Conference. But there are times when Lord PONSONBY's outlook on life can best be expressed in the words of GUS ELEN's moving refrain: "What's the use of anything? Why, nothing!"

Peers should not pick on one another except in the high interests of State, and it was with some trepidation that their Lordships heard Lord STRACHIE moving that "this House regrets that the Finance Bill does not repeal the Valuation and Land Tax imposed by the Finance Act, 1931."

Of course the House regrets it, but it is not so unmannerly as to regret it under the very nose of Lord SNOWDEN, of whose nimble brain the Land Tax in question is the cherished offspring. Such was the gist of Lord HAILSHAM's diplomatic reply. As he put it, the Government was a National Government with four members of the late Socialist Cabinet in it. It seemed a good enough reason, and Lord STRACHIE may congratulate him-



CROAKS AND CONDESCENSION.
LORD PONSONBY AND LORD LONDONDERRY AS SEEN BY EACH OTHER DURING THE DEBATE ON THE FINANCE BILL.

self that Lord SNOWDEN did not think fit to "draw it across him" with a few others.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," advised the sage *Polonius*, and doubtless at some moment unrecorded by the Immortal Bard he gave the good people of Denmark a few useful tips on the balance of trade. Otherwise we should not have had Mr. BOYCE asking Mr. HORE-BELISHA how it came about that in the period 1929–1931 this country took £146,992,439 worth of goods from Denmark, while they only took £29,552,419 worth of goods from us. Mr. HORE-BELISHA said that the matter had been engaging the attention of His Majesty's Government; but the explanation seems to be that we are still looking for a country that will sell us the bacon and butter we need *and* take our goods in return.

The House made useful but unexhilarating progress in Committee on the National Health Insurance and Contributory Pensions Bill.

Wednesday, June 15th.—Lord NOEL-BUXTON asked the Government how the world's national minorities were getting on—a fruity topic, the answer being in every case that they are not, or that, if they are, they refuse to admit it. Lord CECIL said the position of the League was delicate, and Lord HAILSHAM, speaking, as he said, with diffidence, pointed out that the condition of Albanians in Jugo-Slavia is very little known; the League of Nations is still looking for the Macedonian minority in Jugo-Slavia; the Ukrainians in Poland were emerging from their hidey-holes; and several Germans in Polish Silesia had been able to come to the surface for air. Nothing was said about the Hungarians in Roumania, but the understanding is that they are still living in trees, protected from the inclement elements by free copies of *The Daily Mail*.

So on to the timber resources of the Empire, as to which Lord LOVAT appropriately enough moved for Papers, and to the International Labour Office and its staff of four-hundred-and-eleven prosperous and permanent officials.

In the Commons Mr. PYBUS, doubtless taken off his guard, was heard to exclaim, "I am not satisfied that any public expenditure cannot be reduced." Mr. GRAHAM WHITE, ASSISTANT-POSTMASTER-GENERAL, made it clear that the Government's Grand Opera subsidy is not going to be reduced.

In public business a debate on agriculture: Mr. TOM WILLIAMS wanted



ALICE TAKES CHARGE OF THE PIG.
THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

something done about floods in the Midlands; Mr. LAMBERT wanted something else done about the floods of officials in the Ministry; Sir JOHN GILMOUR urged the pig industry to trust in the sure and certain pledge of the Government that it would get around to them some day and not go on killing the sow that lays the prospectively golden piglings.

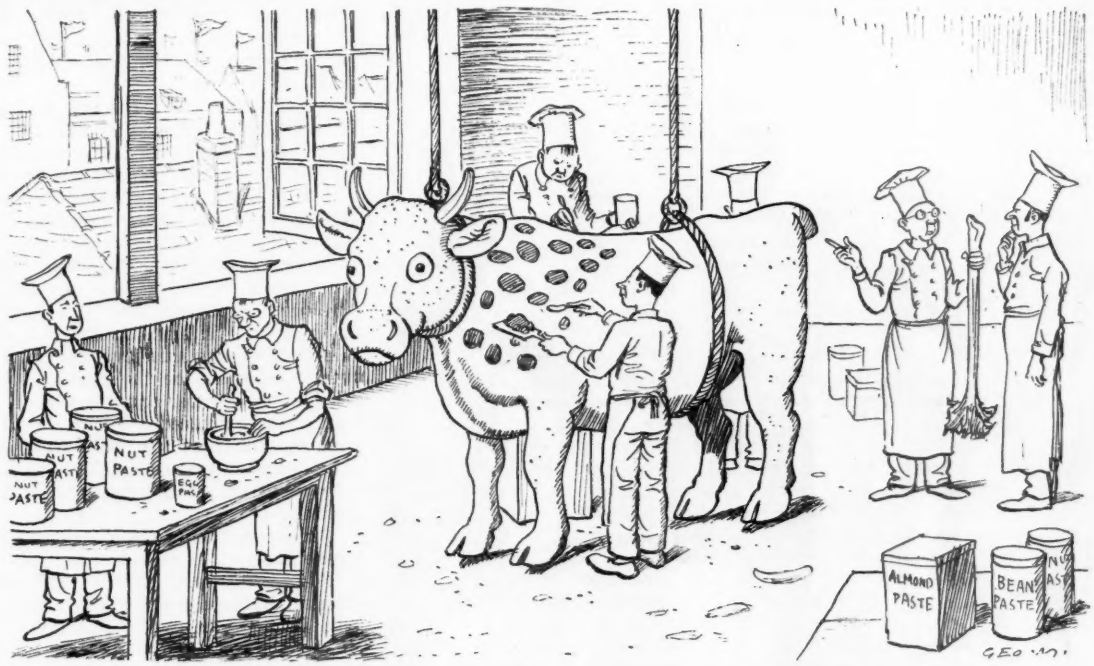
Thursday, June 16th.—The Lords read the Constitution of Malta Bill a second time. How splendid it would be, exclaimed Lord HAILSHAM with almost lyric fervour, if their fellow-subjects in Malta would only realise what a good and beautiful thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

Eloquent tributes were uttered in the House to the memory of the late Sir DONALD MACLEAN, Minister of Education, and for thirty years, in and out, a staunch Liberal and a just, courageous and friendly man. Then the House turned to Ottawa, where, one gathered, anything may happen since the Agenda embraces almost everything that anybody could think of. Mr. THOMAS explained what steps the Government had taken so that its representatives could go to Ottawa armed with all the industrial and other data of which use could be made. Criticism, more in the nature of an appeal to do nothing rash at Ottawa, was forthcoming from Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS and Major LLOYD GEORGE; Mr. AMERY pleaded for a "ten year plan," and Mr. ATTLEE contrasted Mr. THOMAS planning for an Empire economic unit in Westminster with Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD declaring at Lausanne that nothing less than world reconstruction would save the situation. Mr. BALDWIN neatly tucked in the ends and bits of the debate and put it to bed. Ottawa meant reciprocal free trade within the Empire or as near to it as was practical.



THE ECONOMY CAMPAIGN.
"Percy is already in the field."—*KING HENRY IV. Part I., Act iv. Sc.* 2.
LORD EUSTACE PERCY.

Friday, June 17th.—An Irish debate—with no Irish present to keep the fun fast and furious. Not that Mr. DE VALERA, the *causa causans* of the occasion, is fast, though he may be furious. Mr. THOMAS admitted that there was no doing business with Mr. DE VALERA. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, blandly surprised to find himself supporting the Government in his first speech on returning to the House, said he had discovered that long ago. Anyway, Mr. DE VALERA wanted nothing less than an all-Ireland Republic within the Empire. Both Mr. THOMAS and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE were agreed that there could be no such an animal, and even if there could it was not going to be found barking on Britain's doorstep.



PREPARING A SYNTHETIC OX TO BE ROASTED WHOLE FOR THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE HEIR TO THE TITTLEBURY ESTATES, WHO IS AN ARDENT VEGETARIAN.

AN INTERESTING BIDDING SITUATION AT CONTRACT.

MY opinion has been asked on the following:—

N.

W. E.

S.

West had dealt and was clearing his throat preparatory to bidding.

North (a keen player) made a quick survey of the situation, and noted, in West's hand, Four Aces, Four Kings, Four Queens and a Knave, and, in his own, Three Knaves and Four Tens.

Strictly speaking it was not yet North's turn to bid. With great presence of mind he decided to fore-stall West by bidding Two Clubs (a forcing bid), whereupon East demanded a fresh deal.

My correspondent asks: Was North justified?

My answer is that North's bid was entirely justified by the circumstances, as East was clearly marked with a Yarborough and could be relied upon to throw in his hand.

It is, of course, easy to see now that this was the only way of saving the situation; but, whatever reflections may be passed on his method of surveying it, North deserves the greatest credit for having acted upon it so promptly.

It was nevertheless, in my opinion, a mistake for North to intervene in the subsequent discussion between East and West, and he has only himself to blame for the fact tnat he was severely bitten in the endeavour to separate them.

RHYMES OF REFRESHMENT.

MANY of mankind's outstanding leaders—
Kings, reformers, statesmen, preachers, pleaders—
Have been frugal or eccentric feeders,
Disregarding culinary graces,
Patronising humble eating-places;
And these facts, withheld from ancient annals,
Filter down through unexpected channels.
ATTILA, for instance, and his Huns
Never baked and never buttered buns,
And their formidable faces looked
Like the lumps of meat they ate uncooked.*
Strange to say, the mighty warrior, HANNIBAL,
Scorning rhyme, refused to be a cannibal;
Stranger still, the wise enlightened AKBAR
Failed to boost the inexpensive snack-bar.

ARISTOPHANES, serenely scorning
Sage PYTHAGORAS's cryptic warning,
Wrote his highly Rabelaisian scenes
On a diet of the broadest beans.
CLEOPATRA played upon the sistra
And acclimatised the aspidistra;
Better still, pearls in her goblet shaking,
Proved the pioneer of cocktail-making;
But Great ALFRED was a dud at baking.
Thus from earliest times heroic singers,
Sapient scribes and erudite ink-slingers
Have with few exceptions proved unable
To promote the pleasures of the table.
LOPE, the voluminous DE VEGA,
Wrote a thousand plays in one bodega;
Ev'n before his loss of eyesight MILTON
Could not tell a Cheddar from a Stilton;
BURNS was moved to laud his winsome marrow
After lunching at a coster's barrow;
ROBERT BROWNING wrote his *Jocoseria*
In a small Venetian cafeteria.

Lastly, ere my Muse begins to peter
Out, enmeshed in this trochaic metre,
In support of the above contention
Let me make dishonourable mention
Of the gross plebeian tastes in feeding
Shown by modern lights of birth and breeding,
Who habitually, crashed or crashers,
Sup at dawn on sausages and rashers.

C. L. G.

* "*Offa magis quam facies.*"—AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.



The Bosun's Mate (to new crew). "NOW I'M GOIN' TO READ OUT SOME O' THE THINGS THE BOARD O' TRADE THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, AN' IF THERE'S ANY OF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH LET 'IM FIND OUT FROM THE BLOKE NEXT TO 'IM WOT IT'S ALL ABOUT."

A CHANCE FOR THE SCULPTOR.

"I 'VE just come up from Sussex," said John. "I still think those pylons are a perishing eyesore."

His eyes are so often in a state of æsthetic inflammation that I said nothing.

"In the train I was reading the second volume of ROTHENSTEIN'S *Memoirs*," he went on, "and when I came on the EPSTEIN-GILL scheme it suddenly occurred to me what a glorious chance the Electricity Board are missing."

"I don't follow," I said. "EPSTEIN and GILL are both live wires, but are they strictly within the province of the Electricity Board?"

"I'm telling you how in 1910 EPSTEIN and GILL had a notion of enclosing six acres in Sussex as a sort of twentieth-century Stonehenge where they could sculp on a big scale and make a national preserve for their statuary. But it all fell through because of some trouble about the lease."

"It would have brightened up the Downs a bit, wouldn't it?" I said. "But where do the pylons come in?"

"They don't any longer. I've had an idea which puts the lid on them for good. To-morrow I'm going to storm Kilowatt House, or wherever it is that the Lords of the Voltage gather, and I'm confident that when I tell them about my scheme they'll positively fuse with excitement."

"I too must take the risk of being fused," I said resignedly. "Go on."

"I shall tell them exactly what I as an artist think of their mouldy pylons. 'Emetic,' 'nauseating' and 'blistrous' are some of the adjectives I shall employ. I shall tell them of EPSTEIN'S and GILL'S scheme. And then, when that's sunk in, I shall make the following dramatic suggestion: 'Gentlemen,' I shall say, 'if Mr. EPSTEIN and Mr. GILL are willing, hand over to them the whole contract for the suspension of the cables in those counties which are not already defaced by your revolting pylons. Let them erect colossal figures at regular intervals which will carry the cables in their arms. Just imagine——'"

"Have you any subjects in mind for these figures?" I asked.

"Lots. I shall say to Kilowatt House, 'Gillepsteinise history first of all. Let the fathers of our race stretch in massive pageantry from coast to coast, bearing aloft and passing on from one to another the electric batons of modernity.' I think that last phrase ought to get them. I shall continue: 'From BOADICEA to Mr. BALDWIN——'"

"You're going to have the mothers of our race too?"

"'—chapter after chapter will unfold across the land. And consider, gentlemen, the benefits to our children'"—John waved his arms at the imaginary Board. "'The teaching of history will be revolutionised. A morning's trip in a helicopter will impress permanently on the child-mind the succession of the Kings of England and the personal characteristics of the statesmen who have made us what we are.'"

"I see," I said. "And besides history?"

"Oh, all the big noises in Literature, Art, Sport, Crime, the Stage and so on. A sort of sculptural *Who Was and Who Is Who.*"

At this point I rushed off to ring up my broker about some quarry shares.

ERIC.

Plain Merit.

"I can assure you that neither of these gentlemen are ornaments on the Board. I have pleasure in proposing that they be re-elected to the Board."

Report of Company Meeting.

"DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which English Lord Mayors are entitled to the prefix Tight Honourable?"

Bahamas Paper.

We never give our friends away.



Cinema Manager. "JENKINS, YOU'VE BEEN WITH US A YEAR NOW AND YOUR TEN-SHILLING RISE FALLS DUE."
Door Attendant. "THANK YOU, SIR. AND HOW ABOUT WEARING A UNIFORM OF A HIGHER RANK?"

THE INTRUDERS.

[Hollywood is complaining of the interference of birds, whose songs, while not out of place in a simple love-scene, frequently necessitate the waste of many yards of dramatic film when talkies are made in the open air.]

TIME was on Spring's arrival, when the Winter's rigour broke
And the bird began to sing upon the tree,
I was thoroughly delighted and I found that it awoke
A tendency to melody in me,
But to-day my former rapture's growing gradually faint;
As a fan I cannot possibly be keen
On an amateur performance that produces such a plaint
As is put up by the pundits of the screen.

For it seems it breaks the silence it is requisite to keep
For the voices that they tin to come out clear,
And it not unseldom happens that a solitary cheep
Is enough to prove particularly dear;
It is all right in a love-scene, they are kind enough to state,
But it's fatal when, as frequently occurs,
An amorous fringilla starts a-calling to his mate
When Amanda Flick is differing from hers.

The vamp can not get busy on the victim of her choice
Nor the victim show the weakness that is his
In a realistic manner when an interrupting voice
Keeps ejaculating "Cuckoo!" (which he is);
And a masterpiece of sobstuff must be often shot again
When a jocund lark appears upon the scene
And (wholly inartistic) seeks to blend a merry strain
With an atmosphere of gloom and glycerine.

So when in hedge and coppice now the little birdies sing
My heart is not responsive any more,
For I'm conscious of the danger such interpolations bring
To the celluloid excitements I adore;
Even in the final love-scene *I* should take the sound amiss
(Though the experts saw no cause for looking black)
If it happened in the close-up of the culminating kiss
That a twittering deprived me of the smack.

The Hose-Pipe Squad.

"Constables patrolled the roads, sopped every car which approached and questioned the drivers."—*Daily Paper.*

"Volunteer church-cleaners at All Saints, New Eltham, are known as 'Holy Scrubbers.'"—*Evening Paper.*

There is no truth in the rumour that a guild of "Holy Rollers" is at work on the vicarage lawn.

"Brigadier-General H. S. ——, Mrs. —— and Miss ——, had their last bath on Tuesday, having left on Wednesday for England after some months stay at Arcadia."—*Jamaica Paper.*

Arcadia seems to have become more hygienic than it used to be.

"Dame Sybil Thorndike . . . is highly reminiscent of Miss Helen Troy, and is probably the greatest exponent of Shakespearean characters ever remembered by the British public. In voice, figure and carriage she recalls the magnificent personage of the beloved Helen, who, with Henry Irving, did so much to uphold the traditions of dramatic art on the British stage."—*Australian Paper.*

Better known to the public, perhaps, as Miss ELLEN TERRY.

AT THE PLAY.

"OUT OF THE BOTTLE" (HIPPODROME).

THE makers of the book of *Out of the Bottle*, those old hands, Mr. FRED THOMPSON and Mr. CLIFFORD GREY, claim no more than to have "founded" it on Mr. ANSTEY'S celebrated fantasia. And I think they may be fairly congratulated on their translation of the theme. Certainly they have not allowed themselves to be hampered by undue respect for the original text. Mr. ANSTEY'S carefully-contrived and, within the limits of convention and assumption, plausible extravaganza has become the wildest incoherence (like a musical comedy gone just a little madder than usual); his quiet humour has given place to the broadest clowning. The opportunity for fantastic pageantry has been whole-heartedly embraced by the producer, Mr. JULIAN WYLIE; and with the aid of Mr. OSWALD WILLIAMS, the illusionist, the magic of the grateful but embarrassing and, later, the irritated and vindictive jinnie, *Fakrash-el-Aamash*, has been reproduced—with characteristic modifications and additions—much more convincingly than seemed likely.



STRAIGHT OUT OF THE BOTTLE: A GENEROUS MEASURE.

Peter Partridge . . . . . MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON.
Fakrash-el-Aamash . . . . MR. CECIL HUMPHREYS.

The other characters have been renamed and tampered with in various ways. The hero, *Peter Partridge* (Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON), is an impoverished painter, not an architect, living in great magnificence, with a butler and other gorgeous trimmings. The jinnie's first benefaction is to provide him with not one client but two-and-a-half-dozen sitters—a chorus, in fact, of promiscuous sex. *Professor Harper* (Mr. SEBASTIAN SMITH) has been given for symmetry's sake two daughters, *Sallyann* (Miss POLLY WALKER) and *Molly* (Miss FRANCES DAY), of whom *Sallyann*, a comely and decently-behaved young woman, is paired with *Peter*, and *Molly*, an intensively shameless pace-maker in the art of courtship, with *Tom*.

It was natural in the circumstances that one of *Fakrash's* feats of benevolence should be the whisking of the young women, *Sallyann* and *Molly*, into *Tom* and *Peter's* bedroom, and characteristic of the new *Fakrash* that he should relieve the embarrassment of the young women and their swains, who find themselves, through some twist of the magic, wished into the street inadequately clothed, by arranging that all the inhabitants of London, including particularly the *Professor* and his seminary full of young ladies, should find themselves similarly arrayed. Nor again are we surprised by the appearance of *Fakrash* at the bar of the Kat's Kradle Klub telling that one about the man who missed the last camel home and getting outside several of the disturbing cocktails of that glittering establishment.

Mr. VIVIAN ELLIS and Mr. OSCAR LEVANT share the burden and the honours of the music, Mr. ELLIS scoring particularly with "Put That Down in Writing," sung by *Peter* and *Sallyann*, with typewriter obbligato by *Peter*, Mr. LEVANT countering with "We've Got the Moon and Sixpence"—this likewise being interpreted by hero and heroine.



ONE OF THOSE CLINGING WOMEN.

Tom Oakland . . MR. ARTHUR RISCOE.
Molly Harper . . MISS FRANCES DAY.

There was excellent fun in the musical commentary on the miseries of the times by *Tom* and *Peter* (with attached patter: "How's business?" "Awful!" "Ah! don't speak ill of the dead;" and "England can't go to the dogs." "Why not?" "Because the dogs won't have it"—jests which, helped by Mr. RISCOE'S india-rubber face and Mr. MOLLISON'S smiling or sulky naturalness, pleased my simple mind). Indeed the fun reached a standard appreciably above the average of these affairs, and that, together with the bizarre theme and the conjuring-tricks, makes this general mad helter-skelter a show to visit. There were two outstanding features—the personality of that vivid, provocative, dancing blonde, Miss FRANCES DAY, and the beautiful but withal frightening performance of BERENOFF and CHARLOT, which carries this new business of seeing how far you can twist and throw the body of a young woman about without breaking it to a point which surely has never been reached. Inwardly one thinks that such things should not be done. But done so well by such beautifully-modelled bodies they have a fascination which is something more than the morbid thrill of watching what looks like an extremely dangerous business.

Taking one good thing with another, then, this Arabian Nights entertainment is to be very warmly commended. T.

"TELL HER THE TRUTH" (SAVILLE).

This "play with tunes" is a sort of grandson. A novel by FREDERICK ISHAM, *Nothing But the Truth*, begat the amusing play of the same name by JAMES MONTGOMERY, which in turn begat this healthy youngster—Mr. R. P. WESTON and BERT LEE being in attendance as fairy godfathers with gifts of lyrics and other nonsense. Mr. BOBBY HOWES combines, as does no other English comedian, three gifts—a good singing voice (when he likes to use it as a good singing voice), considerable skill as an acrobat in a quiet way, and the most engaging and natural air

of absurdity. He has rivals who can make gestures and grimaces as amusing, but none, I think, who can make such gestures and grimaces appear so spontaneous and indeed inevitable, or vary them with such subtle modifications. The experiment of "the play with tunes" to exploit the gifts of this diverting droll, having so abundantly succeeded in *For the Love of Mike*, here succeeds again even more signally; so we may cheerfully look forward to a series of essays in the new, or renewed, technique.

Dick (Mr. PETER HADDON), *Mr. Ralston* (Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON) and *Bobbie* (Mr. BOBBY HOWES) are partners in an Estate Office in Shingle Haven, a rising seaside-resort—more accurately a falling one, for the eligible building-sites sold by the firm are inclined to slip into the sea, as sundry sinister rumblings and crashings heard at salient and (for the sellers) inconvenient moments in the action testify. *Ralston* has the general idea that you can't tell the truth in business as you can in private life (the characters here by no means do that in fact; but no matter), any more than you wear your dress-suit in the office, though you may happen to have one. *Bobbie*, perhaps spiritualised by his engagement to *Gwen* (Miss JEAN ADRIENNE), disapproves of this theory and brings a portrait of GEORGE WASHINGTON into the office to help him live up to his new ideal. *Dick* has no particular ideas about business ethics or indeed anything else, except that he can't stand the grim upright face of the legendary truth-teller.

A heavy bet is laid by *Bobbie* with his partners and the guileless Scot, *Maclean* (Mr. JACK LAMBERT), a purchaser of disintegrating building-plots, that for twenty-four hours by the clock he (*Bobbie*) will avoid the least divergence from the strict truth—with results that may be guessed when his opinion of the song sung and the hat worn by the Vicar's daughter (Miss WINIFRED IZARD) is asked; or he is questioned by *Mrs. Ralston* (Miss HENRIETTA WATSON) as to the precise duties and antecedents of two young women alleged by *Ralston* and *Dick* to be the new typists and discovered by her in the office busily battering their machines uncharged with paper; or is answering the queries of business clients who have "heard rumours"; or getting out of the ingenious traps laid for him by the three other parties to the bet. And a fine farrago of genial nonsense it all is.

As to the tunes. They are good—the inventions of Mr. JACK WALLER and Mr. JOSEPH TUNBRIDGE, so good indeed that the audience, delighting in all, was with difficulty induced to be content with three encores of one of them, "Sing, Brothers!" a rousing pseudo-revivalist exhortation too lightly handled to be offensively irreverent, with the Yorkshireman, *Mr. Parkin* (Mr. WYLIE WATSON, a most resourceful bland comedian hitherto, to my retrospective regret, unknown to me), "solo tenor for ten years in Ilkley Church," leading, and the partners and others in frantic support. Nor have I seen the ancient jest of the sham oratorio better done—and a good old joke with its youth cleverly renewed is always the best of jokes. Not only did the performers completely remove our gravity, but they had the greatest difficulty in preserving their own—which is apt to happen when comedians do a little better than their previous best.



Very Intelligent Foreigner. "SO HE WAS WHAT YOU CALL DER PADSMAN—YES?"

And I would ask the perceptive to note the variations upon a theme played by Mr. HOWES and Mr. WATSON in the matter of "business" during the two repetitions of a part of this fantastic "horrortorio"; to note too the skilful and original step-dancing by the long, lithe, graceful HELEN GRAY (one of the alleged typists) and the mischievous naughtiness of Miss POLLY LUCE (the other) when she relates an entirely apocryphal version of her alleged seduction by the unhappy *Ralston*; and the inspired inaccuracy of Miss WINIFRED IZARD'S singing of the Vicar's daughter's song. The whole affair is indeed a tonic for the distressed, having all the delightful spontaneity and intimacy of an impromptu rag. Go to it. T.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

III.—MR. BEENY'S ECONOMIES.

"OH, it 's you!" said Mr. Beeny as the door opened admitting a lady dressed in rather assertive tweeds, with a short skirt and heavy brogued shoes. "What are you doing in London?"

"I came up," said his sister, "to attend a sale or two and try to get some new house-linen cheap."

"Quite right," said Mr. Beeny, "quite right. From this moment onward the strictest economy must control our actions. Will you help me to bear that in mind?"

"I will," she replied grimly.

"Economy begins at home," said Mr. Beeny.

"And in the case of some people," Mrs. Tremayne remarked, "remains there. For example, Sylvester, if you always dined in, instead of at your club, you would save a great deal of money in the course of a year."

"I expect I shall have to," said her brother sadly.

"For a night or so," said Mrs. Tremayne; "you won't keep it up, if I know you."

"I 've been examining our figures to see where we can cut down," said her brother. "It's everyone's duty in these times."

"There 'll never be any economy here," said Mrs. Tremayne, "until you get a housekeeper. You and William are impossible. William! I 've no patience with William. Why you employ the lazy fellow, except as an accomplice, I don't know. And your cook should be a housekeeper of experience as well as a cook. With her and a neat parlourmaid you 'd be much better off. Your first step towards economy should be to discharge both William and that present extravagant creature."

"Discharge William?" exclaimed Mr. Beeny. "Discharge Mrs. Wilkins? Why, they 've both been with me for over twenty years. Mrs. Wilkins might get another place, but what would William do, poor fellow? What would *I* do? Oh no, William can become even more useful now by helping me to spend less. He can adapt himself wonderfully. In fact, he 's doing so, for this isn't a new thing, this economy campaign. It 's begun. I 'm going to do without cream. I 'm learning the bus-routes."

Mrs. Tremayne was again guilty of a snort.

"I assure you it is so," said Mr. Beeny. "Your attitude seems to suggest that there can be no change—no reformation, if you prefer the word—in a house like this. But you 're wrong. We 're serious, William and I. So long as there was no need for cheeseparing, William paid no attention to paring cheese; but now that everything is changed and we must all set an example, William will be a different man. We shall both be different men. As for your neat parlourmaids, they are very disappointing. They flirt and then they leave to marry. They cramp one's style at table too. I mean when there are only men dining."

"Men!" witheringly exclaimed his sister.

"Yes, dear, I said men. Low but necessary creatures in trousers, who, however, fill their humble position in the world no less than the Queens of Creation, women. Men: an order of vertebrates to which your husband belongs. No, no neat parlourmaids for me. My old and tried William all the time."

"Under this new and rigorous régime," said Mrs. Tremayne sweetly, "there will be fewer of these dinner-parties with their risqué talk, I take it?"

"Why? Oh, yes, I suppose so, or at any rate there 'll be less wine drunk. Less champagne, I mean."

"Champagne!" his sister cried. "I should think so. 'Less champagne.' There 'll be no champagne. Your champagne days, Sylvester, are numbered."

"I always thought that a foolish phrase," said Mr. Beeny reflectively. "Since there can be huge numbers as well as small, there 's no point to it. Everything is numbered, including the hairs of our heads."

"There is no need to be blasphemous," said his sister.

"Sorry," said Mr. Beeny. "But I don't mind my champagne days being numbered so long as the number is high. Anyway, we must have a look at the cellar. But I shouldn't care suddenly to stop giving my guests champagne. I would rather go on the waggon myself and so save a bottle."

"You!" said his sister; "you on the waggon!"

"Oh, dear," replied Mr. Beeny with a sigh, "why is it that women will never give a man credit for any form of self-sacrifice?" E. V. L.

Things Which Might have been Expressed More Happily.

"CONDUCTOR IN TEARS.

. . . Dr. Wood said he had never heard such singing in all his long adjudicating career."—*Daily Paper.*

A General Fuse.

"He drew her close. He could feel the throb of her heart against his breast. Her face was upturned, an arm stole up about his neck and drew his head down. And somehow, for one blissful moment, all the lights in the world went out."

The End of a Novel.

THE STATESMAN AND THE PROFESSOR.

A FABLE.

A STATESMAN and a Professor were passing an Idle Hour in a Pleasaunce when the Professor, presuming upon the Informality of the Occasion, remarked: "I confess that I experienced a feeling of Uneasiness bordering upon Perturbation when I read that you said in the Senate, 'I am, indeed, equally as Anxious as the Honourable Member, and I do not Deny that the matter is not Fraught with Urgency; but he need have no Doubt as to whether we shall Endeavour to Implement the Findings of the Commission within at least six months.' Is it not against the Interests of the Public to couch a Statement in such Terms?"

"By rights," replied the Statesman, "I ought to Insist upon having Notice of that Question. But, as I do not feel very Ministerial whilst communing with Nature, I will answer you Extemporaneously. I am unable to call to mind the Context, or even whether this Commission was an embarrassing Legacy from our Opponents or one we had hoped that our Opponents would Inherit from us, but, whichever it was, my Statement, taking it By and Large, seems to me to be a Model of Political Discretion."

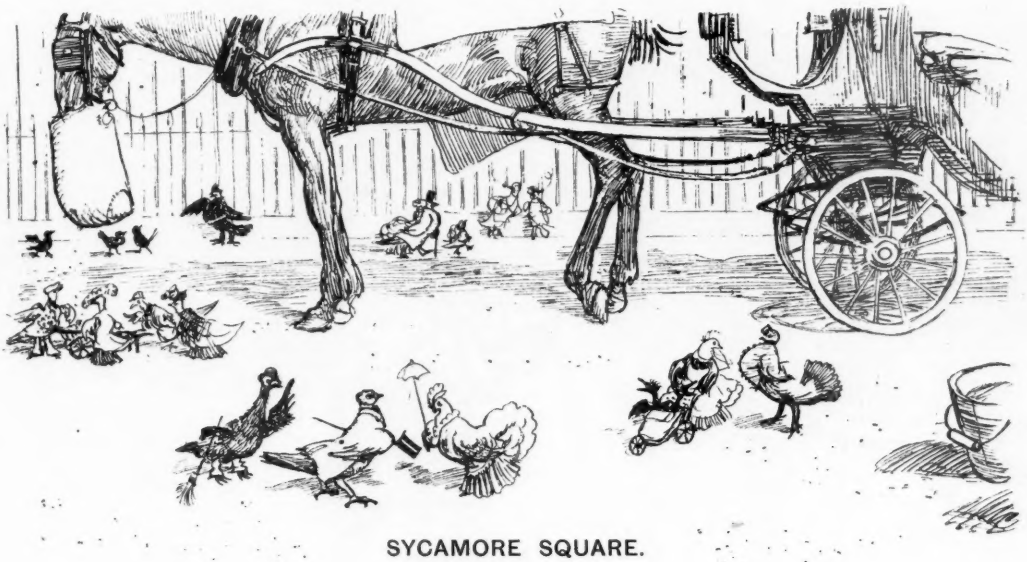
"I know nothing of Politics," said the Professor impatiently, "but your Statement is Palpably against the Interests of the Public because it contains Misuses of our Idiom against which I have long waged an Uphill Battle; and by giving Currency to these Illiteracies from your High Place you are nullifying the Good Influence of my *Pitfalls in Our Tongue* and its Abridged Edition for use in Schools."

"And yet," said the Statesman, "my words Expressed what I wanted to Say."

"Let us see," retorted the Professor in dangerous tones. "Passing over your 'equally,' which is Redundant, and your 'as to,' which is Otiose, your 'deny' sentence means the Opposite of what Presumably you wished to Convey, because you have inserted a Negative Too Many. Furthermore, if there is a Verb 'to implement,' which I shall deny with my Last Breath, you are Contradictorily going to do whatever it is that you mean by that Verb 'within' (that is, in Less than) 'six months' and also in 'at least' (that is, in probably More than) 'six months.' In effect, your Statement means Nothing at All."

"But," objected the Statesman, "that was Exactly what I intended it to Mean."

Moral: We can often Arrive at the Required Answer by the Wrong Method.



SYCAMORE SQUARE.

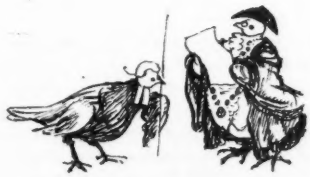
THE PIGEONS.

THE pigeons who
Inhabit the Square
Say "Times don't seem to be
What they were.
It was all very well
In the days gone by,
The leisurely days
Of the horse-drawn fly,
When nose-bags (once
They were slightly torn)
Could be counted on
For a feast of corn;
But it's no use looking
For breakfast in
A battered old, spattered old
Petrol-tin;
So what is a fellow
Like me or you
To do, I ask you,
To-doo, to-doo?"
But, though they grumble
And preen and pout,
They can't have much
To complain about,
For each is as plump
As a new Lord Mayor—
The pigeons that potter
In Sycamore Square.

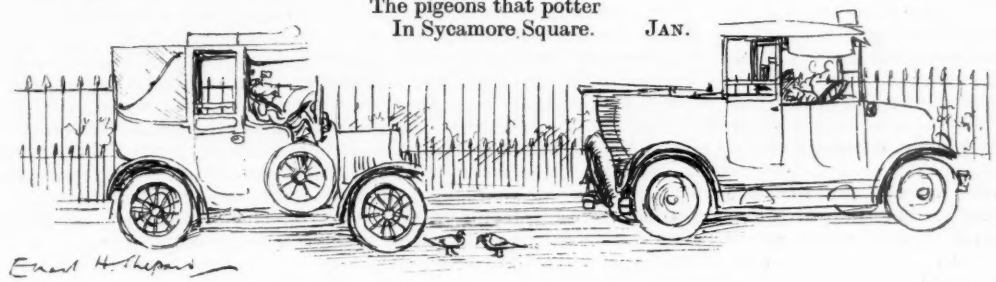
JAN.













Innkeeper's Wife (to weary hikers). "ARE YE *sure* YE'RE BONA-FIDE TRAVELLERS?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

For Ireland and the Empire.

JOHN REDMOND first entered the House of Commons in the midst of an Irish debate which, having been continued without a break for more than forty maddening hours of obstruction, was about to be arbitrarily suspended by the Speaker. A full generation later his death occurred, in the last year of the War, simultaneously with the breakdown of that famous Convention which represented his final passionate and almost despairing attempt to reach a peaceful settlement of the Irish question on the lines he had spent his life in advocating. If this country was never prepared to allow the justice of all that he claimed, yet by common consent his immediate and unlimitedly courageous resolve to close the ranks on the eve of the world war in 1914 placed him among the great Irishmen of his day; while the certainty that in standing firm to that resolution he had to face an infinity of discouragement and opposition is made only too clear in Mr. DENIS GWYNN's biography—*The Life of John Redmond* (HARRAP, 25/-)—a volume that distinctly enhances one's sense of debt to a true friend of the British Commonwealth. For the rest this political study, which concerns itself only in rather casual references with its hero's personal life and character, is made up of too long and bitter a sequence of bunglings, disappointments and heart-breaking might-have-beens to be happy reading for any lover of Ireland. It is of course an *ex-parte* statement, but its considerable extracts from Mr. REDMOND's diaries give it some appreciable historical significance.

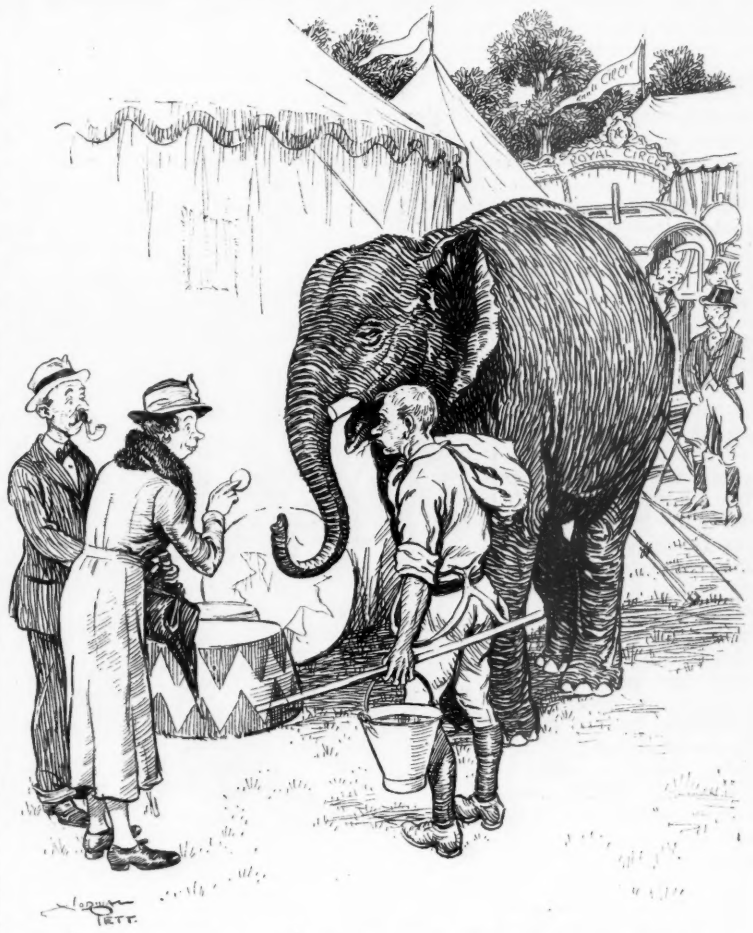
Theatrical Dreams and Awakenings.

There is a definite coherence about *Dream of Destiny and Venus Rising from the Sea* (CASSELL, 7/6), though the book consists of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's unfinished novel and a completed short story. Both deal with the theatrical world and both handle the present aspirations of the theatre a shade contemptuously. Indeed, when art resolves itself into a commerce in temperament (real or assumed) it is a thing for the forthright honest burgess to blush for. And here the F.H.B. (with whom I suspect Mr. BENNETT secretly ranged himself) has a twofold opportunity for blushing. The novel, as far as it goes, portrays the gradual attachment of *Roland Lane Smith*, expert in civic flats, to an actress in whose tragic end a dream has warned him he will be implicated. *Phœbe Friar* is a neurasthenic of "terrific voltage" who subconsciously dreads the strain and hazard of her profession. Her real affinity is her epicurean old father (a notable portrait), but the dominant actress in her persists in luring *Smith* to what was apparently foreshadowed as their common shipwreck. *Venus Rising from the Sea* depicts a righteous young actress of vamp parts who, after a precocious success, is faced with starvation at thirty. Chance throws *Etta Wickhamsted* in the way of *Maurice Leverton*, an immensely prosperous dramatist; and *Maurice*,

the austere writer of anything but austere plays, is swept off his feet by *Etta's* bourgeois integrity. A natty and pleasant little study, more distinguished in technique than temper, with two admirably "professional" portraits as foils to its domesticated principals.

Ave atque Vale.

For myself I can hardly believe that with the third and final volume of *The Letters of Queen Victoria* (Third Series, Vol. III., 1886-1901, MURRAY, 25/-) the time has come to take farewell of the greatest monarch since ELIZABETH in British history. Under Mr. BUCKLE'S incomparable guidance I have now watched QUEEN VICTORIA for close on forty years at her supremely difficult and magnificently executed task of governance. Wise in council and slow to anger in debate, quick to grasp the essentials of a situation and always ready with a solution to each of the manifold problems of empire, instinct with sympathy for the needs and the burdens of all classes and races in her world-wide and polyglot dominions, QUEEN VICTORIA was no less great than ELIZABETH as a ruler and far excelled her in the display of womanly qualities. Her patriotism was unquestioning and dauntless. "We are not interested in the possibilities of defeat," the seventy-nine-year-old QUEEN told an admiring ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR after Colenso —"they do not exist." Her English sense of fair-play and decency demanded that respect should be shown towards the remains of her late enemy the MAHDI ("the graves of our people have been respected, and those of our foes should, in her opinion, also be"), and that "the Victoria Cross should be bestowed equally on both (Native and British) branches of the Army." She occupied a position in the affections of her subjects that had been enjoyed by none of her predecessors and she honoured a great age with her name.



Gushing Visitor. "IS IT TRUE THAT AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS A FACE?"
Bored Circus-Hand. "WELL, O' COURSE SOME PEOPLE MAKE IT EASY FOR HIM."

A Solar Satellite.

It is part, I think, of the wisdom of our age to see the baser side of those spans of history that have hitherto been efficaciously gilded; and the reminder that there were personages, even royal, who could be both uncomfortable and dreary under the ROI SOLEIL is not without its agreeable repercussions. A woman of charm and courage, with a lioness's share of the unwisdom and bad luck of her parents, HENRIETTA ANNE of England, the daughter of CHARLES I. and HENRIETTA MARIA, is admirably adapted to play the lead in her own tragedy. "MADAME," or "MINETTE" as the French Court and her intimates called her, was reared in penury by an exiled and widowed mother and died most probably of poison concocted by her husband's minion. In the interval she was of considerable political importance as the link between her brother-in-law, LOUIS XIV., and her brother, CHARLES II., and socially effective as a comparatively innocent flame of the former. All this is skilfully brought out by Miss MARGARET IRWIN in *Royal Flush* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6), a free reconstruction of actual historical events and personages that reads like a knowledgable translation. This, I suppose, is the effect of affiliation to the heavy long-winded *Jew Süss* school of Continental narrative rather than to our own lithe and beautiful SCOTT-STEVENSON tradition. Of its kind Miss IRWIN'S book is more than competent, sympathy and a sense of drama making memorable such scenes as the parting of LOUIS and MARIE MANCINI and the pathetic and dignified death-bed of her heroine.

Convincing Realism.

I have seldom been more convinced of truth in a book and never more reluctant to believe that truth than I was when I had finished reading Miss MARGUERITE STEEN'S *The Wise and the Foolish Virgins* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), in which she tells the story of a North port slum-child. There is only one point on which I am (though this is a sad admission) sceptical: I hope that no child of fourteen, sharing a squalid room with a drunken mother and some half-dozen other children, having one sister on the streets and another approaching them, would experience the aching sense of beauty that tormented *Catherine Malley*. I should prefer to think that ugliness produces its own anæsthetic to dull

the senses of beauty-lovers; but Miss STEEN, writing as one who is on the side of the angels and has looked down into hell, is not so kind to herself or us. Her *Catherine* is not a saint or a prig, as she might be if her author were a sentimental or hysterical writer. The whole of this exquisitely-written tender-hearted story of *Catherine*, whose goddess was a prim and petty school-teacher, whose once-a-week Heaven that woman's kitchen, is relieved by irony and humour. It is also a clear cry to those who say, "Poor little things! But one can't *do* anything. It's much better not to think about it."

A Victorian Romance.

For some time I have been trying to keep an eye on Miss BETTY ASKWITH, but it has been only one, since the other was always attracted to Miss THEODORA BENSON, who almost invariably accompanied her when she appeared in print. Save in an attractive poem or two, I have never caught her alone till now, when, in *If this be Error* (METHUEN, 6/-), appears, as her publishers oddly express it, "her first single effort." It is a very charming short novel, in which, against a Victorian setting with some really lovely descriptions of English country scenery and of hunting, we are given the simple story of *Helena Dering*. She is the daughter of a county family, very properly brought up but inclined to ponder the possibilities of life and love instead of accepting the ready-made estimates which satisfy her only sister. The tragic history of *Helena's* love for her father's friend, *Lord Windrush*, a plain but charming creature for whose name alone I could almost have followed her example, is very well told. It is odd, though, that *Windrush*, who is the husband of a mad wife, sketches for his lover a very honest picture of what her own social life must be if they elope, yet fails even to hint at the blight which must fall upon their children. Perhaps in Victorian times even the hardy eloper did not discuss such eventualities. There are two or three small matters that make me wish that Miss ASKWITH had submitted her work to some editorial eye. For the rest I have found her story a delight.



Camper (not in the plumbing profession). "LUMMY! I WAS WONDERING WHAT IT WAS—I BEEN AN' FORGOT THE TENT!"

A Princess of Parlourmaids.

I do not know whether it was the shortage of domestic servants that impelled Mrs. BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR to write *Maids and Mistresses* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) and to expend all but six hundred closely-printed pages in showing how much excitement can be packed into the first few years of a parlourmaid's career. For a young girl craving sensation this must surely be the ideal profession, if the story of *Sally Dunn* is at all credible. First she gets a situation in a family where the wife divorces her husband; from that she is hastily switched off to one in which the husband commits suicide because of his wife's infidelity; from that again she is hurried to a most unpleasant household where the son of the house, a young Oxford undergraduate, makes love to her, and she is consequently dismissed with ignominy by his scornful mother. And last of all she is rescued on the brink of suicide by an elderly literary gentleman, who unfortunately dies of heart disease just before he has executed a will leaving her all his property; upon which poor *Sally* finds herself at the end of the book thrust out of the door by a furious married daughter, quite in the traditional style. But her admirers will feel confident that this princess of parlourmaids is bound to win through to happiness in the end. I regret to say that the men do not come off too well in this modern, rather daring but quite entertaining novel.

Revolution.

Appropriately swathed in a red bandage, *Lenin* (5/-) is a notable addition to the series of biographies which are being issued by PETER DAVIES. Even those who differ most widely from Mr. JAMES MAXTON's estimate will admit that he gives a clear and consistent portrait of a man of extraordinary force and commanding influence. From his youth onwards VLADIMIR ILYICH UL'YANOV—to use his full names—worked with one purpose, and in spite of colossal difficulties and discouragements he achieved it. Mr. MAXTON refers to him as a great pioneer of a new world civilisation; but, however that may be, the fact remains that what LENIN worked for and accomplished has as yet failed to spread to any convincing extent beyond the borders of Russia. This is a most interesting book and it is written in a style that is consistently simple and unaffected.

Manners versus Morals.

I see on the jacket of *Before the Fact* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) that the authorship of *Malice Aforethought*, which brought the pseudonym "FRANCIS ILES" prominently before the public, has been ascribed to various men. But, hazardous as it is to prophesy, I make bold to predict that the sex of "F. ILES" is feminine. This second venture into the field of sensational fiction is sub-titled "A Murder Story for Ladies," and I do not doubt that women will be quicker than men to appreciate *Lina Aysgarth's* reasons for sticking to her corrupt husband. *Johnnie Aysgarth's* manners were charming, but he was absolutely without morals and his record of crimes and misdemeanours was endless. A tale that might have been sordid and unconvincing is redeemed by the brilliancy with which it is written. "FRANCIS ILES," whether feminine or masculine, is a real and refreshing stylist.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is pointed out that the secession of Ireland might involve the repatriation of Mr. G. B. SHAW. Have Irish Republicans considered this?

***

The state of confusion in Chile may be gathered from the fact that many people are still taking part in the last revolution but one.

***

A beauty-specialist refers to some women who are wearing the "Aylesbury eyebrows." We rather fancy that Mr. GEORGE ROBEY's are Black Minorcas.

***

Experiments are being conducted at Cambridge with instruments which record the breathing of vegetables. Special interest attaches to the panting of scarlet-runners.

***

A paragraphist discloses that Mr. J. H. THOMAS's favourite recreation, when he is able to lay aside his State duties, is croquet. We have always been ready to believe that he could let himself go at times.

***

At a recent entertainment men in evening dress tried their hands at archery. ROBIN HOOD may have drawn a better bow, but it is very doubtful whether he could have tied one so nicely.

***

As a preliminary to seeking an audience with Signor MUSSOLINI, Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS wrote a Petrarchan sonnet and sent it to him. Sonneteers seldom find that this obtains them an audience with an editor.

***

Coloured glasses are being worn by lawn-tennis spectators. Umpires and linesmen find them a protection from star-glare.

***

The brown colour of the sea, as recently observed at Southend, is stated to have been caused by a species of fish-spawn known as "tobacco-juice." Not, as was at first suspected, by sunburn coming off bathers.

***

Mrs. EDITH ELLIS, of Detroit, one of America's three women master-plumbers, believes that all plumbers should be women. They are certainly smarter than men in fetching their mates.

When a non-swimmer who had fallen into a bathing-pool at Morecambe was struggling with his would-be rescuer, a policeman, retaining his uniform and boots, jumped in and reduced him to quiescence with a punch on the jaw. If this had not been effective the officer might have been obliged to draw his truncheon.

***

Two girls who fell from the pier of a South Coast seaside-resort were rescued by a young man who walked away refusing to disclose his name and address. The coward!

***

There is a special kind of cheese that has to be buried for a period before it acquires its distinctive flavour. Humane-killers are used in all the best cheese abattoirs.



Tearful Batsman (after defying Umpire's ruling). "ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO; BUT IT AIN'T CRICKET. THEY WOULDN'T DO THIS AT LORD'S."

A woman seeking a separation from her husband declared that golf was a sin. So much for the belief that it was a disease.

***

A Philadelphian scientist says that a new branch of the science of psychiatry is to be called Psychobiologicalpharmacodynamics. The trouble is that it may be mistaken for a Welsh railway-station.

***

Recent statistics prove that cremation is increasing every year in this country. All the same, people seem to put it off until the last.

***

According to a writer on hiking, thousands of picnics have had to be abandoned this year owing to the inclement weather. It is even reported that in some parts of the country things are so bad that insects have had to resort to stinging one another.

Using a wireless-set of his own make a Nottingham boy tuned in America the first time he used it. It is hoped it will be a lesson to him.

***

An Essex market-gardener sent two bushels of early peas to a County cricket team for their luncheon. The players were expected to supply their own ducks.

***

The ball-boys at Wimbledon are wearing flannel trousers for the first time this year. It is good to note, however, that the price of admission has not been increased.

***

Although the non-inclusion of TATE and DUCKWORTH in the team selected for the first Test Match was the subject of much criticism, no one seemed surprised that A. N. Other had been dropped.

***

A Hampstead lady has taught her pet bulldog to carry her handbag in its mouth. This is the sort of thing that sours our best snatchers.

***

"Will the Straw Boater Return?" asks *The Daily Herald*. Not unless the wind decides to blow from the opposite direction.

***

The business-man who complains about his staff restarting work in a spiritless manner when coming back from holidays should remember that no one feels cheerful the morning after the fortnight before.

***

It is said that one American film-actress earns so much money that what her salary is and what her Press-agent says it is are practically identical.

***

It is stated that there are roughly a hundred million sheep in Australia. There seems to be no reason why an Australian should ever suffer from insomnia.

***

Tom-tits have built a nest in a letter-box. The family sincerely hope that envelopes containing heavy articles will be handed over the counter at the post-office.

***

A police authority says that most criminals are too lazy to work. It is said that some of them dictate their memoirs in their dressing-gowns.

THE ETIQUETTE OF PUNTING.

(*As discovered after intensive research among the racing intelligentsia at the cost of twenty-seven shaves, two hair-cuts and a dry shampoo*).

IN racing it is not so much what you back that matters as why you back it. No self-respecting racegoer, for instance, ever dreams of backing a horse because he has dreamt he backed it, or because it has the same name as his grandmother, or because he happens to have been born on April the Fifth. Or if he does he keeps it to himself. You are to understand that all his selections are prompted by that inspired professional reasoning without which no backer can hope to rise above the "mug" punter class.

There are approximately 1,001 legitimate reasons for backing a horse, and from the point of view of prestige, if not finance, it is better to back a loser for any one of them than pick out a winner with a pin.

The best reason of all is of course information, preferably by wire from a mysterious friend in the North whose name you are not at liberty to divulge. The North appears to be full of these mysterious men, and it gives you an immediate cachet to be connected with one of them. I have been unable to discover how this can be managed in fact, but for conversational purposes it is quite safe to invent one. You must of course confine yourself to rank outsiders, for any fool can tip the favourite.

By the way, when passing on such information it is distinctly against etiquette to mention the horse by name. The correct procedure is to guide your hearer to a secluded corner, open the newspaper at the list of runners and point it out with a pencil, begging him at the same time to keep it to himself. Unless you pledge him to secrecy he will have no confidence in you. There is a current belief in racing circles that an extra shilling each way from the butcher's boy is more than enough to ruin the market.

Failing information, you can still acquire a fair amount of prestige from your fellow-racegoers by giving your own selections. Any of the following are good and sufficient reasons for fancying an animal:—

Because it is carrying top weight. (It would not have been placed at the top of the handicap were it not a good horse).

Because it hasn't got more than a postage-stamp to carry. (A technical expression applicable to anything under seven stone).

Because it has just won a race. (It is running into form and will win again).

Because it has not won a race for three years. (It must win to-day to earn its corn).

Because it is being ridden by a crack jockey. (The stable is running no risks).

Because it is being ridden by an unknown apprentice. (A smart boy whose extra allowance of five pounds will bring victory).

Because its trainer likes to win at this particular meeting. (Apparently quite a lot of trainers don't. At any rate this argument is often advanced).

As you can see, this range of reasons permits you to select almost any horse running. I confess I have been unable to penetrate the mental processes by which my friends at the barber's shop arrive at their selections, but personally I always pick the horse first and find the arguments (if any) afterwards.

It adds to the effect to turn up the animal's form, which you will find reads something as follows:—

PINK BANANA (7–5); Fruit Tree—Colourblind. Carried 8–6 when unplaced to Chewing Gum (8–3), Lingfield, April 11th. Soft. Silver Lining was behind. *See* Hippopotamus.

It is not necessary for you to understand all this. Just read it out, ending up with an emphatic "See that?" It impresses people. I don't know why, but it does.

The summary of newspaper selections too often yields valuable corroborative evidence of your own acumen. There are so many regular racing critics of such widely differing views that one of them is almost bound to have selected your horse. Designate that writer—and loudly—as one of the shrewdest tipsters of to-day and exclaim in a tone of triumph, "See that? Achilles goes right out for him!"

Observe these rules and whatever the fate of your selections your prestige will not be affected. Curiously enough almost any excuse will do to explain away a loser. You can say that the price was too short to please the connections; that the going was too hard or too soft; that the draw was against it; that the jockey was bribed; or even, failing everything else, that you cannot understand it. The only explanation you must avoid at all costs is that the horse was beaten on its merits.

"175 TONS OF CANE BURNT OUT."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Oh, Boy!

Lord LONSDALE recently revealed that the hero of the famous hunting-song of the Cumberland Fells was only a shepherd. So now we really do ken JOHN PEEL.

OUR BRIGHTEST YOUNG THING.

[Dame MADGE KENDAL has been seen shopping without her bonnet, in a hat.]

DAME MADGE forsakes her bonnet
With the beads and ribbons on it!
She has declined to don it
And taken to a hat;
Now let Victorian annals
Retire to their red flannels—
Dame MADGE prefers new channels,
So that's the end of that.

Just in the very season
When youth at last agrees on
Trying the modes (in reason)
Their grannies used to don,
Those puffs and frills, and stopping
The craze for Eton-cropping,
Dame MADGE goes gaily shopping
Without her bonnet on!

Of modern days the sign 'tis
To praise the dear old 'nineties,
We all say how divine 'tis
To look so out of date;
We're positively doters
Upon the round straw boaters
With little ribbon floaters
Above the "permied" pate.

With trailing dresses skimming
The road in puddles swimming,
We now, to save our trimming,
Once more hitch up our skirts;
The waist (we re-endorse it)
May ask of us to force it
Into a waspish corset,
No matter how it hurts.

The blouse becomes a passion,
The bishop-sleeve's in fashion,
And long white kids now flash on
Our erstwhile naked fins;
Our curves have grown more plastic,
Our jewellery more drastic,
We've gone back to elastic
Worn underneath our chins.

And then—just as we bend all
Our wits to apprehend all
The modes which Dame MADGE KENDAL
Approves, she knocks us flat,
And lays aside her bonnet
With the beads and ribbons on it,
And which of us dare don it
When *she* prefers a hat?

A Giant at Government House?

"GUESTS AT DINNER.

The following were the guests of the Governor and Lady Clementi at dinner:—. . . the A.D.C. to H.E. the G.O.G. G.O.G."
Malay Paper.

Uplift in the Trees.

"Mrs. —— was unanimously elected Presiding Member for the Deanery, and, being already known as a beautiful speaker among the Branches, was warmly received by all present."—*Mothers' Union Paper.*



THE MASTER MAGICIAN.

WELSH WIZARD (*greeting his colleagues*). "WHERE I DIFFER FROM YOU, GENTLEMEN, IS THAT I ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING UP MY SLEEVE."

[A Conference of the International Brotherhood of Magicians was held at Cheltenham on June 24—26.]



The Duchess. "A VERY PLEASANT LITTLE PARTY, MRS. SNOBSON—INTERESTING PEOPLE."
Mrs. Snobson. "SO GLAD, DEAR DUCHESS. I *love* GIVING THESE DEMOCRATIC PARTIES. I MEAN, *so* JOLLY TO HAVE PEOPLE ONE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE *known* A FEW YEARS AGO."

"BY ANY NAME . . ."

II.

MANY readers, unable to wait in patience for the publication of my booklet, have written imploring me to let them without further delay into the secret of my new system for the re-naming of flowers.

To those of you who were at sea that week I should explain that I am giving all the garden-flowers new names out of *The Medical Dictionary*. Why? Well, because nearly all flowers *have* got names like diseases or parts of the human inside, and nearly all diseases have got names like flowers. But there are many exceptions in both camps—too many exceptions. There is no real plan, and things are in a muddle. Absent-minded physicians whose hobby is gardening find themselves diagnosing the latest complaint of their richest patient as *salpiglossis* or *scabious*; and then they go out into the garden and tell the gardener to water the *anæmias*, prune the *double pneumonias* or thin out the *erysipelas*.

Something must be done. Moreover, as I pointed out, those who live in the country have an unfair advantage over the townsfolk; they have spent years learning up these arbitrarily-selected names, and since there is no real reason in them the rational townsman has no hope of catching up and is disgraced at week-ends. But now that we have an entirely new nomenclature based upon a single grand principle everybody can start again and start fair.

Well, to return to my correspondents, this week of course all our dear gardens are a blaze of *saliva* and *peritonitis*. The late summer has kept the *salivas* back, but that may turn out to be a blessing in disguise, because before they are over we should have both the *white herpes* and *scarlet malaria* with us; and that 's a combination we seldom see, isn't it, dears?

"Thin out your *calomel* before June is done" is a good rule. A little lime on the *scrofulas* and *synovitis* will do no harm after these dry weeks. *Myopia* and *camomile* have been disappointing this year; but my *golden œsophagus* has never done so well.

But there, the weeks fly by and soon we shall be making plans for next year's garden. No more *eczemas* for me—the wretched things have spread all over my herbaceous border. *Acne rosacea*, I find, is just as hardy and does less damage to the general colour-scheme. "Buy British!" is of course my rule; but bulbs are my passion, and I must and will have a dozen or two of my dear *pink ophthalmias* and *early sciatica* from the Dutch.

And next year I am going to make one last effort to grow *strangulated hernia*. This charming plant has baffled me again—pale leaves, few buds and a feeble stalk. Of course our soil is clay, but my sister, whose soil is no more gravel than mine, has a beautiful *hernia*. I envy too her *asafœtida* and *lupus vulgaris*; perhaps air, after all, is more important than soil.

No more about the garden now, chicks. But, talking of names, I have been asked to assist in the naming of twins—male and female. The parents are in a difficulty. They say that all the jolly girls' names have been made common or lurid by the acting pro-

fession and that all the good boys' names remind them of some ghastly statesman. "The decline of Britain," said Stephenson (the father), "is marked as with milestones with Richards and Johns."

Well, as to the girls, the problem is fairly easy. I pointed out to the parents that the jolly stage-names—Fay, May, June, Merry and so forth—are quite out of date. Puritanism is in our midst, and the girls who twenty years ago were christened Faith, Constance, Patience or Prudence have come out (through no fault of their own) in the blaze of fashion.

I heard the other day of a poor girl called Fidelity who was just going to be married. Her husband, I suppose, will call her "Fid" or "Deli"; and think what the K.C.'s will say if she ever approaches the Divorce Court!

However, we can't help that. After all, there are any number of virtues. I suggest that the female twin be named Docility or Punctuality; either of them should attract the young suitor almost as much as Fidelity. She will have to be named Foaks as well, I gather, because that is the mother's family name. But Punctuality Foaks Stephenson does not sound too bad. Or Domesticity Stephenson? Agility Stephenson? Faith Punctuality Respectability Foaks Stephenson? How's that? Intuition Stephenson? Reticence Parsimony Stephenson? Or simply Virtue Foaks Stephenson.

It's not so easy, I admit. Personally I have always wanted to call a girl Taffeta or Orange, Daffodil, Harp, Music, Uvula or Fuchsia. Most of the flowers have been used, but I never met a Miss Fuchsia. Rhododendron would be a sweet name too.

As for the boy, he had better be named after one of the manly virtues. This is easy, for they are more numerous than the female. Let him be Commonsense Discretion Rickaby Stephenson (Rickaby is the name of an uncle who is expected to leave him a few unsaleable rubber-shares). Or Temperance Probity Rickaby Stephenson? Or Prescience Energy Geniality Stephenson? Benevolence Tidiness Rickaby Stephenson? Tenacity Thrift Broad-mindedness Rickaby Stephenson? (Thrift is a good name, but perhaps the girl should have that.) Celerity Neatness Rickaby Stephenson? Oh, dash it—I should call them Jack and Jill after all. . . .

But if these parents (and others) persevere with the virtue nomenclature I hope that I shall be present at the twin's weddings. It will be moving to hear the church re-echo such a line as "I Punctuality Conservatism Philosophy Venables Brown take thee Purity Free Trade Meditation Foaks Stephenson to be my wedded, etc., etc." A. P. H.



THE JEALOUS MUSE; OR, THE POET WHO COURTED FAME.

LEGS AND THE MAN.

THOUGH I am very far from loathing
Victorians for their style of clothing,
I never could approve their tastes
In peg-top trousers, wasplike waists.
But, while I bear ungrudging witness
To the superior grace and fitness
Of modern maidens and admire
The commonsense of their attire,
Their brothers' choice of nether wear
Fills me to-day with blank despair.

The nineteenth-century knickerbockers
Were certainly fair game for mockers,
And Oxford undergrads much later
Discredited their Alma Mater
Less by their rowdiness or rags
Than by their wide ballooning bags.
This loathsome leg-wear now is shunted;
Our eyes no longer are affronted
By billowy trousers, flapping, floppy,
Intolerably slack and sloppy;
Yet the unconscionable race
Of clothiers, bent on man's disgrace,
Are striving, sure as eggs is eggs,
To excommunicate our legs.
For by a vile device that wrecks
The proud predominance of our sex
Just when our saner better halves
Are not ashamed to show their calves,
They shroud our shanks until they dwindle
Into a slim and skinny spindle,
Exposing to the scorn of scoffers
These masquerading pseudo-golfers,
And prompting *Punch* to execrate
In a sartorial "Hymn of Hate"
A fashion which his soul abhors—
The odious "garbage" of plus-fours.

C. L. G.

THE WORLD RACQUETEERS.

LAST year the principal new American challenger at Wimbledon was F. X. SHIELDS, the lissom, long and graceful. The most notable Transatlantic invader of 1932 is the youthful champion, H.E. VINES, who also is long and lissom but not quite (I overheard) so divine. He has, however, a terrific service, and he won the first match of the season in the Centre Court with ease from E. DU PLAIX of France. VINES is among those who wear hats—a spreading affair of white linen—which will not, I fancy, set a fashion as BOROTRA's beret so nearly did a few years ago. And *à propos* of hats, let me say that the hats of the male spectators at this Wimbledon meeting struck me as very bad, and the rest of the clothes of too many of them indifferent. Without stealing any of Sir WALTER GILBEY's thunder, I should like to put it on record that Englishmen are not just now dressing up to the standard. They may have done so at Ascot, but there is a slovenliness at Wimbledon which possibly they think assorts with lawn-tennis but is none the better for that.

On the other hand, the authorities have put all the scampering ball-boys into grey flannel suits in place of the old odd-coloured semi-scout uniforms; and it is an advantage, except that the grey flannel hats which go with them give some of these mites the appearance, from the back, of little old men. The only other changes that I noticed were improved scoring-boards, fewer girls smoking and, in the Centre Court, a refrigerator to keep cold the restorative beverages to which the heroes resort between the games.

Perhaps when all the statesmen have said their say it is the lawn-tennis ball that is going to federate the world. It is easy to believe this at Wimbledon, where the nations meet on such friendly terms. The first match I watched was between America and France; the next, also in the Centre Court, between Spain (E. MAIER) and Hungary (B. DE KEHRLING). Meanwhile, in the side courts, France (J. BRUGNON) was being beaten by New Zealand (E. D. ANDREWS); Great Britain (J. F. G. LYSAGHT) by Czecho-Slovakia (J. SIBA), although Czecho-Slovakia was certainly eighteen inches shorter; and P. LANDRY of France by I. AOKI, representing Japan. This last contest was the toughest I ever saw. When I reached the court the scores in the first set were 12–11, and they ran on to set–14. Never did I witness such rallies. But was there a moment of petulance or despair on either side? Not one.

The emotional interest of the day centred in the darling of the goddesses, BOROTRA. He is notoriously a bad beginner, and the almost unbearable question was, how would he come out of the ordeal with MERLIN, also of the Fair Land of France? And incidentally how would



THE NEWLY-BREECHED BALL-BOY.

BOROTRA look after a year's absence? I will at once allay trepidations and soothe palpitations by saying that he looks hardly any older; a little less gay and ebullient perhaps, but nothing to worry about. Before, however, his



BOROTRA DEFIES THE INFLUENZA AND PULLS IT OFF.

match with the dogged and stolid and very capable MERLIN was finished he had put thousands of his admirers through agonies of hope and fear. He began by losing six games in succession, not even the operation of removing his sweater, which he did amidst salvoes of applause, improving his form in the least. He then won a set, but not like the champion of 1924 and 1926, and in spite of another heroic action, also applauded to the echo, which brought the magical beret back to his bare head, he was playing very badly indeed when he lost the next set. Recovering, he won the fourth. With the score now two sets all, something had to be done if the Basque star was to continue in the ascendant and the meeting was not to be robbed of its romance. What that something was I cannot tell, for it is a secret of the pharmacopeia. All I can say is that it looked like lozenges. At the beginning of the fifth set BOROTRA consumed one of these and he was instantly a new man. And he continued to be a marvel of skill and rapidity at the net, with periodical assistance from the chemist, until he had won, although just before the end his services lost every kind of accuracy and sting. An elixir of life that, and I should like to know what it was.

Between the matches I amused myself by wondering which among the spectators were those occupying the seats advertised in the Personal Column of *The Times*. There must have been many, for buying seats for the Centre Court at one figure and selling them at a higher seems to have become one of the most flourishing of British industries.

E. V. L.

STORM OVER HOLLYWOOD.

New York, Tuesday. Rush.

HOLLYWOOD, home of sensations, provided its biggest sensation to-day when it became known that a bloodless revolution, led by world-famous stars, had broken out in the heart of filmdom.

It is reported that all film-magnates are under arrest and that the entire city is in the hands of the rebels. Trouble had been brewing for some time, but a rebellion was totally unexpected. Film critics who have volunteered for picket duty are being rushed to Los Angeles from all parts of the United States, and the situation is reported to be entirely out of hand.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Near Hollywood, Tuesday. Later.

Mystery envelops the astounding revolution which took Hollywood's big men by storm. For some time there had been rumours that a number of the world's most highly-paid stars had been secretly attending "culture classes" and "midnight matinées" of highbrow films in the fastnesses of Beverly Hills, but this was regarded by the magnates as so much "ballyhoo."

One report states that GRETA GARBO

has been proclaimed Prime Minister in the Provisional Government.

Hollywood, Wednesday.

It is now possible to give a more detailed picture of the Hollywood revolution. It appears that on Monday morning at nine o'clock squads of stars, acting under secret orders, forced their way into the offices of the magnates and presented an ultimatum. The main demands of the stars were as follows:

Immediate outlawry of the terms "Okay," "Oh, yeah" and "Scram."

Abolition of the box-office test. Films to be made solely with cultural aim.

Fiction masterpieces when used for the screen not to be given happy endings unless already possessing same.

Renunciation of hick dictatorship in favour of a jury of intellectuals.

The attitude of the executives may be summed up in the reply of one magnate who received the ultimatum. "Boloney!" was what he said. The captains of the film industry were then told that they were under arrest. One of the first acts of the revolutionaries was to set free several authors who had been incarcerated for a number of years on high salaries writing scenarios which were never read.

Hollywood, Thursday.

Train-loads of those who were identified with the old *régime* in Hollywood are now leaving the film city. One express which left this morning was full of what is known here as "sob sisters"—women journalists who have specialised in Hollywood news from the feminine angle. The train, which was driven by one of the MARX Brothers, left for an unknown destination.

It is officially stated that GRETA GARBO is Prime Minister in the New Hollywood Government. MARLENE DIETRICH, in view of her experience of Far Eastern problems gained from *Shanghai Express*, has been appointed Foreign Secretary.

Hollywood, Thursday. Rush.

GRETA GARBO reported shot as spy.

Hollywood, Thursday. Later. Rush. Rush.

GRETA GARBO's death denied. Report was spread as a last fling by an anti-revolutionary Press agent. He has been deprived of all civic rights and sentenced to six months' imprisonment on custard-pie diet.

Hollywood, Friday.

Situation quiet. Amid scenes of great enthusiasm members of the new Government, headed by GRETA GARBO, attended the première of the official news-reel showing various incidents during the rebellion.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Hollywood, Monday.

I am able to give the amazing news to the world that the Hollywood rebellion has utterly collapsed. Disaffection spread rapidly when it became known that the Cabinet proposed to introduce legislation limiting divorce and making all marriages absolutely binding for a period of not less than six calendar months. A General Strike was declared and the Government threw in its hand. The ex-Ministers have placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of the "Old Gang," who have been recalled and are flocking back to the city. It is expected that all who have taken part in the revolution will receive a free pardon, together with a ten-per-cent reduction of salaries exceeding $5,000 per week.



"ARE YOU STILL EDITING *THE SNAPPY WEEKLY*? I NEVER SEE IT ON SALE."
"OH, YES, BUT YOU KNOW WE'VE AMALGAMATED WITH *THE CLERICAL GAZETTE*."

A NEGLECTED ANIMAL.

I CONFIDENTLY expected that my article of a few weeks ago about the new society in which I was interested—the S.P.C.M., or Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to whatever we ultimately decided the "M" should stand for—would have brought in to our Honorary Treasurer sufficient subscriptions to have enabled him to take a week-end at the seaside—or I wouldn't even have minded a day in the country.

Unfortunately the public seems singularly lacking in sympathy for things beginning with M, because, apart from ½*d.* contributed by a financial syndicate at a famous public school, the only communication I received was from a gentleman in Perthshire—threepence to pay on the envelope—who signed himself "Member of Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." He explained, in the kind way that Scots have with feeble-minded Southrons, first, that it was highly unlikely anyone would really subscribe to a society of which the object (he meant the "M") was left so extremely indefinite; secondly, that with one exception all the objects I had suggested—Moas, Macrodactyls, Microphones, Machinery and so on—were impracticable; and, thirdly, that even the one exception, Mice, did not need a guardian society at all, because Mice, being animals, would come under the notice of the R.S.P.C.A. should any cruelties be practised upon them. A nice friendly letter, in short, and one which it is a real pleasure to answer.

Now he may be right on the first two points, but I don't agree with him at all when he says that a guardian society for Mice, or "wee, sleekit, cow'rin' tim'rous beasties," as they ca' them in Scotland, is quite unnecessary. I definitely suggested forming a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wee Sleekit Cow'rin' Tim'rous Beasties because I don't trust the R.S.P.C.A. to look after them properly—not as well as a S.P.C.W.S.C.T.B.—or shall we say "Buddie" for short? I don't believe the R.S.P.C.A. is a bit interested in Mice really. It's all very well to say a mouse is an animal, but the R.S.P.C.A.'s definition of animals is most unsatisfactory when you come to consider it.

Now, according to the article on ZOOLOGY in my *Encyclopædia*, animals include *Mammalia* (see also *Primates*) and *Primates* (see also *Archbishop*) include Man. Long ago Man was defined as a "two-legged animal without feathers," and, as far as my personal observation goes—for none of the men I know has feathers—this is right.

Having shown that Man is undoubtedly an animal I will add that he is the highest form of animal; but does the R.S.P.C.A. take any steps to prevent cruelty to him? It does not. Speaking as one who was fortunate enough to escape with his life from a meeting of the R.S.P.C.A. I should almost say far from it.

Yet think of all the exquisite cruelties that that poor animal, Man, has to suffer during his life! Income-tax forms, the tube rush-hour, loud-speakers, inaudible actors, cornet-solos under his window, friends who say, "Stop me if you've heard this one" and then don't stop, the facetious running commentary on travel-films in the news-reel cinemas, no cigarette-buying after eight, mothers-in-law, jokes about mothers-in-law—why, the list is endless.

And what has the R.S.P.C.A. done about it? Nothing. Worse than nothing, for it is often responsible for some of the actual cruelty to Man. Only a few weeks ago in Philadelphia a justice of the peace, having fined some wretched men who had been summoned by the S.P.C.A. of America for arranging cockfights, proceeded to *lecture* them as well. If the society had been doing its job it would have at once protested against that lecture as Cruelty to Man, whereas all it did was rather cleverly to prevent further cruelty to thirty-eight impounded fighting-cocks by having them destroyed.

You see what I mean? The R.S.P.C.A.'s attitude appears to be that Man has no claim to the rights of an animal, just because he is not a horse, though some people whom I know look very—— However, we won't go into that just now. This attitude, which is all wrong, is peculiarly unfair to a man who has been cruelly treated by one or more of those creatures which the R.S.P.C.A. recognises as animals. Can there be anything more cruel, for instance, than to destroy an inoffensive man's hard-earned sleep by fiendish yowlings and caterwaulings under his window? Yet every night, somewhere or other in London, Man (the highest form of animal, mark you) is being thus tortured by cats, and not only does the R.S.P.C.A. sit smugly back and do nothing, but it is even on the side of the cat. For, should one man, goaded to frenzy by this nightly cruelty, take steps to rid himself of it by heaving a boot or two, the Society would, assuming he hit the cat—which is a dashed difficult thing to do at any time and practically impossible at night—at once be on him like a ton of bricks.

Believe me, I am not speaking through my hat. Only a few days ago certain residents of a quiet London square who had suffered night after night from this feline cruelty without the R.S.P.C.A.'s lifting a finger, publicly announced their intention of holding a meet of the local doggage and forcibly ridding themselves of the nuisance. As a matter of fact it was only a suggestion, no doubt merely thrown off in a spirit of wistful utopianism; but what happened? Extra police were drafted into the neighbourhood and a posse of R.S.P.C.A. officials were snooping round to protect poor ill-used pussy. Can you beat it? Doubtless the R.S.P.C.A. will say a man can look after himself and a cat can't; but, take my word for it, it's the other way about.

And as a last shot I would like to point out that, even assuming a man's feelings in such a case are not to be considered against the cat's, a dog is after all an animal too, and in a way there is nothing a dog enjoys more than a good healthy cat-chase. It's been his nature ever since the days of the Cat Who Walked by Himself, and it was sheer cruelty on the part of the R.S.P.C.A. to attempt to deprive him of it.

A. A.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the Corporation Museum, Ipswich, July 9 to August 6; at Aberdeen, August 20 to September 17; at Middlesbrough, October 1 to October 29, and at Southport, November 12 to December 10.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Progress in Palestine.

"FLOORING TILES.

Always up-to-date. Same to-day as 40 years ago."—*Advt. in Palestine Paper.*

"Mr. —— added: 'We have wracked our brains for an explanation.'"—*Evening Paper.*

It is to be hoped that the grey matter escaped utter wruin.

"On another day, while among the bergs, a sea-leopard was spotted . . ."
Manchester Paper.

Did they expect it to be striped?



Lady Tourist (a confirmed Contract Bridge addict). "OH, GEORGE, WHAT A CHARMING LITTLE COTTAGE! I ALWAYS THINK IVY MAKES ANY BUILDING LOOK SO VULNERABLE."

FOR THIS RELIEF . . .

["Portable gramophones are to be admitted into Italy free of duty for a temporary stay."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHAT news is here to hearten even the dourest
And make him for a while forget his woes,
That for no extra charge the tuneful tourist
May have canned music everywhere he goes!
The airs that charmed the listening waves at Brighton
Or roused the nymphs in Epping's leafy glades
Untaxed henceforth the sombre gloom shall lighten
Of Latium's classic shades.

No more the chanting of the gondolieri
Shall thrill the tripper on the Bridge of Sighs;
Instead he'll choose the strains of "Moonstruck Mary"
Or "When I See the Love-light in Your Eyes";
Pompeii's streets, the pine-woods of Ravenna,
Shall ring with gems of Transatlantic slang,
And fox-trots vie with waltzes from Vienna
Where once the Mantuan sang.

But most, I think, this boon shall prove a blessing
To those who rubberneck imperial Rome,
Rendering her ruins rather less depressing
And making her in truth a home from home,
When from the stones that echoed "*Et tu, BRUTE!*"
Reverberate the song-hits of the day,
And all the tombs are loud with "She's my Cutie"
Along the Appian Way.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

XXII.—AN ENGAGEMENT.

OUR readers may remember the Reverend Mr. Speedway, who accompanied the Bishop of P—chester on his visit to Byron Grove in the capacity of chaplain. Mr. Birdikin had well-nigh forgotten him, for he had since left his lordship's employment and it did not seem likely that their paths would again coincide. What then was his surprise, on his return from the meet at Bellacre Castle, to be informed that a clergyman was awaiting him, and, on entering the room into which he had been shown, to recognise the not unpleasing features of Mr. Speedway.

The reverend gentleman appeared to be under some stress of emotion. He quickly informed Mr. Birdikin that his patron had recently appointed him to the living of W——, the tithe value of which was nine hundred pounds a year. "There is also a good rectory house and some fifteen acres of glebe," said Mr. Speedway, "and the society in the vicinity is genteel and given to hospitality. I am therefore desirous, Mr. Birdikin, of installing a mistress in W—— Rectory, and I am come to you, as the natural guardian of the virtuous and prepossessing Miss Smith, to supplicate your kind offices in laying my proposal before her."

"And what *is* your proposal, Sir?" inquired Mr. Birdikin. "Miss Smith is a young woman of respectable though not of distinguished parentage, who has enjoyed the benefits of my protection and of such measure of my esteem as is fittingly bestowed upon a dependant in my household. I could not sanction her leaving the shelter of my roof to take up her abode under yours except as your *wife*, and I can scarcely imagine that, with the substantial measure of prosperity to which you have already attained and the further expectations you may legitimately entertain from your connection with the distinguished prelate with whom I am proud to claim kinship—I scarcely contemplate, I say, that you would wish to hamper your career by joining yourself in wedlock with Miss Smith."

Mr. Speedway hastened to inform him that such was his project, and inquired whether there was anything against Miss Smith other than her having filled a position in Mr. Birdikin's household to render such a marriage unsuitable.

With that quickness of apprehension which marked him, Mr. Birdikin divined that his interlocutor had fallen a victim to one of those excitations of feeling in which the more weighty affairs of life are subordinated to the whims of passion. He did not, however, feel himself called upon to warn Mr. Speedway that he would be doing irretrievable damage to a promising career by marrying a woman who would bring him neither money nor the countenance of well-placed relatives, but judged it sufficient to refer him to Miss Smith's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Clott, with whom she was at that time staying. "Mr. Clott," he said, "is a retail ironmonger at X. If you wish to go further in this matter you will no doubt find him in his *shop* ready to discuss it with you."



"ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU MY HEARTFELT CONGRATULATIONS UPON YOUR GOOD FORTUNE."

He had thought that Mr. Speedway's resolve would have been weakened by this revelation, but the young clergyman merely thanked him for his information and rushed from the room. A moment afterwards he saw him from his window enter the post-chaise which had been waiting for him and drive furiously away.

It was necessary to inform Mrs. Birdikin of what had happened, for she had recognised her husband's visitor as he had leapt into the post-chaise. She received Mr. Birdikin's account with her usual calm commonsense, and remarked that the attentions of Mr. Speedway would relieve Miss Smith of those of Captain Rouseabout, whose designs upon the virtue of the governess must now be apparent to all. "He will scarcely venture," she remarked, "to pursue further a woman who is affianced to a beneficed clergyman, and I for one shall be glad to see Miss Smith translated to a sphere in which her lowly origin may be forgotten."

"There are those," observed Mr. Birdikin after a pause for reflection, "who profess more esteem for worldly circumstance than for honest worth, but I have never been one of them, and I shall gladly give my countenance to a marriage which is far beyond what Miss Smith could have looked for and which she will owe to the chance, supremely happy for her, of having taken service in a family of such distinction as ours. My earnest prayer is that she may never forget it, but by bearing herself with modesty and decorum prove herself worthy of the good fortune that has befallen her."

Nothing more was heard of Mr. Speedway's suit until Miss Smith returned to Byron Grove a few days later. The Birdikin children welcomed her with the affection which she had succeeded in arousing in their innocent breasts, but bewailed the coming separation which her approaching marriage would involve.

"But who told you of my approaching marriage?" inquired Miss Smith with an engaging smile. "I had thought it would be left for *me* to give you the first word of it."

"It was *I*, Miss Smith," said Mr. Birdikin, "who informed your young pupils of the happy lot awaiting you, for by giving it my countenance I am in some sort responsible for it. Allow me to offer you my heartfelt congratulations upon your good fortune. It has come at a convenient moment, for with Charles and Henry no longer in need of your tuition we shall the better be able to dispense with the services which your new state in life will preclude you from affording us for much longer."

"Indeed, Sir," said Miss Smith, "I have returned only to collect my small possessions and to bid farewell to

those from whom I can only regret to part."

Mr. Birdikin inclined his head. "In consideration of the respectable marriage you are making, Miss Smith," he said, "I will willingly waive the month's notice which is usual in terminating an agreement such as exists between us, and I pray you to accept as a token of my goodwill the month's salary which you would otherwise forfeit. You will no doubt be put to some expense in preparing to ally yourself with a gentleman of a superior station to your own, and I should not wish you to present yourself at the hymeneal altar in *rags*."

The generosity of this offer, though disguised by the whimsicality which was Mr. Birdikin's delicate way of showing that he did not wish to be *over*-thanked for it, caused Miss Smith some confusion. But Fanny relieved her of the necessity of replying by saying, "Clara and I will be your bridesmaids," and Miss Smith embraced both little girls and said that she had been about to make that very request of their parents.

Mr. Birdikin felt that the request would better have been made in private, so that, had he been unwilling to grant it, the refusal need not have been given in front of the children. The presumption was that Miss Smith's wedding would take place from the house of her aunt, Mrs. Clott, and, in spite of her elevation to a position in which there would be no derogation to his dignity in permitting his children to consort with her, he was not ready to sanction their attending her on so public an occasion *before* she had dissociated herself from relatives whom, as the wife of a beneficed clergyman, she would no longer wish to recognise.

He returned a non-committal reply, and Charles said, "When Henry and I come home for our vacations we shall invite Miss Smith to visit us."

"And you must all visit me," said Miss Smith. "I shall be residing at no great distance from Byron Grove and shall see you frequently."

"I am not aware," said Mr. Birdikin, "of the exact locality of Mr. Speedway's parish, but imagine it will be at too great a distance for *frequent* intercourse."

Miss Smith gazed at him in surprise. "May I ask, Sir, why Mr. Speedway's name should be mentioned in this connection?" she said.

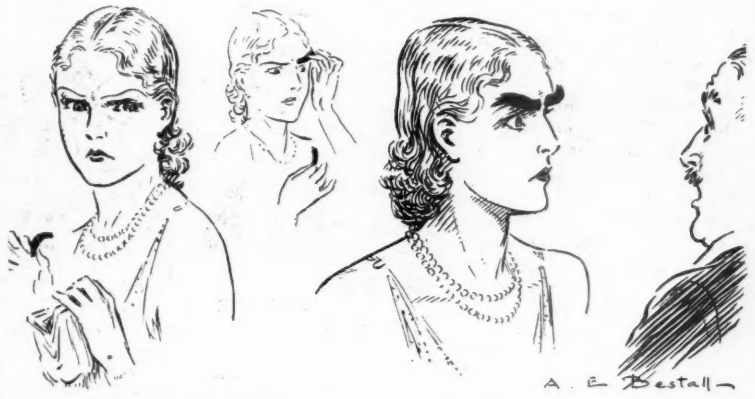
"Are you not affianced to Mr. Speedway?" asked Mr. Birdikin with an indulgent smile. "Your modesty becomes you, Miss Smith, but you need not blench at reference to your future state."

THESE PLUCKED EYEBROWS ARE ALL VERY WELL SO LONG AS ONE'S EXPRESSION CAN REMAIN—



SOULFUL—

OR SERENE—



BUT IN MOMENTS OF STRESS THEY HARDLY MEET THE CASE. TO CONVEY A MORE STERN EMOTION, WHY, SHOULD NOT ONE PROVIDE ONESELF WITH—

ADHESIVE AUXILIARIES?

A deep blush suffused Miss Smith's mild but not unprepossessing countenance. "You are under a misapprehension, Sir," she said. "I am affianced to your neighbour, Captain Rouseabout." A. M.

Suffocating Work.

"VOCALISTS SING THE PRAISES OF —— BLEND IN AIRTIGHT TINS."
Tobacco Advt. in Evening Paper.

"I learnt also that Lord Lonsdale drinks coffee."—*Gossiper in Daily Paper.*

Readers of the paper in question will also be interested to learn that many peers wear footgear when out walking.

"There were 11,378 visitors and 1,547 motor-cars parked at Whipsnade Zoo, Bedfordshire, yesterday, the second largest Sunday attendance."—*Daily Paper.*

With all the visitors parked away, we gather that the animals must have enjoyed a nice quiet Sunday.

OLYMPIANS.

THOUGHTS ON THE HORSE SHOW.

By bit and saddle, rein and trace,
By star and forelock-fling,
You were the gods whose speed and grace
Our sires went worshipping;
You were the sinews of our race,
You helped us to our pride of place,
And we, remembering,
When every June the chestnut-spires
Their cream-white charm renew,
Foregather from the English shires
To give you homage due,
And, scions of those riding squires,
To fan again the altar-fires
Our fathers lit for you. W. H. O.

An Impending Apology.

"A useful sum of over £5 was raised on behalf of a Dungeness fisherman, who is suffering ill-health, as the result of an entertainment given by 'The Jackdaws' from Romney, in the Old Battery, on Friday evening."—*Fishing Paper.*



MANNERS AND MODES.

Jealous Fiancé. "WHY DIDN'T YOU INTRODUCE THAT FELLOW TO ME?"
Young Lady. "DEAREST, I COULDN'T. I'VE FORGOTTEN HIS NAME."
Fiancé. "THEN WHY DID YOU CALL HIM 'DARLING'?"
Young Lady. "SWEETEST, I'VE JUST TOLD YOU—I'VE FORGOTTEN HIS NAME."

SUMMER PERILS.

WITHOUT the slightest wish to be considered an alarmist I feel that at this time of the year, when we are all inclined to live more dangerously, a few words about the perils that may be encountered on holiday may not be amiss. And here let me say without more ado—

JELLY-FISH.—With what part of its person the jelly-fish actually delivers its assault I have never been able to discover; and the general ignorance on this point makes it a particularly difficult animal to approach. With the crab it is different. There are, I am credibly informed, certain ways of picking up a crab which render it completely innocuous; but the man who fools about with a jelly-fish is simply asking for it. If you happen to tread on one I don't know what you can do, I'm sure. It would be absurd to try sucking the wound unless you are an acrobat, and the chances of finding a blue-bag on the beach must be always extremely remote. However, it will make a good story when you get back to the office.

I turn by a natural association of ideas to—

SNAKEBITE.—If bitten you can be sure it is either an adder or a grass-snake with an exaggerated notion of its own capabilities. It is of the first importance to be able to distinguish between these two varieties. Both march on their stomachs and have a nasty look, but the adder is shorter, deafer and less apt to cast its skin. When menaced remember the advisability of fighting an enemy with his own weapons and *get your bite in first.* Nothing destroys the moral of a snake more surely than a sudden snap on the part of its intended victim.

As for the slow-worm, which comes in halves when startled, I pass it by and call your attention to—

GOATS.—Ramblers in our pleasant countryside will agree with me when I say that there is no more deceptive or dangerous pest than a tethered goat. The animal has a way of lulling one into the belief that it is at the full stretch of its chain and then suddenly finding another yard or two and launching an attack that for speed and accuracy takes your breath away. Any attempt to get on good terms with a goat is sheer waste of time, however hard he tries to win you with his plaintive mewlings. Let them bleat, I say, and keep your distance.

GNATS are different. There is no end to their range, and you simply *have* to be bitten by them.

SUNSTROKE.—According to First Aid handbooks the patient should be placed in a shady spot and a block of ice applied to the back of his neck. There are two drawbacks to this method: firstly, the scarcity of ice in the homes of all but fishmongers and the very rich, and, secondly, the grave risk of applying the treatment to a patient who proves to be not sunstruck but sleeping. Correct diagnosis is essential if unpleasantness is to be avoided. It ought to be possible to make some kind of joke about getting sunstroke in England, but I leave that to abler pens than mine.



THE BRIGHT LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE DAUNTLESS THREE (*together*). "AU REVOIR! WE'VE JUST GOT OUT TO GIVE YOU A LEAD."

[The Convention concluded between Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg for the progressive reduction of Customs tariffs at the rate of 10 per cent a year is regarded as a step on the road towards solving the problem of economic depression.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 20th.—In the Lords the Town Planning Bill, the Second Reading of which was moved by Lord GAGE, met with frank hostility from Lord LINLITHGOW and Lord BANBURY—"I am not an artistic person," declared the last-named noble Lord, "and I have no faith in the good sense of those persons who are at present said to be artistic"—and with approval, for the most part of a very qualified sort, from the rest. Lord CRAWFORD, the nation's "trustee for beauty," seemed to have quite a lot of faith in the artistry of local authorities. There were hideous vandals, like Dundee city and the L.C.C., but these were exceptions.

Question-time in the Commons was very economic and ranged the whole gamut of British trade, from Anglo-Argentine tramways to Russian chickens. As to the latter, Sir J. GILMOUR pooh-pooh'd the idea that they were a menace to the British poultry-raiser, being "mainly purchased by hotels and caterers." It would not occur to a porridge-fed Scot that the Russian fowl, technically known to the Soho trade as the Feathered Centipede, is a menace to the public digestion. It was not a very good day for the Ministry of Agriculture, for Sir JOHN also had to admit, when pressed by Mr. TOUCHE, that the presence of musk-rats has been definitely established in Surrey. Nature, as we know, abhors a vacuum, and it is clear that the Surrey musk-rat would not have crept in if the Surrey fowl had not been driven out by foreign competition. So far Soho has not found a use for the musk-rat, unless those *œufs de pingouin à la mode de Caen* that we had the other night—— But let us not go into that. If there are musk-rats at the bottom of our Surrey garden it is up to JOHNNY GILMOUR to get his gun.

There is a disarming frankness about Mr. HORE-BELISHA that other Ministers might emulate to advantage. Mr. GROVES wished to know if he had read a Departmental report about some shipping company. "It is not one of my statutory duties to read reports," declared the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY tersely. Would he read it anyway? pleaded Mr. GROVES. "It would not be a pleasure," said Mr. HORE-BELISHA.

The House bustled through the fourteenth day of Supply with tolerable brevity, the Vote being on the Ministry of Transport's account and the topic selected for discussion being roads.



RURAL AMENITIES.

Archibald Grosvenor (an Idyllic poet). "I AM A TRUSTEE FOR BEAUTY, AND IT IS MY DUTY TO SEE THAT THE CONDITIONS OF MY TRUST ARE FAITHFULLY DISCHARGED."

Patience, Act I.

LORD CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.

Mr. MORGAN JONES pleaded eloquently for more roads. Lord EUSTACE PERCY declared that carloads of money were being wasted on roads that had "no purpose but to facilitate the joy-riding of the upper and upper-middle classes." Mr. SIMMONDS roundly charged the Ministry of Transport—"born in the immoral period just after the War, when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was politically cohabiting with all and sundry"—with being "one of the worst seducers in our public life," and, together with the Ministry of Health and the Board of Education, with "definitely ravaging the financial chastity of the local authorities." Mr. LOVAT-FRASER discussed noise, in particular those "horrible shrieking horns which are so injurious to health." To this Mr. JACK JONES replied rather irrelevantly that the voice of a motor-horn was often preferable to that of a Member of Parliament. Other Members introduced other topics, Mr. HALES speaking of road accidents, Mr. PARKINSON of the Elephant and Castle, and Mr. MCENTEE of Waterloo Bridge, while Lord APSLEY mentioned Scylla and Charybdis, which strictly speaking are a matter for the Admiralty rather than for the Ministry of Transport. Mr. PYBUS, wooed on the one hand by the supporters of economy and on the other by the advocates of more lavish expenditure, did his best to be agreeable to both.

The Committee having said its say to the latter, the House turned to the Hire Purchase (Scotland) Bill and, despite the voice of Captain STRICKLAND, raised in behalf of the English manufacturer, passed it.

Tuesday, June 21st.—The Lords concluded the Report stage of Lord BUCKMASTER's Road Traffic Bill, having first rejected an Amendment proposed by Lord DARLING providing that contributory negligence by the victim should be a defence in the case of a motorist charged with manslaughter under the Bill. Lord HALSBURY agreed with the Amendment, but neither Lord BUCKMASTER nor Lord CECIL would have any of it. The Rights of Way Bill was further amended and passed the Committee stage, and Lord CRANWORTH then called attention to the Congo Basin Treaties, dating from the Treaty of Berlin in 1885, which, he explained, prevented any of the Powers concerned imposing duties or granting preferences in the territories in question. Lord CRANWORTH thought little advantage had been gained from the Treaties,



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

[*After the painting by F. D. MILLET in the Tate Gallery.*]

THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT.

and was for scrapping the lot as a possible obstacle to the success of the Ottawa Conference. Lord TEMPLEMORE said the Government was earnestly considering the whole question.

Fewer and better Ministries has always been an obsession with certain economically-minded Members, but Captain ERSKINE-BOLST was unable to impress Mr. BALDWIN with the desirability of setting up a Committee with that general object in view. Sir BASIL PETO suggested that the Ministry of Pensions, which Mr. BONAR LAW had proposed to abolish as long ago as 1922, might now be dispensed with. Mr. BALDWIN said that question was always coming under revision and would no doubt come under revision again. Mr. MAXTON asked if Mr. BALDWIN had not decided five or six years ago to abolish a brace of Ministries. Mr. BALDWIN replied that further consideration had convinced him that there was nothing in it.

The LORD PRESIDENT'S manner said more clearly than words that a National Government with the Front Benchers of three parties to provide for was hardly the one to set about abolishing Ministries.

Major ELLIOT informed Mr. COCKS that the total service of the German Foreign Debt, exclusive of reparations, for 1932, called for a sum of between £80,000,000 and £90,000,000. He did not say whether Germany intends to serve or only (as in the case of reparations) to stand and wait.

On the Report stage of the National Health Insurance and Contributory Pensions Bill Sir E. HILTON YOUNG found himself for once on the side of the angels, in the persons of Miss HORSBURGH and Mrs. TATE, and against Mr. H. WILLIAMS, who strove for a new clause which proposed to withhold health insurance benefits from any married woman who did not put in twenty-six weeks' actual work in one year after marriage. Mrs. TATE declared that to accept such a clause was to brand all married women as malingerers and cheats. Sir HILTON agreed that there was a balance of perhaps 20,000 married women who might be suspected of not being genuinely in the employment market, but Mr. WILLIAMS' proposal went altogether too far. It was a case of emptying the baby out along with the bath. In spite of an appeal by Mr. GREENWOOD on approved Socialist lines the Bill was read a Third time.

Wednesday, June 22nd.—A debate in the Lords on National Economy may be a *Chimaera bombinans in vacuo* as far as the ears of the spending Departments are concerned, but it gives the Government a chance to listen to the best financial and economic advice that is to be had for love or money.

Lord HUNSDON started the debate with a motion calling for further economy in public expenditure and a corresponding reduction of taxation. As a vast curtailment of public expenditure will have to be made to save *additional* taxation before the year is out the terms of the Motion seemed a trifle optimistic, but there was no optimism in Lord HUNSDON'S facts and figures. Our income from shipping had dropped by £50,000,000 between 1929 and 1931, our income from overseas investments had fallen by £85,000,000, and there would be a further fall of £30,000,000 or so in the current year. Whereas in 1929 exports had exceeded imports by £103,000,000, in 1931 imports had exceeded exports by £110,000,000. Continuously falling prices made it increasingly hard for debtors, public and private, to pay their way.

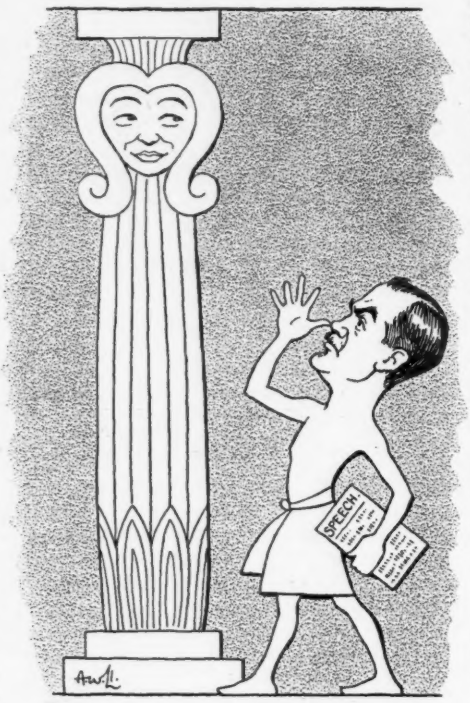
On the other side of the account we had been living increasingly beyond our means. We had spent £8,000,000,000 on the War, but though in actual money we had paid off £185,000,000 of this since 1924, reckoned in commodities the debt had increased by over £1,000,000,000. On top of all this, local public expenditure had trebled since 1914 and national expenditure had increased in like proportion.

Lord MARLEY having pronounced a vague but virulent valedictory to the "crumbling capitalistic system," Lord READING took up the tale of woe. Economies there must be, and much could perhaps be done along the line of reduced interest on the national loans. Meanwhile he was glad to see the House of Commons waking to a sense of its position as custodian of national finance and taxation. Lord PEEL endorsed this sentiment and declared more hopefully than informatively that a reduction of our national expenditure by one-third would "astonish everyone by the tremendous uprush in industrial development" that would follow. Therein he spoke less than the truth. It would astonish everyone in more ways than that.

Lord PLENDER said the national economic situation depended on the international position and Lord LINLITHGOW urged the Government not to overlook what GLADSTONE called "candle-end economies." Lord DARYNGTON said the country had wasted vast sums in building up a huge road transport system to compete with the railways.

The debate, if it did not produce any new or valuable concrete suggestions, provided so much food for thought that their Lordships adjourned it for a week.

In the Commons Mr. BALDWIN informed Colonel RUGGLES-BRISE that there was no question of the Government doing anything about tithes. It was up to the tithe-payer to pay up and look pleasant. Scottish Health, Housing and Agriculture absorbed the rest of the evening.



Samson. "YOU ARE JUST GOING TO CRASH, YOU ARE!"

Capital. "THEN HADN'T YOU BETTER GET A BIT FURTHER AWAY?"

LORD MARLEY.

Bad News for Smith Minor.

"ADDITIONAL IMPOT OFFICIALS."
Jersey Paper.

"Cling to your youth," says a writer. On the other hand we consider that pillion-riding should be discouraged.

"Jack Sharkey trained hard for his world's championship fight with Max Schmeling last night, but there were times when a wistful look came into his eyes, and the great big sensitive fellow would send away his sparring partners uneaten."—*Daily Paper.*

They may have proved too tough for the gentle fellow.



INGENIOUS MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS EXHIBITING A ROLLING STONE WITH MOSS-GATHERING PROPERTIES.

IN THE VAN.

I WANT it to rain at the week-end. There ought to be some way of arranging a little thing like that. A courteous note to the responsible authority might secure prompt attention.

Messrs. The J. Pluvius Corporation, Ltd.

DEAR SIRS,—Do you think you could manage a perfectly beastly week-end? I require something drastic; not local showers, you understand, but an outsize in depressions, with hail, fog and strong south-westerly winds, rising, if you would be so kind, to gale force at times. And if you have any cyclones or typhoons I should like one or two of those. The task of producing a definitely dire week-end should not be beyond you. After all, if my calculations are correct, you put over about fifty-one of them last year. So please brace yourselves for a special effort, and oblige, Your obedt. servt. ——

A strange request, you may say, but my answer is that I have my reasons. My passionate yearning for elongated depressions is bound up with the knowledge that Ernest will soon be in my midst, and Ernest is the authentic elongated depression in human or near-human form. I am now awaiting Ernest, as *Faust* must have awaited the final visit of *Mephistopheles*, with the firm conviction that in the long run these rash promises are a mistake. I have promised to go caravanning for the week-end with Ernest, and the thought is one of those which WORDSWORTH, an expert on thoughts, would have undoubtedly placed in the "Tears, too deep for" class.

I say nothing of Ernest personally, except that he affects me at all times like a gnawing pain. It is the caravan notion that I find especially deadly. He has a habit of coming all over Simple Life at intervals, and caravans are among his most deadly symptoms.

He will arrive on Saturday morning with a gargantuan pantechnicon, suitable for the transport of HANNIBAL'S elephants, insecurely tethered behind his car. He will enter my gateway with a sharp Telemark turn, removing the gate, some yards of quickset hedge and the dignified façade of the garage. When I emerge protesting from the débris he will apologise profusely, race his engine with a roar like the crack o' doom and back his juggernaut across the road through the gable of Ephraim Pepperwort's cottage, causing (to Ephraim) that inconvenience which is inseparable from the presence of a large vehicle halfway through your dining-room wall.

When we start, our first progress by way of the local country lanes will disorganise English agriculture. In vivid nervous prose the sons of rustic toil will tell Ernest what they think of him. If we reach the main road alive we shall proceed along it at a snail's pace, interfering with a stream of traffic and drawing on ourselves a much more swiftly-moving stream of abuse from passing drivers. Bright-eyed children will follow us for miles, deluded by the size of the van and the costume of my companion—Ernest, I swear, will be wearing a jade-green shirt—into a belief that we are the harbingers of a travelling circus.

When Ernest finally consents to halt he will inevitably do so on some private piece of sward, from which we shall be hounded by a pardonably red-faced landowner trumpeting views on the Vandals and the Visigoths. The Colonel—he is bound to be a colonel—will address his manifesto on the rights of property not to Ernest but to me, because I shall look as if I ought to know better. And I shall shrivel from shame. . . .

So that, you see, is why I should like it to be too wet for our caravan-picnic. Hence my appeal to the authorities for extremely wedge-shaped depressions. But I know what will happen. We shall start our fatal journey under a flawless sky. The typhoons and things will come later, when we have broken down some miles from anywhere.

I know these bureaucrats.

"BOROTRA PLAYS WITH INFLUENZA."
Headline in Daily Paper.

We always take it seriously.

AT THE PICTURES.

RUTH CHATTERTON AND THE TELEPHONE.

ALTHOUGH not quite so slim and sinuous as once she was, RUTH CHATTERTON can still raise her eyes and flash her teeth more attractively than any of her younger rivals; and when it comes to acting she leaves them, of course, practically nowhere. A triumph for British. In *The Rich are Always With Us* (a title which now means nothing but may have had significance when rehearsals started) Miss CHATTERTON has so much to do in her own unchallenged way that her admirers are assured of a good time, even though her whole range of talent is by no means displayed. The film is as perfect an example of the pictorial novel as I can recall, illustrating both the advantage of the selective use of the camera in the interests of vivid presentation and its failure when psychological nuances are needed. Thus, all that the film can do is to state that *Caralyn* (RUTH CHATTERTON) has such a maternal feeling for her ex-husband that none of the mental and physical glamour of her lover counts against it; but we are never persuaded of the truth of this, because there is no time to give us proof.

Apart from that flaw the story would be entirely convincing were it not for



Greg (to former wife). "HELLO, EX-DEAR!"
Caralyn. "WELL, EX-DARLING?"
JOHN MILJAN AND RUTH CHATTERTON.

the fantastic ease with which conversations on the telephone between New York and Paris are conducted. Not a moment's wait and no difficulty in hearing. I have never attempted to speak across the Atlantic, but I know enough about the London–Paris Exchange and its indecisions, incoherences and delays to feel very sceptical. I fancy also that the producer forgot to take into account the difference of the clock in France and America. No matter; the film 's the thing, as *Hamlet* would have said had he not been born when times were out of joint.

The War as a screen background has held its own with remarkable tenacity. But I should guess that we shall not see much more of it, and that *The Man I Killed* is a penultimate flicker. It deals with, at any rate, slightly novel material, no less than the unappeasable conscience of a young Frenchman who cannot forget that he caused the death of a young German and goes to extremes in the search for expiation. It is in vain that this son of a logical race is informed, in the first instance by a priest in the confessional, that in war there



A PATERNAL VIEW.
Dr. Holderlin . . LIONEL BARRYMORE.
Elsa . . . . . NANCY CARROLL.

is no private responsibility, that each soldier is part of the machine; he still suffers, and only through love—his love for the *fiancée* of his victim and hers for him—do composure and happiness return. Not a very convincing story, and rather dreary in execution; but LIONEL BARRYMORE, as usual, comes to the rescue with his resonance and vigour.

Mädchen in Uniform, the German film with English captions, which is having a long run at the Academy, is a dramatisation of the "crush" theme in a boarding-school for girls. I am not sufficiently in touch with the young to know whether or not the word "crush" is still used; but in ancient days it described the infatuation a scholar could have for a schoolmistress. In *Mädchen in Uniform* the school is German and is almost a barracks, the autocracy and imperiousness and want of imagination of the Head going beyond anything told of the uncompromising colonels of fiction. But girls are



NOT A NIGHT-CLUB QUEEN.
Headmistress . . . . . EMILIA UNDA.

not soldiers, and the strength and beauty of this film depend upon its fidelity to the incalculable facts of feminine psychology; also upon its very remarkable acting.

I am told that the English version differs considerably from the original German, and that the end has been changed from stark tragedy; but whether the concessions have been made for Mr. EDWARD SHORTT or for the susceptibilities of people like myself, who hate to be made hot and uncomfortable in public, I cannot say. What I can say is that this is a moving transcript of emotional girls'-school life which by its reserve may be the cause of not a little disappointment. E. V. L.

Taking the Plunge.

"At the same time Mr. de Valera said: 'I am very anxious for a modus divendi whereby we can get over the present difficulty.'"—*Evening Paper.*

"BOYS' TRAMPING SHOES.
The right shoe for sturdy romping boys."
Sales Catalogue.

We are not told what type of boy should wear the left shoe.

"In a humorous speech Sir Leonard Reynolds proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom was carried out in a heavy Eau-de-"—*Indian Paper.*

Probably an overpowering Eau-de of orange-blossom.



OUR VILLAGE SPORTS.

Steward (as competitor staggers in at finish of mile race). "YOU 'RE IN THE THREE-MILE, AIN'T YOU? HURRY UP; THEY 'RE READY TO START!"

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

ZAMBESI NOTES.

OUR Farmers' Association meetings are apt to be a bit discursive. But then we only come together at the Station about once a month, just after the mail has come in.

Crabbit writes up the minutes from memory. The last one goes something like this:—

Johnson said did they see the Disarmament Conference were going to bar submarines? There was a lot of eelworm in the tobacco this year.

Jones said the Disarmament people didn't know what they were talking about. What was the sense of forbidding the use of submarines, long-range guns and bombing aeroplanes? There was some dirty trickery about all this. Every weapon that hit the johnnies twenty miles behind the lines was to be prohibited, and *nothing else*! Making war safe for Generals—that 's what it was.

And who made the war, anyway? Civilians! Who made the profits out of it? Civilians! Who kept it going? Civilians! And now they wanted to bar every weapon that might damage the civilians. As for submarines, he supported them wholeheartedly; they were about the only thing the Boche didn't put across us at Hill 60.

Havers said he had an aunt who was twice torpedoed in the War.

Jones said it was the sort of aunt Havers would have, instead of staying quietly at home knitting. If the Disarmament Conference only encouraged guns to have longer and longer ranges, and bombing-aeroplanes to carry tons of bombs for hundreds of miles, the johnnies on the Staff and the profiteers at home would get it in the neck, and Tommy in the trenches would be all peaceful and happy. He said make war safe for the front line and to blazes with the back areas.

Havers said if all the back areas were smashed up who would take up the rations?

Jones said that was a minor detail which need not be worked out for the moment. Jones said that sort of comment was pure obstruction. Jones said only a primitive mind like Havers' would start piffling objections when a really big idea was brought forward. Jones said if the few really competent minds in Europe got to work on his idea it would solve the problem. Blakeway said what problem? Jones said any fool could see the war-clouds were settling over Europe and it was the job of the real thinkers to get busy.

Blakeway said what about the American debt? Havers said he had a cousin in Manchuria who was a medical missionary. Jones said he felt more sorry for the Chinese now than ever.

Resolved: That the Government be asked to send an expert to investigate the eelworm problem.

It was agreed to hold the next meeting at N'Kunzi ranch, as Robinson was having his baboon shoot there on that day. Havers said he hoped there would be no accidents like the one on Kudu Flats; but Jones said there was no risk as all the members would be wearing hats.

The annual subscription is now due.

The Medieval Touch.

"If the sun is shining the traveller will see a typical old-world landlord, sitting before his house, attired in plus-fours . . ."
Yorkshire Paper.

"Deux professeurs anglais, MM. Goat et Price, ont voulu faire revivre la légende de l'Adonis germanique dont parle le *Faust* de Gœthe . . . au sommet du Brocken, en Allemagne."—*French Paper.*

We understand that Professor Goat was much relieved at the failure of the experiment.



"WHAT'S A PARASITE, ALF?"
"SEARCH ME."

A WIZARD IN THE TUBE.

TELL you a story of a wizard? Yes, dear.
"Once upon a time . . "? Oh, dear me, no;
I met this wizard—where do you guess, dear?
I met him in the Tube, two days ago.

"Then he can't have been a real one"? What! You doubt him?
Aren't there any real ones now? Dear me!
Yet he made me feel there was something about him
Not quite ordinary. Listen and see.

He caught a Tube train and it tried to get away from him,
Biting with its doors—you know the way they do;
"Would you?" and there hissed one swift low "Stay!" from him,
And suddenly his hand made a pass or two.

And the whole train changed into a caterpillar. "There now,
Pertness," he said to it, "that'll teach *you*;
And don't stand loitering for people to stare now;
Go!" he said sharply, "be off with you! Shoo!"

It lifted up its back feet gingerly and slowly.
"Not like *that*," he said; "the next train's due;"
And he muttered something in a tongue unholy,
And it crawled away hastily towards Waterloo.

Nobody at Waterloo knew what to do with it;
The stationmaster eyed it, shaking his head;
"We'll have it a cocoon before we're through with it;
I used to keep silkworms once," he said.

"But I *will* say this, it's rather a beauty;
A pretty good moth it will make one day;
"But no," he said firmly, "duty's duty.
Is the up-line clear there? Signal it away."

And the man? (for he can't have been a wizard clearly),
He got into a Highgate train with me;
There was nothing further—at least very nearly
Nothing. I watched him hard, to see.

He just sat doing a crossword busily;
Once, when he stuck at Thirteen Down,
His pencil spat blue sparks all fizzily—
Nothing. I changed at Camden Town.

When did it happen? Just the other day, dear.
Then you don't think he *can* have been a real one? Good;
And you'd never get a wizard in the Tube, as you say, dear.
"Why did I change?" Oh, I thought I would.

Another Libel on the Police.

"NEW COPPER WORKS FOR PRESCOT. FIRST OF THE KIND IN BRITAIN."
Liverpool Paper.

"CHEAPER OVERDRAFTS DEMAND. BY OUR CITY EDITOR."
Daily Paper.

We hope he has more success with his bank-manager than we had with ours.

AT THE PLAY.

"SWEET LAVENDER" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

IT is not likely, I think, that the sophisticated young who go to the Lyric to take a peep at this reconstruction of the romantic 'eighties will be persuaded that their grandparents were really so utterly noble and odd as all that. They will probably have the wit to guess that it was the business of the dramatist of those days not so much to hold up a mirror as to provide tinted spectacles. They will not suppose that an embryo barrister of that day, however imaginative, having fallen in love with his landlady's pretty daughter, would sit down and tell his friend that his heart "beats Lavender, Lavender, Lavender every minute of the day," or that his friend, an elderly reprobate sharing his chambers, would listen without batting an eyelid; would listen, moreover, with such edifying humility to the lectures delivered by the youngster on the evils of intemperance. They might be inclined to doubt whether a comely landlady, who eighteen years ago had been betrayed by a banker-in-the-making, would never for one moment forget the bitter-sweet sorrow, the unutterable shame; would not even be capable of looking an honest wig-maker in the eyes when refusing the offer of his hand. They might indeed wonder that the demands of virtuous reticence should go so far as to lead the dramatist to let us know no more of the flirting of the fast young woman of the piece, *Minnie Gilfillian*, so abandoned as to ride in a hansom by herself and to go unchaperoned for ten minutes to a man's chambers, than can be conveyed by the vaguest references to encounters on the staircase (OFF).

Still, there it was. In the theatre we then fluttered a banner, the banner of British idealism, which others—the immoral French, for instance—called the veil of British Hypocrisy. And there was a young man of thirty-two, a Mr. SHAW, rushing violently about London at the time preparing a writing for the wall, but not to be seriously noticed for another decade or so.

As to the production: it is presented in a quite serious mood as an attempt to reconstruct the authentic stage atmosphere of its time. As a proof of how much more enduring the humour of a past time is than its sentimental fashions and excesses, the part of *Dick Phenyl*, the impecunious tippling barrister, stands our scrutiny, engages our interest and draws our laughter. Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY plays it with a rich gusto and a wealth of unobtrusive well-



THE FUNNEL.

Dick Phenyl . . MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.

invented touches of characterisation that are entirely satisfying. We loved his quasi-professional references to "Our Aunt" and the perfect gesture with which he warded off the wig-maker's love-poem. Perhaps, when the fountain of nobility and sweetness gushed forth in spate towards the end, we did a little lose our interest, but that was inevitable. We are irretrievably spoiled for all that kind of thing.

The character of young *Minnie Gilfillian* also escapes into plausibility and was played with admirable vivacity and mature technique by Miss GWYNNE WHITBY—inheritor of a fine talent. Miss HELEN FERRERS (*"Our Aunt"*) contrived to present an effective period-piece—again till swamped in the over-sweet waters of the too, too happy ending. Mr. BALLARD BERKELEY heroically sustained the romantic ardours of *Clement Hale*; Miss VERA FRENCH'S *Lavender*— a pretty portrait—was, I should think, just a little too sweet and shy; and Miss GWEN LLEWELLYN, as her unfortunate mother, might without disturbing the mood of the piece have given us some hint of flesh and blood behind her sad sweet mask. I imagine, however, that the producer, Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY, may well have dictated the interpretations of these two ladies, and in the chosen or dictated mood they were competent performances.

Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN'S sentimental doctor, Mr. HORACE SEQUEIRA'S forlorn wig-maker and Mr. ROBERT COOTE'S hustling, inextinguishable and finally triumphant young American bore, *Horace Bream*, completed the picture agreeably.

It is unlikely that the young who go to scoff will remain to pray to be a little more like these imaginary portraits of their progenitors; not unlikely that their elders may wistfully recall that there were some compensations in a lipstickless and cocktail-less age, at the same time honestly congratulating themselves that they have survived and outgrown it. The cloying contemporary melodies, "Queen of My Heart To-night" and "Sweet Dreamland Faces," with their ingenuous accompaniments suited to the capacity of the inevitable drawing-room amateurs of the period, helped to establish the atmosphere and stir up buried memories. A very pleasant affair altogether—the first of a series to which we wish, and for which we foresee, success. T.



NON-STOP FROM AMERICA.

Horace Bream . . . . MR. ROBERT COOTE.
Mrs. Gilfillian. . . . . MISS HELEN FERRERS.
Minnie . . . . . MISS GWYNNE WHITBY.

"Liverpool was once an important fishing centre.
Vast numbers of kippers came down the river to spawn."
Liverpool Paper.

Another good old sport in the Mersey was spinning for smoked haddock with an egg-spoon.

DOGS OF EVERY DAY.

IRISH WOLFHOUND.

[The frontispiece to *Antiquities of Ireland* (1630) shows the goddess Diana with two dogs. It has been claimed for these (by Mr. VERO SHAW) that they are typical of the Irish Wolfhound of to-day.]

WHEN the Huntress Diana went hunting
She'd be wanting a dog for the same;
She wasn't a Saxon, like Bye Baby Bunting,
A rabbit was never her game;
But she hunted the hart and the boar wid his tusks,
And she hunted the bear and the wolf where he ran,
So the one of her dogs was as yella as rusks
And the other as blue as blue smoke in grey dusks,
And they stood nigh as tall as a man,
They did,
They stood nigh as tall as a man.

And where would she get the fine fellas,
And where did she get them at all?
They were got as the gift, so I've always heard tell, as
The gift out of green Donegal;
They crossed the dark mountain, they swam the deep sea,
FINN MACCOOL'S was their blood, you may match it who can;
FINN MACCOOL was the aristocrat, you'll agree,
And he couldn't say "No" to a lady, not he;
And their names were O'Leary and Dan,
Their names were O'Leary and Dan.

FINN MACCOOL was high king of the nation,
FINN MACCOOL was as black as a crow,
And his dogs were his pride and the pride of creation,
And the wolf went in dread of them so;
And FINN'S was the grandeur, his shadow he threw
And the heroes grew great to be standing therein,
And why wouldn't his dogs now, the yella, the blue,
That stood in his shadow, grow great in it too,
Grow great in the glory of FINN,
Great dogs in the shadow of FINN?

So the Lady Diana, her Honour
That rules in the woodland so green,
She went to the hunting, the glory upon her
Of the dogs that were fit for a queen;
'Twas the Bounty of FINN that she led to the hunting,
The hounds that were Bounty of FINN;
They were none of them Saxon, like Bye Baby Bunting,
They'd not grudge a rabbit its skin;
But they pulled down the hart and the boar wid his tusks,
And they followed the wolf where he ran, where he ran;
And the one of the two was as yella as rusks
And the other was grey as grey smoke in blue dusks,
And she called them O'Leary and Dan,
Begor,
She called them O'Leary and Dan;
And they both stood as tall as a man,
Begor,
They both stood as tall as a man. P. R. C.

Commercial Candour.

"——, 6-cylinder, 4-speed. High-class English Tourer. A trial to handle."—*Advt. in Australian Paper.*

The Campaign against Low Prices.

"—— offer the celebrated —— Paint, equal to many sold at 2/- a gall. Price, per quart, 3/6."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

"BUTTERSCOTCH A DANGER TO RADIO."
Evening Paper.

Couldn't the Announcer eat it after hours?

ON CIRCUIT.

(*By Mr. Punch's Special Student of the Provincial Press.*)

IN *The Manchester Guardian* it is stated that, when officials of the Corporation tested their wits upon some of the General Knowledge questions set in the recent examinations for junior posts in the municipal service, "the source of the famous line: 'The force (*sic*) that launched a thousand ships,' proved a surprising stumbling-block."

It seems to have found even *The Guardian* unguarded.

* * *

At Consett County Court the Urban Council was granted possession of a house on the ground that the occupant used the bathroom as an aviary.

It is a hopeful sign that the authorities are not disposed to be indiscriminately tolerant of bathroom warblers.

* * *

A reader of *The Bath Chronicle and Herald* who attended a fête at Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S place says that he could have imagined it to be the garden of a Roman emperor's palace.

One can readily visualise a HORACE in this environment.

* * *

With reference to an allegation that Bletchley water is not even fit to wash in, *The Mercury and Herald* (Northampton) is informed that not only is it agreeable to drink but that its content of iron makes it an invaluable medicine for sufferers from rheumatic complaints.

The fact that it is agreeable to drink will, I fear, militate against Bletchley's recognition as a spa.

* * *

In an account of the easy victory of Carnarvonshire over Flintshire at bowls a correspondent of *The Liverpool Post and Mercury* remarks that it was a triumph of age over youth, as the winners, all Bangor men, were quite twice the age of the players from inland towns.

It also impresses me as a triumph for the DRAKE spirit which pervades our maritime resorts.

* * *

At a conference at the Cheshire School of Agriculture on egg-production and marketing, complaint was made that foxes roamed about within a mile of Manchester.

It seems that its own interests have made the local egg-trade indifferent to the fact that roaming foxes add a spice of adventure to life on the outskirts of Manchester.

* * *

At the presentation of the awards in the Worcester "Safety First" competitions a speaker related that he had seen a dog in High Street look both ways, step back to let a car pass and then calmly cross the street.

I myself have seen pedestrians in the traffic display an intelligence that was almost canine.

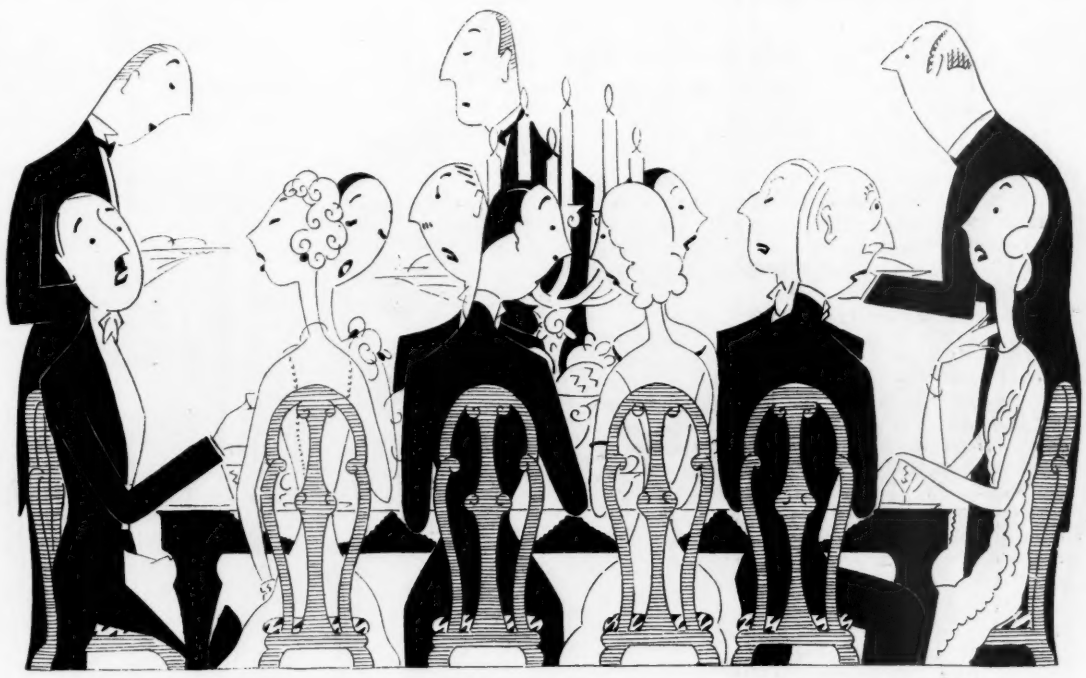
"FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S GOOD."

["Many hikers," remarks a writer, "are anxious to go abroad."]

I LOVE the quiet inconspicuous tramper;
As kindred souls I keenly recognise
The gentle cyclist, the considerate camper—
Enthusiasts who do not advertise.

These let me greet upon the hills and highways,
Devoted still to our good native land;
They are congenial, and their ways my ways,
But there are others whom I cannot stand,

The blatant, fake, "stunt" hikers all-pervading
Whose clownish cohorts "thank the gods amiss";
May they through other lands go masquerading
If only for our sakes who walk in this! W. K. H.



IN THOSE "GOOD" TIMES.

A CORRECT DINNER-PARTY WHICH NOBODY ENJOYED AT ALL.



IN THESE "BAD" TIMES.

A "DEPRESSION" PARTY OF BEER AND SAUSAGES WHICH EVERYBODY ENJOYS.



THE ARTISTS' HOLIDAY.

CHELSEA HIKERS FIND AN IDEAL CAMPING-GROUND.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Robust Comedy.

I THINK the discerning holiday-maker over here has long ago decided to fight shy of the haunts that avowedly live on and by his migratory presence. But the well-to-do Middle-West still prefers to patronise a "resort"—that is if I may believe Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON, who, in *Mary's Neck* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), relates the adventures of four Illinois "summer-folk" at an exclusive New England watering-place. The chronicle's hero and mouthpiece, *Mr. Massey*, is a pleasanter because more diffident and whimsical "Self-made Merchant." With a few desperate reservations he is entirely at the beck of the lady he invariably alludes to as "*Mrs. Massey*" and of the girls, *Clarissa* and *Enid*. At their bidding he first rents and then "owns" the cottage *de luxe* at Mary's Neck, and watches, with the admiring interest that KING BRUCE devoted to the spider, their reiterated and finally successful efforts to get in with the right people. His trained business instincts revolt from their passion for "Colonial" antiques. His sense of humour registers even greater resistance to their patronage of a local art colony. He chivalrously protects a foreign *prima donna* accused of living in sin with her entirely respectable spouse, not only from the neighbours but from his womenfolk. Finally he vanishes from Mary's Neck (until this time next year) in a warm afterglow of popularity and esteem. A robust—for some tastes, I can imagine, too robust—comedy, with enough clever drawing in the subsidiary characters and geniality of type in the principal to warrant the attention of the discerning.

With Horse and Hound in U.S.A.

Every reading Englishman or woman knows that "these United States" are peopled entirely by gunmen and detectives, by crooks and millionaires, and that sport of all kinds, from Maine to Florida, is in the hands of thugs. Therefore when I chanced upon a recent publication of THE DERRYDALE PRESS, 127 East 34th Street, New York (a book which comes to this side as a guest rather than as a commodity), and found, cover to cover, never a gangster there, never a "bozo" nor yet a "sweetie," I said, "Whether it is fair to America or no, tell England." Here then is *The Silver Horn* ($7.50), a book by GORDON GRANT. It contains fifteen short stories of American fox-hunting and racing. They are mostly the memories (fictional) of one *Arthur Pendleton*, and they concern his personal acquaintances, notably a *Colonel John Weatherford*. *Mr. Pendleton* shows me an America which I did not know existed, and his friends can talk of a horse and ride one as though they'd hunted with *Mr. Knox* or at Handley Cross all their lives. And yet there is a difference; for here goes throughout a courtly old Virginian air and a pretty sentiment which would be out of place in *Mr. Knox's* country and wofully out of place at Diana Lodge. "Mary Sedgwick's Hunt Team," for example, is a most charming little episode; and *Mary* herself is a darling. The illustrations, by J. ALDEN TWACHTMAN, suit well; the dedication even better. "To E. D. G." (it goes): "*When we asked concerning her the plowman said, 'She be way, way forrard with hounds*

—a day's furrows forrard.' " I recommend you to buy this book if you too would be "forrard with hounds."

A Modern Faint-Heart.

Of diffident folk I've encountered a few,
And others I've read of in books,
But the backboneless hero of *Old Wine and New*
Is surely a model *de luxe*.

It's a story (from CASSELL at 7/6)
Of one for whom fate is too strong,
And he's such a faint-heart that he only just clicks
When the lady he needs comes along.

A writer by trade, he is puzzled by life,
And especially so by the War,
Being wholly unable to fathom the strife
And what they are doing it for.

He sinks to the depths, but comes up with a jerk
With a novel that's boomed to the sky,
And when there's a rush for some more of his work
He's still at a loss to know why.

And though WARWICK DEEPING'S elaborate plan
Of leaving no detail to tell
Makes rather too much of the shy little man
He does it uncommonly well.

A Dismal Egoist.

Being in agreement with the wise woman who said, "Complain if you like but complain cheerfully," I have found it a little difficult to sympathise with *Dick*, the hero of Miss DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S new novel, *I'll Never Be Young Again* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). For *Dick* in the early pages, where an unknown man saves him from jumping into the Thames, is one of the most persistent and least cheerful complainers to be found in fiction. His father is the greatest English poet of the day, but has not troubled to know his son; his mother is his father's watchful shadow, their great country-house is a prison; so *Dick* has thrust a sheaf of pornographic poems into the hands of his astonished parents and run away. The unknown rescuer, who has served a term in prison for manslaughter, shames his self-pity out of him a little, but he remains selfish and self-centred to the end, and as he tells his own story there is little scope for that interpretation by his creator which might have made his egoism more lovable. Perhaps only a writer of genius can invest an egoist in fiction with the charm which some of this type possess in fact. For most of the book *Dick* seems to champion all sorts of promiscuity; but I was relieved to find, before the end, faithful love, even the humble love which stoops to marriage, properly exalted. Miss DU MAURIER'S descriptions of riding in the Norwegian mountains, of life before the mast and in foreign capitals ring as true as does much of her transcription of a young man's thoughts and talk; indeed very often, as when I read her earlier book, *The Loving Spirit*, I found myself asking, "How does this young lady know all that?"



Policeman (who has been ditched by small car). "YOU AN' ME'S GOIN' TO HAVE THREE MINUTES' PRIVATE TALK, AN' THEN I'LL PRODUCE MY NOTE-BOOK AN' BE OFFICIAL."

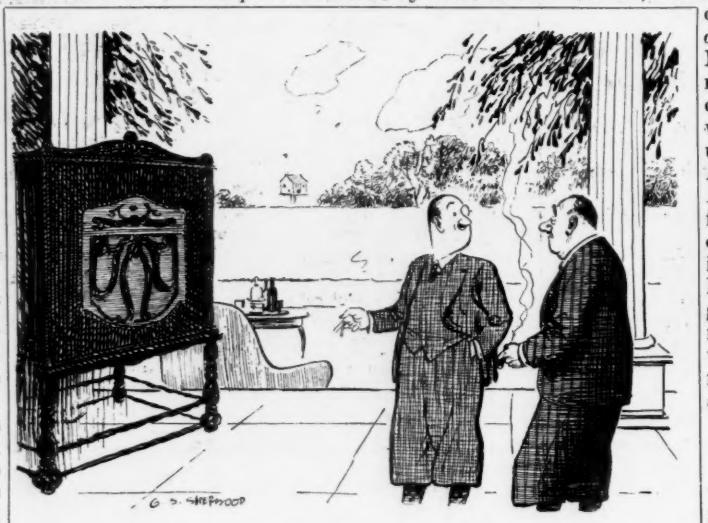
Unheroic Humanity.

There is a tang of irony about the title of Mr. LOUIS BROMFIELD'S latest story. Or is it merely an acknowledgment of the mutability of verbal values? *A Modern Hero* (CASSELL, 7/6), at any rate, is conspicuously lacking in most of the virtues traditionally deemed heroic—nobility of purpose, chivalry and the rest. He may be allowed courage, but not much else that the old-fashioned hero-worshipper admired. His history is divided into three parts, and at the head of each is set the name of a woman. The first he seduces; on the second, who is much older than himself, he lives; the third, a rich man's daughter, he marries and deceives. Meanwhile he has been progressing from one to another of two of the most fashionable spheres of current fiction, from the world of the circus to the world of big business. *Pierre Radier*, the illegitimate and expatriated bareback rider, has become *Paul Rader*, American

citizen, with a finger deep in many financial pies. It is not an edifying career, and a triple Nemesis is its end; but Mr. BROMFIELD never allows his "hero" entirely to alienate our sympathies. He makes him very human in his inhumanity. But what delights me most in a long and admirably-constructed narrative is its author's Chaucerian skill in the portrayal of ladies who are no longer young, rather raddled and raffish, but of humanity compact. *Madame Azaïs*, *Léah* and *Big Clara*, differentiated yet congenial, are characters to remember.

Beaux and Belles.

Bath (FABER AND FABER, 15/-) was obviously a subject made for Miss EDITH SITWELL'S elegant, whimsical and agreeably malicious pen. Naturally she gives us neither an orderly history nor an informative guide-book. She seems indeed to have begun her book as a life of BEAU NASH, whom she much admires and whose rise, command, decline and fall fill a half of it; and then to have developed it into a random scrap-book of interesting gossip about the celebrities who lived or took the waters or played at the tables there during his long dictatorship. And as everybody who was anybody in the world of blue blood and long purses—for Bath wasn't so exclusive as London—found occasion to visit the lovely city of the West, the author ranges unfettered with her pen and her free quotations. Did Mr. REX WHISTLER, in his design for the jacket, symbolise that wide range when he posed his author reclining with attendant cherubs on a couch of billowing clouds high above the Avon? Miss SITWELL is evidently happy, thereby making us happy, among her brilliant ghosts, marshalling them gaily before us and embroidering her narrative with characteristic stitches—"death-dark" negroes, "shrill, fruit-ripe" sounds, "feather-rippling" rivers, "bird-sharp" music. Nor does she disdain to describe the face of SELINA, Countess of HUNTINGDON as "like a fillet of boiled plaice." A charming book—fireside or bedside—inviting more than one reading.



Friend. "WHAT A WONDERFUL WIRELESS SET YOU'VE GOT HERE!"
Host. "YES, NOT BAD; I LIKE TO KNOW THE CORRECT TIME."

Southern Breezes.

The Santo Biagio at Positano was typical of the innumerable small hotels along the Mediterranean to which the elderly English used to retreat each winter from the sunless rigours of the home spas and the merciless demands of the Inland Revenue Department. Its inmates were a pretty representative lot, and if in *They Winter Abroad* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) Mr. JAMES ASTON has dealt with them unkindly, making them stand up unprotected against the full blast of his satire, the result is entertaining and from one's own observation not altogether unfair. Into the quiet waters of the Santo Biagio there sailed one day *Mr. Pupillary*, fresh from his university and full of self-confidence and epigram. He was a bit of a cad, as his author frankly admits, but, like many cads, he had charm; and in any case he got what he was asking for, from *Miss Albino*. With *Mrs. Skimlit*, the *Misses Cowfold* and the rest of the drawing-room, she disapproved of him from the first; but in the smoking-room he went down better. My own dislike for him melted into admiration when, on being asked by the proprietor for an English motto to be engraved on a stone seat on the terrace, he supplied him with: "A garden is a lovesome thing, what, what!" Although this book is rather precipitous in places I believe Mr. ASTON will be forgiven by reason of his wit and the excellence of his style.

A Miss in Balk.

Miss E. M. DELAFIELD cannot be accused of straining the quality of mercy in *Thank Heaven Fasting* (MACMILLAN, 7/6). *Monica Ingram*, an only child, lived in times gone by when a successful marriage was the sole aim of a girl in her set and the sole ambition of her parents. If she showed the smallest symptom of independence her mother would crush her by some such remark as, "You can help me best by doing what you're told *directly* you're told." Neither *Monica's* soul nor her body were her own, and year by year we see her and her unattractive friends, *Frederica* and *Cecily Marlowe*, engaged on a fruitless chase after eligible husbands. It is a grim picture that Miss DELAFIELD has given us, but she has relieved it by many witty flashes and by really brilliant observation.

A Baker's Dozen.

Miss Marple, who will be remembered by readers of *Murder at the Vicarage*, appears in each of *The Thirteen Problems* (COLLINS, 7/6). Whether engaged in discovering the answer to baffling questions or setting problems that baffle her friends, she is always so calm and modest that Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE may easily be excused for endowing her with almost incredible powers of deduction. The pick from a basket of most readable yarns are "The Thumb Mark of St. Peter," which is told by *Miss Marple* herself, "The Companion" and "The Four Suspects." The more I read of Mrs. CHRISTIE'S work the more convinced I am that, in respect of ingenuity, she compares most favourably with any of our modern writers of detective fiction.

Bull-Dog Days.

"SAPPER" sees to it that those who follow the adventures of *Hugh* will have no cause to regret his reappearance in *The Return of Bull-Dog Drummond* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). The opening scenes, which are staged on Dartmoor at its foggiest, prepare the way for a great battle of wits between *Hugh's* party and an ingenious bevy of villains, among whom every faithful Sapperite will be pleased to find the amazing *Irma*. These astute and unscrupulous criminals are for the most part laid by the heels, but I cannot profess to regret that *Irma* lives to fight another day. And so of course does *Bull-Dog Drummond*.



GOOD USES FOR BAD TIMES.

Mr. Punch. How do you do? No, please don't be seated. If you have a humorous article for me just put it down there, accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, should you happen to have one on your person, and leave it behind. I find it embarrassing to peruse any contribution in the presence of its author.

Interviewer. I have no contribution to offer you. On the contrary, I am hoping to get one from you. Twelve months ago you gave me an audience; but my name and face seem to have escaped you—the latter excusably, for in the interval I have grown a beard from motives of economy. I venture to remind you that I came to invite your views on the subject of your ninetieth birthday. Since then you have become a year older and, if possible, a year wiser. Are you also a sadder man?

Mr. Punch. Why should I be? Take a chair and tell me.

Interviewer. With your keen observation of the British barometer I assume that the present depression has not eluded your notice? Does it not sadden you?

Mr. Punch. No. And I see no signs of general peevishness or pessimism. I grant there are cases of great distress, but they make no fuss about it; like wounded animals they hide their hurt.

Interviewer. But surely everybody feels the pinch somewhere?

Mr. Punch. I take your word for it. But I observed that the crowds which assisted at the defeat of the Derby favourite showed no falling-off from the years of fatness. I read too of a "glut of money" only waiting for something commercially sound—like the Dublin Sweeps, for instance—in which to invest itself. We grumble about taxes and passed dividends, as we grumble about the weather, but we go on smiling. Our people have an admirable habit of consoling themselves with the next best thing. If it is too wet for cricket they take cover at the talkies or save themselves for the evening dogs. So, when we drop off the Gold Standard, we contrive to find compensation in the silver lining of our clouds, changing our metal but not our hearts. If we can't afford cocktails we take joyously to sherry. We are like that. We developed this spirit of undefeated cheerfulness in the trenches. Or perhaps it was always there, being born of our incorrigible sense of humour.

Interviewer. Do you think that things will grow worse before they grow better?

Mr. Punch. I don't want to appear too optimistic, but I almost hope that they will. There is nothing that better serves to break down social barriers than a common trial of endurance. Already I remark a definite slump in class-consciousness. It is recognised that the "upper classes," as they used to be called, have relatively suffered as much as the others. And if anybody happens still to remain rich he takes good care not to make a parade of his

wealth. To every appeal that the Government has made to its loyalty and good feeling the country has made a quick response, even to the length of lining up outside the tax-gatherer's *guichet*, as if for a new play. When we were requested not to spend money abroad, nobody left the island except for health or on British liners.

Interviewer. Is there not a danger of our home trade being damaged through an unwise access of economy?

Mr. Punch. There is. People hear two slogans: "Economise!" and "Buy British Goods!" and they are so impressed by the former that they think it safer not to buy any goods at all. But this is a defect of their virtue; the right spirit is there, and out of it I am hopeful that a New Jerusalem will eventually be built in England's green and pleasant land—still green with the rains of May and still pleasant or at least determined to look pleasant.

Interviewer. If only we had a MUSSOLINI your New Jerusalem, like his New Rome, might be built in five years. But then he is a dictator and can do what he likes.

Mr. Punch. So can our Government, if it chooses to like. It has been given what is practically a dictatorship by an overwhelming vote of the people. But it must first practise in its own expenditure the rigid economy which it preaches to our attentive ears. And it might begin by reducing its retinue when next it throws a lake-side party in Switzerland, cutting down the cavalcade of supers that make a beano of these international tournaments.

Interviewer. I see that I have made a note here to ask whether you expect much from Ottawa.

Mr. Punch. I have great expectations and even greater hopes. At Ottawa we shall at least be all in the same boat, with the possible exception of Mr. DE VALERA, who may be partially submerged and trying to climb in. *À propos*, I recall from my early days a Canadian Boat Song—this was before the Volga one had been heard of—whose scene was laid in the environs of Ottawa. Its chorus, if I remember, went as follows:—

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near and the daylight's past."

I never understood at the time why these brothers were in such a hurry to get to the rapids. I was always taught to beware of the weirs on the Thames. But on a visit to Canada, where I shot several rapids, I gathered that they were a feature of all the best river-picnics. Anyhow, the point I want to make is that it is no good rowing unless you row together. And that is what I hope we shall do at Ottawa, and not let our oars go in like a peal of bells. Instead of showing a marked preference for themselves, as they do at all these conferences of rival nationalities, I trust the various delegations will exhibit a generous preference for one another.

Interviewer. If it is not a State secret, may I ask whether you yourself are going to Ottawa?

Mr. Punch. If it had been a State secret the Press would already have published it. No, I am not going. Though I shall be there in spirit, I am one of the few who have decided to stay at home. With all our leading statesmen away someone must remain behind to look after the country. But I shall be represented.

Interviewer. You have a man on your staff who has a great reputation as a traveller. He has been twice to the Antipodes—once as your representative. Is he going to Ottawa?

Mr. Punch. If he does it will be at his own risk. No, I shall not be represented in fleshly shape. I shall be represented by a consignment of goods intended for the mental and spiritual uplift of all the Empire delegates.

Interviewer. Is it permitted to ask the nature of this consignment?

Mr. Punch. I see no reason to withhold information which will shortly be at the disposal of two hemispheres. Know, then, that it consists of an enormous number of copies—enough, in fact, to go all round—of my

One Hundred and Eighty-Second Volume.

